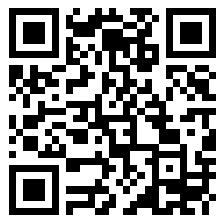

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ONCE A WEEK.

AN

Illustrated Miscellany

OF

LITERATURE, ART, SCIENCE, & POPULAR INFORMATION.

VOLUME VIII.

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ONCE A WEEK.



THE NOTTING HILL MYSTERY.



(See page 3.)

*** See remarks prefixed to the first of these papers, Vol. VII., page 617.

SECTION V.

1.—*Memorandum by Mr. Henderson.*

We have now reached a point in this mysterious story at which I must again direct your attention

most particularly to the coincidences of dates, &c., on which, indeed, depends entirely, as I have before said, the only solution at which I have found it possible to arrive.

The length to which these depositions have run has obliged me to divide them into distinct sections, each of which should bear more directly upon some particular phase of the case. For this purpose I have taken, as you will have perceived, first the early history of Mrs. Anderton, and as we may, I think, fairly assume, of Madame R** also, thus establishing, at the outset, the initiatory link of that chain of connection between these two extraordinary cases, which, inexplicable as either is in itself, will nevertheless, I cannot but imagine, each help to elucidate the other. The second division placed us in possession of the histories both of Mrs. Anderton and Madame R**, up to the point at which the thread of their singular destinies crossed; showing, also, how the Baron became aware of his wife's probable relationship to Mrs. Anderton, and of the benefit thereby accruing to her upon the death, without issue, of her sister and Mr. Anderton. The third section deals with the first illness of Madame R**, to the date and circumstances of which I felt it right to direct your most particular attention.

In the fourth division of the evidence we then reviewed the circumstances attending the fatal illness of Mrs. Anderton, which led to her husband's arrest on suspicion of murder, and finally to his suicide, while awaiting investigation. A considerable portion of the evidence connected with this phase of the subject I have thought it best to keep back for insertion in that division of the case which bears more particularly upon the conduct and death of Mr. Anderton, and which will follow that on which we are now about to enter. The narrative, therefore, of Mrs. Anderton's last illness has been thus far confined to the mention of it in the unfortunate lady's own diary, with the note at its termination, in which her husband records the fact of her decease. With this, however, I have coupled an account, drawn partly from an earlier portion of the same diary, and partly from the statement of the medical man by whom she was at the time attended, of a previous illness very similar in general character to that by which she was finally carried off, and apparently of an equally unaccountable description. The object with which I have thus placed in juxtaposition the first attacks respectively of Madame R** and Mrs. Anderton will probably be sufficiently apparent. I have now to direct your attention to a second illness of Madame R**, occurring, under what I cannot but feel to be most suspicious circumstances, but a very few months before her demise.

In proceeding with this portion of the case, the extreme importance attaching to a thorough and correct appreciation of the dates of the various occurrences will become more obvious at every step, and to them I must again request your utmost attention. I had at first proposed to submit to you in a tabular form the singular coincidences to which I allude, but on reflection, such a course appeared objectionable, as tending to place too strongly before you a view of the subject with which I must confess myself thoroughly dissatisfied. I have, therefore, preferred leaving entirely to yourselves the comparison

of the various dates, &c., limiting myself strictly to a verification of their accuracy. In many instances this has been no easy task, and more particularly in establishing satisfactorily the exact date (5th April, 1856), at which the symptoms of Madame R**'s second illness first appeared, wherein I have experienced a difficulty only compensated by the importance of the result.

I have, therefore, to request that the depositions here following may be carefully compared with the concluding portion of Mrs. Anderton's diary, and also with the statement of Dr. Dodsworth. In making this comparison you will notice, besides the points I have already referred to respecting dates, various discrepancies between facts as actually occurring and as represented to Mr. and Mrs. Anderton by the Baron. These I need not here particularise, as they will be sufficiently obvious on a perusal of the depositions themselves, but it is as well to draw your attention generally to them, as they seem to have a significant bearing upon other parts of the case.

I must request you also to bear in mind the relation in which the Baron and his wife were supposed to stand towards each other previously to their marriage, and will now proceed to lay before you the depositions relating, as I have said, to the second illness of the latter.

2.—Statement of Mrs. Brown.

My name is Jane Brown. I am a widow, and my poor dear husband was a clerk in the city. I don't know in whose house. I did know but I forget. My memory is very bad. I live in Russell Place. The house is my own, not hired. My poor dear husband left it to me in his will. I sometimes let it off in lodgings. Not always. Only when I can get quiet lodgers. Last year* I let the first and second floors to Baron R**. The ground floor was let to Dr. Marsden. He has had it several years. He does not live there. He has a practice near London. He comes to Russell Place every Monday and Friday to see his patients. He used to live with us. That was in my poor dear husband's lifetime. Baron R** took the rest of the house except the attics. I lived there myself. I cannot remember when the Baron came. It was some time in February or March. I am sure I cannot remember. I have no means of ascertaining. I don't keep any accounts. My poor dear husband always kept the accounts. I have kept none since he died. I dare say I lose money by it, but I can't help it. I have no head for it. I am pretty sure it was in February or March. I think about the beginning of March.† There was no other lodger then. Not till my son went away from home again. He was away from home then. He came home some time in March or April. I suppose it was in March. He came from Melbourne to Liverpool. He was at home for some weeks. I can't tell how many. He went away again in April, or it might have been May. I am almost sure it was not later than May. Not so late I think. Mrs. Troubridge could tell you. Richard

* 1856, R.H.

† Clearly so. The Baron was in Dublin on 25th Feb.—R.H.

married her daughter. Richard is my son. He married Ellen Troubridge. That was while he was at home last year. They had been engaged ever so long. He came home on purpose to marry her. He had got a promise of something at Melbourne, and was obliged to go back directly. He worked his passage home from Melbourne. I do not know what ship he came in. I don't think he shipped in his own name. I forget why it was. Something about not liking to have it known. I don't know why not. I don't know at all what name he took. I cannot remember when he came home or when he went. I do not know when he left Melbourne. He brought home one paper. There is only a small piece of it left. He was with me all the time he was at home except Saturdays and Sundays. He used to go down to Brighton then to see Ellen. She was in a shop there. He used to go by the excursion train and stay with her mother from Saturday to Monday. All the rest of the time he was with me. That is all I can tell you about him. The other lodger was a friend of his. He had known him in Australia. He asked him to his wedding. That was at our house. It was on a Monday, and he came the Saturday before. They all came up together from Brighton. The Baron let us use his rooms. He went away somewhere to give his lady change of air. I think it was because she had been ill. I cannot be sure. She was ill several times at my house. She died there. I forget when was the first time she was ill there. It was while my son was in England. I remember talking to him about it. He was away from home at the time. There was no one in the house but myself. I remember it because I was so frightened. There was nobody at all. Not even a servant. I generally have a servant. I was without one then for two or three months. I got a charwoman to come in the day. The reason was my servant got tipsey. She had to be taken away by the police and I was afraid for a long while to get another. I can't at all remember when that was. I think it must have been before the Baron came. I can't be sure. I am quite sure it was before Madame R** was taken ill. I am sure of that because I remember so well how frightened I was. I think Dr. Marsden attended Madame R**. He used to be very friendly with the Baron. Everybody liked him. He was so good-natured and so very kind to his wife. We did not think so much of her. She was very quiet, but she did not seem to care about him. She seemed frightened like. I sometimes thought she was not quite right in her head. The Baron was always kind to her. He was good-natured with everybody. I never heard him say a hard word of any one but once. That was of young Aldridge. He was Richard's friend who lodged with us.* He made a noise and disturbed Madame R**. He came home one night quite intoxicated, and the Baron asked me to give him notice. He said if Mr. Aldridge did not go he must. Of course I gave him notice directly. He said it was all spite. Of course I knew that was

not true. He said he was not drunk, but the policeman found him lying on the doorstep. I forget what he said. It was some foolish story about the Baron. I do not know of any reason why they should have quarrelled. I remember he said something once about Madame R** walking in her sleep. I don't know what it was. I don't think that could have had anything to do with it. Of course it could not. The Baron complained of being disturbed. That was all. I do not remember that I was ever disturbed myself. His room was next to mine. I might have been disturbed without remembering it. I certainly was that night he came home intoxicated. He might have disturbed Madame R** and I slept through it. I sleep heavy sometimes. I forget when this was and when he left the house. I cannot remember the exact dates of anything. My poor dear husband always did everything of that sort for me. He was a very exact man. I have no sort of books or papers of any kind to which I could refer. This is all I can tell you about it.

3.—Statement of Mrs. Troubridge.

My name is Ellen Troubridge. My husband is a seafaring man. He is captain of a small collier. We live at Shoreham, near Brighton. I have one daughter, whose name is Ellen. She is married to a man of the name of Richard Brown. He is in Australia. He went out to Australia in 1856. I forget the exact date. It was some time in April or May. The ship's name was the Maria Somes. She sailed from Gravesend. My daughter was married on the 14th of April. That was not very long before they sailed. She had been engaged to young Brown for three or four years. He came home on purpose to marry her. I don't remember exactly when he came home. It must have been about a month before. Something of that kind. He was in a great hurry to get out again. He wanted to marry by license, so as to be quicker, but I told him it was a foolish expense. He had the banns put up the first Sunday he was at home. I think it was the first, but cannot be quite sure. My daughter was then in service. She was at a shop in Brighton. During the week she used to sleep at a friend's house, and on Saturdays she used to come home to us for Sundays. Brown used always to come down on Saturdays. He used to come by the cheap excursion train. He used to go to Brighton and call for Nelly, and walk with her to Shoreham. He used to walk back with her early Monday morning, and go on to town. He never came at other times. It was no good. Nelly was only at home Sundays. He wanted her to leave and go to his mother's. She would not leave the shop till her time was out. I would not let him be at Brighton. I was afraid people might talk. So far as I know, he was at home all the rest of the time. The marriage took place from Mrs. Brown's house. She had a lodger then—a foreigner, I think. He went out of town for two or three days, and lent her his rooms. After the wedding young Brown and my daughter went to Southend for a few days. I cannot say exactly how long. About a week or a fortnight. On the Saturday before they sailed we all went down

* This portion of Mrs. Brown's evidence affects more particularly the part of the case to be hereafter referred to in Part vii.; but I have thought it best to preserve it intact.—R.H.

to Gravesend to meet them and see them off. The ship was to have sailed on the Sunday. We all went to Rosherville, and slept at Gravesend that night. I had some friends there who gave us beds. Mrs. Brown went back on Sunday, but I stayed. A young man by the name of Aldridge was with us. He was a friend of Brown's. I did not much like him. He went back with Mrs. Brown. I think he took lodgings in her house. I cannot call to mind the exact day young Brown came home. I think it must have been some time in March.

4.—Statement of Dr. Marsden.

My name is Anthony Marsden. I am a physician, and formerly resided at Mrs. Brown's house, in Russell Place. Some three or four years ago I found the atmosphere of London beginning to tell upon my health, and determined to remove into the suburbs. I bought a small practice in the neighbourhood of St. John's Wood, and gave up the greater portion of my London patients. I was, however, desirous of not altogether relinquishing that connection, and with this object rented two rooms at Mrs. Brown's, where I might be consulted by such patients as I still retained in that neighbourhood. I used to drive up for this purpose every Monday and Thursday morning. I had been doing this for some time, when the first and second floor apartments were taken by the Baron R**. I did not at first much like him. I thought him an impostor. He seemed, however, to wish to make my acquaintance, and I found that he was, at all events, a very highly informed man on all matters of science. We had frequent conversations respecting mesmerism. He certainly seemed to be himself a believer in it. Were I not myself thoroughly satisfied of its impossibility, I am not at all sure but that he might have convinced me on the subject. I am quite unable to account for many of the phenomena exhibited. They were, however, of course, to be accounted for in some way. He seemed a very excellent chemist, and we used at times to pursue our investigations together. There was a small room at the back of the house, on the basement floor, which he used as a laboratory. He invited me to make use of it, and I was frequently there. He was always engaged in experiments of one kind or another, and had various ingenious projects in hand. In the laboratory was a large assortment of chemicals and medicines of various kinds. In the case of poor patients, I have sometimes asked him to make up a prescription, and he has done so. At the time at which I knew him, he was engaged in a series of experiments on the metals, and more especially on mercury, antimony, lead, and zinc. I think he must have had almost every preparation of these that is made. I believe that his researches were for the purpose of finding a specific against the disease so prevalent among painters, which is known by the name of "lead colic." The laboratory was at the back of the house, and quite detached from all the other rooms. There was an open space between it and the rest of the house, with only a passage communicating with the offices. This passage was shut off by a glass door, and

there was a wooden door at the end into the laboratory. Both these doors were always kept closed. They were not usually locked. I told the Baron I thought they should be, but he said no one would go there. He had a weight put on to the laboratory door to close it. The glass door had a spring already. I frequently made use of his laboratory: sometimes when he was absent. I might go there with or without him, whenever I pleased. There was no attempt at concealing from me anything whatever that was done there. It was all quite open. I attended Madame R** through greater part of her illness. It was a very long affair, and of a very singular character. I cannot be at all certain as to the date at which it commenced. I was not regularly called in at the time, and did not notice it in my book. The Baron only consulted me in a friendly way about it, two or three days afterwards. It was certainly as much as that. I think it was the third day. I cannot be sure of that, but I am quite sure it was at least the second. By being the second day, I mean that at least one clear day had intervened between the night on which she was ill and the day on which I was consulted by the Baron. I cannot swear to more than one, but I think it must have been. From what the Baron told me of the symptoms, I remember concluding it to be a case of English cholera, but she was almost recovered at the time I first heard of it, and I did not prescribe for her. About a fortnight or three weeks after this she had another slight attack, for which the Baron himself also prescribed. He acquainted me on my visit to town with the course he had pursued, and I entirely concurred in his treatment of the case. The attack, however, returned, I think more than once, and he then asked me to see and prescribe for her. I first saw her professionally on the 23rd of May, 1856.* This was two days after the third or fourth attack, which occurred on the night of the 21st of May. As soon as I regularly took up her case, I made notes of it in my diary. Extracts from this are inclosed (*vide 5 herewith*), showing the progress of the case from time to time. I attended her throughout her illness. The attacks occurred, as will be seen from my diary, about every fortnight. They increased in intensity up to the 10th of October, 1856. At this time she was apparently, for three or four days, almost *in articulo mortis*, and I was unable to hold out any hope of her recovery. Another attack would certainly have been fatal. Happily the disease appeared to have spent itself, and at the expiration of the fortnight no renewal of the more acute symptoms was experienced. From this date Madame R** progressed steadily but slowly to convalescence, and would no doubt have ultimately entirely recovered, but for the unfortunate accident which put an end to her life. Madame R**'s case was one of great difficulty. It was apparently one of chronic gastritis; but its recurrence in an acute form at stated intervals was a very abnormal incident. The case presented, in fact, all the more prominent features of that of chronic antimonial poisoning recorded by Dr. Mayerhofer in

* Comp. Journal of Mrs. Anderton, 26th May and 10th June. *Vide* Section III. 3.

Heller's Archiv., 1846, and alluded to by Professor Taylor in his work on Poisons, p. 539. There were also strong points of general resemblance to the other cases of M'Mullen and Hardman, quoted by Professor Taylor at the same page, and recorded in Guy's Hospital Reports for October, 1857. As matters progressed, I took the opportunity of pointing this out as delicately as I could to the Baron, and asked if he had any suspicions of foul play. He seemed at first almost amused by the suggestion; but upon further consultation was inclined to take a graver view of the matter. We went carefully through the cases in question, the Baron translating that of Dr. Mayerhofer for my benefit, as I was not a German scholar. At his suggestion, we determined to analyse the various excretions, &c., and an examination was accordingly instituted in the Baron's laboratory. He was always very particular in keeping up the supply of medicine, and would never allow the bottles, &c., to be thrown away. There was therefore some remnant of every medicine that had been made up for her. These we tested carefully, as well as the excreta, &c., both for arsenic and for antimony, but without finding the slightest trace of either. The analysis was conducted by the Baron, who took the greatest interest in it. I could not, perhaps, have done it myself. Such matters have not come within my line of practice. In such a case I should certainly not trust to my own manipulations. I trusted to those of the Baron, because I knew him to be an expert practical chemist, and in the daily habit of such operations. My own share in them was limited to the observation of results, and their comparison with those pointed out by Professor Taylor. I did not take any special pains to ascertain the purity of the chemical tests employed or of their being in fact what they were assumed to be. That is to say, when a colourless liquid with all the apparent characteristics of nitric acid was taken from a bottle labelled "Nit. Ac." I took for granted that nitric acid was being employed. Similarly, of course, with the other chemical agents. It never occurred to me to do otherwise. Nor did I take any especial precautions to identify the matters examined. Others might certainly have been substituted; but if so, it must have been done by the Baron himself. It was, perhaps, possible that he might have conducted his investigations, under such supervision as I then exercised, with fictitious tests, and it was quite so to substitute other matters and mislead me by subjecting them to a real analysis. That is to say, this would have been possible to be done by the Baron. No one else could, under the circumstances, have done it, or at least without his direct connivance. I had no ground for any suspicion of the kind, nor do I see any now. I think it most unwarrantable. Every circumstance that came under my notice goes equally to contravene such a supposition. The Baron was devotedly attached to his wife: he supplied her liberally with professional advice, as also with nurses, medicine, and every necessary; his care for her led him to precautions which, in their incidental results, must have inevitably exposed any attempt at the administra-

tion of poison. During the severer period of the disorder, he had no opportunity of attempting such a crime, as he universally insisted on both food and medicine being both prepared and administered by the nurses; he himself rendered every assistance in the endeavour to detect any such attempt when its possibility had been suggested by myself; and lastly, Madame R** did not die, although the investigation had already removed all suspicion. I think such an imputation wholly unwarranted and unwarrantable from any one circumstance of the case.

5.—Extracts from Dr. Marsden's Diary.*

MAY 23rd.—Madame R**, nausea, vomiting, tendency to diarrhoea, profuse perspiration, and general debility. Pulse low, 100. Spirits depressed. Burning pain in stomach—abdomen tender on pressure. Tongue discoloured.

26th.—Madame R** slightly better—less nausea and pain.

30th.—Madame R**. Improvement continues.

JUNE 2nd.—Madame R** improving.

6th.—Ditto.

9th.—Recurrence of symptoms on Saturday evening.† Increased nausea, vomited matter yellow with bile. Pulse low, 105. Throat sore, and slight constriction. Tongue foul.

13th.—Symptoms slightly ameliorated. Treatment continued.

16th.—Ditto. Tongue slightly clearer. Pulse 100.

20th.—Improvement continued. Pulse slightly firmer.

23rd.—Ditto.

24th.—Special visit. Return of symptoms last night. Great increase of nausea and vomiting—very yellow with bile. Throat sore and tongue foul. Abdomen very tender on pressure. Slight diarrhoea. Tingling sensation in limbs.

27th.—Slight improvement.

30th.—Continued, but slight. Pulse firmer.

JULY 3rd.—Improvement continued, especially in throat. Perspiration still distressing. Less tingling in limbs.

6th.—Improvement continued. Pulse somewhat firmer, 110.

(10th to 20th.—Absent in Gloucestershire.)

20th.—A slight rally. Baron says attack shortly after last visit, but recovery for time more rapid.

24th.—Improvement continues, but less rapid. Pulse 110.

27th.—Recurrence yesterday. Vomiting, purging amounting to diarrhoea. Soreness and aphthous state of mouth and throat. Perspiration. Pain in abdomen. Complaints of taste in mouth like lead. Pulse low, 115. Qy. antimony? Speak, Baron.

31st.—Analysis—satisfactory. Symptoms slightly abated.

* These extracts will, of course, be chiefly interesting to the medical profession, and may be passed over by the general reader. Some details are necessarily excluded. The notes, also, relating to the treatment adopted by Dr. Marsden, not materially affecting the question at issue, which is concerned only with the symptoms of disorder, are omitted as irrelevant, and therefore confusing. *Vide* note to statement of Dr. Watson, Section III., 2.

† 7th June.—R. H.

AUGUST 3rd.—Improvement continued. Pulse 112, firmer.

7th.—Same.

10th.—Return of vomiting and purging. General aggravation of symptoms. Much prostrated.

24th, 28th, 31st.—Slight improvement.

SEPTEMBER 4th.—Improvement continued, but slight.

7th.—Return of severe symptoms. Vomiting, extremely yellow, much bile. Diarrhoea. Pulse low and fluttering, 120. Violent perspiration. Slight wandering. Extreme soreness and constriction of throat. Slight convulsive twitchings in limbs. Great exhaustion and prostration.

10th, 14th, 18th.—Very slight abatement of symptoms.

21st.—Violence of symptoms increased. Pulse 125. Great prostration.

25th, 28th.—Very slight amelioration. Pulse 125. Wandering.

OCTOBER 1st, 4th, 8th.—Symptoms slightly less severe.

11th.—Aggravation of all symptoms. Pulse 132, low and fluttering. Face flushed and pale. Much convulsive twitching in limbs. Power of speech quite gone. Entire prostration. Can hardly live through night.

12th, 13th, 14th.—Special visits. No perceptible change.

15th.—Pulse a shade firmer, 136.

N.B.—From this date recovery slow but steady.

6.—Memorandum by Mr. Henderson.

From the very vague nature of the foregoing evidence, so far as dates are concerned, it was, as you will at once perceive, no very easy task to determine the precise day of Madame R**'s first attack. To the view of the case, however, which I was even then inclined to adopt this was a matter of the last importance, and I determined to spare no effort to elucidate it if possible from the very loose data furnished by the depositions. In this I have, I think, been successful; but, as the process has been somewhat complicated, I must ask you to follow me through it step by step.

The difficulty of tracing the truth seemed at first sight not a little augmented by the fact that no one had been in the house but Mrs. Brown herself, whose memory, even had it afforded any clue, could not have been relied on. On further consideration, however, I began to fancy myself mistaken in this respect, and finally conceived a hope that this very fact might, if properly handled, prove an assistance instead of an obstacle to my investigation. The following was the course of reasoning I pursued.

There are only two points on which Mrs. Brown appears to be certain; her son's presence in England, and her being herself alone in the house on the actual day in question. The only chances of success therefore seemed to be:—First, in ascertaining precisely the limit of time within which such a combination was possible; and, second, in determining by a process of elimination the actual day or days on which such a combination could fall.

The result has been far more complete than at

the outset of the investigation I could venture to hope.

1st. For the period of time to which our researches should be directed.

This was obviously limited by the residence of Richard Brown in England, and my first efforts were therefore directed towards determining the exact dates of his arrival and departure.

1. On inquiry at Liverpool, I found that the only vessels which had arrived from Melbourne during the month of March, 1856, were as follows:

Ship.	Captain.	Owners.	Arrived.
James Baines	M'Donald	Jas. Baines & Co.	4th March
Lightning	Enright	"	24th "
Emma	Underwood	Pilkington Bros.	27th "

Of these the James Baines left Melbourne on the 28th November, and the Lightning on the 28th December. The exact date of sailing of the Emma I have not been able to ascertain, but it is immaterial to the case.

The fragment of newspaper preserved by Mrs. Brown has no date, nor could I at first find any clue by which it might be determined. The last paragraph, however, commences as follows:

SEASONABLE WEATHER!—The thermometer has, for the last four days, never been lower than eighty degrees in the shade. We wonder what our friends in England would say to singing their Ch.
rols in such a

The remainder is torn off, but the missing syllables are clearly *Christmas Carols*, and this shows clearly that the paper must have been published after the departure of the James Baines on the 28th November. Richard Brown must therefore have come home either in the Lightning or the Emma, the earliest of which reached Liverpool on the evening of the 24th March. The 25th of March therefore is the earliest date from which our examination need commence.

2. From Mrs. Troubridge, mother of the young woman to whom Richard Brown was married during his stay in England, I learned that the young couple sailed for Sydney in the Maria Somes. Mrs. Brown was unable to give me the date of this vessel's departure, but a search through the file of the Times for April, 1856, shows that she left Gravesend on the 23rd of that month. The period to be analysed is therefore confined to the interval between the 25th March and the 25th April, 1856.

3. During this period, as we learn from Mrs. Brown's statement, Richard Brown was at home every day except Saturdays and Sundays. These were respectively, 29th and 30th of March, and 5th, 6th, 12th, 13th, 19th, and 20th of April.

4. Dr. Marsden, in his evidence, states most distinctly that he did not see Madame R** until at least "one clear day" had elapsed after her attack. Dr. Marsden's visits take place on the Monday and Friday of each week. Madame R**'s seizure therefore did not occur on a Sunday. This reduces the days on which it may have happened to the 29th March and 5th, 12th, and 19th April.

5. From Mrs. Troubridge's evidence we learn that Mrs. Brown and the whole party slept at Gravesend on the Saturday night previous to the sailing of the Maria Somes. Mrs. Brown was there-

fore absent from town on the 19th April. The issue is thus narrowed to the 29th March and the 5th and 12th April.

6. From Mrs. Brown's statement we learn that on the Saturday and Sunday preceding the wedding her son's friend Aldridge slept at the house. The wedding took place on the 14th April. On the 12th April, therefore, Mrs. Brown was not alone. The only days, therefore, on which the occurrence, as described, could have taken place are the 29th March and 5th April.

At this point I feared for some time that my clue was at an end. This would, however, have been most unsatisfactory, as the possible error of a week in point of date would have seriously detracted from the trustworthiness of the entire case. The only possible chance of determining the point seemed to lie in ascertaining the precise date of the servant's dismissal, and it at length occurred to me that this might be accomplished by means of the police records of the court before which she was carried. From them I found—

7. That the offence for which she was discharged was committed on Sunday, the 30th of April. On the 29th, therefore, she was still in Mrs. Brown's house. The only day, therefore, on which Madame R*'s first seizure could have taken place as stated during Richard Brown's stay in England, and on a night when Mrs. Brown was alone in the house, was the 5th of April.

The importance of this date, thus fixed, you will, I think, at once perceive.

(To be continued.)

ASTLEY'S.

If there was one place of amusement—an institution it may be termed—more sacred than another to Londoners in particular, and provincialists in general, one, more presumably probable to have withstood the changes of time and fashion, less likely to have succumbed to a novel and not very classical style of dramatic entertainment; that place most certainly was Astley's. For though the remodelled theatre in Westminster Bridge Road is still associated with the name of its founder, yet an Astley's without horses is as yet simply a misnomer, a shadow without a substance. It may be well, then, ere the last reminiscences of its former glories have utterly departed, while the smell of the saw-dust, the cracking of the whip, the contortions of the clown, and the laughter of the spectators still linger in our fond memories, to record a passing notice of this once popular place of amusement, and its able and enterprising founder.

Little more than a hundred years ago, George the Second, wishing to introduce light cavalry into the British army, commissioned Colonel Elliott, subsequently Lord Heathfield, the renowned defender of Gibraltar, to raise and discipline a regiment of this description of force. The comparatively small size of the men and horses, and the fact that a great number of tailors, then out of work, enlisted in the new regiment, caused it to be regarded with considerable contempt by the lower classes; while old military men regretted that the honour of the British arms should be

endangered by trusting it in such seemingly feeble hands. Scarcely, however, had Elliott's Light Horse, as it was recognised in the Army List, or the Tailors' regiment as it was more generally termed, been a year embodied, before it was employed on active service; and its gallant conduct at the battle of Emsdorf removed all doubts of the capabilities and courage of the men composing it. Three years afterwards, on the return of peace, Elliott's Light Horse presented to George the Third, at a review in Hyde Park, sixteen stand of colours they had taken from the enemy. "How can I express my admiration of such soldiers!" exclaimed the gratified monarch. "Give us the title of Royal, please your Majesty," was the reply; and consequently, from that time, they were termed the Fifteenth King's Royal Regiment of Light Dragoons.

One of the first recruits who enlisted in the gallant corps, was a lad only seventeen years of age, named Philip Astley, the son of a respectable tradesman at Newcastle-under-Lyme. This youth soon distinguished himself in the regiment, by his great activity and excellence in horsemanship; and by a peculiar power he exercised in training and subduing horses and other animals. Nor was he less noted for his presence of mind and intrepidity in action. By his spirited activity on the occasion of the upsetting of a boat, he saved a number of men and horses from being drowned, for which service he was promoted and rewarded in front of the regiment. At Emsdorf, he captured a royal standard of France with his own hands; and on a subsequent occasion, when in command of four men only, he charged a considerable body of hussars, and rescued the Prince of Brunswick, then lying wounded within the enemy's lines. After serving nearly eight years, and attaining the rank of sergeant-major, beyond which he could not hope for further promotion, Astley applied for his discharge, and, on account of his distinguished services, it was at once granted. Moreover, General Elliott, learning that he intended to "better himself" by exhibiting feats of horsemanship, presented him with a magnificent white charger, as a token of approbation of his conduct as a man and a soldier. Astley received his discharge at Derby, in 1766, and he exhibited in the country for about two years, till he considered himself capable of appearing before a London assemblage of spectators. He then set up what he termed a Riding School—merely a piece of ground inclosed by a slight paling, near a pathway that led through fields from Blackfriars to Westminster Bridge, on the Surrey side of the river. The terminus of the South-Western Railway now nearly, if not exactly, covers the spot. The first bill of performance that he issued here is as follows:

Activity on horseback of Mr. Astley, Serjeant-Major in his Majesty's Royal Regiment of Light Dragoons. Nearly twenty different attitudes will be performed on one, two, and three horses, every evening during the summer, at his riding-school. Doors to be open at four, and he will mount at five. Seats, one shilling: standing-places, sixpence.

Early every evening Astley, dressed in full military uniform and mounted on his white

charger, took up a position on the south side of Westminster Bridge, to distribute bills and point out with his sword the pathway through the fields that led to his Riding School. And that it was a school in reality, as well as name, we learn from the following advertisement :

THE TRUE AND PERFECT SEAT ON HORSEBACK.—There is no creature yields so much profit as the horse ; and if he is made obedient to the hand and spur, it is the chief thing that is aimed at. Mr. Astley undertakes to break in the most vicious horse in the kingdom, for the road or field, to stand fire, drums, &c. And those intended for ladies to canter easy. His method, between the jockey and the *ménage*, is peculiar to himself ; no gentleman need despair of being a complete horseman that follows his directions, having eight years' experience in General Elliott's regiment. For half-a-guinea he makes known his method of learning any horse to lay down at the word of command, and defies any one to equal it for safety and ease.

The writer, who is thoroughly acquainted with the subject, must state here, *en passant*, that Astley subsequently published two books on horsemanship, training, and breaking : one entitled "The Modern Riding Master ;" the other, "A System of Equestrian Education ;" and these works fully prove that he knew and practised everything that Rarey, long afterwards, assumed to have discovered. The only difference in their systems was, that Rarey employed the spirit-crushing and terrible punishment of strapping up the fore-leg to every horse, under every circumstance ; while Astley, well-knowing its evil tendency, applied it only occasionally, and, as a last resort, when all other methods failed.

From the first, Astley saw that his performances were deficient in variety ; so, by energetic teaching, he soon made two other excellent performers, his wife, and the white charger. To make the most of the horse's performance, he interlarded it with some verses of his own composition : introducing the animal, and ordering it to lie down dead, he would thus address the audience :—

My horse lies dead apparent in your sight,
But I'm the man can set the thing to right ;
Speak, when you please, I'm ready to obey—
My faithful horse knows what I want to say ;
But first give me leave to move his foot,
That he is dead is quite beyond dispute.

[*Moving the horse's feet.*
This shows how brutes by Heaven were designed
To be in full subjection to mankind.
Arise, young Bill, and be a little handy.

[*Addressing the horse.*
To serve that warlike hero Granby.*

[*Horse rises.*
When you have seen all my bill exprest,
My wife, to conclude, performs the rest.

The Riding School being uncovered, there were few spectators on wet evenings. As a partial remedy, Astley, with a few boards and his own willing hands, ran up a shed, to which he charged two shillings for admission. Industry and good conduct soon brought its legitimate reward ; and so he was enabled, with an eye to the future, to invest two hundred pounds, as mortgage, on a piece of ground near Westminster bridge. Good

* The Marquis of Granby, the popular military hero of the day.

fortune followed. The mortgagor went abroad, leaving a quantity of timber on the ground, and was never heard of after. About the same time, too, Astley found, on Westminster bridge, a diamond ring, worth seventy guineas, that was never claimed by the loser. With this assistance, he erected a new Riding School, on the spot of mortgaged ground, ever since associated with his name. This place was open at the top, but, next the road, there was a wooden edifice, the lower part of which formed stables, the upper, termed "the long room," held reserved seats for the gentry. A pent-house partly covered the seats round the ride, and the principal spectators being thus under cover, Astley now advertised to perform "every evening, wet or dry." There is a scarce engraving which represents the exterior of Astley's Riding School about this time. The entrance was reached by steps from the road, and a green curtain covered the door, where Mrs. Astley stood to take the money. To the white-washed wall were affixed bills and pictorial representations of the performances ; the figures of horses, seen on the top, were of painted wood. It was about 1770 that this new house was opened ; the first bill relating to it we have seen states that—

Mr. Astley exhibits, at full speed, the different cuts and guards made use of by Elliott's, the Prussian, and the Hessian Hussars. Also the manner of Elliott's charging the French troops in Germany, in the year 1761, when it was said the regiment were all tailors.

About the same time, increasing his company, he invoked the comic music, bringing out that time-honoured delight of rustics and children, "Billy Button's ride to Brentford." When the season in London was over, he removed his *troupe* to Paris, a practice he continued for many years, with great success. At this period he used to parade the west-end streets on the days of performance. Astley led the procession, in military uniform, on his white charger, followed by two trumpeters ; to these succeeded two riders in full costume, the rear being brought up by a coach, in which the clown and learned pony sat and distributed handbills. But in the following year he announced that he had given up parading, "and never more intends that abominable practice." And Master Astley, then but five years of age, made his first public appearance, riding on two horses.

Astley next brought out a new entertainment, styled in the bills "Egyptian Pyramids ; or, La Force d'Hercule." It consisted in the now well-known feat of four men supporting three others on their shoulders, these again supporting two more, the last, in their turn, supporting one. This was long a very favourite and attractive spectacle, and Astley erected a large representation of it on the south end of the Riding School. He also named his private residence Hercules House, after this *tour de force*, and the street in Lambeth, now called Hercules Buildings, derives its name from the same source.

The centre of the Riding School, being still uncovered, caused many inconveniences, and Astley, as early as 1772, ever provident for the

future, purchased, at a very cheap rate, a quantity of timber that had been used as scaffolding at the funeral of Augusta, Duchess Dowager of Wales. He then bided his time till 1780, when an election for Westminster took place. It having been the custom, at the close of elections, for the mob to destroy and make bonfires of the hustings, Astley, mingling in the crowd, represented that as he would give beer for the timber, if it were carried to his establishment, it would be a more eligible mode of disposing of it than burning. The hint was taken, and with the material thus cheaply obtained, Astley covered in and completely remodelled the Riding School, adding a stage, two tier of boxes, pit, and gallery. But as this was the first attempt to exhibit horsemanship in a covered building, and the bare idea of doing so was, at the time, considered preposterously absurd, he, as a sort of compromise with public opinion, caused the dome-shaped roof to be painted with representations of branches and leaves of trees, and gave the new edifice the airy appellation of "The Royal Grove."

The discoveries and death of Captain Cook caused a remarkable sensation in England, not long after the time that Astley, by building the Royal Grove, was enabled to perform in the winter season, and by candle-light. So, with the originality of genius—for who else would ever have thought of such a thing!—he brought out a grand equestrian dramatic spectacle, entitled "The Death of Captain Cook." However strange to our minds may be the idea of the great discoverer sailing round the world, and wooing the dusky maids of ocean isles, mounted on a white charger, the piece was most successful, forming a very important step in the ladder by which the quondam sergeant-major rose to fame and fortune. And when it had nearly run out in London, Astley, with the energy of a soldier, carried it—men, horses, and properties—over to Dublin, thus reaping a second golden harvest from what may not be inaptly termed his horse-marine entertainment.

One of Astley's objects in constructing his new building was to be enabled to give up his annual winter visits to France; but the proprietors of the patent theatres raising formidable legal objections to winter entertainments and dramatic representations at the Royal Grove, he was compelled to continue his journeys to Paris. And Louis XVI. presenting him with a piece of ground in the Fauxbourg du Temple, he erected a circus there, long since known as Franconi's. The regulations of the Parisian police not allowing him to have a stage, and as he could not well perform feats of tumbling, &c., without one, he ingeniously evaded the law by constructing a platform in several pieces, which in a few moments could be fixed together and supported on horses' backs. A woodcut of this curious stage, supported by sixteen horses, was appended to his French bills, one of which, now before the writer, merely states:

PAR PERMISSION DU ROI. — Exercices surprenans des Sieurs Astley. Rue de Fauxbourg du Temple.

Master Astley, whose first appearance has already been noticed, was now a very handsome

young man, as agile and graceful as Vestris, and was frequently invited to perform before the Court at Versailles. The unfortunate Marie Antoinette presented him with a gold medal, studded round with diamonds.

The breaking out of the French Revolution put an end to Astley's Parisian performances; so, building a circus in Dublin, he carried on his winter campaigns in Ireland; and in 1792 he gave the principal cares and management of the business up to his son.

In the following year, war having broken out with France, the Duke of York was sent on the Continent in command of the British Army; and Astley, who had made himself very useful in superintending the embarkation of the cavalry and artillery horses, went with his Royal Highness. In what character or capacity Astley was employed at this time, he never divulged, but there can be no doubt that public rumour was correct in stating, that he had been expressly commissioned by the King to take care of the Duke. His old regiment, the Fifteenth, was in the same army, and Astley, knowing by experience the wants of actual service, presented the men with a large supply of needles, thread, buttons, bristles, twine, leather—everything, in short, requisite in mending clothes and shoes. He also purchased a large quantity of flannel, and setting all the females employed at the Royal Grove to work, they soon made a warm waistcoat for every man of the regiment; and in a corner of each garment there was sewn what Astley termed "a friend in need," in other words, a splendid shilling. This patriotic generosity being duly chronicled in the newspapers of the period, did not, as may readily be imagined, lessen the popularity of the Royal Grove, or the nightly receipts of cash taken at the doors of that place of entertainment.

In 1794 Astley was suddenly recalled from the Continent by the total destruction of the Royal Grove and nineteen adjoining houses by fire. Nothing daunted, he immediately commenced to rebuild it on a more elegant and extended scale, and on the following Easter opened the new house, naming it the Amphitheatre of Arts.

At the peace of Amiens, in 1803, Astley went to Paris, and finding that the circus he had erected in the Fauxbourg du Temple had been used as a barrack by the Revolutionary government, he petitioned Bonaparte, then First Consul, for compensation. To the surprise of every one, the petition was favourably received, and compensation awarded. But scarcely had the money been paid ere hostilities again broke out, and all Englishmen in France were subjected to a long and painful detention as prisoners of war. By a rare union, however, of cunning and courage, Astley, disguised as an invalid French officer, and furnished with a false passport, made his way to the immediate vicinity of the frontier. There, at a certain favourable point on the road, a brace of pistols presented to the heads of the astonished postilions induced them to drive speedily across the boundary line, and our adventurer soon found himself safe on neutral soil. Though favoured by fortune in this bold escape from a cruel imprison-

ment, dismal intelligence awaited Astley's arrival in England. His faithful wife was dead, and his theatre a smoking ruin, having been a second time burned to the ground. Once more he rebuilt and opened it, as the Royal Amphitheatre. This last erection, as many will recollect, was burned in 1841, when under the management of Ducrow, who died shortly afterwards.

Space does not permit our following Astley through his varied and energetic career, to recount his travels over Europe, or enumerate the theatres—nineteen it is said—that he erected. He lived, however, to see another peace with France, and recover his property in Paris; for he died at the advanced age of seventy-two years in his own house in the Faubourg du Temple, and was buried in the well-known cemetery of Père le Chaise. His son, who was always termed "Young Astley," died in 1821, in the same bed, in the same house, and was buried in the same grave as his father.

A notice of Astley would be incomplete without a reference to the famous white charger presented to him by General Elliott. The life of this animal far exceeded the usual limit allotted to its race. For forty-two years it was at Astley's, more than thirty of which it passed in the service and amusement of the public; and when old age rendered it incapable of performing, it was still retained as an honoured pensioner of the establishment. At one time it was turned out to graze at "Young Astley's" country seat in Surrey; but the old performer, even in the richest pasture, pined for the long-accustomed music, noise, bustle, and acclamations of the amphitheatre. So it was brought back to its old stall, and as its failing teeth were unable to masticate oats, and oat-bruizers were not then invented, the treasury allowed it two quartern loaves per day; while every man, woman, and child about the circus delighted to feed it with cakes, carrots, apples, and other equine delicacies. At the first conflagration, in 1794, it was one of the horses that were saved, and at the second fire, in 1803, it walked as coolly out of the stable as if performing in a previously rehearsed piece. By thus quietly showing the way, it was instrumental in saving all the other horses, which, amidst fire, uproar, and confusion, without the slightest panic, followed their accustomed leader. At last the old horse died, and Mr. Davis, the then manager, with a keen eye to the fitness of things, caused its skin to be tanned, and converted into what is technically termed "a thunder drum," for the use of the establishment. And speaking of this noisy instrument reminds us that Astley, when he first started his riding school, had no other music than a common drum, which was beaten by his wife. To this he subsequently added a fife, the players standing on a kind of small platform, placed in the centre of the ring, and it was not till he opened the Royal Grove that he employed a regular orchestra.

Indeed, as an accompaniment to equestrian exercises, Astley always considered that loudness was the most desirable quality in music. And though he ever took care to have an excellent band, with a well-qualified leader, he, nevertheless, con-

sidered them more as an indispensable drain on the treasury, than a useful auxiliary to the performances. "Any fool," he used invariably to say, "can handle a fiddle, but it takes a man to manage a horse; and yet I have to pay a fellow that plays upon one fiddle as much salary as a man that rides upon three horses." Such opinions, freely expressed, not unfrequently led to angry scenes, of which amusing anecdotes have been related.

On one occasion Astley requested his leader to arrange a few bars of music for a broad-sword combat—"a rang, tang, bang; one, two, three; and a cut sort of thing, you know;" for thus he curtly expressed his ideas of what he required. At the subsequent rehearsal Astley shouted out to his stage-manager, "Stop! stop! This will never do. It's not half noisy enough; we must get shields," simply meaning that the mimic combatants should be supplied with shields to clash against the broad-swords, causing the noise so excitingly provocative of applause from the audience. But the too sensitive leader, thinking it was his music that was "not half noisy enough," and it was Shields, the composer, to whom Astley alluded, jumped out of the orchestra, and, tearing the score to pieces, indignantly exclaimed, "Get Shields, then, as soon as you please, for I am heartily sick and tired of you."

At another time, on the first night of a new piece, as the curtain rose to slow and solemn music, Astley, who was in the front observing the effect, overheard a carpenter sawing a board behind the scenes. "Go," said the manager to Smith, his rough-rider and aide-de-camp in ordinary, "go and tell that stupid fellow not to saw so infernally loud."

Smith, fancying it was the music Astley alluded to, went at once to the orchestra, and whispered in the leader's ear, "Mr. Astley has desired me to tell you not to saw so infernally loud."

"Saw!" retorted the enraged musician. "Go back and tell him, this is the very last night I shall saw in his infernal stables."

Of course, when the curtain fell, the musician's wrath was appeased by the mistake being explained.

Besides the publications already mentioned, Astley's name is appended to two more, respectively entitled, "A Descriptive and Historical Account of the Places now the Seat of War in the Low Countries;" and "Natural Magic, or Physical Amusements revealed." These are mere compilations, in every respect inferior to his other two works on the horse and horsemanship; the last being exceedingly characteristic of the sound, sterling sense of its author. They were written from his dictation by his niece and constant amanuensis, and afterwards prepared for the press by his dramatist James Upton, a clever but erratic Irishman, the respected author of a well-known song, "The Lass of Richmond Hill."

Astley's letters, having been written by a not too-well-educated amanuensis, exhibit a curious mixture of the first and third persons. With the following verbatim specimen, containing a curious bit of information on the tractability of the monkey-race, we must conclude:

According to promise in my last, I sitt down to write to my dear Mr. and Mrs. Pownall first I forgott to mention in my last concerning the monkey, if it has no tail, and tractable Mr. Astley would be glad you would purchase it for him, but if a tail he wont lern anything, we have lost another since we came to Pariss the little Blackfaced one dyed partly the same as the other, I think we are rather Unlucky in that Spetia of Animells.

WILLIAM PINKERTON.

UP THE ALABAMA.

It was a soft, bright, warm evening in March (which corresponds to the June of our colder clime) when I took my way down the broad streets of Mobile, bound up the Mobile and Alabama rivers to Montgomery, the beautiful capital of the state, and, for a time, of the Southern Confederacy.

As I approached the pier, the air was filled with the music of a steam organ on one of the boats, which was played by a German musical artist, engaged by the year, at a handsome salary. It is a strange music that fills the air with a vast body of harmony, carrying with it the impression of the power that gives it birth—in the range of long cylindrical boilers—of which the organ is the melodious collection of escape pipes and safety valves.

The Mobile river, which is but an extension of the deep bay, into which flow the Tombigbee and the Alabama, is broad and deep, and was now bank full. There were scarcely any visible shores. We steamed through a vast forest, which opened before us in picturesque reaches of the richest semi-tropical foliage, and the air was thick with the odour of the orange-blossom and the jessamine. The two fine rivers which unite to form the Mobile, have, like it, preserved their Indian names, but how the tribe that found for two of them such musical designations as Mobile and Alabama ever came to name a river the Tombigbee, I shall leave to some Choctaw or Cherokee to find a satisfactory explanation. Perhaps I do the aboriginal savages injustice. The Americans are not slow at corrupting names when they can make them sound more familiar. Thus a point on the Mississippi, which the French named *Le Bois Brulé*, is known to all the boatmen as "Bob Ruly's Woods."

The captain of our steamer was an Irishman, tall, handsome, eloquent, and thoroughly and enthusiastically Southern American in his views and feelings. For twenty years he had steamed up and down the Alabama, and he could not have been more devoted to his adopted country, or the section to which he belonged, had he been born upon the banks of the river.

As we sat forward of the pilot-house, on the promenade deck, enjoying the soft and perfume-laden evening breeze, he told me his story. When a boy of nineteen, he found himself, a raw immigrant, with five dollars in his pocket, on the banks of this river, looking for work; and the first, hardest, and roughest he could find was that of a deck-hand on a steamboat. He became one of a gang of white and black, who stood ready to land and receive freight, take in wood, and feed

the furnaces. This hard and rapid work came at all hours of day or night, and the fare was as hard as the work. I have seen the men, a group of negroes on one side of the boat, and of the white hands, mostly Irish or Germans, on the other, eating their bread and bacon, and drinking black coffee from an iron pan, seated on piles of wood or bales of cotton.

But the wages, to a poor Irish boy, were a strong inducement. They gave him eight pounds a month, and found, in a rough fashion, bacon for food, and for his bed a dry goods box or cotton bale. He went to work, and was so sober, active, and intelligent, that the mate had no excuse to knock him into the river with a billet of wood, as was the custom.

He had been a week on the boat, when, one dark night, a fire was seen, and a cry heard, on the bank of the river. The mate would not land, but sent Patrick ashore in the yawl. Standing by the signal fire at the river side, attended by two or three grinning negroes, was a planter, who handed him a package, and said, "Here is thirty-four thousand dollars. Give it to the captain or clerk, and ask him to deposit it for me in the Planters' bank, as soon as you get in. Tell them not to forget it, as it is to pay a note that falls due day after to-morrow."

Patrick put the money into his bosom, and pushed off into the dark and lonely river. Doubtless he might have got ashore, and away; and doubtless he thought of it, as he felt the fortune in his bosom, but he pulled straight for the boat, as she lay, blowing off steam in mid-channel. And while he rowed he thought of what he must do.

"What was it all about?" asked the mate, as he sprang on the low deck.

"A message for the captain, sir," said Patrick.

"Then go into the cabin and give it to him, and be quick about it," said the not over-polite officer.

Patrick went up the companion way to the cabin, where he found the jolly captain, with a group of planters and merchants, busy at a game of poker, and more busy with the punch. He turned to the clerk, who was deeper in both punch and poker than the captain.

"Faith, an' this will never do," said Patrick. "If I give them the money to-night, they will lose it at poker, and never remember it in the morning." So he went forward on deck again, and stowed the package of bank notes at the bottom of his clothes-bag in the fore-castle, if so small a hole can be dignified by any such an appellation.

In the morning, when the officers were awake and sober, Patrick handed over his money and message.

"What is all this?" said the captain; "where did you get this money?"

"I went ashore in the yawl for it last night, sir."

"And why did you not bring it to the office at once?"

"I did, sir; but you and the clerk were both very busy."

The passengers, who had been engaged in the same line of business, had a hearty laugh.

"Young man," said the captain, "how long have you been on this boat?"

"A week, sir."

"And how much money have you got?"

"Five dollars, sir."

"Very well—go to your work."

In three weeks, Patrick was second mate; in a year, first mate; and, not long after, captain; and now, as we sat talking on the Alabama, he had a wife, children, a plantation, and two or three steamboats.

The Alabama flows through the richest cotton country in the world. It winds about as if it had taken a contract to water as much of the state as possible, and give a good steamboat landing to every plantation. Our general course, from Mobile to Montgomery, was north-east, but we were often steaming for hours south-west, and in every other direction. The distance, as the crow flies, is a hundred and sixty miles: by the river it is little less than four hundred. The banks of the river are low in some places; in others high and precipitous, and everywhere covered with the richest and most luxuriant vegetation. There were a thousand landscapes in which a painter would revel.

The passengers were a curious study for the traveller. Here was a swarthy planter, taking his newly purchased gang of hands up to his newly-bought plantation. He had purchased a thousand acres of wild land for twenty-five thousand dollars—five thousand down. He had bought four or five families of negroes at New Orleans, twenty-five thousand more—half cash. And now he was ready to clear away the forest, and raise cotton; to buy more negroes, to raise more cotton; to buy more negroes, to raise more cotton; and so on, until tired of the monotonous accumulation.

There were Virginians, also, who had been spending the winter in New Orleans, and were now returning before the hot season should commence. They were attended by their body servants; and nicer, better behaved, more intelligent, gentlemanly and lady-like people of colour it would be difficult to find anywhere. If there is such a thing as genius for service, or servitude, it is developed in these "hereditary bondsmen," who care so little to "be free," that they will not "strike the blow."

We had politicians and preachers, and three Sisters of Charity from the hospitals of New Orleans, going home to recruit, a thousand miles, to their mother house in Maryland. All over the South these Sisters travel free. Where there is yellow fever they have friends, and no Southerner would touch their money.

At last we are at Montgomery. It is a beautiful little town, of ten thousand inhabitants, built upon more hills than Rome, with deeper valleys between them. It is a city of palaces and gardens; not crowded into a narrow space, but spread out broadly over the hills and valleys, with wide streets, handsome villas, elegant shops, and such gardens as lie the south, with its glorious wealth of foliage and flowers, can give. A large and handsome domed state-house crowns one of the finest eminences.

Montgomery impresses the traveller with its beauty and riches. It is the centre of one of the finest cotton regions, in the finest cotton state—a state of sixty thousand square miles—and the plantations, which stretch away on every side, were in the highest state of cultivation. Every negro could make five or six bales of cotton, besides raising his own corn and bacon. A hundred negroes, therefore, besides their own support, made five or six hundred bales of cotton, worth twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars, which represents the clear profit of a well-conducted plantation. The yearly export of the single town of Montgomery was 106,000 bales, amounting to 5,300,000 dollars a-year. Well might it be prosperous and rich. There may have been poor people, but I saw none. In a thousand miles of that country one never sees a hand held out for charity. On every side is abounding wealth. The population of such a city is like nothing in Europe. The middle class is small—the lower class is wanting. There is more wealth, style, and fashion in a town like Montgomery, of ten thousand inhabitants, than in a European town of eighty or a hundred thousand.

When I arrived in Montgomery, the good citizens had a new sensation. Since the abolition of the slave trade, no negroes had ever been imported from Africa, until the owner of the yacht *Wanderer* took a fancy to buy a small cargo at Dahomey, and distribute them, as an experiment, among the planters of Alabama. They did not sell for much; as there was risk in the purchase, few cared to try them. There was one native African boy at Montgomery; a bright, little fellow enough, a pet with his master, of whom he had become very fond, and the little savage was learning the language, manners, and customs very rapidly. There was no need to punish him. It was only necessary to threaten to send him back to Dahomey. He would fall on his knees in great distress, and earnestly beg to be saved from so terrible a misfortune.

Montgomery, like most of the considerable towns in America, has its cemetery laid out like a park or pleasure-ground, and is becoming filled with ambitious marble monuments. A portion of the ground is set apart for negroes, and they, too, have their gravestones, which record their humble virtues. I was struck by the original form of a marble monument which an honest German had raised to an adopted son who had been drowned in the river. The epitaph was so peculiar that I copied it:—

Stop as you pass by my grave. Here I, John Schockler, rest my remains. I was born in New Orleans, the 22nd of Nov., 1841; was brought up by good friends; not taking their advice, was drowned in this city in the Alabama river, the 27th of May, 1855. Now I warn all young and old to beware of the dangers of this river. See how I am fixed in this watery grave; I have got but two friends to mourn.

What Montgomery now is, or may be in the future, I know not, but I shall always remember it as a bright, beautiful, elegant, and hospitable city, and worthy, from its refinement and hospitality, of a prosperous and noble destiny. N. M.

THE NEW ZEALAND CENSUS RETURNS, 1861.

PROVINCES.	Total No. of Acres fenced.	NUMBER OF ACRES.																Total under Crop.	
		In Wheat.		In Barley.		In Oats.		In Maize.		In Potatoes.		In Sown Grass.		In Garden or Orchard.		In other Crops.			
		A.	R. P.	A.	R. P.	A.	R. P.	A.	R. P.	A.	R. P.	A.	R. P.	A.	R. P.	A.	R. P.		
Auckland	112,318 3 34	3,802	1 0	214	1 18	2,320	3 5	606	0 26	3,553	1 10	62,317	0 7	1,607	2 16	805	2 39	75,916	1 1
Taranaki	9,858 1 0	61	2 0	57	3 0	105	3 0	3	8 10	106	0 0	9,642	2 0	97	0 0	18	3 0	10,163	0 10
Wellington	76,011 3 7	2,285	0 0	219	0 20	1,384	3 20	18	2 30	702	1 5	49,143	1 7	1,009	3 21	490	0 10	55,313	0 33
Hawke's Bay	31,781 0 0	550	1 0	26	3 20	354	2 0	16	0 0	191	0 18	8,731	2 20	230	0 15	725	2 0	5,844	3 33
Nelson	37,293 2 0	4,395	2 0	1,126	1 0	1,800	0 0	12	3 0	515	2 0	12,156	1 0	890	1 0	1,979	0 0	22,935	2 0
Marlborough	20,461 2 0	493	2 0	124	3 0	341	1 0	14	0 0	136	1 0	1,766	1 0	109	2 0	117	1 0	8,163	3 0
Canterbury	72,937 1 20	12,735	2 0	1,489	2 0	4,535	2 0	7	1 20	1,038	2 20	10,310	3 20	1,240	2 0	1,349	1 0	32,807	0 20
Otago	42,254 0 0	4,928	2 0	166	0 0	4,317	3 0	0	3 0	667	3 0	8,220	1 0	504	2 0	248	2 0	10,254	0 0
Southland	5,951 2 0	136	2 0	23	3 0	442	3 0	171	0 0	201	0 0	102	3 0	15	1 0	1,092	0 0
Totals	409,467 3 21	29,528	3 0	3,457	1 18	15,872	0 25	769	2 6	7,251	3 13	157,989	0 14	5,861	0 12	5,749	1 9	224,478	3 17

THE census returns for New Zealand, taken late in the year 1861, and published in Auckland June, 1862, gives us a flourishing account of the progress of this favourite colony, now taking rank as fourth in the Australian division.

Apart even from the influence of the gold discoveries and consequent influx of diggers, the census shows a steady increase in population. The number of settlers of European descent in 1851 amounting to 26,707, and in 1861 to not less than 98,915, exclusive of some 3000 diggers, who were believed, upon sufficient authority, to

be in the roads or gullies at the Otago gold-fields upon the day on which the papers were filled up. Thus it will be seen there has been an increase of 75,208 persons, or 281.60 per cent. during ten years.

The most striking provincial rise has been that of Otago, which has increased its population from 1776 to 28,983; and although prosperity arising from the discovery of gold is not necessarily lasting, there is no doubt the province will reap an abundant harvest during the rush, and that it will be the fault of the colonists themselves if they allow a reaction to take them by surprise. There is one item in the population table which ought to be looked into, especially at this time, and which, it is to be hoped, will lead to action, namely, that whereas the male population amounts to 61,008, the female reaches only 37,907—a state of things which it would be well if many of those philanthropic persons who are crying out so loudly and justly against what has been called the “redundance of women in England,” and the evils which arise therefrom, would take into serious consideration. Some ladies—too well known to require naming—have been at work steadily and consistently; but such efforts, individually noble as they are, cannot grasp the difficulty. With such fearful odds against it, private exertion is lost; it is the concentrated effort of the nation, acknowledged and helped by Government, which alone can rid our dear land of the plague spot which has been creeping on step by step, until none can be blind or deaf, much less, we should hope, careless, to the threatened danger.

TABLE SHOWING THE NUMBERS OF LIVE STOCK IN THE POSSESSION OF EUROPEANS IN THE SEVERAL PROVINCES OF NEW ZEALAND, IN DECEMBER, 1861.

Provinces.	Horses.	Mules and Asses.	Horned Cattle.	Sheep.	Goats.	Pigs.	Poultry.
Auckland	5,621	20	36,482	67,803	5,090	12,612	82,861
Taranaki	220	..	2,171	10,566	33	245	2,283
Wellington	5,117	42	40,323	247,940	2,856	11,670	98,635
Hawke's Bay	1,762	9	8,320	312,459	974	1,608	9,823
Nelson	2,355	17	11,105	181,367	419	2,985	23,293
Marlborough	1,519	17	8,474	368,396	1,099	1,462	6,333
Canterbury	6,049	29	33,576	877,569	625	9,580	41,729
Otago	4,700	15	34,544	619,853	156	2,318	26,412
Southland	812	4	9,129	73,970	9	555	4,163
Totals	28,265	153	198,184	2,760,163	12,170	43,016	235,532

In God's name, let us save such as we can; but

at the same time remember that "prevention is better than cure."

The foregoing tables will give a pretty clear idea of the character of the various provinces, and may prove useful to would-be emigrants.

At least three-quarters of the cultivated land is devoted to pasture, and upon this must depend the future stability of the colony. Agriculture in time may come to a stand-still for want of an outlet. Gold will exhaust itself, and the expense of transmission renders the mineral wealth of comparatively no avail. None of these difficulties apply to pasturage improvements, the produce of which will always find a ready market; and as we have given the table of crops, we have endeavoured to throw still more light upon the subject by also inserting in full the table of live stock.

Thus much we gather from the census. When the statistical return appears, we shall hope to read a useful lesson upon the march of industry and enterprise.

I. F.

CHRISTMAS EVERGREENS.

In the dark, cold mornings of Christmas week, some two or three hours before dawn, when the gas lamps are still glimmering through a misty haze, and link boys are flitting about, like Will o' the Wisp, with dripping brands, when waggons and horses loom large and shadowy, and when buyers and sellers, muffled up in capes and overcoats, seem to be puffing phantom pipes every time they open their lips, many thousand bundles of holly and mistletoe are disposed of at Covent Garden, Farringdon, and the other vegetable markets of the metropolis. But the purveying of "Christmas" is not only dabbled in by the regular traders—that is, the men who can each boast of a local habitation and a name, and are always begging one to note their address—the chief part of the business is in the hands of the irregulars—the costermongers, frozen-out gardeners, and that legion of street folk, who get their living "promiskus," and resent all inquiry into their name, profession, or abode. During the first weeks of December, some six or seven hundred men and boys, mainly recruited from the purlieus of St. Giles and Seven Dials, are busily engaged in reaping the harvest of evergreens in the country round London, sometimes tramping back to town every night, at other times sleeping in barns and outhouses, and, occasionally, after a lucky search, indulging in the luxury of a two-penny "lodging for travellers." It will not do to inquire too particularly whence the supplies of evergreens, with which we decorate our parlours and dining-rooms, are originally obtained. In some cases the right to gather them has been duly paid for; but in the majority of cases, it is to be feared, that this formality is dispensed with. Suburban gardens are sadly pillaged about this season; and many a worthy citizen, pacing his trim gravel walks, till the 'bus comes to the door, is dismayed to find that his pet holly bush has been remorselessly mangled, and stripped of all its bright array of scarlet berries. The quest for mistletoe must, however, be carried further a-field, and is attended with greater risk, as it involves the climbing of high orchard walls, stuck full of iron

spikes and broken glass, and sometimes affrays with dogs and watchmen. Besides, this plant has become so rare, that several days may be spent without discovering any of it. The result is that mistletoe is about double the price of holly. According to Mr. Mayhew's calculations, about 59,040 branches of holly and 56,160 of mistletoe are sold in London every season. As much as 200*l.* worth of holly is required for the sprigs which are stuck into metropolitan plum-puddings, and which, as every one knows, are essential to the true Christmas flavour.

The custom of decorating churches with holly was of pagan origin. The temples of Rome were decked out in a similar manner during the great festival of the Saturnalia, and the early Christians followed the example. The practice is, however, falling somewhat into disuse. If Miss Jenny Simper lived in our days, she would have no ground for the complaint she addressed to the "Spectator"—that "our clerk, who was once a gardener, has this Christmas so over-decked the church with greens that he has quite spoilt my prospect, inasmuch that I have scarce seen the young baronet for these three weeks, and unless the greens are removed, I shall soon have little else to do in church than say my prayers!"

There is a dispute as to the propriety of introducing mistletoe into a religious edifice. Gay, in his "Trivia," says:

Now with bright holly all the temple strew,
With laurel green and sacred mistletoe.

And Stukeley tells us, that it was once the custom at York, on Christmas eve, to carry mistletoe to the high altar of the Cathedral, and to proclaim "a public and universal liberty, pardon, and freedom to all sorts of inferior, and even wicked people, at the gate of the city toward the four quarters of heaven." Brande, however, denounces the mystic bough as a heathenish relic, which it would be nothing short of sacrilege to carry into a church: and exultingly recounts several instances where clergymen had ordered the obnoxious greenery to be removed before they would proceed with the service.

The association of kissing and mistletoe is supposed to come from the Scandinavian mythology. It was with an arrow fashioned out of a mistletoe bough that Loki, the evil one, slew Balder, the son of Friga, the baleful parasite having alone, by its insignificance and seeming frailty, escaped the oath which was imposed on all other things belonging to Earth, Air, Fire and Water, not to harm the fair young god. All nature mourned so bitterly the death of Balder, that Hela consented to restore him; and the mistletoe was then consecrated to his mother, in order to prevent its being again used as an instrument of mischief. Friga, being the Scandinavian Venus, it is easy to see how kissing under the mistletoe came into fashion. Least the occasional scarcity of the plant should at all check the popularity of the pleasant rite, the maidens used to make "kissing bunches" of evergreens, decked with ribbons and oranges, which it was said did just as well. In our own days kissing "under the rose" seems more in favour.

J. H. FYFE.

VERNER'S PRIDE.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "EAST LYNNE."



CHAPTER LIII. AN UNEXPECTED ARRIVAL.

DEBORAH and Amilly West were sitting over the fire in the growing dusk of a February evening. Their sewing lay on the table: some home dresses they were making for themselves, for they had never too much superfluous cash for dress-makers, with fashionable patterns and fashionable prices. It had grown too dark to work, and they had turned to the fire for a chat, before the tea and lights came in.

"I tell you, Amilly, it is of no use playing at concealment, or trying to suppress the truth," Deborah was saying. "She is as surely going as that the other two went: as sure as sure can be. I have always felt that she would go. Mr. Lionel was talking to me only yesterday. He was not satisfied with his brother: at least, he thought it as well to act as though he were not

satisfied with him: and he was about to ask Dr. Hayes——"

Her voice died away. Master Cheese had come in with a doleful face.

"Miss Deb, I'm sent up to Deerham Hall. There's a bothering note come from Miss Hautley to Jan, about one of the servants, and, he says, I am to go up and see what it is."

"Well?" returned Miss Deb, wondering why Master Cheese should come in to give the information to her. "You couldn't expect Mr. Jan to go up, after being out all day, as he has."

"Folks are sure to go and fall ill at the most untoward hour of the twenty-four," grumbled Master Cheese. "I was just looking for a good tea. I feel as empty as possible, after my short dinner. I wish——"

"Short dinner!" echoed Miss Deb in amaze-

ment, at least, it would have been in amazement, but that she was accustomed to these little episodes from the young gentleman. "We had a beautiful piece of roast beef; and I'm sure you eat as much as you chose!"

"There was no pudding or pie," resentfully retorted Master Cheese. "I have felt all the afternoon just as if I should sink: and I couldn't get out to buy anything for myself, because Jan never came in, and the boy stopped out. I wish, Miss Deb, you'd give me a thick piece of bread-and-jam, as I have got to go off without my tea."

"The fact is, Master Cheese, you have the jam so often, in one way or another, that there's very little left. It will not last the season out."

"The green gooseberries 'll be coming on, Miss Deb," was Master Cheese's insinuating reply. "And there's always apples, you know. With plenty of lemon and a clove or two, apples make as good a pudding as anything else."

Miss Deb, always good-natured, went to get him what he had asked for, and Master Cheese took his seat in front of the fire, and toasted his toes.

"There was a great mistake made when you were put to a surgeon," said Miss Amilly, laughing. "You should have gone apprentice to a pastrycook."

"She's a regular fidgetty old woman, that Miss Hantley," broke out Master Cheese with temper, passing over Miss Amilly's remark. "It's not two months yet that she has been at the Hall, and she has had one or the other of us up six times at least. I wonder what business she had to come to it? The Hall wouldn't have run away before Sir Edmund could get home."

Miss Deb came back with the bread-and-jam; a good thick slice, as the gentleman had requested. To look at him eating, one would think he had had nothing for a week. It disappeared in no time, and Master Cheese went out sucking his fingers and his lips. Deborah West folded up the work, and put things straight generally in the room. Then she sat down again, drawing her chair to the side of the fire.

"I do think that Cheese has got a wolf inside him," cried Amilly with a laugh.

"He is a great gourmand. He said this morning——" began Miss Deb, and then she stopped.

Finding what she was about to say thus brought to an abrupt conclusion, Amilly West looked at her sister. Miss Deb's attention was rivetted on the room-door. Her mouth was open, her eyes seemed starting from her head with a fixed stare, and her countenance was turning white. Amilly turned her eyes hastily to the same direction, and saw a dark, obscure form filling up the door-way.

Not obscure for long. Amilly, more impulsive than her sister, rose up with a shriek, and then darted forward with outstretched arms of welcome. Deborah went forward, stretching out hers.

"My dear father!"

It was no other than Dr. West. He gave them each a cool kiss, walked to the fire and sat down, bidding them not smother him. For

some little while they could not get over their surprise or believe their senses. They knew nothing of his intention to return, and had deemed him hundreds of miles away. Question after question they showered down upon him, the result of their amazement. He answered just as much as he chose. He had only come home for a day or so, he said, and did not care that it should be known he was there, to be tormented with a shoal of callers.

"Where's Mr. Jan?" asked he.

"In the surgery," said Deborah.

"Is he by himself?"

"Yes, dear papa. Master Cheese has just gone up to Deerham Hall, and the boy is out."

Dr. West rose, and made his way to the surgery. The surgery was empty. But the light of a fire from the half-opened door, led him to Jan's bed-room. It was a room that would persist in remaining obstinately damp, and Jan, albeit not over careful of himself, judged it well to have an occasional fire lighted. The room, seen by this light, looked comfortable. The small, low, iron bed stood in the far corner: in the opposite corner, the bureau, as in Dr. West's time, the door opening to the garden (never used now) between them, at the end of the room. The window was on the side opposite the fire, a table in the middle. Jan was then occupied in stirring the fire into a blaze, and its cheerful light flickered on every part of the room.

"Good evening, Mr. Jan."

Jan turned round, poker in hand, and stared amiably.

"Law!" cried he. "Who'd have thought it?"

The old word; the word he had learnt at school—law. It was Jan's favourite mode of expressing surprise still, and Lady Verner never could break him of it. He shook hands cordially with Dr. West.

The doctor shut the door, slipping the bolt, and sat down to the fire. Jan cleared a space on the table, which was covered with jars and glass vases, cylinders, and other apparatus, seemingly for chemical purposes, and took his seat there.

The doctor had taken a run home, "making a morning call, as it might be metaphorically observed," he said to Jan. Just to have a sight of home faces, and hear a little home news. Would Mr. Jan recite to him somewhat of the latter?

Jan did so: touching upon all he could recollect. From John Massingbird's return to Verner's Pride, and the consequent turning out of Mr. Verner and his wife, down to the death of Sir Rufus Hantley: not forgetting the pranks played by the "ghost," and the foiled expedition of Mrs. Peckaby to New Jerusalem. Some of these items of intelligence the doctor had heard before, for Jan periodically wrote to him. The doctor looked taller, and stouter, and redder than ever, and as he leaned thoughtfully forward, and the crimson blaze played upon his face, Jan thought how like he was growing to his sister, the late Mrs. Verner.

"Mr. Jan," said the doctor, "it is not right

that my nephew, John Massingbird, should enjoy Verner's Pride."

"Of course it's not," answered Jan. "Only things don't go by rights always, you know. It's but seldom they do."

"He ought to give it up to Mr. Verner."

"So I told him," said Jan. "I should, in his place."

"What did he say?"

"Say? Laughed at me, and called me green."

Dr. West sat thoughtfully pulling his great dark whiskers. Dark as they were, they had yet a tinge of red in the fire-light. "It was a curious thing; a very curious thing, that both brothers should die, as was supposed, in Australia," said he. "Better—as things have turned out—that Fred should have turned up afterwards, than John."

"I don't know that," spoke Jan, with his accustomed truth-telling freedom. "The pair were not good for much, but John was the best of them."

"I was thinking of Sibylla," candidly admitted the doctor. "It would have been better for her."

Jan opened his eyes considerably.

"Better for her!—for it to turn out that she had two husbands living? That's logic, that is."

"Dear me, to be sure!" cried the doctor. "I was not thinking of that phase of the affair, Mr. Jan. Is she in spirits?"

"Who? Sibylla? She's fretting herself into her grave."

Dr. West turned his head with a start.

"What at? The loss of Verner's Pride?"

"Well, I don't know," said Jan, ever plain-spoken. "She puzzles me. When she was at Verner's Pride, she never seemed satisfied: she was perpetually hankering after excitement, and didn't seem to care for Lionel or for anybody else, and kept the house full of people from top to bottom. She has a restless, dissatisfied temper, and it keeps her on the worry. Folks with such tempers know no peace, and let nobody else know any that's about them. A nice life she leads Lionel! Not that he'd drop a hint of it. He'd cut out his tongue before he'd speak a word against his wife: he'd rather make her out to be an angel."

"Are they pretty comfortably off for money?" inquired Dr. West, after a pause. "I suppose Mr. Verner must have managed to feather his nest a little, before leaving?"

"Not a bit of it," returned Jan. "He was over head and ears in debt. Sibylla helped him to a good portion of it. She went the pace. John Massingbird waives the question of the meane profits, or Lionel would be in worse embarrassment than he is."

Dr. West looked crestfallen.

"What do they live on?" he asked. "Does Lady Verner keep them? She can't have too much for herself now."

"Oh! it's managed somehow," said Jan.

Dr. West sat for some time in ruminating silence, pulling his whiskers as before, running his hands through his hair, the large clear blue sapphire ring, which he always wore on his finger, conspicuous. Jan swayed his legs about, and

waited to afford any further information. Presently the doctor turned to him, a charming expression of open confidence on his countenance.

"Mr. Jan, I am in great hopes that you will do me a little favour. I have temporary need for a trifle of pecuniary aid—some slight debts which have grown upon me abroad," he added, carelessly, with a short cough—"and, knowing your good heart, I have resolved to apply to you. If you can oblige me with a couple of hundred pounds or so, I'll give you my acknowledgment, and return it punctually as soon as I am able."

"I'd let you have it with all the pleasure in life, if I had got it," heartily replied Jan. "But I have not."

"My dear Mr. Jan! Not got it! You must have quite a nice little nest of savings laid by in the bank, surely! I know you never spend a shilling on yourself."

"All I had in the bank and what I have drawn since has been handed over to my mother. I wanted Lionel and Sibylla to come here: I and Miss Deb arranged it all; and in that case I should have given the money to Miss Deb. But Sibylla refused: she would not come here, she would not go anywhere but to Lady Verner's. So I handed the money to my mother."

The confession appeared to put the doctor out considerably.

"How very imprudent, Mr. Jan! To give away all you possessed, leaving nothing for yourself! I never heard of such a thing!"

"Lionel and his wife were turned out of everything, and had nobody to look to. I don't see that I could have put the money to better use," stoutly returned Jan. "It was not much. There's such a lot of the Clay Lane folks always wanting things when they are ill. And Miss Deb, she had had something. You keep her so short, doctor."

"But you pay her the sum that was agreed upon for housekeeping?" said Dr. West.

"What should hinder me?" returned Jan. "She can't make both ends meet, she says, and then she has to come to me. I'm willing: only I can't give money away and put it by, you see."

Dr. West probably did see it. He saw, beyond doubt, that all hope of ready money from easy Jan was gone—from the simple fact that Jan's coffers were just now empty. The fact did not afford him satisfaction.

"I'll tell you what, Mr. Jan," said he, brightening up, "you shall give me your signature to a little bill—a bill at two months, let us say. It will be the same as money."

"Can't," said Jan.

"You can't!" replied Dr. West.

"No!" said Jan, resolutely. "I'd give away all I had in hand to give, and welcome; but I'd never sign bills. A doctor has no business with 'em. Don't you remember what they did for Jones at Bartholomew's?"

"I don't remember Jones at Bartholomew's," frigidly returned the doctor.

"No! Why, what's gone with your memory?" innocently asked Jan. "If you think a bit, you'll recollect about him, and what his end was. Bills did it; the signing of bills to oblige some friend."

"I'll never sign a bill, doctor. I wouldn't do it for my own mother."

Thus the doctor's expectations were put a final end to, so far as Jan went—and very certain expectations they had, no doubt, been. As to Jan, a thought may have crossed him that the doctor and his daughter Sibylla appeared to have the same propensity for getting out of money. Dr. West recovered his equanimity, and magnanimously waived away the affair as a trifle not worth dwelling on.

"How does Cheese get on?" he asked.

"First-rate—in the eating line," replied Jan.

"Have you got him out of his idleness yet?"

"It would take a more clever man than I to do that, doctor. It's constitutional. When he goes up to London, in the autumn, I shall take an assistant, unless you should be coming home yourself."

"I have no intention of it at present, Mr. Jan. Am I to understand you that Sibylla has serious symptoms of disease?"

"There's no doubt of it," said Jan. "You always prophesied it for her, you know. When she was at Verner's Pride she was continually ailing: not a week passed but I was called to attend her. She was so imprudent, too—she *would* be. Going out and getting her feet wet; sitting up half the night. We tried to bring her to reason; but it was of no use. She defied Lionel; she would not listen to me—as well speak to a post."

"Why should she defy her husband? Are they on bad terms?"

"They are on as good terms as any man and wife could ever be, Sibylla being the wife," was Jan's rejoinder. "You know something of her temper and disposition, doctor—it is of no use to mince matters—you remember how it had used to be with her here at home. Lionel's a husband in a thousand. How he can possibly put up with her, and be always patient and kind, puzzles me more than any problem ever did in Euclid. If Fred had lived—why, he'd have broken her spirit or her heart, long before this."

Dr. West rose and stretched himself. The failings of Sibylla were not a pleasant topic, thus openly spoken of by Jan, but none knew better than the doctor how true were the grounds on which he spoke. None knew better, either, that disease for her was to be feared.

"Her sisters went off about this age, or a little later," he said, musingly. "I could not save them."

"And Sibylla's as surely going after them, doctor, as that I am here," returned Jan. "Lionel intends to call in Dr. Hayes to her."

"Since when has she been so ill?"

"Not since any time in particular. There appears to be no real illness yet: only symptoms. She coughs, and gets as thin as a skeleton. Sometimes I think if she could keep up a cheerful temper, she'd keep well. You will see what you think of her."

The doctor walked towards the bureau at the far corner.

"Have you ever opened it, Mr. Jan?"

"It's not likely," said Jan. "Didn't you tell

me not to? Your own papers are in it, and you hold the key."

"It's not inconvenient to your room, my retaining it, is it?" asked the doctor. "I don't know where else I should put my papers."

"Not a bit of it," said Jan. "Have another in here as well, if you like. It's safe here."

"Do you know, Mr. Jan, I feel as if I'd rather sleep in your little bed to-night than indoors," said the doctor, looking at Jan's bed. "The room seems like an old friend to me: I feel at home in it."

"Sleep in it, if you like," returned Jan, in his easy good-nature. "Miss Deb can put me into some room or other. I say, doctor, it's past tea-time. Wouldn't you like some refreshment?"

"I had a good dinner on my road," replied Dr. West: which Jan might have guessed, for Dr. West was quite sure to take care of himself. "We will go in, if you like: Deb and Amilly will wonder what has become of me. How old they begin to look!"

"I don't suppose any of us look younger," answered Jan.

They went into the house. Deborah and Amilly were in a flutter of hospitality, lading the tea-table with good things that it would have gladdened Master Cheese's heart to see. They had been up-stairs to smooth out their curls, to put on clean white sleeves and collars, a gold chain and such-like little additions, setting themselves off as they were now setting off the tea-table, all in their affectionate welcome to their father. And Dr. West, who liked eating as well as ever did Master Cheese, surveyed the table with complacency as he sat down to it, ignoring the dinner he had spoken of to Jan. Amilly sat by him, heaping his plate with what he liked best, and Deborah made the tea.

"I have been observing to Mr. Jan that you are beginning to look very old, Deb," remarked the doctor. "Amilly also."

It was a cruel shaft. A bitter return for their loving welcome. Perhaps they *were* looking older, but he need not have said it so point blank, and before Jan. They turned crimson, poor ladies, and bent to sip their tea, and tried to turn the words off with a laugh, and did not know where to look. In true innate delicacy of feeling, Dr. West and his daughter, Sibylla, rivalled each other.

The meal over, the doctor proposed to pay a visit to Deerham Court, and did so, Jan walking with him, first of all mentioning to Deborah the wish expressed by Dr. West as to occupying Jan's room for the night, that she might see the arrangement carried out.

Which she did. And Jan, at the retiring hour—though this is a little anticipating, for the evening is not yet over—escorted the doctor to the door of the room, and wished him a good night's rest, never imagining but what he enjoyed one. But had fire, or any other accident, burst open the room to public gaze in the lone night hours, Dr. West would have been seen at work, instead of asleep. Every drawer of the bureau was out, every paper it contained was misplaced. The doctor was evidently searching for something, as sedu-

lously as he had once searched for that lost prescription, which at the time appeared so much to disturb his peace.

CHAPTER LIV. AN EVENING AT LADY VERNER'S.

In the well-lighted drawing-room at Deerham Court was its mistress, Lady Verner. Seated with her on the same sofa was her son, Lionel. Decima, at a little distance, was standing, talking to Lord Garle. Lucy Tempest sat at the table, cutting the leaves of a new book; and Sibylla was bending over the fire in a shivering attitude, as if she could not get enough of its heat. Lord Garle had been dining with them.

The door opened, and Jan entered.

"I have brought you a visitor, Sibylla," said he, in his unceremonious fashion, without any sort of greeting to anybody. "Come in, doctor."

It caused quite a confusion, the entrance of Dr. West. All were surprised. Lionel rose, Lucy rose; Lord Garle and Decima came forward, and Sibylla sprang towards him with a cry. Lady Verner was the only one who retained entire calmness.

"Papa! it cannot be you! When did you come?"

Dr. West kissed her, and turned to Lady Verner with some courtly words. Dr. West was an adept at such. Not the courtly words that spring genuinely from a kindly and refined nature; but those that are put on to hide a false one. All people, true-hearted ones, too, cannot distinguish between them; the false and the real. Next, the doctor grasped the hand of Lionel.

"My son-in-law!" he exclaimed, in a very demonstrative manner. "The last time you and I had the pleasure of meeting, Mr. Verner, we little anticipated that such a relationship would ensue. I rejoice to welcome you in it, my dear sir."

"True," said Lionel, with a quiet smile. "Coming events do not always cast their shadows before."

With Decima, with Lord Garle, with Lucy Tempest, the doctor severally shook hands: he had a phrase of suavity for all.

"I should not have known you," he said to the latter.

"No!" returned Lucy. "Why?"

"You have grown, Miss Tempest. Grown much."

"Then I must have been very short before," said Lucy. "I am not tall now."

"You have grown into remarkable beauty," added the doctor.

Whether Lucy had grown into beauty or not, she did not like being told of it. And she did not like Dr. West. She had not been in love with him ever, as you may recollect; but she seemed to like him now, as he stood before her, less and less. Drawing away from him when she could do so civilly, she went up and talked to Jan.

A little while, and they had become more settled, dispersing into groups. The doctor, his daughter, and Lionel were sitting on a couch apart, conversing in an under tone; the rest disposed themselves as they would. Dr. West had

accepted a cup of coffee. He kept it in his hand, sipping it now and then, and slowly eat a biscuit.

"Mr. Jan tells me Sibylla is not very strong," he observed, addressing both of them, but more particularly Lionel.

"Not very," replied Lionel. "The cold weather of this winter has tried her; has given her a cough. She will be better, I hope, when it comes in warm."

"How do you feel, my dear?" inquired the doctor, apparently looking at his coffee-cup instead of Sibylla. "Weak here?"—touching his chest.

"Not more weak than I had used to be," she answered, in a cross tone, as if the confession that she did feel weak was not pleasant to her. "There's nothing the matter with me, papa; only Lionel makes a fuss."

"Nay, Sibylla," interposed Lionel, good-humouredly, "I leave that to you and Jan."

"You would like to make papa believe you don't make a fuss!" she cried, in a most resentful tone. "When you know, not two days ago, you wanted to prevent my going to the party at Mrs. Bitterworth's!"

"I plead guilty to that," said Lionel. "It was a most inclement night, a cold, raw fog that penetrated everywhere, carriages and all else, and I wished you not to venture out in it. The doing so increased your cough."

"Mr. Verner was right," said Dr. West. "Night fogs are pernicious to a degree, where the chest and lungs are delicate. You should not stir out of the house, Sibylla, after sunset. Now don't interrupt, my dear. Let the carriage be ever so closely shut, it makes no difference. There is the change of atmosphere from the warm room to the cold carriage; there are the draughts of air in passing to it. You must not do it, Sibylla."

"Do you mean to say, papa, that I am to live like a hermit?—never to go out?" she returned, her bosom heaving with vexation. "It is not much visiting that I have had, goodness knows, since quitting Verner's Pride: if I am to give it all up, you may as well put me out of the world. As good be dead!"

"Sibylla," said the doctor, more impressively than he often spoke, "I know your constitution, and I know pretty well what you can and what you can not bear. Don't attempt to stir out after sunset again. Should you get stronger it will be a different matter. At present it must not be. Will you remember this, Mr. Verner?"

"If my wife will allow me to remember it," he said, bending to Sibylla with a kindly tone. "My will was good to keep her in, all this winter: but she would not be kept."

"What has Jan been telling you about me, papa? It is a shame of him! I am not ill."

"Mr. Jan has told me very little indeed of your ailments," replied Dr. West. "He says you are not strong: he says you are fretful, irritable. My dear, this arises from your state of health."

"I have thought so, too," said Lionel, speaking impulsively. Many and many a time, latterly, when she had nearly tired out his heart and his patience, had he been willing to find an excuse for

her still—that her illness of body caused in her the irritation of mind. Or, at any rate, greatly increased it.

An eye, far less experienced than that of Dr. West—who, whatever may have been his other shortcomings, was clever in his profession—could have seen at a glance how weak Sibylla was. She wore an evening dress of white muslin, its body very low, its sleeves very short: her chest was painfully thin, and every breath she took lifted it ominously: she seemed to be breathing outside as well as in. The doctor touched the muslin.

"This is not a fit dress for you, Sibylla. It—"

"Lionel has been putting you up to say it, papa!" she burst forth.

Dr. West looked at her. He surmised what was indeed the case, that her husband had remonstrated against the unsuitableness of the attire, to one in her condition.

"You have heard every word Mr. Verner has spoken to me, Sibylla. You should be wrapped up warmly always: to be exposed like this, is enough to—to—" give you your death he was about to say, but changed the words—"make you very ill."

"Decima and Lucy Tempest dress so," she returned, in a tone that threatened tears.

Dr. West lifted his eyes to where Decima and Lucy were standing with Lord Garle. Decima wore a silk dress; Lucy a white one: each made evening fashion.

"They are both healthy," he said, "and may wear what they please. Look at their necks, compared to yours, Sibylla. I shall ask Mr. Verner to put all these thin, low bodies behind the fire."

"He would only have the pleasure of paying for others to replace them," was the undutiful rejoinder. "Papa, I have enough trouble without your turning against me."

Turning against her! Dr. West did not point out how purposeless were her words. His intention was to come in in the morning, and talk to her seriously of her state of health, and the precautions it was necessary to observe. He took a sip of his coffee, and turned to Lionel.

"I was about to ask you a superfluous question, Mr. Verner—whether that lost codicil has been heard of. But your leaving Verner's Pride is an answer."

"It has never been heard of," replied Lionel. "When John Massingbird returned and put in his claim—when he took possession, I may say, for the one was coeval with the other—the wanting of the codicil was indeed a grievance: far more than it had appeared at the time of its loss."

"You must regret it much."

"I regret it always," he answered. "I regret it bitterly for Sibylla's sake."

"Papa," she cried in deep emotion, her cheeks becoming crimson, her blue eyes flashing with an unnatural light, "if that codicil could be found, it would save my life. Jan, in his rough, stupid way, tells me I am fretting myself into my grave. Perhaps I am. I want to go back to Verner's Pride."

It was not a pleasant subject to converse on; it

was a subject utterly hopeless—and Dr. West sought one more genial. Ranging his eyes over the room, they fell upon Lord Garle, who was still talking with Decima and Lucy.

"Which of the two young ladies makes the viscount's attraction, Mr. Verner?"

Lionel smiled. "They do not take me into their confidence, sir; any one of the three."

"I am sure it is not Decima, papa," spoke up Sibylla. "She's as cold as a stone. I won't answer for its not being Lucy Tempest. Lord Garle comes here a good deal, and he and Lucy seem great friends. I often think he comes for Lucy."

"Then there's little doubt upon the point," observed the doctor, coming to a more rapid conclusion than the words really warranted. "Time was, Mr. Verner, when I thought that young lady would have been your wife."

"Who?" asked Lionel. But that he only asked the question in his confusion, without need, was evident: the tell-tale flush betrayed it. His pale face had turned red, to the very roots of his hair.

"In those old days when you were ill, lying here, and Miss Tempest was so much with you, I fancied I saw the signs of a mutual attachment," continued the doctor. "I conclude I must have been mistaken."

"Little doubt of that, doctor," lightly answered Lionel, recovering his equanimity, though he could not yet recover his disturbed complexion, and laughing as he spoke.

Sibylla's greedy ears had drunk up the words, her sharp eyes had caught the conscious flush, and her jealous heart was making the most of it. At that unfortunate moment, as ill-luck had it, Lucy brought up the basket of cakes and held it out to Dr. West. Lionel rose to take it from her.

"I was taking your name in vain, Miss Tempest," said the complacent doctor. "Did you hear me?"

"No," replied Lucy, smiling. "What about?"

"I was telling Mr. Verner that in the old days I had deemed his choice was falling upon another, rather than my daughter. Do you remember, young lady?—in that long illness of his?"

Lucy did remember. And the remembrance, thus called suddenly before her, the words themselves, the presence of Lionel, all brought to her far more emotion than had arisen to him. Her throat heaved, as with a spasm, and the startled colour dyed her face. Lionel saw it. Sibylla saw it.

"It proves to us how we may be mistaken, Miss Tempest," observed the doctor, who, from that habit of his, already hinted at, the never looking people in the face when he spoke to them, had failed to observe anything. "I hear there is a probability of this fair hand being appropriated by another: one who can enhance his value by coupling it with a coronet."

"Don't take the trouble, Lucy. I am holding it."

It was Lionel who spoke. In her confusion she had not loosed hold of the cake-basket, although he had taken it. Quietly, impassively, in the most un-

ruffled manner spoke he, smiling carelessly. Only for a moment had his self-control been shaken. "Will you take a biscuit, Dr. West?" he asked.

"Lucy, my dear, will you step here to me?"

The request came from the other end of the room, from Lady Verner. Lionel, who was about to place the cake-basket on the table, stopped and held out his arm to Lucy, to conduct her to his mother. They went forward, utterly unconscious that Sibylla was casting angry and jealous glances at them; conscious only that those sacred feelings in either heart, so well hid from the world, had been stirred to their very depths.

The door opened, and one of the servants entered. "Mr. Jan is wanted."

"Who's taken ill now, I wonder?" cried Jan, descending from the arm of his mother's sofa, where he had been perched.

In the ante-room was Master Cheese, looking rueful.

"There's a message come from Squire Pidcock's," cried he, in a most resentful tone. "Somebody's to attend immediately. Am I to go?"

"I suppose you'd faint at having to go, after being up to Miss Hautley's," returned Jan. "You'd never survive the two, should you?"

"Well, you know, Jan, it's a good mile and a half to Pidcock's, and I had to go to the other place without my tea," remonstrated Master Cheese.

"I dare say Miss Deb has given you your tea since you came home."

"But it's not like having it at the usual hour. And I couldn't finish it in comfort, when this message came."

"Be off back and finish it now, then," said Jan. And the young gentleman departed with alacrity.

Returning to the drawing-room, Jan told them that he was called out. Lionel had resumed his seat then, by Sibylla and Dr. West. Jan departed, and, later in the evening, as he did not return, Lionel walked home with the doctor.

"What do you think of Sibylla?" was his first question, before they had well quitted the gates.

"My opinion is not a favourable one, so far as I can judge at present," replied Dr. West. "She must not be crossed, Mr. Verner."

"Heaven is my witness that she is not crossed by me, Dr. West," was the reply of Lionel, given more earnestly than the occasion seemed to call for. "From the hour I married her, my whole life has been spent in striving to shield her from crosses, so far as lies in the power of man; to cherish her in all care and tenderness. There are few husbands would bear with her—her peculiarities—as I have borne: as I will still bear. I say this to you, her father; I would say it to no one else. My chief regret, at the wrenching from me of Verner's Pride, is for Sibylla's sake."

"My dear sir, I honestly believe you. I know what Sibylla was at home, fretful, wayward, and restless; and those tendencies are not likely to be lessened, now disease has shown itself. I always feared it was in her constitution; that, in spite of all our care, she would follow her sisters. They fell off and died, you may remember, when they

seemed most blooming. People talked freely—as I understood at the time—about my allowing her so suddenly to marry Frederick Massingbird; but my course was dictated by one sole motive—that it would give her the benefit of a sea voyage, which might prove invaluable to her constitution."

Lionel believed just as much of this as he liked. Dr. West was his wife's father, and, as such, he deferred to him. He remembered what had been told him by Sibylla; and he remembered the promise he had given her.

"It's a shocking pity that you are turned from Verner's Pride!" resumed the doctor.

"It is. But there's no help for it."

"Does Sibylla grieve after it *very* much? Has it any real effect, think you, upon her health?—as she seemed to intimate."

"She grieves, no doubt. She *keeps up* the grief, if you can understand it, Dr. West. Not a day passes, but she breaks into lamentations over the loss, complaining loudly and bitterly. Whether her health would not equally have failed at Verner's Pride, I am unable to say. I think it would."

"John Massingbird, under the circumstances, ought to give it up to you. It is *rightfully* yours. Sibylla's life—and she is his own cousin—may depend upon it: he ought not to keep it. But for the loss of the codicil, he would never have come to it."

"Of course he could not," assented Lionel. "It is that loss which has upset everything."

Dr. West fell into silence, and continued in it until his house was in view. Then he spoke again.

"What will you undertake to give me, Mr. Verner, if I can bring John Massingbird to hear reason, and re-establish you at Verner's Pride?"

"Not anything," answered Lionel. "Verner's Pride is John Massingbird's according to the law; therefore it cannot be mine. Neither would he resign it."

"I wonder whether it could be done by stratagem?" mused Dr. West. "Could we persuade him that the codicil has turned up?—or something of that? It would be very desirable for Sibylla."

"If I go back to Verner's Pride at all, sir, I go back by *right*; neither by purchase nor by stratagem," was the reply of Lionel. "Rely upon it, things set about in an underhand manner never prosper."

"I might get John Massingbird to give it up to you," continued the doctor, nodding his head thoughtfully, as if he had some scheme afloat in it. "I might get him to resign it to you, rents, and residence and all, and betake himself off. You would give me a per centage?"

"Were John Massingbird to offer such to me to-morrow, of his own free will, I should decline it," forcibly returned Lionel. "I have suffered too much from Verner's Pride ever to take possession of it again, except by indisputable right—a right in which I cannot be disturbed. Twice have I been turned from it, you know, sir. And the turning out has cost me more than the world deemed."

"But surely you would go back to it if you could, for Sibylla's sake?"

"Were I a rich man, able to rent Verner's Pride from John Massingbird, I might ask him to let it me, if it would gratify Sibylla. But, to return there as its master, on sufferance, liable to be expelled again at any moment,—never! John Massingbird holds the right to Verner's Pride, and he will exercise it, for me."

"Then you will not accept my offer—to try and get you back again; and to make me a substantial honorarium if I do it?"

"I do not understand you, Dr. West. The question cannot arise."

"If I make it arise; and carry it out?"

"I beg your pardon—No."

It was an emphatic denial, and Dr. West may have felt himself foiled, as he had been foiled by Jan's confession of empty pockets, earlier in the evening.

"Nevertheless," observed he equably, as he shook hands with Lionel, before entering his own house, "I shall see John Massingbird tomorrow, and urge the hardship of the case upon him."

It was probably with that view that Dr. West proceeded early on the following morning to Verner's Pride, after his night of search, instead of sleep, astonishing John Massingbird not a little. That gentleman was enjoying himself in a comfortable sort of way in his bedroom. A substantial breakfast was laid out on a table by the bed-side, while he, not risen, smoked a pipe as he lay, by way of whetting his appetite. Dr. West entered without ceremony.

"My stars!" uttered John, when he could believe his eyes. "It's never you, Uncle West! Did you drop from a balloon?"

Dr. West explained. That he had come over for a few hours' sojourn. The state of his dear daughter Sibylla was giving him considerable uneasiness, and he had just put himself to the expense and inconvenience of a journey to see her, and judge of her state herself.

That there were a few trifling inaccuracies in this statement, inasmuch as that his daughter's state had had nothing to do with the doctor's journey, was of little consequence. It was all one to John Massingbird. He made a hasty toilette, and invited the doctor to take some breakfast.

Dr. West was nothing loth. He had breakfasted at home; but a breakfast, or any other meal, more or less, was nothing to Dr. West. He sat down to the table, and took a choice morsel of boned chicken on his plate.

"John, I have come up to talk to you about Verner's Pride."

"What about it?" asked John, speaking with his mouth full of devilled kidneys.

"The place is Lionel Verner's."

"How d'ye make out that?" asked John.

"That codicil revoked the will which left the estate to you. It gave it to him."

"But the codicil vanished," answered John.

"True. I was present at the consternation it excited. It disappeared in some unaccountably mysterious way; but there's no doubt that

Mr. Verner died, believing the estate would go in its direct line—to Lionel. In fact, I know he did. Therefore you ought to act as though the codicil were in existence, and resign the estate to Lionel Verner."

The recommendation excessively tickled the fancy of John Massingbird. It set him laughing for five minutes.

"In short, you never ought to have attempted to enter upon it," continued Dr. West. "Will you resign it to him?"

"Uncle West, you'll kill me with laughter, if you joke like that," was the reply.

"I have little doubt that the codicil is still in existence," urged Dr. West. "I remember, my impression at the time was, that it was only mislaid, temporarily lost. If that codicil turned up, you would be obliged to quit."

"So I should," said John, with equanimity. Let Lionel Verner produce it, and I'll vacate the next hour. *That* will never turn up: don't you fret yourself, Uncle West."

"Will you not resign it to him?"

"No, that I won't. Verner's Pride is mine by law. I should be a simpleton to give it up."

"Sibylla's pining for it," resumed the doctor, trying what a little pathetic pleading would do. "She will as surely die, unless she can come back to Verner's Pride, as that you and I are at breakfast here."

"If you ask my opinion, Uncle West, I should say that she'd die, any way. She looks like it. She's fading away just as the other two did. But she won't die a day sooner for being away from Verner's Pride; and she would not have lived an hour longer had she remained in it. That's my belief."

"Verner's Pride never was intended for you, John," cried the Doctor. "Some freak caused Mr. Verner to will it away from Lionel; but he came to his senses before he died, and repaired the injury."

"Then I am so much the more obliged to the freak," was the good-humoured but uncompromising rejoinder of John Massingbird.

And, more than that, Dr. West could not make of him. John was evidently determined to stand by Verner's Pride. The doctor then changed his tactics, and tried a little business on his own account—that of borrowing from John Massingbird as much money as that gentleman would lend.

It was not much. John, in his laughing way, protested he was always "cleaned out." Nobody knew but himself—but he did not mind hinting it to Uncle West—the heaps of money he had been obliged to "shell out" before he could repose in tranquillity at Verner's Pride. There were back entanglements and present expenses. Not to speak of sums spent in benevolence. "Benevolence?" the doctor exclaimed. "Yes, benevolence," John replied with a semi-grave face: he had had to give away an unlimited amount of bank-notes to the neighbourhood, as a recompense for having terrified it into fits. There were times when he thought he should have to come upon Lionel Verner for the meagre profits, he observed. A procedure which he was unwilling to resort to for two

reasons : the one was, that Lionel possessed nothing to pay them with ; the other, that he, John, never liked to be hard.

So the doctor had to content himself with a very trifling loan, compared with the sum he had fondly anticipated. He dropped some obscure hints that the evidence he could give, if he chose, with reference to the codicil, or rather what he knew to have been Mr. Verner's intentions, might go far to deprive his nephew John of the estate. But his nephew only laughed at him, and could not by any manner of means be induced to treat the hints as serious. A will was a will, he said, and Verner's Pride was indisputably his.

Altogether, taking one thing with another, Dr. West's visit to Deerham had not been quite so satisfactory as he had anticipated it might be made. After quitting John Massingbird, he went to Deerham Court and remained a few hours with Sibylla. The rest of the day he divided between his daughters in their sitting-room, and Jan in the surgery, taking his departure again from Deerham by the night train.

And Deborah and Amilly, drowned in tears, said his visit could be compared only to the flash of a comet's tail : no sooner seen than gone again.

(To be continued.)

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

EVERY now and then people ask what has become of the Atlantic Telegraph. The City man, passing by Old Broad Street, still sees the office of the company, and hears that a staff is still maintained there ; that there are directors, and a chairman, who every now and then meet, pass resolutions, and draw up fresh proposals. The question is not, therefore, so absurd a one as it may appear, for surely all this expensive machinery would not be maintained, if the scheme had perished, as it has long been admitted on all hands the cable itself has. It is dead by no means, and after the disastrous failure which took place four years ago, we see evident signs of real efforts to accomplish this great design.

That the second cable that crosses the Atlantic will be as great a success as the former one was a melancholy failure, no electrician of eminence any longer doubts. That the first cable was a failure in fact, was owing to causes so clearly traceable to the grossest negligence, that the wonder is not that it failed, but that it survived to give utterance to those few words which prove that it retained life after its bad treatment and perilous voyage. Let us recount a few of them. At the time of its manufacture, the working of the new material, gutta percha, was, so to say, a new art, and the material in itself so bad in quality, owing to the tricks played by the native gatherers, that it was far from being so perfect an insulator as it has since become ; moreover, the method of laying it on the conducting wire was so defective that every now and then air-holes or bubbles, so minute as to escape observation, occurred. The significance of this fact may not appear to the general reader who is not aware of the conditions on which alone a submarine electric

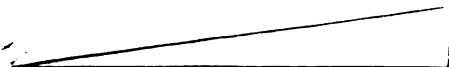
cable can act. The wire or conductor along which the electric message flows, may be likened to a hollow pipe, the walls of which are composed of the insulating material which surrounds it ; this insulating material is the gutta percha, and it can be easily understood that if this envelope is perforated by fine holes, the electric current, instead of passing from end to end of the cable, as it otherwise would, must escape and diffuse itself in the surrounding ocean, which is a good conductor.

These fine holes, or "leaks" as they are termed, may have let out but a very small portion of the strong current sent through the cable, but their number so enfeebled the life of the telegraph, that it only required a few more blunders of construction to have killed it before it was laid. These were not wanting, as we know by the evidence given in this matter before the committee of the House of Commons. Whilst the cable lay coiled in the tank at the manufactory, ready to be shipped, it had the misfortune to be exposed to the direct rays of the sun during three of the hottest days ever known in this country. The effect of this great heat was so to soften the gutta percha envelope of the wire, as to allow the latter to sink by its own gravity until it merely appeared on its under-surface, instead of maintaining its position in the centre of its axis ; indeed, at some points, the wire actually showed through the thin gutta-percha, and where it so showed, it had to be cut out.

So much for the defective manipulation of the first Atlantic cable. But these were only initial errors. In the course of "paying out" it was subjected to all kinds of strains from the pitching of the vessel ; at times it had to be cut and respliced whilst the ship was progressing ; and after the first failure to deposit it in the ocean took place, and it was returned to a tank prepared to receive it at Keyham, it was cut about so mercilessly, and spliced again—or rather bungled together so carelessly,—that the wonder is, not that its insulation was thereby hopelessly impaired, but that the continuity of the conducting wire was maintained at all.

It is not, however, a matter of entire regret that this cable failed, inasmuch as from its method of construction, so far as the conducting wire was concerned, it is very doubtful whether it would have been such a success as to have satisfied the shareholders. The Atlantic telegraph, to pay, must be able to send a certain number of words per minute ; otherwise the cost of transmission would be so enormous as to prevent its being generally used. Now, it is very questionable indeed if the old cable (even supposing its insulation to have been perfect) could have worked this paying number. Some of our most eminent electricians said, No. And for this feebleness of conduction there were two causes. In the first place, the wire, or wires, were very fine ; and as it is a rule in conducting bodies that their swiftness of conductivity depends upon their diameters, or bulk, it must be evident that these small wires were a great mistake, inasmuch as they retarded the current. Another advantage of a large conductor is, that it is not much affected by "leakages" that would paralyse a small one.

Independently, however, of the influence which size exerts in the conducting wire, is the question of quality. In the early days of electric telegraphy, nay, even so late as the time when the Atlantic Telegraph Cable was manufactured, it was not suspected that there was any difference in the conducting powers of different descriptions of copper. Since the great failure, however, this fact has been most conclusively established. The purer the copper, the greater its power of conduction, and between the coppers of commerce there is an enormous difference in this respect. The experience gained in laying cables since the failure of the Atlantic Cable has been very great. True, we do not find such vast stretches of ocean as the Atlantic to span every day, but cables have been laid in more difficult water and on a less advantageous ocean-bed with success. We have read dreadful descriptions, it is true, of a precipice in the bed of the sea off the west coast of Ireland; but the survey of the ground lately made by Captain Hoskin in Her Majesty's ship Porcupine has dispelled this dismal statement. According to his careful soundings, the descent from the Irish bank to the bed of the ocean presents, at its steepest part, a dip of only 19 in 100—an incline which is represented in the following diagram :



Dip of 19 in 100.

Up such an ascent a locomotive may run with ease. The bottom is composed of a soft ooze, formed by the debris of the millions of organic beings which act as scavengers of the ocean, and then, their work being done, descend like fine dust to the bottom, sealing up, beyond power of being disturbed, any cable that may be deposited there.

It must be remembered that the average depth of the water covering the level terrace which runs between Valentia and the coast of Newfoundland is not more than two miles, a depth which is crossed by the cable from Toulon to Algiers, laid by Messrs. Glass and Elliot two years since, and now in perfect working order. Neither is there wanting experience in cables of great length. Let us instance that between Malta and Alexandria, which was laid by the same firm, and is but 500 miles shorter than the Atlantic Cable, the difficulties of laying which have been so exaggerated. It must be remembered that submarine telegraphy has arrived at a perfection which is almost marvellous, considering the little time that has elapsed since the first was laid—not more than eleven years since. From that period to the present time fifty-one lines of electric cables have been submerged, forty-four of which are at present in working order, and out of these Messrs. Glass and Elliot have laid no less than thirty. Indeed, so certain seems the success of a second attempt at depositing a working cable to this eminent house, that they have agreed to undertake the contract on the conditions of receiving their actual disbursements for labour and material, and a further profit of twenty per cent. on the actual cost of the line in the shares of the company, whilst they will make

a cash subscription of 25,000*l.* in its ordinary capital. This certainly looks like business, and we hope the offer will be accepted. We understand that, towards the new capital of 600,000*l.*, upwards of one-fourth has already been subscribed; and, as the faith of the public in the prospects of success in the undertaking is slowly but surely increasing, we may safely anticipate that, ere long, the whole sum will be made up.

It is not our province to enter into details of the monetary part of the scheme, but we cannot help stating that, if all the promises of returns held out should be fulfilled, there is yet to be reaped a splendid harvest from this field of enterprise. Thus ten words per minute—an estimate below that given by electricians—with the proposed heavy conducting wire, for sixteen hours a day, at a tariff of 2*s.* 6*d.* per word, would yield a revenue of 1200*l.* per day, or of 360,000*l.* a-year of 300 working days. This sum, together with government subsidies and other sources of income, will yield, we are told, a gross income of 438,000*l.* : a sum which it is estimated will not only pay working expenses and a handsome dividend to both old and new shareholders, but will yield a balance for a reserve fund, more than sufficient to lay a second cable in every two and-a-half years. Be this as it may, the advantages of connecting the new with the old world by such a line of communication are boundless to this country especially, whose possessions northward and southward of the United States, so constantly threatened, it would knit together and place within instant call of the mother country. At a moment when the value of our distant colonies is being questioned by grave professors at our seats of learning, this new instrument of civilisation appears upon the scene, destined, in all probability, to solve many of the difficulties in the way of government which of old the sundering ocean placed in our way. It is proposed to employ the Great Eastern to lay the new cable, and by this means to get rid of the dangers of laying it incident upon the pitching of a smaller vessel in bad weather. The Great Eastern, it is true, knows how to roll; but this motion is of little consequence compared with the fatal strain put upon a cable by the sudden lifting of the stern whilst great lengths of rope are being payed out in deep water. We see by the message of the President that he proposes to lend his countenance to the new scheme; we don't know if this includes the loan of hard dollars or not, but we cannot conceive a scheme which may more legitimately appeal to government aid in the two countries than the Atlantic Telegraphic Cable. Our own government have already taken under their wing the cable now constructing to place our Eastern empire in communication with home; but surely the east is not more important than the west, and we should sail along the stream of events like a bird with but one wing, if we neglect to bridge the Atlantic Ocean. It would be a disgrace to us, who were the first to traverse the deep sea with the blue electric spark, big with the fate of nations, if we allowed news from the New World to come to us across the deserts of North America and Siberia and Russia, as it speedily will do, whilst we are hesitating about a paltry 2000

miles of ocean, where the cable once laid will never be disturbed. The pathway to the Yankees should not be allowed to pass the Czar's doorway, or possibly he may refuse us a key at a moment when these loving friends may fraternise as they have done before in the hour of England's difficulty.

A. W.

A DAY AT SELBOURNE.

I LOVE a pilgrimage as I do a pic-nic. No matter whether it be to the shrine of Our Lady of Walsingham, or to the birthplace of the Bard of Avon,—to the magnificent ruins of Kenilworth, or the rich quaint Elizabethan structure of Bram-hill,—whether to visit sweet Melrose by the pale moonlight, or the frowning keep of Dover Castle,—whether the goal be associated with religion or war, with revelry or love,—I enjoy to travel out of the beaten track, athwart black commons and through rutty bye-lanes. Sometimes the object of veneration combines both person and place, and then the memory of one of the world's Worthies adds charms to a spot which merits a meed of admiration in itself.

Such was my conviction before visiting Selbourne. That conviction has since been strongly confirmed. Whether we visit that sequestered village for the sake of recreation, or wishing to pay respect to the shade of Gilbert White, we are doubly gratified; for the locality which that eminent naturalist selected for his abiding-place is eminently beautiful, and well repays a pilgrimage. Like a fair picture *encased* in a graceful frame, the home of the Naturalist is set amidst exquisite scenery which stretches far and wide from the centre of his gravestone.

The village of Selbourne lies in a somewhat secluded part of Hampshire, about equally distant from the towns of Alton, Petersfield, and Alresford; but is easily approached by the South-Western Railway, either from Alton, or else from the little station of Liss, whence a pleasant walk of some five miles through shady lanes will bring you under the shadow of the Hanger, with an excellent appetite for luncheon or dinner at the Queen's Arms, a country inn which can boast of good cheer, the best of eggs, milk, and butter, and a civil and honest host.

Of course I had read all about the natural beauties of the village. White himself is special on this topic, and his editors have thought it necessary to expatiate still more largely upon the physical virtues of the vicinity. But fortunately it does not lie within the compass of the pen to depict trees, and rising grounds, and dells, and ravines, and gentle vales, so as to convey an adequate and just idea of a landscape. The brush of the painter is far better suited to this task, and by the aid of perspective and colouring, light and shade, he may present a picture which, if not altogether so true as a photograph, nevertheless enables a spectator to realise a large conception of the characteristics and the beauties of a particular view.

I was not, therefore, I confess, disappointed in my first impressions of Selbourne. Notwithstanding the descriptions—the “word-paintings”

as Carlyle would term them—which I had read, something fresh and unique broke upon my sight when, passing over the brow of the hill which slopes down to the church on the road from Alton, I first came in sight of the quiet hamlet that sleeps so peacefully close at the foot of the beechen Hanger. Long before I had arrived so far, however, the Nore and Selbourne hills—the two most conspicuous features in this landscape—had been visible, standing out in bold relief against the clear blue sky, and terminating a range of elevated down which stretches across the country in a south-easterly direction. Almost in the centre of the place stands the house in which Gilbert White resided, and from which he issued forth to study the natural curiosities of Selbourne. It is now the abode of another well-known naturalist, Mr. Thomas Bell. There is nothing striking about this quiet mansion, of which we give an illustration on the next page. It was doubtless large enough for him, and is therefore only remarkable as associated with his name. It has, however, I might state, undergone considerable changes since his death. Still there it is, and the visitor passes it by with a feeling of veneration and regret, thinking of him at whose unseen bidding he has directed his footsteps to this pleasant spot. On the opposite side of the road, and close to the church, is the Playstow or Plestor, a spot on which used to be celebrated the sports of the village. According to White, here formerly stood a magnificent oak of immense age and girth, whose branches overshadowed its whole area. But this magnificent monarch of trees was blown down in a tremendous storm in the year 1702, and although many efforts were made to restore it to its original position, it never recovered the calamity. It is curious, however, to reflect on the life which this venerable spot has witnessed. How many generations of happy hearts have recreated on its green plateau! How young and old, rich and poor—in those days when rich and poor mingled more together than they do now, and the aged condescended to join without scruple or reserve in the innocent pleasures of the young—the village sires and the village matrons, the village lads and the village lasses, joined together in the mazy dance, or the thousand merry holiday sports of the spring and summer season! Appropriately, too, was this spot placed; it adjoined the churchyard where the rude forefathers of the hamlet slept. There the tale and the moral of life were close by. If it were necessary to have a skeleton at one's feast, here it was at hand, and with equal force administered the lesson of the vanity and fleetingness of all human enjoyment.

Selbourne, which I have been inclined to call a hamlet rather than a village, contains not many houses, and of these nine-tenths, at least, are humble cottages. It is very pretty to fancy that the eyes of the great naturalist and antiquarian had been fixed upon those low white-washed walls and those thatched roofs; but only to a few enthusiasts would it appear desirable that the state of things which existed in Gilbert White's times should remain in ours. In fact, the case was very naively put by a fellow-pilgrim who accosted me

in the court-yard of the only inn of which Selbourne can boast.

"Sir," said he, "'tis twenty years and more since I first read Gilbert White's 'Natural History of Selbourne,' and ever since that time I have longed to pay a visit to this place. For thirty

years I drove the coach between Portsmouth and Guildford, and could never find an opportunity of gratifying my wish; however, the railways have thrust that opportunity upon me, and three years ago I drove over from Alton with a friend for the first time. But, sir, it's distress-



Selbourne Church.

ing to see in what slovenly hovels the people of the place are hived; I had expected better things."

Curiously enough, on going into the inn and turning over an album placed upon the table of the dining-room, for visitors to sign their names

or write their opinions of the place in, I alighted upon the following gratuitous illustration of the moral aspects of the place. "If Nature taught men to look to Nature's God, those who dwell amid lovely scenery should be the most pious. To-day a rustic wedding is held at this house.



Gilbert White's House at Selbourne.

The bridegroom, a native of charming Selbourne, is already so tipsy he can scarcely stand (one o'clock P.M.); the brother is but a shade better, whilst the whole party are singing below uproariously, and certainly seem to have but little thought of Nature's God." Then follows a pithy

sermon: "It is Grace, not Nature or external circumstances, which leads the sinner to the Saviour. C. L., October, 1859."

My first impulse in visiting a place is to discover the highest rising ground or tower, and from such eminence to take a survey and acquire

some faint knowledge of the topography. There could be no hesitation what to do, therefore, at Selbourne. No sooner had I stabled my horse and seen him fed, than I made my way to the top of the Hanger, up the zigzag path. The view amply repaid the trouble of the ascent.

I may observe here that the word Hanger is descriptive of a steep hill covered with trees. It is common throughout Hampshire, and even gives a name to the mansions of the private gentlemen—as, for example, Oakhanger, near Selbourne, and Moeshanger, near Basingstoke. The effect of these Hangers, especially when planted with beech, is exceedingly lovely, for the tree, whether individually, in groups, or forming a large wood, is graceful in the extreme. Whether clothed with leaves or bare, whether in summer or winter, in spring or autumn, the soft mass presents by its form and hues, a pleasing object in any landscape.

No wonder, then, that Selbourne attracts so many visitors, when it can boast of so magnificent a hill overlooking its quiet retreat. From the brow of this Hanger an extensive view is obtained. There are the hills to the south-west of Alton, on the road to Basingstoke; north-east are the magnificent Surrey Hills, stretching from Farnham to Guildford, of which the Hogback is the most celebrated; and towards the south-west are seen the Sussex Downs—that giant barrier of chalk which lines the Channel coast. Imme-

diately beneath, to the right, is that Black Heath, commonly called Woolmer Forest, formerly a wild, uncultivated tract, the pasture of innumerable herds of deer, and there, tradition asserts, Queen Anne on her way to Portsmouth enjoyed a stately battue. It still presents a vast unbroken expanse, and is made available by our military authorities for the purpose of an encampment. In fact, the white tents of the soldiers, seen in the far distance and glittering in the sunlight, add an exceedingly picturesque feature in summer to this view. On the extreme summit of the Hanger, between the Nore Hill and Selbourne Hill, is a monolith, at present of no great size, having crumbled away through the action of wind and rain, heat and frost, until it has become merely a dwarf stone. No inscription is upon it; and no one—at least of the present generation—knows by whom or when it was placed where it stands. A rustic to whom

I applied for information could supply me with none, only adding enough to convince me of his gross ignorance, for his hypothesis was to the effect that it “grewed” there.

The church of Selbourne is not a very modern structure, neither is it very old, though some parts of it, and especially the rude, thick, squat pillars which support the present edifice, bespeak an antiquity higher than the foundation of the priory, by Peter de la Roche, in the thirteenth century. It is a plain and simple rustic structure, with pointed windows, a quaint old porch, and square tower, coarsely stuccoed. On the south side it is overshadowed by a magnificent yew, upwards of thirty feet in girth, and whose massive bulk betokens its great age. One peculiarity about the church is, that this irregular fabric does not point to the east and west, but bears so much to

the north-east that the four corners of the tower, and not the four sides, stand to the four cardinal points. Gilbert White attempts to account for this deviation by saying that the workmen, who probably were employed during the longest days, endeavoured to set the chancels to the rising of the sun.

Passing through the churchyard, a rapid descent leads into what is called the Dell of the Liths, a charming glen lined with fir and beech; at the bottom meanders a rippling rivulet, which in winter time doubtless becomes a riotous stream. At the further extremity of the Dell, a group

of charcoal-burners were engaged in burning charcoal for the Farnham hop kilns, the curling smoke from the fires forming a no disagreeable object in the still air of the summer afternoon, although the acid and acrid odour emitted from the wood was anything but pleasant. In such quiet spots it was that Gilbert White loved to roam in search of the botanical curiosities of Selbourne, or watch the habits of the feathered tribes indigenous to the neighbourhood; and a more charming locality could scarcely be imagined. Had it no other name, it might well have been called the “Nightingale’s Valley,” or the “Cuckoo’s Walk,” for each of these birds revels in such secluded solitude as the woods of this pretty glen afford.

I have, however, yet to allude to one of the most remarkable features in the scenery of Selbourne—the deep dell-like lanes which here and



Cottage below the Hanger at Selbourne.

there intersect the soil. White himself refers to them in the following passage:—

Among the singularities of this place, two rocky, hollow lanes, the one to Alton and the other to the Forest, deserve our attention. These roads, running through the meadow lands, are, by the traffic of ages and the fretting of wet, worn through the first stratum of our freestone, and partly through the second, so that they look more like water-courses than roads, and are bedded with naked rag for furlongs together. In many places they are reduced sixteen or eighteen feet beneath the level of the fields, and after floods and in frosts exhibit a very grotesque and wild appearance, by reason of the tangled roots that are twisted among the strata, and from the torrents rushing down their broken sides, especially when those cascades are frozen into icicles hanging in all the fanciful shape of frost-work. These rugged gloomy scenes affright the ladies when they peep down into them from the path above, and make timid horsemen shudder while they ride along them, but delight the naturalist with their various botany, and particularly with the curious *flices* with which they abound.

These lanes are most delightful promenades on a hot summer's afternoon or evening, being sunk deep in the bed of the earth, and resembling far more the dried-up pathway of a torrent than a habitual roadway. A wooden bridge, thrown across one of these lanes, formed a picturesque feature, until its recent removal. Here, indeed, a naturalist may revel to his heart's content. If these miniature chasms are gloomy, they abound in vegetation which delights in shade and moisture. The fern, the moss, the foxglove, the daphne, the wild strawberry, grasses of all kinds, tangled furze and thistles, and plants innumerable, which elsewhere would be weeds, but here appropriately adorn the garden of nature, literally mantle the banks on either side, whilst the trees which line their top thrust their roots down and in and out in the most fantastic shapes.

It is, however, to be regretted, that Selbourne and its neighbourhood are not better supplied with streams. With the exception of the Well Head, which is a perennial fountain, there is no real river to refresh the eye as it wanders over this beautiful scenery. After a storm of rain a thousand little channels are indeed filled with a temporary flood, but these soon ebb away, enjoying only a short tumultuous existence. No landscape can be said to be perfect without water. It is the beautiful meandering of the silvery Thames from Twickenham towards Kew that gives to the view from Richmond Hill so exquisite a charm; it is the absence of such an accessory that makes the visitor to Byron's tomb in Harrow church-yard feel, whilst overlooking the fertile plain between him and Windsor, that something is wanting to perfect the picture.

Happily, it is only to the eye of the artist that this defect is palpably visible. Selbourne, to White, presented a thousand attractions; and to the lover of natural history it will present a thousand-and-one attractions, for it will have the additional charm of being associated with the name of its venerable son. I have not thought it necessary to dwell upon the biography of this illustrious man, for few are there who are unacquainted with its outlines. That he was born

in the early part of the eighteenth century, and died in the year 1793; that he was educated at the Basingstoke Grammar School, under the superintendence of Dr. Thomas Warton, the father of the celebrated author of the "History of Music;" that he graduated at Oxford, and that he had the gateway of preferment open to him, but chose the quiet retirement of Selbourne, in order that he might carry on his favourite studies there—these are facts so generally known, that I have not thought it necessary to dwell upon them. His letters to Mr. Pennant and the Honourable Daines Barrington afford an admirable insight into his mind, his love of nature, and his manner of life; and what could I say to enhance his reputation which he has not already bequeathed to posterity in the monument which he has unconsciously raised to his quiet fame?

Yet the celebrity which Gilbert White has attained affords a striking lesson. It is a remarkable instance of what may be achieved by quiet observation and perseverance. When penning his letters, White knew not that he was constructing for himself a niche in the Temple of Fame. He minutely investigated Nature in her outward attributes; he jotted down his notes to a friend, scarcely regarding the style in which he poured forth his information, though that style shows him to have been an elegant scholar; and, without any special effort on his part, he has won the ear of thousands and tens of thousands whom he had not the most remote idea his epistles would ever reach. How unlike those who strive by night and by day, with severe toil and ceaseless assiduity, to acquire a bubble reputation in order that they may shine before men! C. T. B.

AL FIN DE LA JORNADA.

THE gathered storm was ripe, the big drops fell—
And yet she lingered silent as a stone,
Gazing with wildered eyes upon the night,
Whilst on her burning bosom for awhile,
Of twilight whispers and deep noonday vows
The welcome shadow fell; one tremulous sob
Alone convulsed her parted lips, in ruth
That she might never see her home again—
Her early-loved and late-forgotten home,—
Nor the blue sky, nor yet the silent fields,
Grey with the dew of eventide, nor hear
The chafers humming aye their weary tune,
Nor the deep baying of the wakeful hound,
Far, far off in the distance, any more.

Anon she rose; a restless impulse urged
Her steps towards the river; fast it flowed
With current deep as slumber, the faint plash
Of the dark restless water surging past,
Washing the time-worn arches of the bridge,
In concord with the never-ceasing rain,
Made fitful harmony. All else was still.

The rain died slowly with the birth of day,
The river still flowed on to meet the sea,
The bright sky glistened through the frosted panes,
And all the sleeping streets awoke, and all
The busy hum of men arose to form
The orison she might not join again,—
She, whose nude shoulders, and long golden hair
Slow cradled by the undulating tide,
Shone in the early sunlight of the dawn. F. M.

THE NOTTING HILL MYSTERY.

(*.* See remarks prefixed to the first of these papers, Vol. VII., page 617.)

SECTION VI.

1.—*Memorandum by Mr. Henderson.*

We have now arrived at a point in this extraordinary case at which I must again direct your attention to the will of the late Mr. Bolton. By this will 25,000*l.* was, as we have seen, bequeathed to Miss Bolton (afterwards Mrs. Anderton), with a life interest, after her death, to her husband. At his decease, and failing children by his marriage with Miss Bolton, the money passed to the second sister, whom, as I have before said, we may, I think, be justified in identifying with the late Madame R**. It seems, at all events, clear, both from the circumstances attending the marriage of the Baron, and from the observation made by him at Bognor to Dr. Marsden relative to the pecuniary loss he would have sustained by the death of his wife, that the Baron himself believed and was prepared to maintain this relationship, and that the various policies of assurance effected on the life of Madame R**—to the gross amount of 25,000*l.*, the exact sum in question,—were intended to cover any risk of her death before that of her sister. This is all that we need at present require. What import should be attached to the degree of mystery with which the whole affair both of the marriage and of the assurance seems to have been so carefully surrounded will, of course, be matter for consideration when reviewing the whole circumstances of the case. It is enough for our present purpose that the Baron clearly looked upon his wife as the sister of Mrs. Anderton, and calculated upon participation, through her, in the legacy of Mr. Bolton. The lives of Mr. and Mrs. Anderton thus alone intervened between this legacy and the Baron's family, and we have thus established, on his part, a direct interest in their decease.

On the death of Mrs. Anderton, under the circumstances detailed in an earlier portion of the case, the life of her husband only now stood in the way of Baron R**'s succession, and it is important to bear this in mind in considering, as we are now about to do, the various circumstances attendant on the death of that gentleman.

The chain of evidence on which hangs, as I have so often said, the sole hypothesis by which I can account for the mysterious occurrences that form the subject of our inquiry, is not only of a purely circumstantial character, but also of a nature at once so delicate and so complicated that the failure of a single link would render the remainder altogether worthless. Unless the case can be made to stand out clearly, step by step, in all its details, from the commencement to the end, its isolated portions become at once a mere chaos of coincidences, singular indeed in many respects, but not necessarily involving any considerable element of suspicion. It is for this reason that I have, as before stated, endeavoured to lay before you in a distinct and separate form each particular portion of the subject. Hitherto

our attention has been entirely occupied with the death of Mrs. Anderton, and with various attendant circumstances, the bearing of which upon that occurrence will be more clearly shown hereafter. We have now to consider the very singular circumstances attending the lapse of the second life—that of Mr. Anderton—intervening, as we have seen, between Mr. Bolton's legacy and Madame R**.

For the purpose of this inquiry, I propose adducing pretty much the same evidence as that given at the inquests held on the bodies of Mrs. and Mr. Anderton. The final result of the former of these inquests was, as you are aware, a verdict of "Died from natural causes," though the case was at first adjourned for a fortnight in order to admit of a more searching examination of the body, during which time Mr. Anderton remained in custody in his own house. In the latter case the jury, after some hesitation, returned a verdict of "Temporary insanity, brought on by extreme distress of mind at the death of his wife, and suspicions respecting it which subsequently proved to have been unfounded." Our present concern, however, being with the conduct of the Baron rather than with that of Mr. Anderton, I have omitted portions not directly bearing upon this part in the matter, and have endeavoured to procure such additions to the evidence of Doctor Dodsworth and others as might serve to further elucidate the subject of our inquiry.

I now therefore lay before you this portion of the case with especial reference to its bearing upon the proceedings of Baron R**.

2.—*Doctor Dodsworth's Statement.*

I was in attendance on the late Mrs. Anderton during the illness which terminated fatally on the 12th October, 1856. I was first sent for by Mr. Anderton, on the night of the 5th of April* in that year. I found her suffering apparently from a slight attack of English cholera, but was unable to ascertain any cause to which it might be attributed. There was nothing to lead to any suspicion of poisoning, indeed this seemed to be rendered almost impossible by the length of time that had elapsed since the last time of taking food and that at which the attack commenced. This was at least three or four hours; whereas, had the symptoms arisen from the action of any poisonous substance, they would have shown themselves much earlier. This is only my impression from after consideration. No idea of poison occurred to me at the time, nor should I now entertain any were I called in to a similar case. I prescribed the usual remedies for the complaint under which I supposed Mrs. Anderton to be suffering. They appeared to have their effect, though not so rapidly as I should have expected. The symptoms appeared rather to wear themselves out. I visited her several times, as the debility which ensued seemed greater than, under ordinary cir-

* Compare Section III., 3, &c.

cumstances, should have followed on such an attack. About a fortnight later she had a fresh seizure, of a very similar kind. This time, however, the symptoms were aggravated, and accompanied by others of a more alarming character. Of these the most conspicuous were nausea, vomiting, violent perspiration, and increasing tendency to diarrhoea. The patient also complained of great sinking of the heart, and of a terrible lowness of spirits, almost amounting to a conviction that death was at hand. In the course of another fortnight or three weeks there was a fresh recurrence of the symptoms. The tongue, which in the former attacks had been clammy and dry, was now covered thickly with dirty mucus, and there was a greatly increased flow of saliva. The condition of the tongue became greatly aggravated as the disease progressed, the mouth and throat becoming ultimately very sore, with great constriction of the latter. The abdomen was distended, and very tender to the touch, the liver also being very full and tender. Pulse low and rapid, decreasing in fulness as the disease progressed, and reaching finally to 130 or 140; and the depression of spirits and sinking at the heart considerably increased. The patient appeared to be daily losing strength, and at each attack, which seemed to return periodically at intervals of about a fortnight, the same symptoms appeared more severely than before. Mr. Anderton seemed to be in the deepest distress. From the time when the symptoms first became serious, he hardly ever left her side, administering both food and medicine with his own hand. So far as I am aware, Mrs. Anderton took nothing of any kind from any other person throughout the greater portion of her illness. I have heard her say this herself, in his presence, shortly before her death. For the last few weeks she took scarcely any nourishment, and could with difficulty swallow her medicine. The principal cause of this difficulty lay in the extreme nausea which followed any attempt to swallow, but it was greatly increased by the painful and constricted state of the throat, which was extremely rough and raw, and rendered swallowing very painful. As the disease progressed the vomited matter became strongly coloured with bile, and was of a strong yellow colour. The oppression on the heart also increased, until at length respiration was almost impeded. The heart and pulses also gradually lost power, and latterly the lower portion of the body was almost paralysed, the limbs being stiff, and the whole frame, from the waist downward, very heavy and cold. The patient also suffered from severe cold perspirations, as well as from heat and irritation of the upper portion of the body, and from entire inability to sleep. A very remarkable feature in the case was, that notwithstanding this general sleeplessness, each fresh attack of the malady was preceded by a sound slumber of some hours duration, from which she appeared to be aroused by the return of the more active symptoms of the disorder. I tried all the usual remedies indicated by such symptoms, but without any permanent effect, and I was a good deal perplexed by the anomalous appearance of the case, and especially by its intermittent character, the symp-

toms recurring, as I have said, with increased severity, at regular intervals of about a fortnight. I mentioned my difficulty to Mr. Anderton, and asked if he would wish further advice. At his urgent request I consented, though with some hesitation, to meet Baron R**, who holds, as I was given to understand, a regular diploma from several of the foreign Universities, but whose practice has been of a somewhat irregular character. I first consulted with him on the 12th July.*

[Dr. Dodsworth here details at some length how he became convinced of the Baron's great skill and knowledge of chemistry, and was finally persuaded to meet him in consultation.]

After examination of the patient, however, and some conversation as to the nature of the symptoms and of the remedies employed, I had some difficulty in drawing from him (the Baron) any expression of opinion. He appeared, however, to agree entirely in the course hitherto pursued, and after some further conversation we separated. The consultation took place in Mrs. Anderton's dressing-room, and in passing by the wash-hand stand on his way out, the Baron suddenly took up a small bottle which was standing there, and turning sharply upon me, asked "if I had tried that?" On taking it from his hand, I found that it contained tincture of tannin, a preparation much used for the teeth. I was somewhat startled by the suddenness of the question, and replied in the negative, on which the subject dropped. On my way home, however, I was again struck by the peculiarity of the Baron's manner in putting the question; and on thinking the matter over, the idea suddenly flashed across me that tannic acid was the antidote to antimony, and that the symptoms of poisoning by tartarised antimony, to which attention had just been drawn by Professor Taylor, in the case of the Rugely murder, closely resembled in many respects those under which Mrs. Anderton was then suffering. At the first moment this supposition seemed to account for all the mysterious part of the case; but on reflection the difficulty returned, for it seemed impossible that the poison could have been administered by any one but Mr. Anderton himself, and I felt it still more impossible to suspect him of such an act, in face of the evident and extreme affection existing between them. On mature reflection, however, I determined on trying, at all events for a time, the course suggested by the Baron, and accordingly exhibited large doses of Peruvian bark, together with other medicines of the same kind. My suspicions were at first increased by the improvement apparently effected by these remedies, and I took occasion to ask Mr. Anderton, in a casual way, in presence of the nurse and one of the servants, whether he had any emetic tartar or antimonial wine in the house. The manner of his reply entirely removed from my mind any idea that either of those present at least had any knowledge of such an attempt as seemed implied by the Baron, and on seeing that gentleman a day or two after, I questioned him as to the true bearing of his suggestion. He disclaimed, however, any such meaning as I had been

* Vide Section V., 5.

disposed to attribute to his words, stating, in a general way, that he had before known great benefit to accrue from the exhibition of such medicines in similar cases, and expressing a hope that they might be successful in the present instance. Something, however, in his manner, and especially the great stress laid upon careful watching of the patient's diet while under this course of treatment, led me still to fancy that he was not so entirely without doubt as he wished me to believe; but that, on the contrary, his suspicions pointed towards Mr. Anderton, his friendship for whom made him desirous of concealing them. This opinion was confirmed by the recollection of another apparent instance of suspicion on the part of the Baron, to which, a few days previously, however, I had not at the time attached any importance. I accordingly continued the bark treatment, determining, should any fresh attack occur, to take measures for investigating the matter; for which purpose I gave private orders to the nurse, on whom I knew that I could thoroughly depend, to allow nothing to be removed from the room until I had myself seen the patient. The beneficial effects of the bark continued for about ten or twelve days, at the end of which period I was sent for hurriedly in the middle of the night, the disease having returned with greater violence than at any previous attack. Having done what was in my power to alleviate the immediate pressure of the symptoms, I took an opportunity of privately securing portions of the vomited and other matters, which I immediately had submitted to a searching chemical analysis. No trace, however, of antimony, arsenic, or any similar poison, could be detected, and as the tannic acid appeared now to have lost its remedial power, I came finally to the conclusion that its apparent efficacy had been due to some other unknown cause, and that the suspicions of the Baron were altogether without foundation. I continued the former treatment, varied from time to time as experience suggested, but without being able to arrest the progress of the disease, which I am inclined to think must have been constitutional in its character, and probably hereditary, as I learned from Mr. Anderton that the patient's mother had also died of some internal disease, the exact symptoms of which, however, he was unable to call to mind. Towards the close of the case the patient was almost constantly delirious from debility, and the immediate cause of death was entire prostration and exhaustion of the system. I wished Mr. Anderton to allow a *post mortem* examination, with a view to discovering the true nature of the disorder, but he seemed so extremely sensitive on the subject, and was in such a state of nervous depression, that I forbore to press the point. The Baron also seemed to discourage him from such an idea. Subsequently an order came for an inquest, and I then assisted at the analysis which followed, and which was performed by Mr. Prendergast. We found no traces of antimony in any part of the body or its contents. The report of Mr. Prendergast, in which I fully concurred, will show the result of the analysis. Looking at that, and at all the circumstances of the case, I was, and still am, convinced that

Mr. Anderton was perfectly innocent of the crime imputed.

In answer to the queries forwarded at various times by Mr. Henderson, Dr. Dodsworth gives the following replies:

1. In questioning the Baron as to his suggestion respecting the tincture of tannin, I put it plainly to him whether he had been led to make it by any suspicion of poison. This he disclaimed with equal directness, but with such hesitation as convinced me that the suspicion was really in his mind.

2. I told the Baron that I had exhibited bark and other similar remedies, and with what success. He smiled, and turned the conversation.

3. The Baron was not present at the *post mortem* examination. He wished very much to be so, but Mr. Prendergast objected so strongly that I was obliged to refuse him. I promised, however, to let him know by telegraph the result of the examination, which took place at Birmingham, where Mr. Prendergast was living at the time. I enclose a copy of the message sent. He offered to assist in removing the intestines, &c., from the body, but this I also declined, as Mr. Prendergast had particularly requested me to allow no one to come near the body after it was opened but myself and some student or surgeon from one of the great hospitals, to render such assistance as might be necessary. The caution was, I think, a very reasonable one, and I followed it out strictly.

4. The Baron certainly seemed at first, as I thought, annoyed at being excluded, but I attributed this to his interest in the case. He did not make the request as to telegraphing at the time, but wrote to me afterwards on the subject.

5. The object of Mr. Prendergast's precaution was, of course, to prevent the body from being tampered with.

6. By tampered with I mean in such manner as to destroy the traces of the poison.

7. It would, of course, be possible to manufacture traces of poison where none had previously existed, but this could only be done with the view of fastening on an innocent person the guilt of a murder which had never been committed, and was by no means what we intended to guard against in the exclusion of his friends.

8. Certainly had such a thing been successfully attempted in this instance, it would have rendered the case conclusive against Mr. Anderton.

9. The other incident to which I have alluded as evincing suspicion on the part of the Baron, was as follows. We were one morning in consultation in Mr. Anderton's room. I wished to seal a letter. The Baron lighted a taper for me with a piece of paper which he took from the waste basket. As he did so, he appeared struck with something on the paper, and untwisted it and showed it to me. There were only a few letters on it, part having been torn off and part burned. The letters were . . . RTAR EME . . . and part of what was evidently a T. Beneath was the upper portion of a capital P in writing. I did not, however, take much notice of it, and the thing passed from my mind.

10. I have no doubt myself that the paper came from the waste basket. The Baron said so. I did not actually see him take it out, but I saw

him stoop to do so. There was nothing physically impossible in his having taken the paper from his own pocket, but I cannot see the slightest reason for such a supposition. The only object he could possibly have had in such an act would have been that of throwing suspicion on Mr. Anderton, and his whole desire evidently was to conceal the suspicions in his own mind as far as possible.

11. The Baron gave me no other grounds for supposing that he suspected anything. On the contrary, he was continually pointing out to me the affection of Mr. Anderton for his wife, and especially the assiduity of his attendance in permitting no one else to administer either food or medicine.

12. The practical effect of all this was certainly, I admit, to impress upon my own mind the suspicious circumstances of the case more strongly perhaps than if they had been pointed out in a directly hostile manner. It is impossible, however, that the Baron could have reckoned upon this, and I feel bound to add that it seems to me exceeding the limits of legitimate inquiry to suggest anything of the kind.

3.—*Statement of Mrs Edwards.*

I am a sick nurse. I was in attendance on poor Mrs. Anderton all through her sickness. The poor lady was greatly cast down. She was expecting her death for weeks before it came. She seemed to think there was a doom on her. I do not think she had any suspicion that she was being poisoned. I am sure poor dear lady, no one would ever think of poisoning her, everybody loved her too much. Mr. Anderton was dotingly fond of her. I never saw so good a husband in my life. I could have done anything for him, he was so good to his poor wife. I don't think he hardly ever left her. I used to be vexed sometimes because I said he would not let me do anything for her. I mean he would not let me give her her slops or her physic. She took nothing but slops the best part of the time. She couldn't feel to relish anything at all, and meat made her vomit. For the last two months or better I don't think she took anything from anybody, excepting it was from Mr. Anderton himself. He used to bring her her physic as regular as the clock struck, and everything from the kitchen was took first into his room if he wasn't with the mistress, and he would carry it to her himself. He used to have rare work sometimes to get her to take anything. I am sure she wouldn't have done it poor lady for any one but him. Not the last few weeks. She was so very sick and ill, and everything seemed to turn upon her stomach. Mr. Anderton always slept on a mattress in the mistress's room so as to be within call. The mattress was put on the floor by the side of the bed, and nobody could have got to the bed without waking him. He was a very light sleeper. The least little sound used to wake him, and I often told him he was going the way to kill himself, and then what would our poor lady do. Once or twice I persuaded him to go out for a bit, and then he always insisted on my not leaving the room while he was away. Even when he was in his study he always made me stay with the lady, and if I wanted to go out for anything, I was to ring for him. Mrs.

Anderton was never left without one or other of us for an hour until the last six weeks, when she grew so bad, another nurse had to be got. Then we three did the same way between us. We were obliged to take her because I was getting quite knocked up. However Mr. Anderton kept up the way he did, I cannot think or say, but he broke down altogether when the mistress died. I don't think after that the poor gentleman was ever quite right in his head. I remember the doctor asking him one day whether he had any tartar emetic in the house. He said no, but he would get some if it was wanted. Nothing more passed at the time, so far as I know. It was brought to my mind again by something which happened after the poor lady's death. It was nothing very particular, only I found in her room a piece of paper with "Tartar Emetic" printed on it. That was all that was printed, but the word "Poison" was written under it. I kept the paper and showed it to the Baron. I don't know why I did so; I suppose because he was in the house at the time. Afterwards I showed it to the lawyer, and he took charge of it. I had no particular suspicion, none at all. I can't tell why I took it up. I did it without thinking, quite promiscuous like. I didn't show it to master because he was too ill to be worried. That was the only reason.

The above is the evidence I gave at the inquest. I have nothing more to add. I am quite sure that Mr. and Mrs. Anderton were very fond of each other. I never saw two people so affectionate like. The Baron was very fond of both of them. I don't think Mrs. Anderton liked him much. She seemed to have a sort of dread of him. I don't know why; she never said so. The Baron used often to call on Mr. Anderton, to see the doctor, but, so far as I know, he only saw the mistress once. I think he knew she did not like him, and kept away on purpose. He was a very kind-hearted gentleman. He was always particularly polite and civil-spoken to me. He used often to talk to me about master doting so on mistress. He used to speak about his always giving her her physic and things. I remember one day his saying it wouldn't be very easy to give her anything unwholesome without his knowing of it, or something of that sort. He seemed as if he never could say enough in praise of master, and I am sure he deserved it. I took him the paper I found just like I might have taken it to master if he had been well enough. He was in the house at the time. He had been in the poor lady's room with Dr. Dodsworth just before, and had stayed in the parlour to write something. He sent me into the room to see if he had left his glove there. It was in looking for it that I saw the paper. It was lying just under the bed when I stooped down to look for the glove. I took it up at first, thinking how careless it was to have left it there when the room was put straight after the poor lady died, and then I saw what was written upon it. The glove was lying on the floor close to it. There was no valance to the bed, it had been taken off for the sake of sweetness. I forget exactly what the Baron said when I showed him the paper. It was something that made me think I might get

into trouble about it. That was why I showed it to the lawyer. My brother had been to him once before about some money that ought to have come to us. He took the paper to the magistrates, and that was how the inquest came about. I was very angry about it, and so was the Baron. He asked me how I could have been so foolish. I don't know what made me think of taking it to him. I think it was something the Baron said. He did not advise me to do it. He did not advise me anything, but I think he wanted me to burn it. I offered it to him, but he said he was afraid, or something of that kind, and I think that was what put it into my head to ask the lawyer about it.

4.—Memorandum by Mr. Henderson.

The statement of the other nurse, herewith enclosed, merely corroborates that of Mrs. Edwards, with respect to such matters as came within her cognisance. I have therefore not thought it necessary to insert it here.

Mr. Prendergast's report, also enclosed, is somewhat lengthy, and of a purely technical character. It is to the following effect :

1. That, on examination, the body of the late Mrs. Anderton presented in all respects the precise appearance which would be exhibited in a case of poisoning by antimony.

2. It was nevertheless possible to account for these appearances, as the result of chronic *gastro-enteritis*, or *gastro enteritis*, though in some respects not such as either of those diseases would be expected to present.

3. The strictest and most thorough examination entirely failed in showing the very slightest trace of either antimony or arsenic ; either in the contents of the various organs, or in the tissues.

4. A portion of the medicine last taken by the deceased was also examined, but equally without result.

5. From the lengthened period over which the poisoning, if any, must have extended, and the small doses in which it must have been administered, it is scarcely possible but that, had such really been the case, some traces of it must have been found in the tissues, though not perhaps in the contents of the stomach, &c.

6. In a case of poisoning also, the symptoms would have recurred in their severest form within a short period of taking the food or medicine in which it had been administered. In this case, however, they appear to have uniformly shown themselves at a late period of the night, and several hours after either food or medicine had been taken.

7. It is therefore concluded that, notwithstanding the suspicious appearance of the body on dissection, death is to be attributed not to poison, but to an abnormal form of chronic *gastro enteritis*, for the peculiar symptoms of which the exceptional constitution of the deceased may in some degree account.

5.—Statement of Police-Sergeant, Edward Reading.

I AM a sergeant on the detective staff of the Metropolitan Police. In October, 1856, I was on duty at Notting Hill. I was employed to watch a gentleman by the name of Anderton. He was in custody on a coroner's warrant for the murder of

his lady, but couldn't be removed on account of being ill. I was put in the house to prevent his escape. I did not stay in his room. I did at first, but it seemed of no use ; so I spoke to our superintendent, and got leave from him to stop in the outer-room. I did this to make things pleasant. I always try to make things as pleasant as I can, compatible with duty, specially when it's a gentleman. It comes harder on them than on the regular hands, because they are not so much used to it. In this case prisoner seemed to take on terribly. He was very weak and ill—too ill seemingly to get out of bed. He used to lie with his eyes fixed upon one corner of the room muttering sometimes to himself, but I couldn't tell what. He never spoke to any one. The only time he spoke was once, to ask me to let him see the body. I hadn't the heart to say no ; but I went with him and kept at the door. He could hardly totter along, he was so weakly. After about half-an-hour, I thought it was all very quiet, and looked in. He was lying on the floor in a dead faint, and I carried him back. He never spoke again, but lay just as I have said. Of course I took every precaution. Prisoner's room had two doors, one opening on the landing, and the other into the room where I stopped. I locked up the outer-door and put three or four screws into it from the outside. The window was too high to break out at, but our men used to keep an eye upon it from the street. At night I used to lock the door of my room and stick open the door between the two. I was relieved occasionally by Sergeant Walsh,* but I mostly preferred seeing to it myself. I like to keep my own work in my own hands, and this was a very interesting case. When I first took charge I made a careful examination of the premises and of all papers, and the like. I found nothing to criminate the prisoner. I found a journal of the lady who was murdered, with a note at the end in his handwriting ; but so far as it went they seemed to be on very good terms. I found also a lot of prescriptions and notes referring to her illness, but no papers like that found by the nurse, nor any traces of powders or drugs of any kind. I went with the nurse into the bed-room of the murdered party, and made her point out the exact spot where the paper was found. According to what she said it was lying just under the bed on the right-hand side. The glove was lying close to it, but not under the bed. Somehow I didn't quite feel as if it was all on the square. I thought the business of the paper looked rather queer. It didn't seem quite feasible like. I have known a thing of that sort by way of a plant before now, so I thought I'd just go on asking questions. That's always my way. I ask all kinds of questions about everything, feeling my way like. I generally find something turn up that way before I have done. Something turned up this time. I don't know that it was much—perhaps not. I have my own opinion about that. This is how it was. After more questions of one kind and another, I got to something that led me to ask the nurse which side of the bed Mr. Anderton usually went to give the lady food and physic. She

* The evidence of Sergeant Walsh is enclosed, but is merely corroborative of the present statement.—R.H.

and the other servants all agreed that, being naturally left-handed like, he always went to the *left* hand side of the bed, so as he could get to feed her with a spoon. He was very bad with his right hand. Couldn't handle a spoon with it no more than some of us could with the left. Nurse said she had seen him try once or twice, which he always spilled everything. I mean of course with his right hand. He was handy enough with his left. When I heard this I began to suspect we might be on a false scent. This is the way I looked at it. The glove, as I told you, was lying on the floor by the right side of the bed, so as anybody who dropped it must have been standing on that side which it's the natural side to go to as being nearest the door. The paper was close to it, just under the same side of the bed. Now I took it as pretty clear prisoner hadn't put that paper there for the purpose, but if he'd done it at all, he had dropped it by accident in giving the stuff. I fancy, too, he'd naturally be particularly careful in giving that sort of stuff not to spill it about the place, so he'd be pretty well sure to take his best hand to it. In that case he'd have dropped it on the left hand side of the bed—not the right. Still, of course it might have got blown across, or, for the matter of that, kicked, though that was not very likely, as the bed was a wide one, and put in a sort of recess like, quite out of any sort of draught. So I thought I'd have another look at the place, and, poking about under the bed, I found a long narrow box, which the servants told me was full of bows and arrows, and hadn't been moved out of its place since they first came to the house. It took up the whole length of the bed within a foot or so, and lay right along the middle on the floor. There was a mark along the floor that showed how long it had been there. A bit of paper like that never could have got blown right over that without touching it if there had been ever such a draught. When I'd got so far, I fancied things began to look very queer, so I got the bed shifted out of its place altogether. The coffin was in the way, and I got that moved to one side of the room, and pulled the bed right clear of the box. As we shifted the coffin I thought I saw something like a piece of paper under the flannel shroud. I said nothing at the time, but waited till the undertaker's men were out of the room and I was alone. I then opened the shroud and found a small folded paper. It was put just under the hands, which were crossed over the bosom of the corpse. I opened it and found a lock of hair, which I saw directly was Mr. Anderton's, and there were a few words in writing which I copied down in my note-book, and then I put the hair and the paper and all back where I found them. The writing was, "Pray for me, darling, pray for me." I knew the hand at once for Mr. Anderton's. His writing is very remarkable, by reason, I suppose, of being so left-handed. Of course that wasn't evidence, but somehow I got an idea out of it that a man wouldn't go on in that way with his wife just after he'd been and murdered her. It struck me that that would be against nature, leastways if he was in his right mind. After I had finished with

the coffin I took a look at the box. As I expected, the top was covered ever so thick with dust, and it was pretty clear that, at all events, the bit of paper had never lain atop of it. I put a piece just like it on to try and blew it off again, and it made a great mark and got all dirty. The paper picked up by the nurse was quite clean, or very nearly so. Putting all this together I came pretty nigh a conclusion that, at all events, it wasn't Mr. Anderton as had dropped the paper there. The sides of the box were also dusty, but there were marks on them like as if a brush or a broom had brushed against them. I put the box and the bed back into their places, and went down to question the housemaid.* I found that she had put the room tidy the day Mrs. Anderton died, and had passed a short hair-broom under the bed as there were several things lying about. She said she was quite sure there was no bit of paper there then, as she had stooped down and looked under. I tried with the same broom, and you couldn't reach the box without stooping, as she said. I then inquired who had been in the room between the time of the death and the finding of the paper. No one had been there but the nurse, the doctor, the housemaid, and Baron R**. I was determined to hunt it out if possible. I questioned the nurse and the housemaid—on the quiet, not to excite suspicion—but felt pretty clear they knew nothing more about it; and when next Baron R** came I sounded him about different points. He did not seem to know that Mr. Anderton was so left-handed, nor could I get any information from him on the subject. He didn't seem at first to see what I was driving at, and, of course, I didn't mean he should, but after a while I saw he had struck out the same idea as I had about the place where the paper was found, though I had not meant to let him into that. He seemed quite struck of a heap by it. I fancied at the moment that he turned regularly pale, but he was just blowing his nose with a large yellow silk handkerchief, and I could not be sure. He said nothing to me of what he had guessed, nor did I to him. I like to keep those things as quiet as I can, particularly from parties' friends. I have not been able to get any further clue, but I am convinced that something is to be made out of that paper business yet. I generally know a scent when I get on one, and my notion is that I am on one now. I did not see the Baron again till the evening before Mr. Anderton made away with himself. He came then in a great hurry, and insisted on seeing the prisoner. I said I would ask, but did not expect he could, as Mr. Anderton would see or speak to no one. He seemed to be in a sad state, partly with exhaustion after waiting on his wife so long, and partly with the worry of having this hanging over him. He was a very sensitive gentleman, and seemed to take it more to heart than any one I ever saw. He wouldn't see any one, not even his lawyer. When I told him about the Baron, however, he said he might come in, and they were together half-an-hour or more. I did not hear anything that passed. When the Baron came out he took

* The housemaid's deposition corroborates this part of the evidence.

me on one side and told me everything was all right, and his friend was sure to get off. He said he was quite overpowered with the good news, and particularly begged that he might not be disturbed by any one, as he thought he could sleep now. He had hardly slept a wink all the time. I promised not to disturb him, and he lay quite quiet all night. I peeped in once or twice to make sure he was there, but did not speak. I noticed a faint smell like peaches once, but did not think anything of it. In the morning I went in to take him his breakfast, and found him dead and quite cold. In his hand was a little bottle which had contained prussic acid, and which had evidently come out of a pocket medicine chest that lay on the bed. I gave the alarm, and the divisional surgeon was sent for, but he was stone dead. At about nine o'clock the Baron's servant came round to know whether he had left a pocket medicine chest the night before. I questioned the servant, and found the Baron had given him a list of the places where he had been, and that he had asked at several already. The medicine chest wanted, proved to be the one found in Mr. Anderton's room. On the pillow I found also a piece of paper in Mr. Anderton's handwriting, of which I enclose a copy.

6.—*Pencil note found on the pillow of Mr. Anderton.*

Let no man condemn me for what I do. God knows how I have fought against it. My darling! my own darling! have I not seen you night and day by my side beckoning me to come? Not while a chance remained. Not while there was one hope left to escape this doom of hideous disgrace which dogs me to the death. No, darling, my honour—your husband's honour before all. It is over now. No chance—no hope—only ignominy, shame, death. I come, darling. You know whether I am guilty of this horrible charge. My darling—my own darling—I see you smile at the very thought. God bless you for that smile. God pardon me for what I am about to do. God reunite us, darling. (To be continued.)

THE COUNT OF VENDEL'S DAUGHTER.

FROM THE ANCIENT DANISH.

WITHIN a bower the womb I left,
'Midst dames and maids who stood to aid;
They wrapp'd me first in silken web,
And next in scarlet red array'd.

But a stepdame soon 'twas my lot to get,
And fierce and wild she prov'd to me;
Within a coffer me she set,
And push'd it out upon the sea.

By one wave I was borne to land,
And by the next away was ta'en;
But God on High, it seems, had plann'd,
That I should footing there obtain.

The tide it drove me to the shore,
And in its backward course retook;
Sure ne'er had child of king before
Such buffeting on sea to brook.

But God He help'd me, so that I
Was cast above the billows' reach;
And soon a savage wolf drew nigh,
Was prowling on the sandy beach.

Soon prowling came a wolf so gray,
And me up-taking in his jaws,
He carried me with care away
Deep, deep into the forest shaws.

That self-same wolf he was so kind
That me beneath a tree he laid;
And then came running a nimble hind,
And me unto its lair convey'd.

There me for winter one she nurs'd—
She nurs'd me for two winters' space.
To creep, to creep, I learnt at first,
And next I learnt to pace, to pace.

And I was full eight years, I wot,
Within the quiet, green retreat.
Close couch'd beside the hind I got
Full many a slumber calm and sweet.

I had clothes and shelter of no kind,
Except the linden green alone;
And, save the gentle forest hind,
Had nurse and foster-mother none.

But forth on courser reeking hot
There rush'd a knight of bearing bold,
And he my foster-mother shot
With arrow on the verdant wold.

He pierc'd the hind with mortal wound,
And all our fond connection cut;
Then wrapp'd his cloak my frame around,
And me within his buckler put.

That self-same knight, so bold and strong,
Within his bower the foundling bred;
He tended me both well and long,
And finally his bride he made.

He had by long inquiry found
My father was a noble count
In Vendel's land, who castles own'd,
And rul'd o'er many a plain and mount.

The first night we together slept
Was fraught with woe of darkest hue;
Foes, whom he long at bay had kept,
Broke in on us, and him they slew.

The night we lay together first
A deed of horror was fulfill'd;
The bride-house door his foemen burst,
And in my arms my husband kill'd.

Soon, soon, my friends to counsel go,
A husband new they chose for me;
The cloister's prior of mitred brow—
The good Sir Nilas * styl'd was he.

But soon as I the threshold cross'd,
The nuns could not their fury smother;
They vow'd by God and all His Host,
The Prior Nilas was my brother.

Forth from the cloyster him they drew,
They pelted him to death with stones;
I stood close by, and all could view:
I scarce could bear his piteous moans.

Once more my friends to counsel hied,
For me another spouse they get—
Son of the King of England wide
Was he, and hight Sir Engelbret.

Nine winters with that princely youth
I liv'd; of joy we had no dearth,
I tell to ye, for sooth and truth,
To ten fair sons that I gave birth.

But pirate crews the land beset,
No one, no one, my grief could tell;

* From this stanza it has been deemed probable that the ballad was composed at the time when spiritual persons were permitted to marry.

They slew with sword Sir Engelbret,
 And nine of my fair sons as well.
 My husband and my sons with brand
 They slew. How I bewail their case !
 My tenth son bore them from the land—
 I never more shall see his face.
 Now is my care as complicate
 As golden threads which maidens spin;
 God crown with bliss Sir Engelbret,
 He ever was so free from sin.
 But now I'll take the holy vows,
 Within the cloyster under Ey;
 I'll ne'er become another's spouse,
 But in religion I will die.
 But first to all the country side
 I will declare my bosom's grief;
 I find, the more my grief I hide,
 The less, the less, is my relief. GEO. BORROW.

A NEW KIND OF WILFUL MURDER.

I MAKE no apology for reproducing some facts from the newspapers, for once; nor for earnestly—I wish I might be allowed to say, peremptorily—desiring the attention of the readers of *ONCE A WEEK* to these facts in their collected form. I do so for a purpose eminently practical.

It is a common thing to hear women say that they are tired of the abuse of crinoline: and it is almost as common to hear men say that there is no use in declaring their opinion of the present fashion in dress, as the women have shown very plainly that no considerations of self-respect, no regard for the convenience or feelings of others, no appeal to either sense or sentiment has any effect in regard to a fashion in dress which, instituted by an Empress, has enslaved her whole sex, except the very few who cannot surrender their self-respect even under a prevalent mania. All this is very true: but I think there may be some hope that a glance over the domestic tragedies disclosed by some of the Coroners' inquests of the past year may possibly hasten the change of fashion which, of course, must come sooner or later. It is too late now for my countrywomen of the present generation to regain the position they held in the respect and confidence of men before this perilous and selfish madness carried them away. It is too late for society and for households to forget the sacrifices imposed on all their members by the unreasonable and ungenerous indulgence of a fancy in dress on the part of women whose proper business it is to promote the comfort and safety of home and of society. It is too late to repair the mischief done to the women of the working classes by tempting them to extravagance and affectation in the pursuit of a masquerading mode of dress. It is too late now to help the bereaved parents who have lost the dutiful daughter, to console the sorrowing widower, or to save the many motherless children in the country from the consequences of the loss of a parent in infancy. The victims of this perilous fashion cannot be brought to life again; nor is there any rational comfort which can be offered to those who mourn them: for of all deaths none surely are so shocking to the feelings of survivors as those which proceed from a dangerous fashion in dress. If the Coroner's jury, in the case of Dr. Allen's cook, "could

not separate without expressing their disgust and horror" at the cause of her death, what must be the feelings of husbands, fathers, and orphaned children at having their home made desolate by such a frailty as compliance with an absurd fashion in skirts. The folly and crime of the past are irreparable; but I cannot help hoping that the evidence, if presented in groups of cases, may fix the imagination and the conscience of some women who are superior to the ordinary levity and shallowness, and childish wilfulness which are in this case as bad as malice and cruelty could be. Some few women of my acquaintance have throughout had the courage and firmness to resist the prevalent mania; and knowing this, and witnessing the effect of their virtue on the feelings of their neighbours of both sexes, I see every reason to hope that there may be more who can be startled into reason and conscience by a display of a few facts in their right order.

Before me lie the details of some of the deaths by crinoline, which have been inquired into by Coroners' juries within a few months. They are not nearly all the cases that might have been collected by any one on the look-out for them. They are a mere handful, preserved on account of something remarkable in them, or from their following each other, at certain periods, in striking succession. On a recent occasion, Dr. Lankester declared his belief that at least six deaths per month occur in London from burns through the wearing of crinoline, while deaths from machinery are also frequent. At another inquest he said that "deaths from wearing crinoline were now so common that many are never reported in the public journals. If every fatal crinoline accident were reported, the public would know of them, and then crinoline would soon be abandoned." My instances must therefore be considered a mere sample of the evils caused by this detestable fashion within the last few months.

The most interesting class to us all is probably that of the wives and mothers.

The wife of an engineer, Mrs. M. A. B——, was on a visit to a friend on Notting Hill when she met her death at the age of twenty-eight. She reached for something over the mantel-piece, and her skirt went into the fire. She was carried to St. Mary's hospital, and immediately died there.—This was the way in which the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews perished lately. The sufferer and her daughter were from America; and probably there was the exaggeration in the style of dress which is usual in that country. She was standing before the fire when her skirt touched the bars. She ran out upon the stairs, after setting on fire the drapery round the fire-place she had left. Her screams will never be forgotten by her child, or any who heard them. Before night she was silent for ever.

More deaths are caused by the skirt catching fire behind than in front. It was but the other day that a poor young collier's wife, M. A. R——, was stooping to her baby's cradle, when her large hoop drove her dress behind against the bars. Then followed the useless endeavours of neighbours, with their blankets and wet towels; useless in these days, because the hoops prevent any effectual compression of the dress, and admit air

within the burning garment. The poor babe has lost its young mother. She lingered through several days of agony, and then died at the age of twenty.—In another case a little boy of ten appeared at the inquest on his mother, and told what he had tried to do to save her. Her skirt went into the wood fire behind, without her being aware of it. The boy squeezed her clothes, and knocked out some of the flames with a stick. When a man came in to help, the boy called the neighbours: but in a minute or two she was seen in the road with her cotton-dress in flames, the canes preventing their being put out. There was a piece of steel hoop also left in the road. "For mercy's sake! for mercy's sake! put it out!" she cried, till she fell: but not till she fell could anything be done. She was just thirty-three,—old enough to have dressed herself more wisely.

—The same thing happened to Mrs. R——, when she was standing with her back to the fire, in the midst of her little children. Stooping to look at something they wanted to show her, she struck her skirts against the bars. She, too, rushed into the open air; and the neighbours in this case, too, could only burn their hands without saving her. She was young; but who can replace her to her children?—A young wife comes next on my melancholy list. She had been married only a few weeks: and her husband was in the house. He had left her busy at the oven, and presently heard shrieks from the kitchen. She wore a large crinoline, and as she passed the fire-place her dress caught. Thus perished the bride of one-and-twenty.—There was another younger still,—only eighteen. She was dressed in muslin, widely spread out; and, on crossing the room, she whisked her flounces against the grate. She died on the stairs; but she had set two rooms on fire; and her husband, being called home, had to work at extinguishing the flames, while she lay dead. This was the case which drew the severest rebuke from Dr. Lankester.—Another of his grave remonstrances was called forth by the case of a widow who kept a tavern, and sat up at night to post the books. She, widow as she was, was a slave to the fashion; and she seems to have set her skirts on fire while undressing near a candle which was placed low. She died at noon next day.—Another lady, a young mother, escaped only through the fact of her dress fastening in front, all the way down. She was caressing her child by the fireside, when the little creature cried out that mamma's gown was on fire behind. She gathered her skirts about her, and ran to the kitchen, where she desired a servant to hold her clothes tight, while she tried to get out of her cage. She unfastened gown and petticoat, and threw them off,—the under petticoat being burned to ashes, leaving only the steel apparatus. Her hands were much burnt; but she escaped with her life.

Are any of my readers complaining already of the monotony of these stories? They must hear more; but they may remember, perhaps, the two ladies who not long ago, and within a few days of each other, were crushed out of life, and out of all human semblance, by their skirts catching in the shaft of a mill. Here is a break to the sameness: but what an alternation it is! Shall we

ever forget how one of those victims was seen, within a few minutes of being torn to pieces, gaily walking down the village street, with some friends and her son,—all elated at the new machinery being set to work that day. She was near her confinement; and due care seems to have been taken of her: but no care will constantly avail when the dress is out of the sphere of sensation of the wearer. No mind can be incessantly awake to the danger. Thus, after caution and warning, this victim's wide-spreading dress was caught, and all was presently over.

If further variety is asked for, there is the case of Mrs. B——, who was about to enter an omnibus in the Euston Road when a passing mail-cart caught her apparatus of steel and cane, and dragged her a considerable distance. She was carried home with a dislocated wrist and a compound fracture of her leg. Such cases have been frequent; and children and gentlemen have often suffered from them, by being entangled in the trammels of the ladies they are walking with.

There are, besides, many accidents to children and others, by being pushed,—not only into ditches, and from the causeway into the road, but from boats and gangways and jetties into the water, and from the side pavements of London under the wheels of waggons or of cabs. Before me lies a published letter from a London surgeon, who declares that there are many more accidents from the hoop than any but men of his profession are aware of. He had just been called in to a case which grieved his heart. A pretty child of three and a half was dreadfully scalded because the parlour-maid, while carrying the urn, hissing hot, caught her foot in the steel cage of a young lady seated near the sister in whose lap the child was sitting. The maid stumbled forwards, and the urn shed its boiling contents over the poor child. Who would have slept that night, or for many nights, after having worn that hoop? Who would ever have liked the seashore so well again after witnessing the fate of the young lady who was disembowelled by the snap steel hoop of her petticoat? "Take me to my mother!" was all her entreaty when people gathered round her, to ask her if she was hurt. Striving to the last to conceal what had happened, she could only cry—"Take me to my mother!" The widowed mother received her only child with a fatal gash across the abdomen; and thus the poor lady lost her only child,—her support and comfort in life!

The next class is that of the young ladies. Of the gay young creatures who, a year ago, were looking forward to a sunny life in this happy world, how many are now mouldering in the grave,—sent there through the torture of fire!

Torture indeed! S. W——, a girl of fourteen, who "wore a very large crinoline," was alone at the time; and all we know is that the burning began with her skirts. The poor thing was "roasted" all over, except her feet, "which were protected by boots."—E. C—— was visiting Mrs. W——; and another young lady was in the room, when she caught fire by poking her skirt against the bars. "O! put it out!" she cried, as they all do. She was rolled on the ground, and wrapped round with woollen things; but the hoop

spoils the received methods of extinguishing such a fire. She died in the Infirmary; and the Leicester Coroner declared at the inquest that the "absurd expansion and profusion of the dress now worn by females, had occasioned more fatal accidents than he had ever before read or heard of."—M. C——, aged fifteen, was sitting by the fire with another girl about her own age, when she stood up to reach something from the mantel-piece. Of course her dress touched the bars, and in a moment the flames were rushing over her head.—There was one younger still whose fate seems to me more piteous than almost any. Little J. B——, aged ten, had taken pains to dress herself for school, and had put on the fatal present just received from a cousin—a crinoline. "O mother! I was lacing Freddy's boots by the fire," was the explanation she gave. She was stooping down to her little brother's feet when the new petticoat thrust itself into the fire. The foreman of the Coroner's jury strongly condemned the fatal fashion; and the jury agreed with him: but they were too much afraid of "the sex" to put their judgment on record in the newspapers. Who, of the whole sex, would like now to have been the giver of that fatal gift?

Many of the young ladies' cases arise from their dressing their hair before the glass with their extended petticoats on. The act of raising the arms to the head is sure to stick out the skirts in one direction or another; and we find, therefore, that several have perished in this way when the glass was within several feet of the fire-place.

M. A. L——, living with her parents in lodgings near London, rushed screaming out of her bedroom,—the flames reaching above her head. The landlord was on the stairs; and he did the best that could be done, at great risk to himself; but she died that night, from burns and the shock together. She had stooped before the glass, and so thrust her skirt against the bars of the grate. She was a fine healthy girl of seventeen.—Miss M. J—— combed her hair with her face to the fire, and perished in the same way, except that her skirts caught fire in front, instead of behind. Both these young ladies died in Guy's Hospital, where the doctors must have long ago seen enough of the burnings of women to have a very strong opinion about the fashion of crinoline. Perhaps they may be fond of quoting, as some other doctors are, the saying of old gentlemen from India,—that we English have made a great outcry against the Suttie in India; but that we burn more women in twelvemonths by slavishness to fashion than the Hindoos do by their superstition. One morning last winter, M—— died of burns received since midnight, by her having hung up her gown upon a peg before she took off her crinoline petticoat. She had set her candle on a box at some distance; but the act of reaching brought her clothes against the flame, and she was dead before the observances of the day began.

A good many people say that all this sacrifice of life happens because ladies will not insist on their muslins being dressed with a preparation which would render them non-inflammable. They are saying so now about Mademoiselle Emma Livry, who was burned almost to death on the

stage of the Grand Opera at Paris, the other day, during a rehearsal of "La Muette de Portici." They say so about Miss C——, who was a guest at Lord Monteagle's, at Mount Trenchard, when she set herself on fire by reaching to a window-curtain, and igniting her hanging sleeve. (Another perilous fashion!) They say so of the case of Miss E. M. S——, who was dressing for dinner after a wedding, in the same week, and, stooping to a trunk, set her sleeve on fire. Both these young ladies died; and it is alleged that they, and the crinoline victims, could have escaped, if their muslins and gauzes had been dressed with starch duly prepared. It may be so: but I should be sorry that more lives should hang on the question which will happen first,—the going out of wide petticoats or the general introduction of non-inflammable starching. Let the laundresses of empresses, princesses, peeresses, and prima donnas extol the life-saving property of the starch they use: but how long will it be before the ordinary starch is superseded by any new article in the laundries of the great middle class, and the kitchens of cottages throughout the land?

This brings me to the class of victims which, I own, interests me the most.

I wonder whether the Empress of the French, who is responsible for the introduction of the fashion;—whether our Queen, who is, it seems, not supreme in the world of English fashion;—whether the high-spirited young ladies of the aristocracy, who conceal their slavery to the mode under an air of wilfulness, ever cast a thought towards the humbler orders of their own sex, whose lives they put in peril by their caprices. I can fancy these ladies laughing at the cautions, and resenting or despising the remonstrances of their friends of the other sex on this particular matter, and claiming to be the sole judges of what they shall wear. I have seen some of them enjoying the opportunity of defying opinion, and of proving that they dress to please their own notions, and not men's taste. I have known the extent of daring to which some middle-class ladies will go in spending more money on their skirts than they have warning that husband or father can afford. I have long ago perceived the recklessness with which they throw away, in this case, the *prestige* of their sex, which it will take generations to repair. Of all this I am fully aware. I see how the habitual politeness of well-bred women gives way when the question is of incommoding their neighbours by their dress. From knocking my furniture about when they come to see me, to cutting my shins with their sharp steel in a throng, and allowing me and their other acquaintance of the order of gentlemen no room at the dinner table, or at church or the theatre, they give pain and do mischief without remorse or regret. All this I know; and perhaps I hear more of the consequences to their repute than they do: but what I yet want to know is, whether they have any sense of responsibility for the sacrifice of life they have caused in the class of maid-servants, and of schoolgirls who are to be maid-servants. It is no doing of theirs that deaths do not happen in that way in factories. The mill-owners have very properly taken the matter into

their own hands; and the crinoline must be left outside the walls. But there is no such general rule in kitchens, servants' halls and schoolhouses; and dozens of young women of the working class perish yearly, because of the circumference of the ladies' dresses.

As for me, I took my part at once in my own house. In the kitchen no hoop or crinoline is permitted; and this is easy to enforce, because in the parlour nobody desires to wear either. The servants must do as they choose out of doors; and if they annoy fellow-worshippers at church, I cannot help it: but I will not have my family fires made and my family dinners cooked by women so dressed as to invite destruction by burning. What I want to know is whether the responsible women of this country ever think of this class of their sisters; whether they are unaware that the same feelings which make them imitate empresses and princesses in style make our servant-maids imitate ladies? I want to know whether the slavery is more degrading and absurd in one rank than in another; and whether the sense which should despise it ought to be expected among maid-servants while ladies are incapable of it? I want to know whether any lady in England really expects the cottager's wife to go buying patent starches, used in royal laundries, in order to render safe her child's cotton frock for school, or Molly's calico petticoats, when she goes to be scullion at the Squire's? If ladies are still burnt by the dozen in muslins and gauzes, are house-maids and cooks to be scolded for being burnt in calico and print?

Enough! A few illustrations, and I have done.

Servant-maids have not the benefit of the now necessary training in sailing about, with skill and grace, in houses not built with a view to the present mode of dress. They preserve a greater simplicity of manners; but they are in more danger of accidents. I like to have to guard neither my flower-pots and china from my guests, nor my guests from my fire-bars: and I certainly prefer the carriage and manners of a waiting-maid who can move swiftly and deftly about my drawing-room to those of any lady in a barrel who ever enters it. Further, I prefer the cheerfulness of a handmaiden who never needs to think of danger within my walls to the levity of damsels who, when I catch their skirt in its sweep of the bars, thank me carelessly with the observation, "I have no wish to be a victim to crinoline." From some comments which reach me from without, I am satisfied that other people,—well-bred persons of both sexes,—are under the same impression. If it exists, wherever there is opportunity to note such a contrast, and where we all mentally pronounce *vulgar* the death of a poor scullion or chambermaid who perishes by crinoline, what ought those ladies to feel who have tempted their humbler sisters to their death, and who then despise them for it?

On a Sunday morning, M. A. E——, a nurse, was busy at the kitchen fire, when her hoop turned upon a fire-bar. (She was certainly no pupil of Florence Nightingale.) She was instantly wrapped in flame.—A nursemaid,—a young creature of sixteen,—E. L——, was

stooping down to look at a picture in a new book which one of the children wanted to show her, when her skirt went into the fire behind, and she was on fire all over. She rushed into the garden, where two men put out the flames. Whether she died we know not; but there was no expectation of her recovery.—That a woman who had been forty years cook in one family should die such a death seems strange; but there are certainly ladies in the peerage as old as M. F—— who wear crinolines. This woman was kneading her dough very vigorously, with her back to the fire, when the action drove her petticoats against the grate; and, after a day and night of agony, she died.—M. A. W—— was preparing dinner for her master, a London physician, one evening between five and six, when her crinoline caught fire. She rushed into the street, where there were plenty of hands to tear off the burning fragments, wrap her in rugs, put her into a cab, and take her to the Westminster Hospital. She was burned all over; and it was at the inquest on her body that the jury expressed their "disgust and horror" at the wearing of crinoline by domestic servants.—S. B—— was a nursemaid, in the service of Mrs. P——, who was in the nursery when the poor girl thrust her hooped petticoat into the fire in reaching for a pin from the mantel-piece. Her mistress was much burned in trying to help without doing much good; but two men rushed in from the road, and put out the flames—too late.—One Sunday, a servant girl of nineteen from Pimlico was allowed to spend the day with her friends; and she went dressed in muslin. On her return she struck a light with a lucifer, which she threw down, forgetting that her muslin skirt interposed between it and the hearth. Her master took her to St. George's Hospital as soon as her burning clothes were torn off; and there she lingered for some days, and died.

Some of these domestics were "much regretted." I trust there may be more to regret them now that their cases have been thus grouped, and the responsibility for their fate brought home. It is said that the ladies of Austria have begun the opposition to crinoline, in the name of their sex, very smartly. They will countenance no theatre where it is worn. Of course we may conclude that they do not wear it themselves. There are Englishwomen who never have worn or countenanced it. There must be more capable of the requisite courage, if once convinced of the reality of the call for it. A few hundreds of such sensible and resolute women in any country would presently reduce the leaders of fashion to change their mode. How many more of my countrywomen will be burnt alive, crushed, disembowelled, or drowned before this is done?

FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

FROZEN IN.

NARRATIVE OF A SHETLAND SEAMAN, FROM HIS OWN RECITAL.

I HAVE been almost all my time whale and seal hunting at Davis' Straits, Greenland, or the West Ice; but the voyage which was nearest being my last was my second one, in the year 1836, when I was still but a boy. I shipped at Lerwick on

board the *Harmony* of Hull in the early spring of that year, and we sailed for Davis' Straits. The whale season was a bad one, and towards the end of August or the beginning of September we tried to get back to the east side of Baffin's Bay, and so, by coming down along the Danish settlements, to get home again. The ice was very bad to get through—loose and thick all round, so that we had to shove her through every yard of the way. On the 11th of September there were three ships of us in company: the *William Torr*, the *Swan*, and ourselves. We were keeping together, as we were all working in the same direction, and we didn't well know what might happen any minute to some one or other—so it was good to keep within hailing distance if possible. Well, as night was coming down—the ice getting more and more troublesome—we thought of making fast till daybreak, and seeing how things looked then. We were just alongside the *William Torr*—both ships shoving through among the loose ice—when her captain hailed ours, and recommended him to bring up alongside a great curving mass of ice which lay quite close to both ships; but our old man, not liking the looks of it, and not thinking it *fast*, determined to push on a bit farther. The *William Torr*, however, hauled up to the ice and brought-to for the night. So, leaving her behind us, we ran on for about an hour, and by that time came up with a very solid looking *flaw* of ice, which, having a good bight in it, offered a sort of harbour protected from the floating masses around, we made all snug for the night and brought up there. By midnight, the ice was closing all around, and at two o'clock in the morning we were hard and fast. From the mast-head at daybreak, nothing but ice could be seen, with the masts of the *Swan* in the distance, and still farther off, as far as could be made out with a good glass, we saw the mast-heads of the *William Torr*. But that was the last sight of *her* by mortal man, for next day she was gone; and we knew then that our master was right, and that she had been made fast to a loose *flaw*, and that the under current had taken her off.

So when we saw that we were beset with little or no chance of escape—at least till next spring or summer—we took stock of every eatable thing, and reckoned up our chance of life. We found that on an allowance of a biscuit a man a day, we had what would last us to the 14th of March: we had also a few peas, some coffee, and a little pork; but as our coals were done, we could not count much on this last. However, from that very day, we went on this allowance. Seven biscuits were served out to each man on Monday morning—these had to last him for the week: on three days a week there was a little pork served out—about as much to each man as he could put in his mouth at once—(I've seen a Dutchman with a bigger quid of tobacco)—and we got a little coffee at times. The fresh-water ice gave us good water, and for fuel we took what wood we could safely cut away in the hold. Each man had a few splinters allotted him, and two or three would club together and boil their pannikins at once, so we did get a mouthful of hot coffee, and I can tell you that coffee tasted well.

Our captain was a good fellow and well liked by the men, and when the provisions were reckoned up, he brought his keys and gave up all his own cabin stores, and went on the same allowance with the rest. And so, because he was so ready, the men wouldn't be exact with him, and he had some little things to himself, such as cheese and other stores which were in the cabin; and I got the benefit of that by-and-by, for he would often call me aft in the night watch, and give me a bit of bread or cheese out of his own allowance.

I was but a youngster, and did not take well to the single biscuit a day. And as I could not depend on myself to keep the whole week's allowance without taking more than each day's share, I got one of the mates, who was very kind to me all the voyage, to take charge of my rations. I gave him my seven biscuits on Monday morning, and he gave me half of one each morning and evening till the week came round again. Sometimes when I was very hungry, I would beg and pray him for a bit more—but it was no use; he stuck to the agreement, and I had to wait till next feeding time.

I suppose I was too young and foolish to think of the danger of our state, and of the small chance we had of seeing Europe again: I was often hungry, but never frightened.

So the days went by, and September came to an end. We were now in the regions of perpetual night: no daylight ever visited us, unless a sort of dusky glimmer about noon, far down on the southern horizon, might be called that. But there was little difference between day and night; there was no darkness, as, between the clear starry sky above and the snow and ice below, there was reflection as bright as an ordinary moonlight at home. For weeks there was not a breath of wind—not so much as you could feel on your cheek, and the ship was as immovable as a rock. We knew we had not changed our position a yard, as the captain took regular observations of the stars, and found that we had not moved.

By-and-by, the men began to get dull and low-spirited. They would not turn out of their berths, and refused to come on deck or to keep watch, and did not mind captain or officers. The master himself was very down-hearted at times, and I would see him a-crying when he thought no one was looking. For my part, I was often so hungry that I couldn't sleep, and was glad to go on deck and keep watch just for a change. But latterly the hands got so careless and desponding that I have seen not one turn out to the mate's watch but myself.

Thus October passed, and no change. November next, and the men were getting worse and worse. Some of them were now so feeble that they scarcely could have left their hammocks—many of them were wearing down to skeletons. When November ended, we saw that, by another month, we would have double rations, at any rate, those who were left.

On the 10th December—well I remember the day—there was some appearance of a change of some kind. A cloud rose in the N.W.; we felt a breath of wind moving. As the day wore on there was some motion in the ice—the ship had a sort of

grinding, rising and falling motion as you see a craft alongside a quay. All the afternoon we heard and felt her grinding along the ice-edge. But the most had grown so desperate that they paid little heed to it.

In the middle of the night — and there was only one man with the chief mate on deck—there was a sudden knocking at the hatchways, and every soul was started broad awake with the cry: "All hands, make sail!" I tell you, I never heard before or since, such a call as that was. Men who had not turned out for days were on the yard-arms in a moment, and, I dare say, the Harmony was never got under canvas in such a space of time before. The men were on the top-gallant-yards in their stockings, and bare-headed, and in little time we had every stitch on her.

The ice had broken up; there was a gentle breeze sending us right out, and there were pools and canals of open water all round. Our rudder had been unshipped long ago, and was made fast outside the quarter; so, as we could not afford the precious time needful to ship it again, we kept her running, steering with the yards as well as might be. The wind kept freshening: by-and-by we had to take in the top-gallant-sails; next to haul up her courses. In a short time she was staggering under double-reefed topsails and foretopmast stay-sail, among the floating ice. Still we could not ship the rudder, and we trimmed her as well as possible with the yards and by hauling out or in the trysail. Every now and then she would strike the floating ice full with the lee-bow, sending her up to the wind, when a piece would catch her on the weather-bow, and knock her off again to leeward. Every instant we looked to be stove in. But we pushed and tore through the ice for two days and nights without getting any particular damage; and, on the 14th, we came to the end of the ice, and got the open sea before us. Then the biscuit-a-day allowance ceased, but not till we were fairly out of the ice—and every man got leave to eat what he liked; but the most of them had picked up wonderfully every hour after that "making sail." We had a tough job getting the rudder shipped as soon as we cleared the ice: it took us nine hours to ship it, but we managed it. Then, with a gale of W. wind and the Atlantic before us, we felt we were all right. Well, we ran before it as hard as we could, every man getting stronger and heartier with every mile of easting we made. For ten days we never started tack or sheet, carrying on with every stitch we could crowd upon her: little grass grew under the Harmony's heels for that time; and, at the close of the tenth day we sighted the Old Rock (as we Shetlanders call our land) once more. It perhaps isn't quite a Paradise of a country. I have seen more splendid-looking places here and there over the globe; but you take my word for it, that it looked pretty good in our eyes, when we had the luck to sight it on the 24th December, 1836.

On Christmas morning we dropped anchor in Lerwick Harbour, and many a one was looking at us, and many a boat was alongside to hear the news. But we could tell them nothing of the William Torr, or of the Swan, and for many a day

there were heavy hearts in Shetland looking and fearing for the news of husbands and fathers, brothers and sweethearts lying in that ice-prison. After Christmas, a ship with provisions was sent out to try and relieve them; but she never got within hundreds of miles of them.

The William Torr and all her crew, with a portion of another shipwrecked crew which she had on board, perished. Nothing was ever heard of her. Some years afterwards, some of her casks were found on the west coast of Shetland and about the Hebrides. It was supposed that after she had broken up, the current had carried the fragments into the Atlantic, and that the gulf-stream had taken them down to our shores. I recollect, some time afterwards, when I was out there again, that the Esquimaux wanted us to come into the interior, and they would show us the graves of white men, which we supposed to be those of the William Torr. A whale-ship, next summer found a boat with seven corpses in her, on the ice. No doubt these were some of them also.

The Swan was beset all winter. And next spring the whale-ships fell in with her. They gave them fresh provisions, and put ten hands on board to navigate her home, and when the ice broke up, she got away. But of her whole complement of between fifty and sixty men—including some men of a wrecked ship whom she had taken on board in the previous summer—only seventeen men were alive when she reached Lerwick in the month of May. Some of them held out till they sighted land, and died then. I knew two men of her crew, very well—smart fellows they were and good seamen, and they both died just within sight of home. I have sometimes wondered at it; and I never could well make it out, why, after holding out so long, they gave in then. Perhaps hope kept them up, and then, when their desire was like to be fulfilled, it was too much for them—and they so weak.

That's how I was frozen-in, and came home again. L.

ENDYMION ON LATMOS.

High on the Latmian hills, with the twilight deepening round him,
Couched in a mossy dell Endymion lay in his beauty,
Lulled into sleep by the sound of the pines, and the voice of the mountain
Streamlet that leaped down the vales and took all the echoes with laughter.
Silently, 'mid the reeds, his flocks were feeding around him,
Flocks of sheep, and dewy-eyed kine, and goats nimble-footed.
Beautiful as a dream, Endymion lay on the mountain,
Beautiful as a dream, in the purple glory of evening.

Slowly, on all the hills, the broad-winged darkness descended,
Slowly the stars came out in the silent measureless heaven.
Solemn, in silvery beauty, one moonbeam stole on the woodland,
Deeply slumbered the shepherd alone on shadowy Latmos.

Solemn in silvery beauty, one moonbeam stole o'er
the woodland,
Stole o'er the bosky dells, and touched the side of the
mountain,
Slowly it crept up the sward to where, under the whis-
pering pine-trees,
Deeply slumbered the shepherd, alone on shadowy
Latmos.

Rested the silvery moonbeam and streamed on his
marvellous beauty,
Streamed on his golden hair and forehead's roseate
marble,

Streamed on his limbs of snow, out-stretched by the
glimmering waters.

Fair as the twilight star, or Phosphor that heralds the
morning,

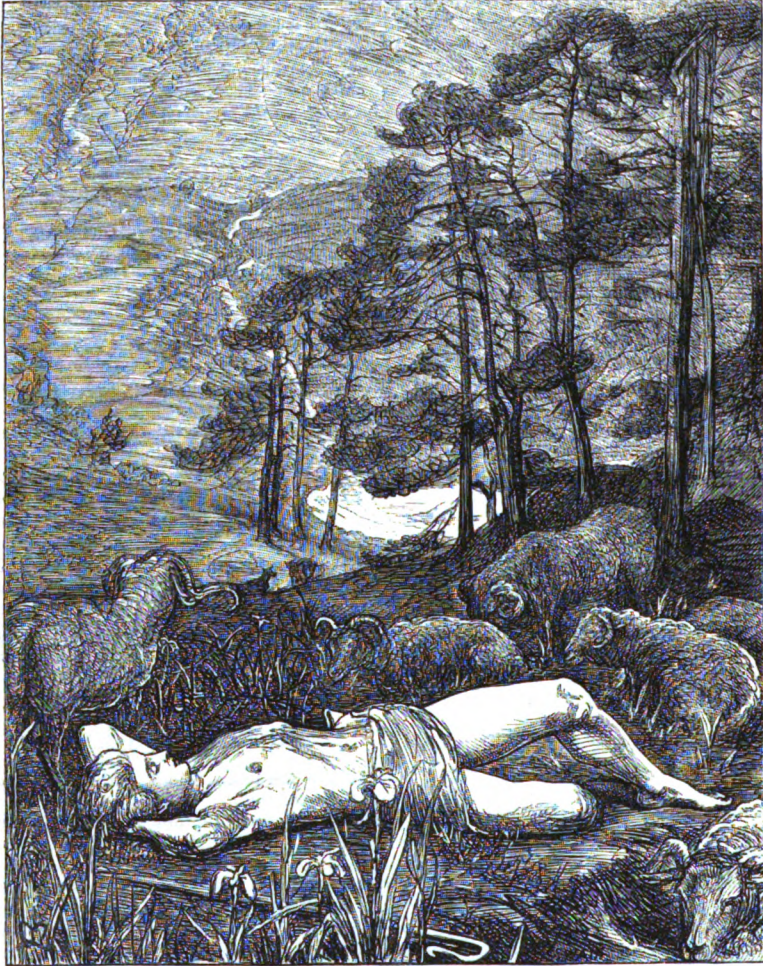
Fair as the boy Ganymede, that dwells with the happy
immortals,

Was he, the youth on whom Artemis gazed on shadowy
Latmos.

Shepherds beware of Selené ; ah ! cold is the smile of
Selené,

Beautiful on the hills is the light of starry Selené,

Beautiful, cruel, and cold is the glance of starry Selené ;



Chilled to the heart by her kiss, Endymion slumbers
on Latmos,
Never again to awake, ah, me ! to the glory of living.

Ai, that the gifts of the gods should be so fatal to
mortals !

Year follows year, and race follows race, but Endymion
wakes not.

Maids in the Latmian valleys bewailed for the beau-
tiful shepherd,
Wept for his golden hair, and his ready foot in the Choros,
Wept for the summer eves when they wandered with
him on the hillside.

Men in the Latmian valleys lamented the swift-footed
shepherd,

Missed his sure spear in the chase, and skilful arm in
the Discos,

Missed his glad pipe on the hills, with the low of the
home-coming heifers.

Dim grew his name as a dream, and never again in
the woodland,

Never again on the hills, was seen the beautiful
shepherd.

Ai, that the gifts of the gods should be so fatal to
mortals !

R. N. S.

VERNER'S PRIDE.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "EAST LYNNE."

CHAPTER LV. RECOLLECTIONS OF A NIGHT GONE BY.

As the spring advanced, sickness began to prevail in Deerham. The previous autumn, the season when the enemy chiefly loved to show itself, had been comparatively free, but he appeared to be about taking his revenge now. In every third house people were down with ague and fever. Men who ought to be strong for their daily toil, women whose services were wanted for their households and their families, children whose young frames were unfitted to battle with it, were indiscriminately attacked. It was capricious as a summer's wind. In some dwellings it would be the strongest and bravest signalled out; in some the weakest and most delicate. Jan was worked off his legs. Those necessary appendages to active Jan generally were exercised pretty well; but Jan could not remember the time when they had been worked as they were now. Jan grew cross. Not at the amount of work: it may be questioned whether Jan did not rather prefer that, than the contrary; but at the prevailing state of things. "It's a sin and a shame that precautions are not taken against this periodical sickness," said Jan, speaking out more forcibly than was his wont. "If the place were drained and the dwellings improved, the ague would run away to more congenial quarters. I'd not own Verner's Pride, unless I could show myself fit to be its owner."

The shaft may have been levelled at John Massingbird, but Lionel Verner took it to himself. How full of self-reproach he was, he alone knew. He had had the power in his own hands to make these improvements, and in some manner or other he had let the time slip by: now, the power was wrested from him. It is ever so. Golden opportunities come into our hands, and we look at them complacently, and—do not use them. Bitter regrets, sometimes remorse, take their places when they have flitted away for ever; but neither the regret nor the remorse can recall the opportunity lost.

Lionel pressed the necessity upon John Massingbird. It was all he could do now. John received it with complacent good-humour, and laughed at Lionel for making the request. But that was all.

"Set about draining Clay Lane, and build up new tenements in place of the old?" cried he. "What next, Lionel?"

"Look at the sickness the present state of things brings," returned Lionel. "It is what ought to have been altered years ago."

"Ah!" said John. "Why didn't you alter it, then, when you had Verner's Pride?"

"You may well ask! It was my first thought when I came into the estate. I would set about that; I would set about other improvements. Some I did carry out, as you know; but these, the most needful, I left in abeyance. It lies on my conscience now."

They were in the study. Lionel was at the

desk, some papers before him; John Massingbird had lounged in for a chat—as he was fond of doing, to the interruption of Lionel. He was leaning against the door-post; his attire not precisely such that a gentleman might choose who wished to send his photograph to make a morning call. His pantaloons were hitched up by a belt—braces, John said, were not fashionable at the Diggings, and he had learned the comfort of doing without them; a loose sort of round drab coat without tails; no waistcoat; a round brown hat, much bent, and a pair of slippers. Such was John Massingbird's favourite costume, and he might be seen in it at all hours of the day. When he wanted to go abroad, his toilette was made, as the French say, by the exchanging of the slippers for boots, and the taking in his hand a club stick. John's whiskers were growing again, and promised to be as fine a pair as he had worn before going out to Australia; and now he was letting his beard grow, but it looked very grim and stubbly. Truth to say, a stranger passing through the village and casting his eyes on Mr. John Massingbird, would not have taken him to be the master of that fine place, Verner's Pride. Just now he had a clay pipe in his mouth, its stem little more than an inch long.

"Do you mean to assert that you'd set about these improvements, as you call them, were you to come again into Verner's Pride?" asked he of Lionel.

"I believe I should. I would say unhesitatingly that I should, save for past experience. Before my uncle died, I knew how necessary it was that they should be made, and I as much believed that I should set about them the first thing when I came into the estate, as that I believe I am now talking to you. But you see I did not begin them. It has taught me to be chary of making assertions beforehand."

"I suppose you think you'd do it."

"If I know anything of my own resolution I should do it. Were Verner's Pride to lapse to me to-morrow, I believe I should set about it the next day. But," Lionel added, after a short pause, "there's no probability of its lapsing to me. Therefore I want you to set about it in my place."

"I can't afford it," replied John Massingbird.

"Nonsense! I wish I could afford things a quarter as well as you."

"I tell you I can't," reiterated John, taking his pipe from his mouth to make a spittoon of the carpet, another convenience he had learnt at the Diggings. "I'm sure I don't know how on earth my money goes; I never did know all my life how money went: but, go it does. When Fred and I were little chaps, some benevolent old soul tipped us half-a-crown apiece. Mine was gone by middle-day, and I could not account for more than ninenpence of it: never could till this day. Fred at the end of a twelvemonth's time had got his half-crown still snug in his pocket. Had Fred

come into Verner's Pride, he'd have lived in style on a thousand of his income yearly, and put by the rest."

He never would, Sibylla being his wife, thought Lionel. But he did not say it to John Massingbird.

"An estate like this, brings its duties with it, John," said he. "Remember those poor people down with sickness."

"Bother duty," returned John. "Look here, Lionel; you waste your breath and your words. I have not got the money to spend upon it; how do you know, old fellow, what my private expenses may be? And if I had the money, I should not do it," he continued. "The present state of the property was deemed good enough by Mr. Verner; it was so deemed (if we may judge by facts) by Mr. Lionel Verner: and it is deemed good enough by John Massingbird. It is not he who's going to have the cost thrown upon him. So let it drop."

There was no resource but to let it drop; for, that he was in full earnest, Lionel saw. John continued.

"You can save up the alterations for yourself, to be commenced when you come into the property. A nice *bonne bouche* of outlay for you to contemplate."

"I don't look to come into it," replied Lionel.

"The probabilities are that you will come into it," returned John Massingbird, more seriously than he often spoke. "Barring getting shot, or run over by a railway train, you'll make old bones, you will. You have never played with your constitution; I have, in more ways than one: and in bare years I have considerably the advantage of you. Psha! when I am a skeleton in my coffin, you'll still be a young man. You can make your cherished alterations then."

"You may well say in more ways than one," returned Lionel, half joking, half serious. "There's smoking amidst the catalogue. How many pipes do you smoke in a day? Fifty?"

"Why didn't you say day and night? Tynn lives in perpetual torment lest my bed should ignite some night, and burn up him, as well as Verner's Pride. I go to sleep sometimes with my pipe in my mouth as we do at the Diggings. Now and then I feel half inclined to make a rush back there. It suited me better than this."

Lionel bent over some papers that were before him,—a hint that he had business to do. Mr. Massingbird did not take it. He began filling his pipe again, scattering the tobacco on the ground wholesale in the process, talking at the same time.

"I say, Lionel, why did old Verner leave the place away from you? Have you ever wondered?"

Lionel glanced up at him in surprise.

"Have I ever ceased wondering, you might have said. I don't know why he did."

"Did he never give you a reason—or an explanation?"

"Nothing of the sort. Except—yes, except a trifle. Some time after his death, Mrs. Tynn discovered a formidable-looking packet in one of his drawers; sealed, and directed to me. She thought

it was the missing codicil; so did I, until I opened it. It proved to contain nothing but a glove; one of my old gloves, and a few lines from my uncle. They were to the effect that when I received the glove I should know why he disinherited me."

"And did you know?" asked John Massingbird, applying a light to his pipe.

"Not in the least. It left the affair more obscure, if possible, than it had been before. I suppose I never shall know now."

"Never's a long day," cried John Massingbird. "But you told me about this glove affair before."

"Did I? Oh, I remember. When you first returned. That is all the explanation I have ever had."

"It was not much," said John. "Dickens take this pipe! It won't draw. Where's my knife?"

Not finding his knife about him, he went off to look for it, dragging his slippers along the hall in his usual lazy fashion. Lionel, glad of the respite, applied himself to his work.

One was dying in Deerham, but not of ague: and that was old Matthew Frost. Matthew was dying of old age, to which we must all succumb, if we live long enough.

April was in, and the fever and ague were getting better, when news was brought to Lionel one morning that old Matthew was not expected to last through the day. Jan called in at Deerham Court and told him so. Lionel had been starting to Verner's Pride; but he changed his course towards Clay Lane.

"Jan," said he, as he was turning away, "I wish you'd go up and see Sibylla. I am sure she is very ill."

"I'll go if you like," said Jan. "But there's no use in it. She won't listen to a word I say, or attend to a single direction that I give. Hayes told me, when he came over last week, that it was the same with him. She persists to him, as she does to me, that she has no need of medicine or care; that she is quite well."

"I am aware of it," replied Lionel. "But I feel sure she is very ill."

"I know she is," said Jan. "She's worse than folks think for. Perhaps you amongst them, Lionel. I'll go up to her."

He turned into the house as he spoke, and Lionel went on to Clay Lane.

Old Matthew was lying on his bed, very peaceful. Peaceful as to his inward and his outward state. Though exceedingly weak, gradually sinking, he retained both speech and intellect: he was passing away without pain, and with his faculties about him. What a happy death-bed, when all is peace within! His dim eyes lighted up with pleasure when he saw Mr. Verner.

"Have you come to see the last of me, sir?" he asked, as Lionel took his hand.

"Not quite the last yet, I hope, Matthew."

"Don't hope it, sir; nor wish it, neither," returned the old man, lifting his hand with a deprecatory movement. "I'm on the threshold of a better world, sir, and I'd not turn back to this, if God was to give me the choice of it. I'm agoing to my rest, sir. Like as my bed has

waited for me, and been welcome to me, after a hard day's toil, so is my rest now at hand after my life's toil. It is as surely waiting for me as ever was my bed; and I am longing to get to it."

Lionel looked down at the calm, serene face, fair and smooth yet. The skin was drawn tight over it, especially over the well-formed nose, and the white locks fell on the pillow behind. It may be wrong to say there was a holy expression pervading the face; but it certainly gave that impression to Lionel Verner.

"I wish all the world—when their time comes—could die as you are dying, Matthew!" he exclaimed, in the impulse of his heart.

"Sir, all *might*. If they'd only live for it. It's many a year ago now, Mr. Lionel, that I learnt to make a friend of God: He has stood me in good need. And those that do learn to make a friend of Him, sir, don't fear to go to Him."

Lionel drew forward a chair and sat down in it. The old man continued.

"Things seem to have been smoothed for me in a wonderful manner, sir. My great trouble, of late years, has been Robin. I feared how it might be with him when I went away and left him here alone: for you know the queer way he has been in, sir, since that great misfortune; and I have been a bit of a check on him, keeping him, as may be said, within bounds. Well, that trouble is done away with for me, sir; Robin he has got his mind at rest, and he won't break out again. In a short while I am in hopes he'll be quite what he used to be."

"Matthew, it was my firm intention to continue your annuity to Robin," spoke Lionel. "I am sorry the power to do so has been taken from me. You know that it will not rest with me now, but with Mr. Massingbird. I fear he is not likely to continue it."

"Don't regret it, sir. Robin, I say, is growing to be an industrious man again, and he can get a living well. If he had stopped a half-dazed do-nothing, he might have wanted that, or some other help; but it isn't so. His trouble's at rest, and his old energies are coming back to him. It seems to have left my mind at leisure, sir; and I can go away, praying for the souls of my poor daughter and of Frederick Massingbird."

The name—*his*—aroused the attention of Lionel: more perhaps than he would have cared to confess. But his voice and manner retained their quiet calmness.

"What did you say, Matthew?"

"It was him, sir; Mr. Frederick Massingbird. It was nobody else."

Down deep in Lionel Verner's heart there had lain a conviction, almost ever since that fatal night, that the man had been no other than the one now spoken of, the younger Massingbird. Why the impression should have come to him he could not have told at the time: something perhaps in Frederick's manner had given rise to it. On the night before John Massingbird's departure for Australia, after the long interview he had held with Mr. Verner in the study, which was broken in upon by Lionel on the part of Robin Frost, the three young men—the Massingbirds and Lionel—had subsequently remained together,

discussing the tragedy. In that interview, it was that a sudden doubt of Frederick Massingbird entered the mind of Lionel. It was impossible for him to tell why: he only knew that the impression, nay, it were more correct to say the conviction, seized hold upon him, never to be eradicated. He surmised not how far his guilt might have extended; but that he was the guilty one, he fully believed. It was not his business to proclaim this; had it been a certainty, instead of a fancy, Lionel would not have made it his business: but when Frederick Massingbird was on the point of marrying Sibylla, then Lionel partially broke through his reserve, and asked him whether he had nothing on his conscience that ought to prevent his making her his wife. Frederick answered freely and frankly to all appearance, and for the moment Lionel's doubts were dissipated: only, however, to return afterwards with increased force. Consequently he was not surprised to hear this said, though surprised at Matthew Frost's knowing it.

"How did you hear it, Matthew?" he asked.

"Robin got at it, sir. Poor Robin, he was altogether on the wrong scent for a long while, thinking it was Mr. John; but it's set right now, and Robin, he's at ease. May Heaven have mercy upon Frederick Massingbird!"

Successful rival though he had proved to him, guilty man that he had been, Lionel heartily echoed the prayer. He asked no more questions of the old man upon the subject, but afterwards, when he was going out, he met Robin and stopped him.

"Robin, what is this that your father has been telling me about Frederick Massingbird?"

"Only to think of it!" was Robin's response, growing somewhat excited. "To think how our ways get balked! I had sworn to be revenged—as you know, sir—and now the power of revenge is took from me! He's gone where my revenge can't reach him. It's of no good—I see it—for us to plan. Our plans 'll never be carried out, if they don't please God."

"And it was Frederick Massingbird?"

"It was Frederick Massingbird," assented Robin, his breath coming thick and fast with agitation. "We had got but one little ewe lamb, and he must leave the world that was open to him, and pick her up, and destroy her! I ain't calm yet to talk of it, sir."

"But how did you ascertain this? Your suspicions, you know, were directed to Mr. John Massingbird. Wrongly, as I believed; as I told you."

"Yes, they were wrong," said Robin. "I was put upon the wrong scent: but not wilfully. You might remember a dairy wench that lived at Verner's *Pride* in them days, sir; Dolly, her name was; she that went and got married after to Joe Stubbs, Mr. Bitterworth's waggoner. It was she told me, sir. I used to be up there a good bit with Stubbs, and one day when I was sick and ill there, the wife told me she had seen one of the gentlemen come from the Willow Pool that past night. I pressed her to tell me which of them, and at first she said she couldn't, and then she said it was Mr. John. I never thought but she

told me right, but it seems—as she confesses now—that she only said it was him to satisfy me, and because she thought he was dead, over in Australia, and it wouldn't matter if she did say it. I worried her life out over it, she says: and it's like I did. She says now, if she was put upon her Bible oath, she couldn't say which of the gentlemen it was, more nor the other: but she did see one of 'em."

"But this is not telling me how you know it to have been Mr. Frederick, Robin."

"I learnt it from Mr. John," was the reply. "When he come back I saw him; I knew it was him; and I got a gun and watched for him. I meant to take my revenge, sir. Roy, he found me out; and in a night or two, he brought me face to face with Mr. John, and Mr. John, he told me the truth. But he'd only tell it me upon my giving him my promise not to expose his brother. So I'm balked even of that revenge. I had always counted on the exposing of the man," added Robin, in a dreamy tone, as if he were looking back into the past: "when I thought it was Mr. John, I only waited for Luke Roy to come home, that I might expose him. I thought Luke, being so much with him in Australia, might have heard a slip word drop as would confirm it. Somehow, though I thought Dolly Stubbs spoke truth, I didn't feel so sure of her, as to noise it abroad."

"You say it was Mr. John Massingbird who told you it was his brother?"

"He told me, sir. He told me at Roy's, when he was a hiding there. When the folks here was going mad about the ghost, I knowed who the ghost was, and had my laugh at 'em. It seemed that I could laugh then," added Robin, looking at Mr. Verner, as if he deemed an apology for the words necessary. "My mind was set at rest."

Did a thought cross Lionel Verner that John Massingbird, finding his own life in peril from Robin's violence, had thrown the blame upon his brother falsely? It might have done so, but for his own deeply-rooted suspicions. That John would not be scrupulously particular to truth, he believed, where his own turn was to be served. Lionel at any rate felt that he should like, for his own satisfaction, to have the matter set at rest, and he took his way to Verner's Pride.

John Massingbird, his costume not improved in elegance, or his clay pipe in length, was lounging at his ease on one of the amber damask satin couches of the drawing-room, his feet on the back of a proximate chair, and his slippers fallen off on the carpet. A copious tumbler of rum-and-water—his favourite beverage since his return—was on a table, handy; and there he lay, enjoying his ease.

"Halloa, old fellow! How are you?" was his greeting to Lionel, given without changing his position in the least.

"Massingbird, I want to speak to you," rejoined Lionel. "I have been to see old Matthew Frost, and he has said something which surprises me—"

"The old man's about to make a start of it, I hear," was the interruption of Massingbird.

"He cannot last long. He has been speaking—naturally—of that unhappy business of his

daughter's. He lays it to the door of Frederick; and Robin tells me that he had the information from you."

"I was obliged to give it him, in self-defence," said John Massingbird. "The fellow had got it into his head, in some unaccountable manner, that I was the black sheep, and was prowling about with a gun, ready capped and loaded, to put a bullet into me. I don't set so much store by my life as some fidgets do, but it's not pleasant to be shot off in that summary fashion. So I sent for Mr. Robin and satisfied him that he was making the same blunder that Deerham just then was doing—mistaking one brother for the other."

"Was it Frederick?"

"It was."

"Did you know it at the time?"

"No. Never suspected him at all."

"Then how did you learn it afterwards?"

John Massingbird took his legs from the chair. He rose, and brought himself to an anchor on a seat facing Lionel, puffing still at his incessant pipe.

"I don't mind trusting you, old chap, being one of us, and I couldn't help trusting Robin Frost. Roy, he knew it before: at least, his wife did; which amounts to something of the same; and she spoke of it to me. I have ordered them to keep a close tongue, under pain of unheard-of penalties. Which I should never inflict: but it's as well to let poor Fred's memory rest in quiet and good odour. I believe honestly it's the only scrape of the sort he ever got into. He was cold and cautious."

"But how did you learn it?" reiterated Lionel.

"I'll tell you. I learnt it from Luke Roy."

"From Luke Roy!" repeated Lionel, more at sea than before.

"Do you remember that I had sent Luke on to London a few days before this happened? He was to get things forward for our voyage. He was *fou*—as the French say—after Rachel; and what did he do but come back again in secret, to get a last look at her, perhaps a word. It happened to be this very night, and Luke was a partial witness to the scene at the Willow Pond. He saw and heard her meeting with Frederick; heard quite enough to know that there was no chance for him; and he was stealing away, leaving Fred and Rachel at the termination of their quarrel, when he met his mother. She knew him, it seems, and to that encounter we are indebted for her display when before Mr. Verner, and her lame account of the 'ghost.' You must recollect it. She got up the ghost tale to excuse her own terror; to throw the scent off Luke. The woman says her life, since, has been that of a martyr, ever fearing that suspicion might fall upon her son. She recognised him beyond doubt; and nearly died with the consternation. He glided off, never speaking to her, but the fear and consternation remained. She recognised, too, she says, the voice of Frederick as the one that was quarrelling: but she did not dare confess it. For one thing, she knew not how far Luke might be implicated."

Lionel leaned his brow on his hand, deep in

thought. "How far was Frederick implicated?" he asked in a low tone. "Did he—did he put her into the pond?"

"No!" burst forth John Massingbird, with a vehemence that sent the ashes of his pipe flying. "Fred would not be guilty of such a crime as that, any more than you or I would. He had—he had made vows to the girl, and broken them; and that was the extent of it. No such great sin, after all, or it wouldn't be so fashionable a one," carelessly added John Massingbird.

Lionel waited in silence.

"By what Luke could gather," went on John, "it appeared that Rachel had seen Fred that night with his cousin Sibylla—your wife now. What she had seen or heard, goodness knows: but enough to prove to her that Fred's real love was given to Sibylla; that she was his contemplated wife. It drove Rachel mad: Fred had probably filled her up with the idea that the honour was destined for herself. Men are deceivers ever, and women soft, you know, Lionel."

"And they quarrelled over it?"

"They quarrelled over it. Rachel, awakened out of her credulity, met him with bitter reproaches. Luke could not hear what was said towards its close. The meeting—no doubt a concerted one—had been in that grove in view of the willow-pond, the very spot that Master Luke had chosen for his own hiding-place. They left it and walked towards Verner's Pride, disputing vehemently; Roy made off the other way, and the last he saw of them, when they were nearly out of sight, was a final explosion, in which they parted. Fred set off to run towards Verner's Pride, and Rachel came flying back towards the pond. There's not a shadow of doubt that in her passion, her unhappy state of feeling, she flung herself in: and if Luke had only waited two minutes longer, he might have been in at the death—as we say by the foxes. That's the solution of what has puzzled Deerham for years, Lionel."

"Could Luke not have saved her?"

"He never knew she was in the pond. Whether the unexpected sight of his mother scared his senses away, he has often wondered; but he heard neither the splash in the water nor the shriek. He made off pretty quick, he says, for fear his mother should attempt to stop him, or proclaim his presence aloud—an inconvenient procedure, since he was supposed to be in London. Luke never knew of her death until we were on the voyage. I got to London only in time to go on board the ship in the docks, and we had been out for days at sea before he learnt that Rachel was dead, or I that Luke had been down, on the sly, to Deerham. I had to get over that precious sea-sickness, before entering upon that, or any other talk, I can tell you. It's a shame it should attract men!"

"I suspected Fred at the time," said Lionel.

"You did! Well, I did not. My suspicions had turned to a very different quarter."

"Upon whom?"

"O bother! where's the good of ripping it up, now it's over and done with?" retorted John Massingbird. "There's the paper of baccy by your elbow, chum. Chuck it here."

CHAPTER LXI. A CRISIS IN SIBYLLA'S LIFE.

SIBYLLA VERNER improved neither in health nor in temper. Body and mind were alike diseased. As the spring had advanced, her weakness appeared to increase; the symptoms of consumption became more palpable. She would not allow that she was ill; she no doubt thought that there was nothing serious the matter with her; nothing, as she told everybody, but the vexing after Verner's Pride.

Dr. West had expressed an opinion that her irritability, which she could neither conceal nor check, was the result of her state of health. He was very likely right. One thing was certain: that since she grew weaker and worse, this unhappy frame of mind had greatly increased. The whole business of her life appeared to be to grumble; to be cross, snappish, fretful. If her body was diseased, most decidedly her temper was also. The great grievance of quitting Verner's Pride she made a plea for the indulgence of every complaint under the sun. She could no longer gather a gay crowd of visitors around her; she had lost the opportunity with Verner's Pride: she could no longer indulge in unlimited orders for new dresses and bonnets, and other charming adjuncts to the toilette, without reference to how they were to be paid for: she had not a dozen servants at her beck and call; if she wanted to pay a visit, there was no elegant equipage, the admiration of all beholders, to convey her. She had lost all with Verner's Pride. Not a day—scarcely an hour—passed, but one or other, or all of these vexations, were made the subject of fretful, open repining. Not to Lady Verner: Sibylla would not have dared to annoy her; not to Decima or to Lucy; but to her husband. How weary his ear was, how weary his spirit, no tongue could tell. She tried him in every way—she did nothing but find fault with him. When he stayed out, she grumbled at him for staying, meeting him with reproaches on his entrance; when he remained in, she grumbled at him. In her sad frame of mind, it was essential—there are frames of mind in which it is essential, as the medical men will tell you; where the sufferer cannot help it—that she should have some object on which to vent her irritability. Not being in her own house, there was but her husband. He was the only one sufficiently nearly connected with her to whom the courtesies of life could be dispensed with; and therefore he came in for it all. At Verner's Pride there would have been her servants to share it with him; at Dr. West's there would have been her sisters; at Lady Verner's there was her husband alone. Times upon times Lionel felt inclined to run away; just as disobedient boys run to sea.

The little hint, dropped by Dr. West, touching the past, had not been without its fruits in Sibylla's mind. It lay and smouldered there. Had Lionel been attached to Lucy?—had there been love-scenes, love-making between them?—Sibylla asked herself the question ten times in a day. Now and then she let drop a sharp acrid bit of venom to him—his "old love, Lucy." Lionel would receive it with impassibility, never answering.

On the day spoken of in the last chapter, when

Matthew Frost was dying, she was more ill at ease, more intensely irritable than usual. Lady Verner had gone with some friends to Heartburg, and was not expected home until night; Decima and Lucy walked out in the afternoon, and Sibylla was alone. Lionel had not been home since he went out in the morning to see Matthew Frost. The fact was, Lionel had had a busy day of it: what with old Matthew and what with his conversation with John Massingbird afterwards, certain work which ought to have been done in the morning he had left till the afternoon. It was nothing unusual for him to be out all day; but Sibylla was choosing to make his being out on this day an unusual grievance. As the hours of the afternoon passed on and on, and it grew late, and nobody appeared, she could scarcely suppress her temper, her restlessness. She was a bad one to be alone; had never liked to be alone for five minutes in her life: and thence perhaps the secret of her having made so much of a companion of her maid, Benoitte. In point of fact, Sibylla Verner had no resources within herself; and she made up for the want by indulging in her naturally bad temper?

"Where were they? Where was Decima? Where was Lucy? Above all, where was Lionel?" Sibylla, not being able to answer the questions, suddenly began to get up a pretty little plot of imagination—that Lucy and Lionel were somewhere together. Had Sibylla possessed one of Sam Weller's patent self-acting microscopes, able to afford a view through space and stairs, and deal doors, she might have seen Lionel seated alone in the study at Verner's Pride, amidst his leases and papers; and Lucy in Clay Lane, paying visits with Decima from cottage to cottage. Not possessing one of those admirable instruments—if somebody at the West-end would but set up a stock of them for sale, what a lot of customers he'd have!—Sibylla was content to cherish the mental view she had conjured up, and to improve upon it. All the afternoon she kept improving upon it, until she worked herself up to that agreeable pitch of distorted excitement when a person does not know what is real, and what fancy. It was a regular April day; one of sunshine and storm: now, the sun shining out bright and clear; now, the rain pattering against the panes; and Sibylla wandered from room to room, up stairs and down, as stormy as the weather.

Had her dreams been types of fact? Upon glancing from the window, during a sharper shower than any they had yet had, she saw her husband coming in at the large gates, Lucy Tempest on his arm, over whom he was holding an umbrella. They were walking slowly, conversing—as it seemed—confidentially. It was quite enough for Mrs. Verner.

But it was a very innocent, accidental meeting, and the confidential conversation was only about the state of poor old Matthew Frost. Lionel had taken Clay Lane on his road home for the purpose of inquiring after old Matthew. There, standing in the kitchen, he found Lucy. Decima was with the old man, and it was uncertain how long she would stay with him: and Lucy, who had no umbrella, was waiting for the shower to be over to

get back to Deerham Court. Lionel offered her the shelter of his. As they advanced through the court-yard, Lucy saw Sibylla at the small drawing-room window—the ante-room, as it was called—and nodded a smiling greeting to her. She did not return it, and Lionel saw that his wife looked black as night.

They came in, Lucy untying her bonnet-strings, and addressing Sibylla in a pleasant tone.

"What a sharp storm!" she said. "And I think it means to last, for there seems no sign of its clearing up. I don't know how I should have come home but for Mr. Verner's umbrella."

No reply from Mrs. Verner.

"Decima is with old Matthew Frost," continued Lucy, passing into the drawing-room; "she desired that we would not wait dinner for her."

Then began Sibylla. She turned upon Lionel in a state of perfect fury, her temper, like a torrent, bearing down all before it—all decency, all consideration.

"Where have you been? You and she?"

"Do you allude to Lucy?" he asked, pausing before he replied, and looking at her with surprise. "We have been nowhere. I saw her at old Frost's as I came by, and brought her home."

"It is a falsehood!" raved Sibylla. "You are carrying on a disgraceful intimacy with each other in secret. I have been blind long enough, but—"

Lionel caught her arm, pointing in peremptory silence to the drawing-room door, which was not closed, his white face betraying his inward agitation.

"She is there!" he whispered. "She can hear you."

But Sibylla's passion was terrible—not to be controlled. All the courtesies of life were lost sight of—its social usages were as nothing. She flung Lionel's hand away from her.

"I hope she can hear me!" broke like a torrent from her trembling lips. "It is time she heard, and others also! I have been blind, I say, long enough. But for papa, I might have gone on in my blindness to the end."

How was he to stop it? That Lucy must hear every word as plainly as he did, he knew; words that fell upon his ear, and blistered them. There was no egress for her—no other door—she was there in a cage, as may be said. He did what was the best to be done under the circumstances: he walked into the presence of Lucy, leaving Sibylla to herself.

At least it might have been the best in some cases. It was not in this. Sibylla, lost in that moment to all sense of the decency due to herself, to her husband, to Lucy, allowed her wild fancies, her passion, to over-master everything; and she followed him in. Her eyes blazing, her cheeks aflame, she planted herself in front of Lucy.

"Are you not ashamed of yourself, Lucy Tempest, to wile my husband from me?"

Lucy looked perfectly agast. That she thought Mrs. Verner had suddenly gone mad may be excused to her. A movement of fear escaped her, and she drew involuntarily nearer to Lionel, as if for protection.

"No! you shan't go to him! There has been

enough of it. You shan't side with him against me! He is my husband! How dare you forget it? You are killing me amongst you."

"I—don't—know—what—you—mean, Mrs. Verner," gasped Lucy, the words coming in jerks from her bloodless lips.

"Can you deny that he cares for you more than he does for me? And you care for him in return! You—"

"Be silent, Sibylla!" burst forth Lionel. "Do you know that you are speaking to Miss Tempest?"

"I won't be silent!" she reiterated, her voice rising to a scream. "It is time I spoke when you and Lucy Tempest carry on a secret understanding. You know you do! and you know that you meant to marry her once! Is it—"

Pushing his wife on a chair, though gently, with one arm, Lionel caught the hand of Lucy, and placed it within the other, his chest heaving with emotion. He led her out of the room, and through the ante-room in silence, to the door, halting there. She was shaking all over, and the tears were coursing down her cheeks. He took both her hands in his, his action one of deprecating entreaty, his words falling in the tenderest accents from between his bloodless lips.

"Will you bear for my sake, Lucy? She is my wife. Heaven knows, upon any other I would retort the insult."

How Lucy's heart was wrung!—wrung for him. The insult to herself she could afford: being innocent, it fell with very slender force; but she felt keenly for his broken peace. Had it been to save her life, she could not help returning the pressure of his hand as she looked up to him her affirmative answer; and she saw no wrong or harm in the pressure. Lionel closed the door upon her, and returned to his wife.

A change had come over Sibylla. She had thrown herself at full length on a sofa, and was beginning to sob. He went up to her, and spoke gravely, not unkindly, his arms folded before him.

"Sibylla, when is this line of conduct to cease? I am nearly wearied out—nearly," he added, putting his hand to his brow, "wearied out. If I could bear the exposure for myself, I cannot bear it for my wife."

She rose up and sat down on the sofa facing him. The hectic of her cheeks had turned to scarlet.

"You do love her! You care for her more than you care for me. Can you deny it?"

"What part of my conduct has ever told you so?"

"I don't care for conduct," she fractionally retorted. "I remember what papa said, and that's enough. He said he saw how it was in the old days—that you loved her. What business had you to love her?"

"Stay, Sibylla! Carry your reflections back, and answer yourself. In those old days, when both of you were before me to choose—at any rate, to ask—I chose you, leaving her. Is it not a sufficient answer?"

Sibylla threw back her head on the sofa-frame, and began to cry.

"From the hour that I made you my wife, I have striven to do my duty by you, tenderly as husband can do it. Why do you force me to reiterate this declaration, which I have made before?" he added, his face working with emotion. "Neither by word nor action have I been false to you. I have never for the briefest moment been guilty behind your back of that which I would not be guilty of in your presence. No! my allegiance of duty has never swerved from you. So help me Heaven!"

"You can't swear to me that you don't love her!" was Sibylla's retort.

It appeared that he did not intend to swear it. He went and stood against the mantel-piece, in his old favourite attitude, leaning his elbow on it and his face upon his hand: a face that betrayed his inward pain. Sibylla began again: to tantalise him seemed a necessity of her life.

"I might have expected trouble when I consented to marry you. Rachel Frost's fate might have taught me the lesson."

"Stay," said Lionel, lifting his head. "It is not the first hint of the sort that you have given me. Tell me honestly what it is you mean."

"You need not ask: you know already. Rachel owed her disgrace to you."

Lionel paused a moment before he rejoined. When he did, it was in a quiet tone.

"Do you speak from your own opinion?"

"No, I don't. The secret was entrusted to me."

"By whom? You must tell me, Sibylla."

"I don't know why I should not," she slowly said, as if in deliberation. "My husband trusted me with it."

"Do you allude to Frederick Massingbird?" asked Lionel, in a tone whose coldness he could not help.

"Yes, I do. He *was* my husband," she resentfully added. "One day, on the voyage to Australia, he dropped a word that made me think he knew something about that business of Rachel's, and I teased him to tell me who it was who had played the rogue. He said it was Lionel Verner."

A pause. But for Lionel's admirable disposition, how terribly he might have retorted upon her, knowing what he had learnt that day.

"Did he tell you I had completed the roguery by pushing her into the pond?" he inquired.

"I don't know. I don't remember. Perhaps he did."

"And—doubting it—you could marry me!" quietly remarked Lionel.

She made no answer.

"Let me set you right on that point once for all, then," he continued. "I was innocent as you. I had nothing to do with it. Rachel and her father were held in too great respect by my uncle—nay, by me, I may add—for me to offer her anything but respect. You were misinformed, Sibylla."

She laughed scornfully. "It is easy to say so."

"As it was for Frederick Massingbird to say to you what he did."

"If it came to the choice," she retorted, "I'd rather believe him than you."

Bitter aggravation lay in her tone, bitter aggra-

vation in her gesture. Was Lionel tempted to forget himself?—to set her right? If so, he beat the temptation down. All men would not have been so forbearing.

"Sibylla, I have told you truth," he simply said.

"Which is as much as to say that Fred told—" she was vehemently beginning, when the words were stopped by the entrance of John Massingbird. John, caught in the shower near Deerham Court, made no scruple of running to it for shelter, and was in time to witness Sibylla's angry tones, and inflamed face.

What precisely happened Lionel could never afterwards recal. He remembered John's free and easy salutation, "What's the row?"—he remembered Sibylla's torrent of words in answer. As little given to reticence or delicacy in the presence of her cousin, as she had been in that of Lucy Tempest, she renewed her accusation of her husband with regard to Rachel: she called on him—John—to bear testimony that Fred was truthful. And Lionel remembered little more until he saw Sibylla lying back gasping, the blood pouring from her mouth.

John Massingbird—perhaps in his eagerness to contradict her as much as in his regard to make known the truth—had answered her all too effectually before Lionel could stop him. Words that burnt into the brain of Sibylla Verner, and turned the current of her life's pulses.

It was her husband of that voyage, Frederick Massingbird, who had brought the evil upon Rachel, who had been with her by the pond, that night.

As the words left John Massingbird's lips, she rose up, and stood staring at him. Presently she essayed to speak, but not a sound issued from her drawn lips. Whether passion impeded her utterance, or startled dismay, or whether it may have been any physical impediment, it was evident that she could not get the words out.

Fighting her hands on the empty air, fighting for breath or for speech, so she remained for a passing space: and then the blood began to trickle from her mouth. In the excitement, she had burst a blood-vessel.

Lionel crossed over to her: her best support. He held her in his arms, tenderly and considerately, as though she had never given him an unwifely word. Stretching out his other hand to the bell, he rang it loudly. And then he looked at Mr. Massingbird.

"Run for your life," he whispered. "Get Jan here."

(To be continued.)

A KING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

THE family of the Von Neuhofts, which expired in the year 1811, held for many generations a high position in Westphalia. In 1695, the future representative of the family gave it the first push down the path of decadence, by marrying a girl of equivocal character, which caused an irreconcilable breach between him and his relations. He thereupon entered the French army, and while stationed at Metz, a son was born to him in 1696.

He was christened Theodore Anton, and is the subject of my memoir. The father died shortly after, and his mother proceeded to Paris, where her conduct was a bad example for the boy. She, namely, became the left-handed wife of the Count de Montagne, one of the gentlemen in waiting of that clever German princess, Elizabeth Charlotte, Duchess of Orleans and mother of the Regent, who was so remarkable for her mania for letter-writing.

Theodore Von Neuhoff entered the Duchess's service as page, and after the custom of the day, was educated for the army. His intimate friend, the Marquis de Courcillon, gave him a lieutenancy in his dragoons, and for awhile Theodore Von Neuhoff lived in magnificent style. Falling hopelessly into debt, he quitted the French service, and made his way to Holland. Here he offered his services to the well-known Baron Von Görtz, at that time Swedish ambassador at the Hague, who employed him upon several diplomatic missions, among others to the court of Spain. My readers may feel surprised that the plenipotentiary of a great power, for such Sweden was at that day, should not hesitate to enter into such friendly relations with a fugitive bankrupt; * but the truth is, that Görtz himself was a political adventurer, though on a grander style, and was connected with the countless scamps whom the intriguing policy of that day found it necessary to employ, and who were all linked together by a species of freemasonry.

When Görtz was beheaded at Stockholm, on February 28, 1719, Von Neuhoff was engaged on business of his at Madrid, and would have fallen into an abject state of poverty, had not Cardinal Alberoni, the Spanish prime minister, been a political adventurer of the same breed as Görtz. The adventurer in the red hat did not permit our adventurer to starve, but gave him a commission as colonel, and procured him in addition to his pay a pension of 600 pistoles. Moreover, Von Neuhoff worked his acquaintance with the omnipotent minister so cleverly, that he soon got together a fortune of from ten to twelve thousand pistoles. This success, however, made the young man so arrogant, that he treated the Spaniards impertinently, and hence, on Alberoni's sudden fall, found himself surrounded by enemies. At the moment when he was preparing to fly the kingdom, another adventurer came to his assistance in the person of the Duke of Ripperda.

Ripperda advised him to marry a lady of the Queen's bedchamber, who stood extraordinarily well at Court, and introduced him to her. The plan succeeded: Lady Catherine Sarsfield, daughter of Lord Kilmarnock, who was the cousin of the celebrated Duke of Ormond, became the wife of our adventurer, and secured him once more a brilliant position in Madrid. The lady, however, does not seem to have possessed the gift of enchaining her husband; but, on the contrary, shortly became so unendurable to him, that he preferred running away rather than remaining by her side, and he took ship at Carthagena for France. It need not surprise us, in an adventurer of this sort,

* I had nearly written that such a thing would be impossible at the present day, but I remember in time the case of Chevalier Wikoff and Lord Palmerston.

that Von Neuhoﬀ carried oﬀ with him all his wife's jewellery and valuables. He arrived in Paris at the moment when the Mississippi swindle was at its height. Of course adventurer Law and adventurer Von Neuhoﬀ soon became thick as thieves, and the former procured him a parliamentary decree that protected him from the persecutions of his old creditors. So long as the bubble lasted, Von Neuhoﬀ lived *en grand Seigneur*, and spent fabulous sums; but when Law became bankrupt and fled, my hero was once more in a very awkward fix. At this moment his loving sister, the Countess de Trevoux, took compassion on him, and he cost her such enormous sums, that her protector, Count de la Mark, became impatient at it, and obtained a *lettre de cachet* in favour of Von Neuhoﬀ. The poor fellow was compelled to fly from France, and took with him a few unconsidered trifles, as usual, that did not belong to him. This appears to have been a weakness of my hero: the Duchess of Orleans tells us that on his flight "he robbed his sister of two hundred thousand francs, and Law's brother of close upon a million." I doubt whether matters were so bad as this, for the old lady was fond of a good mouthful, and seems to have had a spite against her ex-page, for which, however, she can hardly be blamed. Von Neuhoﬀ went first to England, and thence to Holland, and at Amsterdam he crept into the favour of several rich merchants, especially Portuguese Jews, who advanced him considerable sums, with which he went oﬀ to trade in the Levant.

And here comes a gap in my adventurer's life, which all my research has been unable to fill up. I lose him entirely out of sight, and can only assume that he spent some time with Baron Ripperda, who had been stripped of his grandeeship and ducal title, and was now General in the service of Muley Abdallah, Emperor of Morocco, under the name of Osman. It may be assumed that Ripperda, who only maintained his position in Morocco through his intimacy with the most illustrious European adventurers, promoted Von Neuhoﬀ's bold plans in every way; but I am unable to oﬀer any direct proof of this. Our adventurer's idea was to put himself at the head of the Corsicans, who, wearied of the despotism of the Genoese, were preparing to declare their independence. Von Neuhoﬀ had entered into negotiations at Leghorn with the national chiefs, and speedily convinced himself that a man who supplied the Corsicans with money, arms, and ammunition, might easily raise himself to supreme power. On this trust he acted, and ere long Europe was amazed at reading the following news-letter in nearly all the papers:—

Bastia, April 5, 1786.

An English ship, said to belong to the Consul of that nation at Tunis, anchored in Aleria Bay, on March 13th ult., having on board a very illustrious personage, whom some state to be an English Lord, others a Royal Prince, and others again Prince Rayoczy. So much is certain, that he is of the Romish Confession, and is called Theodore. His dress is after the fashion of that of Christians who travel in Turkey, and consists of a long scarlet quilted coat, velvet peruke, hat, stick, and sword. He has a suite of two officers, a secretary, a chaplain, a chamberlain, a steward, a cook, three slaves, and four lacqueys. He has landed his cannon,

over 7000 musquets, 2000 pairs of shoes, a great quantity of stores of every description, as well as several chests full of gold and silver specie. The leaders of the Corsicans have received him with signal marks of honour, and given him the titles of Excellency and Viceroy: he has also appointed four of the Corsicans colonels, with a monthly pay of 200 pieces of eight, and raised twenty companies, in which each private receives a firelock, a pair of shoes, and a sequin. He has taken up his residence in the bishop's palace, at Campo Loro, in front of which 400 men, with two cannon, keep guard.

This piquant article attracted the attention of all Europe to Corsica, but the mysterious personage, only indicated by the name of Theodore, was no other than our friend Von Neuhoﬀ, who placed himself at the head of the insurgents, and declared war against the illustrious Republic of Genoa. Matters progressed rapidly; on April 15, Von Neuhoﬀ was unanimously elected King of Corsica, and crowned in the open field with a wreath of leaves, which must have looked remarkably chaste on the above-mentioned peruke. At the same time a capitulation was drawn up between the new king and his subjects, to the effect that the crown would be hereditary in his family, on condition that the reigning monarch belonged to the Catholic faith and resided permanently on the island.

The whole affair now seems very ludicrous, but at that time was sober seriousness. The adventurer had become a real king, the king of a nation struggling to free itself from foreign domination, and he would have had an opportunity to play a great and noble part—had he been more than an adventurer. At the same time it cannot be denied that the man assumed with the royal title a certain dignity; that he felt, partly at any rate, the obligations he had assumed; and that the good points of the old Westphalian gentleman came to light. After the election the new king proceeded to organise his court. Costa, with whose assistance he had carried on the negotiations at Leghorn, became Lord Chancellor and Keeper of the Seals, and was raised to an earldom. Don Xavier was appointed Marquis and Treasurer; Don Giafferi, Count and General of the Army; and Don Hyacintho Paoli, Vicegerent. King Theodore had gold, silver, and copper coins struck, on the obverse of which was his bust, with the inscription: "Teodorus d.g. unanimi consensu electus Rex et Princeps Regni Corsici." On the reverse was a crown supported by three palm-trees, with the legend: "Pro bono publico Corsico." Other coins of his bore on one side the Immaculate Conception, with the legend: "Monstra te esse matrem;" on the other, the arms of the new kingdom, a Moor's head on a field *or*, and the family arms of the Von Neuhoﬀs, a broken chain *argent* on a field *sable*, coupled together.

We see from this that the kingdom of Theodore of Corsica was seriously meant, and the whole world regarded it as such. In Westphalia, the regal crown also created a sensation, and seems to have reconciled a portion of the haughty family with the adventurer, for I find several Westphalian cousins in the royal Corsican service; for instance, a Baron von Droste. The Republic of Genoa re-

garded Neuhoﬀ's kingdom most seriously of all, and as it was menaced with the loss of the island it issued on May 9, 1736, a proclamation, in which Baron Theodore von Neuhoﬀ was declared a swindler (not unjustly, as we know), a portion of his ill-spent life was revealed, and he was threatened with the severest punishment, as guilty of high treason. In addition, the Genoese oﬀered a reward of £300 for the king if surrendered alive, and £150 if dead. That there was no one willing to earn this reward speaks in favour of the adventurer.

King Theodore not merely issued a contrary manifesto, but acted too, and exerted himself to expel the Genoese from his island. In this he partially succeeded, and invested Bastia, the capital, which was still held by the Genoese. Von Neuhoﬀ does not appear to have been a bad soldier, for he defeated the enemy in several skirmishes, and even gained a pitched battle, on June 29, 1736, at Isola Rossa, in which the Genoese colonel, Marchelli, lost no less than 4000 men. The day after, King Theodore also captured two Genoese vessels, laden with money, arms, and ammunition. But this was the last smile of fortune; on August 29, he was repulsed by the Genoese at Calenzano, and, worse still, he began quarrelling with the Corsican chiefs, whom he held too tightly in hand, and who, in all probability, had expected a greater amount of assistance from him. Still the clever fellow managed to appease the malcontents, and as a symbol of reconciliation founded, on September 16, the royal Corsican Order of the Redemption. From this moment, however, matters took such an ugly turn, that King Theodore resolved to proceed to Europe, and personally fetch assistance. Early in November he landed at Leghorn, and proceeded through Paris to Amsterdam, where on April 19, 1737, he was arrested for old debts, and put in prison. He contrived, however, to get out again, on May 7, and was *not* handed over to the Genoese Republic, as it had demanded through its ambassador at the Hague.

The great support of our adventurer was, that all the enemies of the arrogant Republic of Genoa were not indisposed to give him assistance, at any rate, under the rose. Besides, on emerging from prison the king displayed indefatigable zeal; at one moment he was at Lisbon, then at Malaga, then in England, and back again in Amsterdam, and everywhere was at work to secure the independence of Corsica and his own kingdom. It also speaks in his favour, that the Corsicans had remained faithful to him, and governed the island in his name, with the exception of the fortresses of Bastia, Ajaccio, Calpe, and Pellegrino, which the Genoese still held. On September 13, 1738, King Theodore fulfilled the promise he had given the Corsicans on his departure: he arrived with several ships at Porto Vecchio, and landed large quantities of stores and ammunition. The Corsicans received him as their king; but he had arrived too late, for there was a French corps under Count Boissieux on the island, for the purpose of patching up a truce between the Genoese and the rebels. France had not recognised King Theodore, and had no intention of

doing so, as she was already meditating the annexation of Corsica to France. Hence it was her interest to let the Genoese and Corsicans weaken each other, but not to help the king in securing his supremacy. This policy was successful, for thirty years later Corsica was French.

In November, 1738, the French demanded the extradition of Von Neuhoﬀ, and the poor king found himself compelled to quit his country for the second time. He fled to Naples, where he was arrested and sent to Gaëta, but was treated with great kindness, and soon after released. In Naples the illustrious Republic of Genoa was not particularly beloved, either. From this time Von Neuhoﬀ's adventurous career recommenced, and we see him constantly rising and being eclipsed in all sorts of places. In 1739 I come on his trail at Rome, Venice, and Tunis, and in 1740 at Cologne. The next year he was in Switzerland, and in 1742 again reached England. There is evidence to prove that the British government of the day negotiated with him, and was disposed to supply him with the means to expel the French from Corsica; but in all probability the negotiations were made, not with the king, but with the individual. Still, it appears that large promises were made him. On January 12, 1743, King Theodore turned up at Leghorn, where he collected the expelled Corsicans, and issued a manifesto, in which he oﬀered a general amnesty to all who had deserted him, with the exception of Paoli. In this manifesto he calls himself "Theodore, by the grace of God, King of Corsica, and Grand Master of the Military Order of the Redemption." In conclusion, it runs thus: "Such is our royal will. For this purpose we have subscribed it with our own hand, and confirmed it with our royal seal. Given at Bologna, on the 30th January, of the 1743rd year since the birth of Christ, and the seventh of our kingdom, which may God render happy and increase. THEODORE."

With manifestoes, however, no kingdom can be rendered happy: but the king of Corsica did not do much more. He certainly sailed to the island, and landed ammunition and stores at Isola Rossa, but he did not leave his ship himself, and contented himself with cruising off the coast and preventing reinforcements arriving from Genoa. We have seen that our adventurer was not deficient in courage, and hence other motives must have restrained him from placing himself at the head of his faithful Corsicans. Probably he regarded the whole affair as hopeless since the interference of the French, and merely employed his royal title as a means to commence negotiations and intrigues, which would bring him in money; possibly, though, I may do him injustice by this supposition. Soon after he disappeared again, presently to turn up at Siena, when his partizans ventured a new attack on the Genoese, and at a convocation held at Corte, on June 14, 1744, signed a document in which they pledged themselves to live and die for Theodore, their king. It must be considered that my adventurer was no common man, and possessed better qualities than his life-history makes known; otherwise this

devotion of the Corsicans to him would have been an impossibility.

About this time Von Neuhoff disappears again till 1748. Some persons state that he resided in Holland, but he can hardly have been inactive, for that was contrary to his nature. In 1749 we find him again in London, and this visit was eventful for him, as it has been to many adventurers before and since. The king of Corsica was arrested for debt; but I must remark, in his justification, that they were debts which he incurred for the liberation of Corsica. The purveyors of arms and ammunition locked him up, and Government, on whom he fancied he had claims, would not help him: it denied *in toto* any negotiations with him. From this moment the poor monarch was a ruined man. He was removed to the King's Bench, and spent nearly the whole of his days there. It was a terrible change for a man accustomed from his earliest youth to restless and incessant activity. The courage and noble resignation with which he accepted his fall at the outset, soon gave way, and he showed that he was not a true hero, but only an adventurer. On March 27, 1752, he appeared at Westminster, with other King's Bench prisoners, before a Parliamentary Commission, and broke out into bitter complaints of the treatment he was compelled to put up with. The members took pity on him, and procured him a more comfortable room; but they could do no more, unless they paid the enormous sums he owed his creditors.

Want and hunger tormented the man who had once really worn a royal crown, and he made an appeal to public charity. The London actors first took up his cause. Garrick gave a performance in his behalf, which produced a considerable sum; but for all that, Von Neuhoff's condition was so deplorable, that he made an unsuccessful attempt to escape in 1755, which naturally entailed stricter confinement. But his misfortunes were not ended yet. In the same year an Act of Parliament was passed, by which all insolvent debtors were set at liberty. Through this act Von Neuhoff became free, and the ex-king of Corsica positively had not a roof to shelter him. In May, 1756, he made an affecting appeal for assistance in the newspapers: he wished to return and die in his native land. But which was the poor adventurer's native land? even at his birth he possessed none. A few of his former aristocratic friends gave him some assistance, but it must have been inconsiderable, for he was unable to leave the country: at any rate, he was not long a burden to his friends, for he died in December, 1756, aged sixty-one. The parish buried him, and I believe that his grave is still pointed out in Old St. Pancras churchyard.

Such was the end of Theodore, King of Corsica. I call the Westphalian Adventurer a king, because since his day, history has given a kingly title to adventurers who had much less claim to it than Theodore von Neuhoff. A brave nation fighting for its liberty had given him the crown, while others were invested with it at the caprice of a mighty despot. The Westphalian adventurer, at any rate, was King of Corsica, just as fairly as, some fifty years later, a Corsican adventurer was King of Westphalia.

IASCHELLES WRAXALL.

PRINCE HASSAN AND THE OGRE.

EASTER MONDAY, about seventeen thousand years ago, fell on Tuesday, the 1st of April; and, on that very day, the gallant young Prince Hassan, heir-apparent of All the Cashmeres, went out with hound and horn to hunt the deer. A fine buck was soon found; but as it went away twice as fast as the dogs could run after it, and the dogs ran twice as fast as the prince could gallop, and the prince galloped twice as fast as anybody else, you will not be surprised to hear that, after three hours' hard riding, his royal highness found himself quite alone; and moreover, on looking round him, he perceived that he was in a place where he had never been before,—a dismal valley closed in with rocks, and without a trace of a road to lead him home. To complete his misfortunes, his horse—from which he had dismounted for a moment—ran away on its own account; and, after serious reflection, he was obliged to conclude that he had lost his way, and didn't know what to do.

Presently, however, he espied in the hill-side the mouth of a large cavern; and as he was exhausted with heat and thirst, he determined to enter it, in hopes of finding shelter and water. To his delight there was a cool spring rising just inside; but no sooner had he knelt down and taken a draught, than he heard a dreadful roar from the bottom of the cavern; and, looking up, he beheld a frightful ogre, who came up to him in two strides, and caught him by the waist between his finger and thumb. This monster's head was as big as a haystack; his mouth was like a great oven, with rows of grinders like immense quatern loaves; his eyes were like the red lamps that you see on railways; and as for his nose, it was such an object that there really is nothing in the world ugly enough for me to compare it to. Few ogres are handsome; but this one was so horrid and nasty, even for an ogre, that none of the other ogres would live with him, and no ogress would marry him; so he was forced to sulk by himself in this solitary bachelor cavern. His name was Uglymug-gimo; but the prince didn't know that.

"I'll teach you to come into my house and drink my water, without my leave," said the ogre in a dreadful voice; "all's fish that comes to my net; and I shall swallow you as you would an oyster,—if you had any in Cashmere."

So saying, he went to his cupboard and took out the pepper-caster and vinegar-cruet, each of which was the size of a sentry-box.

"I am sure I am very sorry to have offended you, sir," said the prince (though the ogre held him so tight that he could hardly speak), "I meant no harm; and as for swallowing me, I really think you had better not. I don't say this on my own account; but I am certain I'm not fit to eat; you will find me very nasty, you will, indeed."

"Ho, ho," said the ogre, "so much the better! The nastier things are, the more I like them! There's nothing that I can't swallow! Why, if you could bring me anything I couldn't swallow, I'd give you leave to cut off my head."

"Begging your honour's pardon," said the prince, "I think I have seen a great many things that a nice, clean, good-looking gentleman like

you would never be able to swallow ; and if you would just let me go home and look about me a bit, I feel sure I could bring you something of the sort, —and then I hope your honour would not forget what you said just now."

"Very well," said the ogre, after reflecting a little, "I don't mind letting you have a trial—indeed as I don't happen to want you just now, it will suit me very well. I will give you leave to try four times ; but mind, you must give me your word of honour to come back here every day at noon ; and unless you bring me something that I can't swallow, I shall swallow you yourself on the fourth day ;—that's all."

Now, you must understand that the ogre did not say this out of any mercy for the prince ; but the fact is, he liked best the things that it would make everybody else sick even to look at ; and he thought this would be a good opportunity for getting a choice supply of all the dainties that he was so fond of, without any trouble ; for he wanted some variety, and was tired of picking up dead dogs, and robbing the pigsties.

The prince gave his word to come back very gladly, for he thought he should have no difficulty in bringing the ogre something that even he would find too horrible to swallow ; and so the giant let him go, and showed him a backway out of the cavern, which, to his great surprise, opened on the cliffs just above his father's palace, to which he returned before he had been missed.

You may think that the ogre was rather simple for supposing that the prince would come back again to be eaten up after he had once got away ; but he knew that no prince ever broke his word, you know, seventeen thousand years ago.

No sooner had he got home than Prince Hassan set about making a pudding, which he hoped the ogre would find too much for his stomach. He took fifty adders, fifty rats, a dozen old shoes, a hundred python's eggs (addled), and two scuttlefuls of rubbish out of the dusthole ; over these he poured six bottles of blacking, tied it all up in a beggar's old shirt, and for water to boil it in, desired the Grand Mistress of the Slop-pails to bring him the dirty soap-suds from all the basins in the palace. With this precious mess he knocked at the ogre's back-door exactly at twelve o'clock the next day.

"Well, my young gentleman, let us see what you have got here," said the monster, taking up the pudding ; "it smells rather nice." And, to the dismay of the poor prince, instead of flinging it away in disgust, he popped it into his mouth and munched it up like a penny tart.

"Ho, ho," he said, "not bad—not bad ! Do you call that nasty ? You must bring me something very different, if you expect me not to swallow it. Ho ! come again to-morrow."

And then he took out an old pitchfork which he used as a toothpick, and went back to his den.

The next day the prince thought he would be very cunning, and bring the giant a meal that he did not expect. Since he seems so fond of nasty things, he said to himself, I will try if I can't puzzle him by a dish of something very nice.

So he went round to all the pastrycooks in

the town, and bought up all the twelfthcakes, the gingerbread, apricot-jam, and barley-sugar in their shops ; and again, at twelve o'clock exactly, he knocked at Uglymuggimo's door.

When the ogre saw what was brought him, he fell into a furious passion.

"How dare you bring me such disgusting rubbish ?" he roared out. "Is this proper food to set before a gentleman ogre ? Take it away this instant ; but—no ! Stop ! You shan't escape me that way. I will eat it ; but if you dare to play me such a trick again, I will skin you alive and stick you in my mustard pot. I will make you envy the very frogs and flies that you used to catch when you were at school ! I will !" Then, holding his nose and shutting his eyes, he thrust all the dainties between his enormous jaws, and swallowed them down with a great gulp. "Ho, ho," he said, you see that won't do either, my young friend. Come again to-morrow ; and, remember, no more nonsense !"

This was a sad disappointment to Prince Hassan ; and his only consolation was, that the expression of the giant's face raised some hopes that he was suffering from stomach-ache.

But, as he was returning home, he happened to pass the chemist's shop to which, in the days of his boyhood, his mamma used to send for black doses ; for she made a rule of administering one to him the first Monday in every month, according to the ancient customs of the Court of Cashmere. The sight gave him new hopes. "I am saved !" he joyfully exclaimed ; and immediately sent a herald round the town with a proclamation that all the rhubarb, all the jalap, all the castor oil, and all the senna-tea that could be found should be mixed together in a tub and brought to the palace. His orders were obeyed ; and, on that happy night, no physic was taken in the whole city.

The next day at twelve o'clock exactly, the prince again went to the ogre's back door, taking his tub with him ; but this time he was full of confidence.

"I have beat him this time, for certain," he said to himself ; "if he were ten times an ogre he would never be able to swallow such a draught."

But, bless you ! no sooner had the monster seen the horrid mixture than he tossed it off like a glass of lemonade, smacking his lips after it.

When the prince saw this, he began to despair ; for he felt that his last chance was gone.

"Ho, ho," said the giant, with a dreadful grin, "don't be cast down. You have one more chance, you know ; try again. Why don't you bring me such a thing as a tough old woman, now ? Perhaps I shouldn't be able to swallow that : ho, ho !" And then he laughed in such a violent and vulgar way that he shook down six large trees.

"No, no," said the prince ; "I see it would be no use ; you had better take me at once and have done with it ; I give up ; you can swallow anything if you could swallow what I brought you just now. Besides, where should I find an old woman who would consent to take my place ?"

"As for that," said the ogre, with an odious wink, "I should have thought a stout young man like you could have managed to persuade an old woman to come this way without much trouble.

And as for my being able to swallow her, I don't know—I can't say—I am a little dainty sometimes—at any rate, it is worth your while to try, I should think; for remember, *to-morrow is the fourth day!* Ho, ho!”

So saying, he went back into his cave; and the prince heard him sharpening his knife and cleaning his frying-pan in a way that froze his marrow.

The unhappy young man now gave himself up for lost, and went home to the palace in the worst possible spirits. “I shall go a very different road this time to-morrow,” thought he. However, he concealed his feelings as well as he could, not to distress his parents; for he was a dutiful son. All night he lay awake; and as soon as it was day he got up and went out to take a last walk in the country, and while away the time till the dreadful hour of noon. After walking some time, he came to a wretched, tumble-down old cottage; and looking in through the window (which was broken) he saw within an equally wretched and tumble-down old woman, dressed in rags, shivering with cold and lean with hunger.

“How now, Goody?” said he, walking into her miserable room through the broken door. “You don't seem over-comfortable here.”

“Comfortable?” said she, in a cracked and wheezy voice, “I haven't known what that word means for these twenty years. I am old, and poor, and sick; I have got the ague, and the rheumatics, and the toothache, and the earache, and oh, such dreadful corns! I have nobody in the world to care for me; and I heartily wish I was dead, for I don't know what good I am here.”

When the prince heard the old woman talk in this way, the wicked thought which the ogre had put into his head came back to him, and began to tempt him. “Surely,” he said to himself, “there can be no great harm in taking this poor wretched creature to the giant. Perhaps he won't like her, and then all will be well; but even if he does, of what value is her life, compared with the chance of saving mine? I am young, happy, beloved; my death will plunge my parents, my family, the whole nation into grief; and then what plans I had for doing good! How prosperous the people would have been under my reign! Surely I ought not to allow a weak scruple to deprive the world of the immense advantages which depend on my life; and this old thing, if she has any right feeling, ought to be proud of such an opportunity of making herself useful. If she could do any good here, it would be different; but she says herself—”

He was interrupted in these thoughts by a tapping at the broken window; and looking up, he saw a pretty white bird that had flown in.

“What is this?” said he to the old woman.

“Oh,” said she, “it is a pigeon that I picked up with a broken leg when it was young. I brought it home, and nursed it; and now it comes to me every day for such crumbs as I can give it.”

The prince's heart fairly smote him.

“I take this as a lesson,” he said within himself; “I see now that everybody is of some use in this world; and what right have I to take any one away from his place, and determine he will not be missed? This worthy old soul has been

able to do a kindness to a creature more helpless than herself:—I have had my share of comforts, and now I will bear my misfortunes for myself like a man, and not steal the life from another in the hope of saving my own.” “I beg your pardon, ma'am, though you don't know what for; and pray accept my purse, for which I am afraid I have not much further use.”

Then the prince left the cottage; and as it was now getting near twelve o'clock, walked boldly towards the mountain. Meanwhile the ogre was expecting him very eagerly. The fact was, as perhaps you have guessed, that an old woman was a treat that he was particularly fond of; and he made sure that the prince would take the hint he had given him and provide one, to try and escape from being eaten up himself; for he was so mean and cruel an ogre that he had no idea that anybody could do a generous action, or sacrifice himself rather than be unjust. He had eaten very little breakfast, on purpose to have a good appetite for his luncheon; and there he sat, licking his lips, and watching the path by which the prince was to come; and you may fancy his rage and disappointment when he saw him coming.

“What!” he roared out, “no old woman? I must have one! Where is she? Bring her! Quick!”

“Sir,” said the prince, as bravely as he could, “I have brought you no old woman; but you see I have kept my word, and come back myself.”

“You!” cried the ogre. “You, indeed! What is a poor tender young thing like you, compared to a fine, tough, bony grandmother? Why haven't you brought me one, you villain? What have you been about? Are you such a goose that you couldn't find one ever since yesterday?”

“No,” said the prince. “I did find one; but I didn't choose to bring her.” And then he told the ogre all he had seen at the cottage, and all he had thought, just as I have told it to you.

As he was telling his story, the giant got into such a fury that he could hardly contain himself.

“What!” he bellowed out, as soon as the prince had finished, “do you mean to tell me that you have been such a noodle, such a nincompoop, such a chicken-hearted baby, that when you had a chance of saving yourself at the expense of one poor old woman, you wouldn't do it? Nonsense! I'll not believe it! You must tell me some more likely story, for I CAN'T SWALLOW THAT!”

No sooner had he uttered these words, than there came a loud clap of thunder, and the monster turned as white as a sheet; and then there came a second clap, and the monster's knees began to tremble, and his teeth to chatter in his head; and then there came a third clap, and the roof of the cavern burst open, and the Lord Chief Baron of the Fairies came sailing in, seated on his great flying inkstand, drawn by twenty-four bats, with parchment wings, and traces of red tape.

“You wicked and nasty ogre,” said his lordship, in a stern and awful voice, “you have spoken your own sentence, and I have come to see it put in execution. You told the prince that you would give him leave to cut off your head if he could bring you anything that you could not swallow; you have just confessed that he has; and now your hour is come!”

So saying, he drew forth the great Sword of Justice, eighteen feet long, which he always carried in his waistcoat-pocket, and presented it to the prince.

"Go," he said, "meritorious youth; cut the head off that vile and hateful monster, and cast it out to the kites, wolves, and foxes."

The prince took the sword with a respectful bow, and going up to the ogre, who was now rolling on the floor, and blubbing like a great coward, as he was, flourished the weapon thrice, and then brought it down with so fair a blow on the giant's neck, that the head rolled from the shoulders; so there was an end of Uglymuggimo.

"Young man," then said the Chief Baron of the Fairies, "I am pleased with your conduct

on the whole, though you allowed a base thought to get the better of you for a moment: so if there is anything that you would like, mention it before the Court rises, and I will grant it you."

"My Lord," said the prince, again bowing respectfully, "I have more than I deserve already, and I wish for nothing further for myself; but if you could do anything to make that poor old woman more comfortable who taught me so good a lesson, I should be much obliged to you."

"Very well," said his lordship, "so be it; if you call upon her as you go home, I think you will see a change for the better."

So the prince walked cheerfully down the hill again; but when he came to the old woman's home, what do you think he saw? Instead of the



wretched tumble-down old hovel that he had left, he saw the prettiest, neatest, white cottage you can imagine, covered with roses and honeysuckles; and walking in, he found the old lady nicely dressed, sitting in a comfortable arm-chair, and looking as snug and happy as possible.

"Well, ma'am," said he, "how do you do, again? I hope you feel a little better than you did?"

"Oh, sir!" said she, "I am sure I don't know what has come over me! All my pains are gone; the house and everything seems grown new and fresh again; and, if I only had some nice young companion to live with me and look after me a bit, I should not envy the Queen of Cashmere herself."

No sooner had she said this, than the door opened, and a pretty little maiden, dressed in

white, and walking rather lame, came in with a curtsy; and without saying a word, set about getting down the cups and saucers, and making the old lady some tea.

"Who and what are you, my dear," said the dame in astonishment, "and who sent you here?"

"Please, ma'am," said the little maiden, "I am the pigeon that you were so kind to. A fine little gentleman, sitting on a flying ink-stand, touched me just now with a wand, which turned me into what you see; and then he told me to come and live with you for the rest of your days; which, I am sure, I shall be most happy to do."

So the prince went home very well contented; but he ever afterwards took care not to lose his way out hunting.

THE NOTTING HILL MYSTERY.



(See page 62.)

. See remarks prefixed to the first of these papers, Vol. VII., page 617.

SECTION VII.

1.—Statement of Mr. Henderson.

IN the concluding portion of the evidence we have now a double object in view. First, to lay before you the various links by which the circumstances, already detailed, are connected into a single chain; and, secondly, to elucidate the general bearing of the whole upon the particular case of the death of Madame R**, into which it is my more immediate duty to inquire. It was this

apparent connection with the entire story which first led me to investigate matters otherwise quite beyond my province, and you will, I have no doubt, after reading the evidence, concur in the propriety of my so doing.

It is unfortunate that, in this important part of the case, as previously with regard to the no less important point of the suspicious circumstances attendant on Madame R**'s first illness at Bognor, the evidence of the principal witnesses is

open to very grave question. It is not indeed, as then, that the moral character of the individuals themselves rests under any suspicion, for, so far as I have been able to learn, both the servant-of-all-work, and her lover, John Styles, are perfectly respectable people; whilst the young man Aldridge, though certainly a foolish and perhaps rather a dissipated young fellow, has a very fair character from the house of business in which he is now employed. But the evidence of the two former is, as will be seen, greatly diminished in value by the circumstances under which it was obtained, whilst, in the latter, there is so clear a suspicion of *animus* as cannot but throw still greater doubts upon evidence in itself sufficiently questionable—and rendered yet more so by other circumstances which will hereafter more fully appear.

It was this man Aldridge, whose letter, as you will remember, led to the investigation, of which the result is now before you; and his statement hereto annexed, that first gave substance to the suspicions of foul play on the part of the Baron, and, in conjunction with the discovery of the enclosed papers, subsequently induced me to extend my inquiries to the cases of Mr. and Mrs. Anderton. I confess that, notwithstanding the doubt with which his statement is surrounded, I am still inclined to accept it as substantially true, though possibly somewhat coloured by personal feeling against the Baron. The point, however, has seemed to me of sufficient importance to justify the occupying a considerable portion of this present division of the case with such evidence as I have been able to gather respecting the circumstances of his final ejection, and it will be for you to determine between the story as told by himself and that of Baron R**.

With regard to the other two witnesses who, by one of those singular coincidences that, in criminal cases, seem so often to occur, are able to confirm in some degree the evidence of Aldridge, there is, I think, less difficulty. They had certainly no business where they were, but the circumstances are such as to fully acquit them of any felonious intent, while even had such existed, it would be difficult to see how the fact of such intent could have exercised any influence over their present statements. It is moreover quite clear that there has been no collusion upon the subject.

I have now only to refer, in conclusion, to the fragment of paper found in the Baron's rooms in Russell Place, and the marked copy of the "Zoist," belonging to the late Mr. Anderton, to which Mr. Morton referred in his statement* as having formed the subject of discussion at Mr. Anderton's house on the evening of the 13th of October, 1854. The first of these is a portion of a letter, which I have endeavoured, so far as possible, to complete. Admitting that I have done so correctly, and coupling it with the fact of the visit which, as I have been able to ascertain, was paid by a foreign lady to the Baron "very early in the morning" following the death of Madame R**, it appears to throw no inconsiderable light upon the extraordinary circum-

stances of the death of Madame R**. The bearing of the latter upon the case will be perhaps less clear. I have no hesitation in admitting that when the connection first suggested itself to my own mind, I at once dismissed it as too absurd to be entertained for a moment. But I feel bound to add that the further my inquiries have progressed, the more strongly this apparent connection has forced itself upon me as the only clue to a maze of coincidences such as it has never before been my lot to encounter, and that while even now unable to accept it as a fact, I find it still more impossible to thrust it altogether on one side. I have therefore left the matter for your decision, merely pointing out, as I have before, in the opening portion of my report, that, even admitting the influence of these passages upon the mind of the Baron, and the ultimate success of the plan founded upon their suggestion, that success, however extraordinary, may not necessarily involve, as at first appears, the admission of those monstrous assertions of the "mesmeric" journal on which it was based.

With these observations, I now submit to your consideration the concluding portion of the evidence, after which it will only be necessary for me to take a brief review of the whole case before leaving it finally in your hands.

2.—Statement of Mrs. Jackson.

My name is Mary Jackson. I live in Goswell Street, City Road. I am a monthly and sick-nurse. In June, 1856, I was engaged to nurse Madame R**. I was recommended to the Baron by Dr. Marsden, who lodged in the same house. I have often nursed for him. Madame R** was not very ill. I don't think she was ill enough to require a nurse. Of course she was the better for one—everybody always is—but she could have done without one. I came by the Baron's wish. He was anxious like. The poor gentleman was very fond of his wife. I never saw such a good husband. I am sure no other husband would have done what he did, and she so cold to him. I don't think she cared about him at all. She hardly ever spoke to him unless it was when he spoke first. She never spoke much. She always seemed frightened; especially when the Baron was there. She certainly seemed to be afraid of him, but I can't tell why. He was always kind to her. He was the nicest and most civil-spoken gentleman I ever knew. It was not that he was not particular. Quite the reverse. I wish all husbands were half so particular, and then nurses wouldn't so often get into trouble. Everything used to be done like clockwork. Every morning he used to give me a paper what was to be given in the day. I mean medicine and food. A list of everything, with the time it was to be taken. Everything used to be ready, and I used to give it regular. No one else ever used to give anything. *The Baron never gave anything himself.* Never at all. I am quite sure of that. He used to say that it was nurse's business, and so it is. He often said he had seen so much sickness he had learned never to interfere with the nurse, and I only wish all other gentlemen would do the same. He used to be very particular about the physic. We always have the

* Section II. 2.

bottles for our perquisite. We get a shilling a dozen for them all round if they are clean. The Baron objected to this. He allowed me a shilling a dozen instead. The bottles were all put away in a cupboard. They never used to be quite emptied. The Baron always made a point of having fresh in before the old was quite finished. He said he always liked to have them to refer to in case of accident or mistake. He was a very careful gentleman. I nursed Madame R** every day until her recovery. I am quite certain that, during the hours I was there, nothing was ever given to her but what passed through my hands.

3.—*Statement of Mrs. Ellis.*

My name is Jane Ellis. I am a sick-nurse, and live in Goodge Street, Tottenham Court Road. In about the end of July, 1856, I was engaged as night nurse to Madame R**. Perhaps she did not exactly require one. She was ill, but she could help herself. At times she was very ill. It was much more comfortable for her, and she could afford it. Baron R** never seemed to spare anything for her. She was generally worst at night. The worst attacks used to come on about every fortnight. It was generally on a Saturday. I took turn and turn about with Mrs. Jackson. She took the day work, and I took the night. I used to come at ten o'clock, and leave at breakfast time. During that time I was never out of the room. It was the Baron's particular desire. When I first came he made it a condition that I should never leave the room, and never go to sleep. He was the most particular gentleman I ever nursed for. I have nothing whatever to say against him. Quite the contrary. He was always civil and pleasant spoken, and behaved most handsome, as a gentleman should do. He was uncommon fond of the lady. She didn't seem to care much about him. She was ill, poor soul, and could not care about anybody. She seemed quite frightened like. When the Baron came into the room she used to follow him about with her eyes, as if she was afraid of him. I never heard him say an unkind word. Other times she would lie quite quiet, and not speak a word for hours. She seemed afraid of everybody. If I moved about the room, I could see her eyes following me about and watching me everywhere. I think it was part of her complaint. The Baron was most attentive. I never saw such an attentive husband. He used to lie in the next room. It opened into the bedroom, and he always had the door wide open. He was a wonderfully light sleeper. If either of us spoke a word, he would be in the room directly, to ask what was the matter. I couldn't even move across the room but what he would hear it. He was a wonderful man. He seemed to live almost without sleep. I think it must have been the meat did it. He used to eat enormous quantities of meat. I never saw a man eat so much. When I first came he used to joke with me about it. Madame R** was not so bad then, and we used to talk sometimes. He told me it was because he was a mesmeriser. I don't believe in mesmerism. I told him so. He didn't say anything; he only laughed. One night he offered to send me to sleep. That was when I had been

there about a week. I said he might try if he could. He looked hard at me, ever so long, and made some odd motions with his hands. I did go to sleep. I don't believe it was mesmerism. Of course not. I think it was looking at his eyes. I told him so. He asked if he should do it again. He did it once more. That was the night after. I went to sleep then almost directly. Of course I knew it was not mesmerism, but I couldn't help it. He did not talk about it any more. He only said that I must take care not to go to sleep of my own accord. I did drop asleep three or four times after that. That was not from anything the Baron did. He was not in the room at the time. He must have been in the next room. I suppose the door was open. It always was. The first time I went to sleep was about a week after we had talked about the mesmerism. It was on a Saturday night, or Friday. I am not quite sure which. It was one of the nights when Madame R** was so ill. She had gone to sleep at about eleven o'clock. She seemed very well then. She was sleeping quite quiet. I suppose I must have dropped off. I was awake by her moaning in her sleep. That was about one o'clock. She soon woke up in great pain, and had a very bad attack. The Baron came into the room just as I awoke. Something woke him, and he came in directly. He told me what it was that woke him. It was me snoring. He said so. I fell asleep again a fortnight after in the same way. The Baron was not there. Madame R** was asleep. She had not slept for many nights. I must have dropped off in a doze hearing her so nicely asleep. The Baron woke me. That was at about one o'clock. He was very much displeased. He told me Madame R** had been walking in her sleep and might have killed herself. He said she went into the kitchen. I am certain that was where he said. I can swear it. He asked what I had taken for supper, and tasted what was left of the beer. He seemed very much vexed and disturbed. I was very sorry, and promised to be very careful another time. I never had such a thing happen in any other case, and I told him so. He said he would look over it that time, but it must never happen again. He went up-stairs afterwards. I think it was to speak to somebody. He said somebody had seen her, I think. Madame R** was ill that night. She began to moan while we were talking, and had a very bad attack. The Baron said she must have caught cold, and I am afraid she did. I determined to be particularly careful for the time to come. I was very careful for some time, particularly when she was asleep. She hardly slept at all for two weeks, but when she did I was very careful. At the end of that time I must have fallen asleep again. I was hardly aware of it. I know I must have been asleep, because when I looked at the clock it was two hours later than I thought. Madame R** was ill again that night. I was very much vexed. I began to think somebody was playing tricks upon me. It was so strange, coming every fortnight. I did not tell the Baron. I know it was wrong, but I was afraid. Next fortnight I was on the look out. Madame R** went to sleep again. I was determined not to go to sleep. I thought somebody must have played tricks with the beer,

so I wouldn't drink it. I ate no supper and drank nothing but some strong green tea I made for myself. I was quite sure the tea must keep me awake. It did not. I awoke with a great start about one o'clock, and found Madame R** bad again as usual. I was very much bothered about it. I made up my mind to tell the Baron if it happened again. It did happen again, but I did not tell him. Madame R** was so bad then I was really afraid, and, after that, it never happened again, and she got well. I know I ought to have told the Baron. I am very sorry I did not. Such a thing never happened to me before. Of course I have slept in a sick-room before, but not when it was against orders. I was there about three months. I dropped asleep in that way, I think, six times, but I am not quite sure. It was always while Madame R** was asleep. She was always bad afterwards. I did not say anything to her about it, or about her walking. The Baron particularly desired I would not. He said it would frighten her. He never asked me again whether I had been asleep, or I would have told him. I was really going to tell him once or twice, but something always happened to stop me. I can swear that nothing of the kind ever happened to me before. There must have been something wrong. I have sick-nursed twenty years, and have the best characters from many doctors and patients.*

4.—*Statement of Mr. Westmacott.*

"London, 20th September, 1857.

"SIR,

"I have the honour to inform you that in compliance with your request I have submitted to the most careful and searching examination and analysis the contents of three dozen and seven (43) medicine phials forwarded by you for that purpose.

"The number and contents of these phials correspond exactly with the prescriptions, &c., furnished by Messrs. Andrews and Empson,† and after the most exact analysis I have been unable to detect the slightest trace of either arsenic, antimony, or any similar substance.

"I have the honour to be,

"Your most obedient servant,

"THOMAS WESTMACOTT,

"Analytical Chemist."

5.—*Statement of Henry Aldridge.*

My name is Henry Aldridge. I am a clerk in the employ of Messrs. Simpson and Co., City. In the summer of 1856 I came to lodge at Mrs. Brown's, in Russell Place. I did not come there first as a lodger, but as a friend of her son. I had known him in Australia. We were together in the same store in Melbourne, and got to be great friends. We did not come home in the same ship. That is a mistake. I came home some weeks before he did, and was in Liverpool when he arrived. I think he came in the Lightning, but cannot be sure. I used to board so many ships that I can't call to mind. I was in a Liverpool house then for a time, and it was my duty to board every ship as she came up. I agreed to go with him to London. I could not

* This I find to be the case.—R. H.

† The chemists from whom the Baron obtained his medicines.

go directly, as I had to give notice to my employers, but I was to follow him. He asked me to stay with him for his wedding at his mother's house, and I did so. That was how I first came to Russell Place. After that he arranged with his mother for me to take a room regularly, and I was to pay so much a week, and so much more when I got a situation. I was not aware of the Baron making any objection. I saw very little of him. I slept on the floor above, and was always very careful not to make any noise on account of Madame R**. She was ill, and I took particular care not to disturb her. I used sometimes to be out late. I have been intoxicated in my life. Not very often. Not at all while I was in Russell Place. I have been out to my friends while I was there, and have drunk wine and spirits, but never to be the worse for it. I may have been merry. I don't say I have not been once or twice a little excited with wine. What I mean is, that I have never been in such a state as not to be quite conscious of what I was doing, and quite able to control myself. I am quite certain that I never made the slightest disturbance, or could have done so without knowing it. That I will swear to. I believe the Baron accused me of it to Mrs. Brown. He spoke to her several times about it, and wished her to turn me out. She said she had never seen anything wrong, and couldn't say anything till she did, because I was her son's friend. At last he got her to do it. The reason was that I was found by a policeman on the doorstep at about twelve o'clock one night insensible. The policeman knocked and rang, and woke up the house, and the Baron said I was drunk. I was perfectly sober. I had had nothing whatever but one small bottle of ale. The facts of the case were these, and I will swear to them. I had been kept late at our office with some heavy correspondence, and had then walked home with another clerk from the same office—William Wells—having taken nothing but one small bottle of ale, which I had at a public-house in High Holborn, as I felt quite tired. Wells had some brandy-and-water. He left me at the corner of Tottenham Court Road. When I got to Russell Place I tried to open the door with my latch-key, but the latch was fastened. I then rang at the bell, but could not make it sound, and the handle came out loose as if the wire was broken. I tried the key once more, and was just thinking whether I should not go to some place, as I did not like to disturb Madame R** by knocking, when the door was opened from the inside. I turned round to go in when something was thrust into my face, and I can remember nothing more. I must have fallen down insensible, and the policeman found me. This is the truth. I could not see who opened the door. There was a street lamp close to the area gate, but the person was in the shadow. I cannot account for it. I made sure at the time it was a trick of the Baron to get me turned out. I think so still, but am not so sure of it as I was. What I mean is, that, on reflection, I don't think it is certain enough to accuse him of such a thing. I will swear to the truth of what I have said. I will swear that I was perfectly sober—as sober as I am now. My

employers and Will Wells can prove it. I do not know why the Baron should have wished so much to turn me out. We never had words about anything. I don't think I ever spoke to him but once. I mean not more than "Good morning," or such like. That was on the occasion about which I wrote to the Assurance Office after Madame R**'s death. It was one Saturday night. I had had a half-holiday, and had been up to Putney in a boat with some friends. We had drunk a good deal of beer and shandy-gaff, but I was not drunk. I was quite sober, though perhaps a little excited. Nothing to speak of. I got home at about eleven o'clock. I had a latch-key then, but the lock was hampered; and when I got back home I found the servant girl sitting up to let me in. I went up very quietly not to disturb Madame R**. I saw her bedroom-door ajar as I passed. The door of the room next to it was wide open, and there was some sort of lamp burning. No one moved or said anything as I went by. I took off my shoes to go more softly, but the house was old, and it was impossible to move without the stairs creaking a little. The stairs below the Baron's room were stone and did not creak. I had a candle which I shaded carefully with my hand. I went to bed, but I suppose I was over-tired, for I could not get to sleep. The night was very hot. When I had been in bed about a couple of hours I thought I would have a good wash and see if that would cool me. I got up and went to the washhand-stand. I found the jug empty. The maid often forgot to fill it. I took the jug and went out on to the landing to fill it at the tap. I went very softly, not to disturb Madame R**. As I got on to the landing, I saw some one coming out of her room, and went to look over the bannister. From the landing of my room you can see that of the floor below. I looked over, and saw that it was Madame R**. She was in her dressing-gown, but had no candle. She went to the stairs, and there I lost sight of her. As I watched her past the door of the other room, I saw the shadow of a man's head and shoulders upon the wall, as if somebody was watching her. I leaned against the bannister to watch her, and it creaked, and the shadow vanished directly. When I looked up again it was gone, and at first I thought it must have been fancy, but I am quite certain about it now. I was only doubtful for the moment. It was so sudden. I could swear to it now. I saw it perfectly plain. I saw it all the time Madame R** was going down the first flight of stairs. About twelve of them. She was at the corner when I turned and leaned over to watch her. I felt convinced that Madame R** was walking in her sleep. The staircase was quite dark beyond the corner, and she had walked straight down. I was afraid she would hurt herself, and went down to the Baron's door. He was asleep; at least I had to knock twice. He then came to the door, and I told him what I had seen. He seemed a good deal annoyed, and at once took up the lamp, and went down stairs. I looked over the bannister, and saw him go down. From that place you can see right down to the door which leads to the kitchen-stairs. There is a glass partition between

them and the hall. I saw him go in at the door, and I saw the light through the glass as he went part of the way down stairs. Presently he came up again, and stood back from the door while Madame R** came up past him, and walked up stairs, and he then followed her. When I saw her coming up, I went back to my own landing and looked over. She went back to her own room, fast asleep still, as it seemed to me, and he followed. I heard whispering in the room, and then the Baron came up to me. He thanked me very much for telling him, and said that Madame R** had gone down into the kitchen, and was just coming out as he got to the foot of the stairs. He particularly begged me never to mention it, as it might come to her ears and do her harm, and I have never spoken of it to any one till I wrote to the Assurance Office. I had almost forgotten all about it when it was recalled to my mind by seeing that poor Madame R** had killed herself in a sleep-walking fit. I then wrote. I had no malice against the Baron, nor have I now. I don't know why he tried to turn me out. I suppose he really thought I disturbed his wife. He was very fond of her, and I dare say he was anxious and fretful about her. I was very angry at the time, but when I come to think of it, I dare say I was hard upon him. He never seemed to bear me any grudge about what I had seen. On the contrary, he always said he was very much obliged to me. This is all I know on the subject, and I can swear to the truth of every word. I am quite positive he said Madame R** had been into the kitchen.

6.—Statement of Miles Thompson.

I AM a police constable. In August, 1856, I used to be on night duty in Russell Place. I remember Baron R** speaking to me one night, and asking me to keep a look out as often as I could of a night to keep the street quiet. He gave me five shillings for my extra trouble. I was on the beat one night about twelve o'clock when I saw some one lying on the Baron's door-step. It was a young gentleman, and at first I thought he was dead, but found he was only insensible. I set him up against the railings, and was going to ring the bell, when I saw a latch-key in his hand. I tried it in the door and it opened it directly, and I took him into the hall. I then knocked and rang till somebody came. The bell rang quite well. The Baron came down in his dressing-gown, and two or three other people. I offered to go for a doctor, but the Baron said he was only drunk. I helped to carry him up-stairs, and get him into bed. The Baron gave me half-a-crown for my trouble. He seemed very much annoyed, as was natural, and said he wished I had taken the young man to the station. I think he was drunk myself. He smelt a little of beer, but not much. I helped put him to bed, and went away. That is all I know.

N.B.—By letters from Messrs. Simpson and Mr. Wells, Mr. Aldridge's assertion that he was sober is borne out up to the time of the latter's leaving him at the corner of Tottenham Court Road, certainly not more than half-an-hour before he was found as above stated by Police-constable Thompson.

R. H.

7.—*Statement of John Johnson.*

to
mister endusson sir obeadent to yore
Comands i hev eksammd tha belwir in russale
please wich in my humbel Hopinnium it hev ben
Templd wit by sum Hunperfeshnl And wich tha
Wir it hev ben tuk hof tha Kranke & putt bak
hall nobowlik wich hany Purfeshnl And wud be a
Shammd fur 2 du It i am sur yore hobeadnt survnt
too Comand

jon jonsun
Plommr hand belanger
totunmcort rode
london

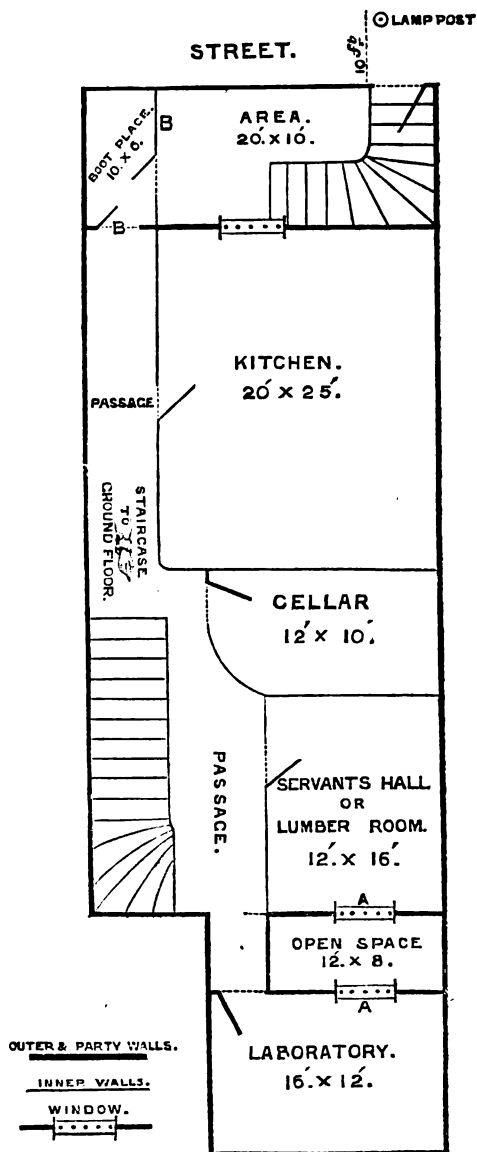
8.—*Statement of Susan Turner.*

My name is Susan Turner. In August, 1856, I was general servant to Mrs. Brown in Russell Place. I remember the night that Madame R** came down-stairs. I had sat up to let Mr. Aldridge in because the latch was broken. Mistress broke it that afternoon. I don't suppose the Baron knew anything about it. Mr. Aldridge came in rather late. I cannot justly say the time. He was quite right. I mean quite sober. He went straight up to bed. I did not go up to bed. My young man was in the kitchen. He is a very respectable young man upon a railway. I don't know what railway. I know he goes to Scotland sometimes with his engine, that is all. He is what they call a fireman. He was going down with a luggage-train somewhere that night very late, and came to see me. Mistress didn't know he was there. He came in after she was gone to bed. He was to start at two, and we sat till about one. He was just going away, and we were standing at the kitchen door when we heard somebody in the hall. I said, "Oh, Lor! that's missis." He said, "She'll be coming to look for you," and wanted me to go and meet her while he cut out by the area. I said no, that wouldn't do, by reason of it being all glass and a gas lamp at top of the area steps.* I pulled him along to the lumber-room. The lumber-room is behind the kitchen and the cellar. There are some old boxes and things there, but nobody ever goes into it. I thought my mistress would not think of looking there. Just as we got to the door we saw somebody come from the hall and down the stairs. I whispered to John, "Why that's not missis—that's Madame." My mistress was very tall and stout, and Madame R** was small and thin. I could see her as she came through the door, because there was some sort of light in the hall. She came right down-stairs and past where we were. She went right on into the little place at the end where the Baron kept all his bottles and stuff. She did not go into the kitchen. Not at all. I will swear to that. She went into the Baron's place. The laboratory, I dare say it is; I don't know. It was where the bottles are. John and me crept to the window and looked out. The window of the lumber-room looks right into the window of the back room where the bottles are.

* The arrangement alluded to will be seen from the accompanying plan. The inner partition is entirely of glass, while the outer has a row of large panes along the top.

You could see in quite plain. It was a bright moonlight night, and there is a sort of tin looking-glass over the back room window to make more light like. We saw Madame go into the room and take a bottle from a shelf. She poured out a

*Plan of basement floor of Baron R**'s lodgings, Russell Place.*



A A Windows of lumber-room and laboratory referred to in the evidence of John Sanders and Mary Allen.
B B Glass Partitions.

glassful and drank it. Then she put the bottle back in its place. It was the last in the second shelf. Then she went out again, and when we turned round we saw a light shining into the room

from the kitchen stairs. It stayed there till Madame had gone past our door again, and then it went up again. Just as it got to the top of the stairs I peeped out and saw it was the Baron. Madame was close behind him. I said to John, "Why, John, there's the Baron." He said he supposed he had come to look after his wife. After they had gone John and me went into the bottle place. We found the glass on the table. There were a few drops of stuff in it. John and me smelt it, and it was just like wine. It tasted just like wine, too. Then we looked for the bottle. It was at the end of the second shelf. It was about half-full of stuff that looked like wine. There was something in gold letters on the bottle. I can't tell what it was. It was "vin" something. I know that because John and me settled it must mean wine. I think I should know the rest if I saw it—[being here shown several labels, witness picked out the following "Vin. Ant. Pot. Tart." designating antimonial wine, a mixture of sherry and tartar emetic]—I am pretty sure that was the one. I remember it because they were such funny words. I remember John and me joking about "pots" and "pies." The stuff in the bottle smelt just like wine. It was just like sherry wine. I did not taste that. John wouldn't let me. He said I might go and poison myself for aught I knew. We put the bottle back and then John went away. I said nothing about it to anybody. Not even when Madame was taken ill that night. I was afraid by reason of John. I have never said a word about it to any living soul till I was asked to-day. Certainly not to Mr. Aldridge, nor he to me. I will swear to the truth of all I have said. I am quite positive that Madame never went near the kitchen. I am quite positive that the Baron must have seen her come out of the bottle place. He was standing with the candle in his hand waiting for her. That I can swear.

N.B.—The statement of the "young man" referred to fully corroborates the above statement. The accompanying plan will make this witness' evidence more clear.

9.—Copy of a letter from a leading Mesmerist to the compiler, with reference to the power claimed by mesmeric operators over those subjected to their influence.

"Dorset Square.

"MY DEAR SIR,—

..... Many times after throwing Sarah Parsons into the mesmeric state, I have willed her to go into a dark room and pick up a pin or other article equally minute, and however powerless she might be at the time out of the state was quite immaterial. My will and power being employed was sufficient. Then, Mr. L—, a paralytic, under my influence, without losing consciousness or undergoing any recognisable change, has many times, with the lame leg, stepped up on to and down again from an ordinary dining-room chair. This of course was a masterpiece of mesmeric manipulation. I wish I could write more and better, but my eyes forbid * * *

"With kindest regards,

"Yours most truly,

"D. HANDS."

10—Fragment of a Letter found in the Baron's room after the death of Madame R**.

pendrait n'est ce pas mon
œuvre philippe? Eh bien par
ce...t enfant, ce pauvre...petit ange (?)
qui nous regarde du...haut du ciel,
n'est ce pas philippe et que
nous ne reverrons ja...mais, par
ce...t enfant je te le j...ure. Tu m'en
sais bien capable j...e crois.
En...core une fois, aujo...urd'hui c'est
le...13, le 15, de grand...matin je
se...rai chez toi; il fa...ut que je
t...e trouve seul, tu... ne comprends;
se...ul au monde! n'...en sais
tu... pas bien le moy...en?
O...h! philippe je t'ai...me (je t'aime?)
sais tu ce qu'...e c'est qu'une
f...emme ja...louse?

COMPLETED.

.....On (?)

te...pendrait n'est ce pas mon
œuvre philippe? Eh bien par
ce...t enfant, ce pauvre...petit ange (?)
qui nous regarde du...haut du ciel,
n'est ce pas philippe et que
nous ne reverrons ja...mais, par
ce...t enfant je te le j...ure. Tu m'en
sais bien capable j...e crois.
En...core une fois, aujo...urd'hui c'est
le...13, le 15, de grand...matin je
se...rai chez toi; il fa...ut que je
t...e trouve seul, tu... ne comprends;
se...ul au monde! n'...en sais
tu... pas bien le moy...en?
O...h! philippe je t'ai...me (je t'aime?)
sais tu ce qu'...e c'est qu'une
f...emme ja...louse?

Translation of above.

(They) would hang thee, would they not, my poor Philip? Well, by that child—that poor (little angel) who is now—is it not so, Philip?—looking down on us from heaven, and whom we shall never see again, by that child I swear it to you. Once more. To-day is the 13th. On the 15th

very early in the morning I shall be at your house. I must find you alone—you understand me, alone in the world! Do you not well know the means? Oh, Philip, I love thee (I love thee). Knowest thou what a jealous woman is?

11.—*Extracts from the "Zotist Magazine," No. XLVII., for October, 1854.*

"MESMERIC CURE OF A LADY WHO HAD BEEN TWELVE YEARS IN THE HORIZONTAL POSITION, WITH EXTREME SUFFERING. By the Rev. R. A. F. Barrett, B.D., Senior Fellow of King's College, Cambridge.

* * * * *

"In January, 1852, I was calling upon —, when she happened to tell me that she had been in considerable pain for a fortnight past; that the only thing that relieved her was mesmerism; but the friend who used to mesmerise her was gone. . . . I continued to mermerise her occasionally for some months. . . .

"April 21st.—I kept her asleep an hour and a quarter in the morning and the same in the evening. She said* her throat looked parched and feverish; at her request I ate some black currant paste, which she said moistened it. . . . She said, 'Before you ate, my stomach was contracted and had a queer-looking sort of moisture in it; now the stomach is its full size and does not look shrunk, and part of the moisture is gone.'

"I. 'But you could not get nourishment so?'

"A. 'Yes: I could get all my system wants.'

* * * * *

"April 26th.—In the evening I kept her asleep one hour, and took tea for her.

"April 27th.—. . . I ate dinner and she felt much stronger.

* * * * *

"I kept her asleep two hours and a quarter in the morning and one hour in the evening, eating for her as usual."

(To be continued.)

NOTES TAKEN AT HAMPDEN CONCERNING THE GREATEST SQUIRE OF THAT ILK.

ON a beautiful spring morning, about twenty years ago, we started, from some deep rich meadows in the Vale of Aylesbury, to visit the hereditary home of John Hampden. We did not hope to gather any information which had not been laid long since before the reading world, or to be able to point out an uncanvassed probability connected with this great man; but we were anxious to ascertain if his family mansion yet contained a chamber which might have known his presence. We went to visit his grave, and the graves of his household; to tread the paths, and to look on the scenes over which his feet and eyes had wandered, some two centuries before; and we were determined to learn the history of that portrait of this popular leader which is preserved in his ancient home, and has been accepted as an original by his descendants, though Lord Nugent and Mr. Forster, in their excellent lives of the

patriot, have adopted as frontispiece an engraving from the Port Eliot picture; and fortunate in his generation is the great man who resembles it, who wears a countenance which illustrates so magnificently both moral and intellectual power and beauty. The parish register also had attractions for us; we would inspect the disputed entry of the patriot's burial, and learn who were the clergy that officiated at Hampden during the time of its greatest squire. The wall of their churchyard adjoins his garden,—they were certainly his nearest neighbours; if they possessed congenial minds, his friends and companions also. We knew already busy William Spurstow, the chaplain to the Green-Coats; but there must have been another rector during the forty-six years John Hampden owned these estates. The larks sang cheerily to us, rising from their dewy resting-places among the young corn, as we rode over the fine turf growing beside the rough cross-country roads of Buckinghamshire, or wound along narrow ways, where the clerical driver of a pony-chaise we met had much ado to keep clear of a wagon.

As we approached our destination, the green shade of the indigenous beeches fell upon us, and every leaf on their flexible shoots seemed semi-transparent, so delicate was the verdure which clothed the surrounding woodlands that sunny spring day. The ground beneath was carpeted in many places with the pure white flowers of the fragrant wood-ruff, and the nodding bells of the wild blue hyacinth. On the sloping sides of the neighbouring hills, juniper and box abounded, and the minute blossom of the latter shrub filled the air with a most "delectable smell," as the old botanists say. While the jays chattered above us, we speculated on the probable site of the excellent truffles which may be collected under these beeches, by the assistance of an intelligent pig, or a little dog trained for that purpose. It is possible that this interesting fungus was not so greatly appreciated when Queen Elizabeth visited, among the Buckinghamshire highlands, Francis, Earl of Bedford, at his house at Chenies, and Griffith Hampden, at Hampden. Many miles of green shade have faded since their days from the sides of the Chilterns; and as lovers of the picturesque, we looked sadly on the groves that remained, for we knew how rapidly they were vanishing before the plough.

The landscape around and beneath us, was peopled with historic associations belonging to the civil wars of the seventeenth century.

"Noll Cromwell" had ridden there,* "in the might of his spirit, with his swords and bibles, and all his train of disciples." Rupert and his cavaliers had plunged into the intricate woodlands; and Hampden and his green coats knew the passes well. The London red coats of Hollis, and the blue and purple uniforms of Lords Brook and Say, had appeared among these plains and groves; for the country was sorely rough-ridden then by foe and friend, the cattle were driven by turns for King and Parliament, and the smoke of burning homesteads and villages rose from the

* In a former portion of the case we are told that this patient was *clairvoyant* and could see her own internal condition.—R.H.

* Marchmont Needham, quoted by Mr. Forster in his "Life of Oliver Cromwell."

fertile fields. Many of the most important parliamentary leaders either belonged to Buckinghamshire, or had extensive family connections among its landed gentry; of this cousinhood were Oliver Cromwell, John Hampden, Sir Hardress Waller, Sir Richard Ingoldsby, Oliver St. John, General Ireton, Simon Mayne, the two Fleetwoods, James and Bulstrode Whitelock, and Sir Harbottle Grimston.*

Our eyes ranged over estates which had been owned by "true-hearted Nathaniels," and less spiritually-minded country squires; who nevertheless raised whole regiments, or commanded the troops they had levied in the popular cause.

The home of the Hampdens has occupied its present site since the days of King John; he visited the master who owned the inheritance in his reign, and a north-west chamber is named after that unworthy Plantagenet. The guest of Griffith Hampden has left her traces in the venerable pile, for the state bed-room is yet called "Queen Elizabeth's," and some of its antique hangings may have sheltered the Virgin Majesty of England. The windows of this apartment open upon a lawn of exquisite turf, into which the foot sinks silently and deeply: with such her great minister, Francis Bacon, covered the garden of his imagination, which he painted after the desires of his own heart. A few grand old cedars stand about the porch, but it is doubtful if sunshine and rain had fed and ripened the seeds from which they sprung in the days of John Hampden; and the interior and exterior arrangements and aspect of this ancestral home have been so frequently changed, that a small room on the ground-floor, called the Brick Parlour, is almost the only part remaining which can be associated with our hero. There he may have explained to his mother the causes of the great quarrel between King Charles and his Parliament; for, like her father and brother, the daughter of Sir Henry Cromwell of Hinchinbrook, had a most loyal soul, inspired by all a courtier's ambition. When there were "multitudes of lords a-making," we know that she wished her great son to be one of them. John Hampden succeeded in his infancy to the family estates, for his father died in 1597, when his heir was little more than three years old, and his will directs that his wife, Elizabeth, shall continue to enjoy the use of such apartments as she may choose in Hampden House. She had a long lease of those chambers, in a dwelling often visited by trouble and death; for we learn from the parish register, that she departed this life February 21st, 1664, having lived a widow sixty-seven years, and attained the great age of ninety. Her lengthened life comprehended more than twenty-eight years of Elizabeth's reign. She had discussed as county news the whole history of the Gunpowder Treason, which was hatched at Gayhurst in Buckinghamshire; and, almost before the victim's blood was dry, the hideous details of Sir Everard Digby's execution must have reached her solitary chamber. From its windows, she might have listened to the haunted psalm, and the dull sound of the muffled drums,

as she watched the long procession of disheartened troops, who bore, with furled ensigns, through the ancient woods, to the chancel vault in his parish church, all that remained of the great son she had borne—truly a Master in Israel! The still days of her saddened life were creeping over the Chiltern hill-sides when King Charles was led to the scaffold through the long gallery at Whitehall. She witnessed the rise and fall of the Commonwealth, and wondrous tidings, in the shape of family news, must have reached her solitude, of the crowning dignities of her slovenly nephew Oliver. As a very old woman, she heard, on her lonely hill, that wild midnight tempest of the 2nd of September, 1658, which traversed England, while one of the mightiest among the erring souls of men fluttered from the snares of his mortality. The next January saw her only surviving child, Richard Hampden, Lord of Emmington, in Oxfordshire, laid in the family grave, and it must have seemed a matter of little moment to her, when, in the following May, her great-nephew, Richard Cromwell, resigned the Protectorate, and retired into private life. Four years afterwards, this aged woman joined her family of ghosts.

The career of John Hampden belongs to the history of England: during his last seven years "he became the argument of all tongues," yet very few traces of his existence remain among us, and we can glean no incidents to illustrate his private life at his ancient seat, though that was the home of his boyhood, youth, and manhood; and there he spent the days of his most "jolly conversation," and those dark ones, when troubles fell heavily on his family and friends, and "he retired to a more reserved and melancholy way of life," preparing himself for the coming struggle.

We find him sending from thence, in 1631, to his dear friend, Sir John Eliot, then a prisoner in the Tower, books to solace his lonely hours, and a small buck out of his paddock. On the 3rd of October, in the same year, he announces to this correspondent a welcome birth, in these words:

"God, I thank Him, hath made me father of another Sonne." In August, 1634, his beloved first wife died; and "the reader who would learn how tender, and yet wise, John Hampden was—affectionate without weakness, and pious without affectation, may turn aside to the sequestered church of Great Hampden, and read the exquisite memorial which describes his wife's virtues and his own bereavement."*

Many good portraits, that must be marked as unknown, adorn the chambers and passages of this rambling old mansion. They represent fair and dignified women: men evidently prosperous and important in their generation. Among that nameless crowd are the masters and mistresses, sons and daughters, honoured guests and valued friends of Hampden House for the last 200 years; they all belonged, by kindred or alliance, to the old line and its branches, that came there in turn, to rule and occupy, and to die out. No chronicler was born among them to collect and record the fleeting interest and associations attached to these relics and portraits of the dead; so every clue by which they could now be identified is buried with

* See 28th Genealogy in Sir Alexander Croke's "History of the Croke Family."

* "Later Puritans," by the Rev. J. B. Marsden.

the Hampdens and the Trevor-Hampdens in the church and graveyard beside their pleasant garden walks; they might have been strangers who "tarried" there "but a day;" "the thin air" closed behind them, and the earth received them into her bosom, and their names and individuality are forgotten!

John, the twenty-fourth hereditary lord of the manor of Great Hampden, the last Hampden in the unbroken line of male descent, died unmarried in 1754, after having bequeathed the estate from which his ancestors derived their name to his kinsman, the Honourable Robert Trevor, afterwards Baron Trevor and Viscount Hampden, grandson of Ruth, fourth daughter of the patriot. Within the space of one century, in 1824, the male line of the Trevors also failed; and as that which came through a woman might not go to a woman, this historic property passed to George Robert Hobart, fifth and late Earl of Buckinghamshire, representative of Mary, sixth daughter of the patriot; the Pyes, late of Farringdon, who descended from his eldest daughter, Anne, having been unaccountably overlooked in the settlement of the property made by the twenty-fourth lord. The Earl was absent when we visited the place, but his confidential servant, a Scotch gardener, named Robertson, was in charge of the house and its treasures;* he showed us everything worth seeing, and told us all that was known about the relics which its various owners had left behind them.

We certainly fared better at Hampden than did Mr. Noble, the historian of the Cromwells,† who found a housekeeper there, "all civility, indeed, but stupid beyond the usual stupidity of such domestics. I asked her, among many other questions, what person a bust (pointing to it) represented: with a low curtsy, she replied: 'Really, sir, I do not recollect; but it is some old lady of the family,'" and then, with infinite disgust, as if pope or prelate had never been likened to an old woman in this wicked world before, the Rev. Mark Noble proceeds to tell us that the bust in question represented "the wise and worthy Dr. Trevor, Bishop of Durham, *without his wig*. He was called, for his comeliness, the Beauty of Holiness."

We viewed the magnificent prospect from the windows of the gallery library at the top of the house: we lingered before the interesting portraits of Robert, first Earl of Lindsey, of Queen Henrietta Maria and Sir Kenelm Digby; some jolly Satyrs led us away into Arcadia; but the extremely characteristic countenance of Bishop Bonner brought us hastily back to the sad realities of the past. It was never our fortune to see such an arrogant plethoric portrait before or since; we wondered how it had fared with the painter, and if the notorious prelate accepted with Christian meekness this exasperating delineation of his personal appearance?

We inspected the well-known Cromwell Bible, with its entries of births, against which are

bracketed the names of the sponsors at the baptism of the new-born; and then we turned to contemplate that portrait of the greatest Hampden, which is preserved in his ancient home. It represents a man of middle size and age, with a sallow complexion and delicate features, clad in armour, holding a roll of paper in his hand; his warm brown hair is long and wavy, descending over his shoulders; a faint colour tinges each cheek; the nose is decidedly nondescript; there is life and wit in the small, dark eyes; the brow is intelligent, though not fine or commanding; the mouth (by no means a handsome one) shows strength and character; it is full, yet compressed, resolute, and bespeaking self-control. The attitude and general expression of the face and figure, and the carriage of the head, indicate nervous energy and determination; but the calmly magnificent front, the grand outline, the signal beauty and openness of countenance, the noble form and bearing which distinguish the Port Eliot likeness, are not to be found here.

The few words which his contemporary, Sir Philip Warwick, incidentally dropped, gave us no warrant for expecting "form or comeliness" in the hero we were pursuing from the cradle to the grave.

Mr. Forster tells us, in a note to his "Life of Hampden," that the latter exchanged portraits with his friend, Sir John Eliot, and that both these pictures are now in the possession of the Eliot family. The same author pronounces their likeness of Hampden the only original in existence; and though we had seen no documentary evidence on the subject, we felt a strong prepossession in favour of the frontispiece which he and Lord Nugent had borrowed from Lord St. Germans' gallery; it realised our ideal of the popular leader; it looked as we thought John Hampden ought to have looked, and we inquired what ground our guide had for stating that *this* was the portrait of the patriot.

"I know that it is his likeness," was the answer, very deliberately given, "for I saw him in his coffin, and I afterwards identified this picture in the presence of my master, the Earl of Buckinghamshire."

Of course we fixed our astonished eyes upon the sedate Scotch gardener. Were we in the company of the Wandering Jew?

Our guide hastened to inform us that he had been present on the morning of the 21st day of July, 1828, when Lord Nugent exhumed a body which was supposed to be that of John Hampden, in order to ascertain whether he had died* "from a shot received in his shoulder, or from the accidental bursting of his pistol in his hand." The noble biographer had previously obtained the consent of the late Earl of Buckinghamshire, who was then abroad, and that of the rector of the parish, who was present at the disinterment: he was attended by Mr. Denman, the future Lord Chief Justice of England, and a small company of highly intelligent gentlemen, who venerated the memory of the dead; but it is ever to be regretted that no eminent surgeon attended the historic post-mortem examination made that Midsummer

* Mr. J. Robertson is now living at Nocton Hall, near Lincoln, in the service of the Countess Dowager of Ripon, herself a descendant of John Hampden.

† Quoted by Lipscomb.

* Mr. Forster's "Memoir of Lord Nugent."

day in the chancel of Great Hampden church, by a party of amateurs totally ignorant of anatomy and of the appearance presented by bodies which have been long dead. There was not even a medical student, or a village apothecary, among the group assembled round the vault. Yet this was a case where surgical evidence was indispensable to place the facts which might have been elicited beyond dispute, and to draw correct deductions from sights which the grave revealed.

The strangely interesting, but most unprofessional report of this ghastly transaction, which was published in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for August, 1828, made the proceedings of John Hampden's admirers public. The Earl of Buckinghamshire was highly offended at the manner in which the disinterment of his ancestor had been conducted; and the archdeacon of the county threatened with dire ecclesiastical punishments the rector who had consented to the exhumation and assisted at it. "This disturbance of the dead" was generally disapproved; and without doubt the subject became painful to the principal parties concerned.

Under these circumstances, since nothing had been satisfactorily proved, it is not surprising that Lord Nugent omitted all notice of the exhumation in his "Memorials."* He informed Mr. Murray, some years later—on what ground we know not—that he had many reasons for believing that the "skeleton" which he saw in Hampden Church was not that of the patriot. Mr. Denman, on the contrary, always entertained afterwards the strong belief that he had gazed "on what had been Hampden; he was sure that he had seen the very identical body of the great patriot."† And so we found was Mr. Robertson, whose story fully corroborates the impressions of the Chief Justice; though it differs, on one or two points, from the anonymous narrative published in the "Gentleman's Magazine." The writer of that article, whoever he was, assures us that "no regular features were apparent," and yet he proceeds to describe a state of things which practically contradicts such an assertion, and perfectly agrees with the account of our informant, conveyed in two letters, dated respectively August, 1859, and September, 1862. "The face, breast, and fleshy part of the arms were perfectly entire," writes Mr. Robertson, "with the exception of the grialy portion of the nose, which had given way, owing, perhaps, to the pressure of the cerecloths; and the right hand of the corpse was not wrapped in a separate cloth, but had dropped off from the wrist, and all the little bones of the fingers were lying in the cerecloth, with no flesh attached to them, and, up to the elbow, the bone of the arm was perfectly bare. I have often thought it very possible that John Hampden died from the bursting of his own pistol, since the right hand was found to be in such a state. He appeared to be a strong-built man, of about five feet eight or nine inches, with a fine mouth of teeth, and a beautiful head of hair, tied in a cue, and brought over his head, and fastened with a piece of black ribbon. The hair came off altogether, in the form

of a wig: I forget if I supplied you with a portion of it, but I gave Mr. Disraeli some. As soon as the lead coffin was cut open by the plumber, Lord Nugent stepped down into the grave, to examine the body. I made the observation, 'My lord, is there no surgeon present?' as there were several gentlemen there whom I did not know. They all seemed confounded, and acknowledged that one ought to have been there. Mr. Brooks, the then clergyman of Hampden, asked me to despatch a messenger to his house: where he expected Mr. Norris, of Prince's Risborough, would be; this I did, but Mr. Norris was gone. The coffin was lifted out of the grave and placed upon the bier; they then cut the body about as they thought proper, and left it so, for Mr. Norris's inspection. He and his son, Mr. William Norris, came the following day, about two o'clock, p.m. In the course of the afternoon the coffin and its contents were returned to the grave, but in what manner I could not say, as I was not present. The first time I went upstairs, after the exhumation, a portrait, which hung on the best staircase, appeared to be looking at me, and I immediately recognised the face and figure of the man I had seen in the grave in Hampden Church. The sight I shall never forget so long as I live. On the arrival of my late employer, Lord Buckinghamshire, from France, I told him the impression on my mind, that the portrait on the staircase must be that of the patriot Hampden. He immediately gave me orders to have it taken down and examined; and on removing a piece of old canvas, which had been put on, I suppose, to protect the painting from damp, to the great joy of his lordship, and the satisfaction of myself, we found the patriot's name written on the canvas of the painting in a very legible hand. The inscription mentioned that the picture had been presented by one of the Bedford Russels to Hampden."

The following is the inscription to which our informant alluded, from memory. It is now to be seen on the back of the picture, so curiously identified:

John Hampden, 1640. A present to Sir William Russel, and afterwards given to John Lord Russel.

After this discovery had been made, it was remembered that an old letter* existed among the family archives, which must have reference to this picture, though its identity had been lost long since, among the crowd of nameless portraits that people the walls of Hampden House. The writer was Dr. William Henry, Dean of Kildare, Ireland, who, dating from Kildare Street, Dublin, October 19, 1762, addressed to the Hon. Robert Trevor Hampden, afterwards Viscount Hampden, a full account of this painting, which he had "bought, on the 16th of June, 1743, at the sale of Mr. Copping, late Dean of Clogher," to whom it had been left, with other property, by an aged lady nearly related to the ducal families of Cavendish and Russell.

While the painting was in Dean Henry's possession it had been recognised "as an original of the great John Hampden," by Dr. Reynell, Bishop

* Mr. Forster's "Memoir of Lord Nugent."
† Letter of Lord Denman to Lord Nugent.—Forster's Memoir.

* Quoted by Lipscomb, "Ex. Autograph. penes Geo. Rob. Com. Bucks," and to be seen still at Hampden House.

of Derry, late tutor to William, third Duke of Devonshire, whose mother, we may remark, was Rachel, eldest daughter of Lord William Russell, who died on the scaffold, 1683.

Bishop Reynell seemed to know all about this portrait. "John Hampden had sat for it," said his lordship, "before the beginning of the Civil Wars, and gave it to his friend Sir William Russel; from Sir William it came to Lord Russel; from Lord Russel this picture, with his house and furniture, near Ipswich, descended to the aged lady—his daughter or granddaughter," who bequeathed them to her chaplain, Mr. Copping.

We must leave more learned genealogists to identify those members of the house of Russell,* the Sir William and the Lord John who, between the years 1640 and 1743, successively received and transmitted this portrait. If Hampden's contemporary, William, fifth Earl of Bedford, were intended, why was he styled *Sir William*? His great son, who was executed in Lincoln's Inn Fields in 1683, was not four years old at the time of the patriot's death, June, 1643: but this picture may have been presented to *him*, in after life, by his intimate friend John Hampden, usually called *the younger*, to distinguish him from his eminent grandfather—who was implicated with Lord William Russell in the Rye House Plot; but even then the knightly title seems not to be accounted for, since "Russel's Sweet Saint"† addresses her spouse as "*Master William Russel*" up to the death of his elder brother Francis, in 1678, when he became Lord Russel.

Most probably the memorandum discovered by the late Earl of Buckinghamshire and Mr. Robertson had been placed on the back of this picture long after the times of the donor and first receivers of the gift, by some person who accepted the tradition attached to the portrait, and was not perfectly well informed on its history.

In concluding our note on the identification of this likeness of John Hampden, we will remind our readers that Sir Henry Halford remarks, in his "Account of what appeared on the opening of the coffin of King Charles the First," that "when the cerecloth and unctuous matter were removed, the features of the face, as far as they could be distinguished, bore a strong resemblance to the portraits of Charles the First."

The estates of John Hampden, and his ancient residence, are still possessed by his descendants, through his sixth daughter, Mary, wife of Sir John Hobart, K.B. The late Earl of Buckinghamshire devised this property to his nephew, George Hampden Cameron, younger son of his sister, the Lady Vere Catherine Louisa Hobart and her husband, Donald Cameron, of Lochiel, chief of the clan Cameron, whose ancestors suffered attainder and forfeiture for their fidelity to the House of Stuart; the very sound of whose name brings into our minds the poetry and music of "Lochiel's Warning" and "The March of the Cameron Men."

The present Earl of Buckinghamshire is the

representative of John Hampden, through his daughter Mary. His able and accomplished son, Lord Hobart, inherits the literary tastes of his eminent ancestor, "who improved his fine parts by converse with great men and good authors."

Our present Under-Secretary of State for War, the Earl de Grey and Ripon, derives the patriot's blood through his mother, the Lady Sarah Albinia Louisa Hobart, only child of Robert, fourth Earl of Buckinghamshire. So there is good fruit yet on this ancient family tree: it still bears sons of promise, and yields us men of mark.

A year or two ago we were able to carry out our original intention, and, through the courtesy of the late incumbent, to examine at leisure the curious registers of the parish of Great Hampden. The handwriting, name, and lengthened incumbency of one of its forgotten rectors fixed our attention: we resolved to learn something more about Egeon Askew; and, in so doing, we discovered that a mind had existed just without the doors of Hampden House, under the light of which John Hampden's must have been developed; for, when the fatherless boy was about fourteen years of age, in 1608,* Egeon Askew, M.A., was presented to the living of Great Hampden, and he died at this preferment in 1637, having been, as the registers prove, a very constant resident there, and for twenty-nine years the nearest neighbour of his great squire on that secluded hill. Brown Willis calls Egeon "a famous man," and in the margin of his MS. he refers to Anthony Wood, who describes this Buckinghamshire rector as "learned indeed beyond his age, and as well read in the Fathers, commentators, and schoolmen as any man of his time in the University of Oxford." He was a native of Lancashire, and became student of Oxford in 1593, being then about seventeen years of age; in 1598 he was chaplain of Queen's College and A.B. Egeon became a noted preacher. His book on "Brotherly Reconciliation," and "The Apologie of the use of Fathers, and secular learning in sermons," contain many passages of forcible illustration and beautiful Christian thought; but these treasures lie embedded among wearisome hordes of obsolete learning and quaint wordy conceits in high fashion in the days of the first James.

To the Archbishop Elect of York, late Provost of Queen's College, Oxford, we are indebted for the first sight of this forgotten volume: it is preserved in the library of that college, as the work of one of her most literate sons. The author lived awhile at Greenwich, and then Wood lost sight of him, and so did John Evelyn, for they both lived in the world of letters; but there can be no doubt that Egeon Askew's knowledge and eloquence were hidden in the beechwoods of Buckinghamshire, at the rectory of Great Hampden, where this squire and parson—scholars and thinkers both—could scarcely fail to be companions, and to hold sweet counsel together among their beautiful Chilterns.

What the author, who published his "Brotherly Reconciliation" in 1605, thought of political and religious differences in 1635, and of the proceedings of the Star Chamber and Parliaments,

* Wood's "Athenæ" and Lipscomb's "Buckinghamshire."

* See Wiffen's "Historical Memoirs of the House of Russell," 2 vols.

† See "Letters of Rachel, Lady Russell," edited by Lord John Russell.

we know not, for he appears to have kept silence, retaining the preferment of the Hampdens, and remaining cloistered among their woody highlands, while the waves of that troublous world rolled on, and his great neighbour, who was buffeting among them, survived him exactly six years.

William Spurstow, a well-known nonconformist, succeeded the mild, ripe scholar, Egeon, in June, 1638. A curious note in the parish register informs us, that "he was one of those heroes who wrote against the Church and the Establishment. They were five in number: Stephen Marshall, Edmund Calamy, Thomas Young, Matthew Newcomen, and the above William Spurstow. The initial letters of their names formed the cant word *Smectymnus*, celebrated by Hudibras."

When Bishop Hall wrote in favour of Episcopacy, he was answered by this celebrated treatise. William Spurstow was a busy party man. As chaplain to the Buckinghamshire Green-Coats, he attended the great Colonel of that Company on his deathbed: but he was also one of the Assembly of Divines appointed by an Ordinance of Parliament to advise upon a settlement of religion, 1st July, 1643, six days after Hampden's funeral; and we beg the reader to take note of these dates. The exciting engagements of this ardent controvertist at that moment *may* account for his omitting to record in the parish register the burial of his patron, in an age when such clerical duties were so grossly neglected. The entry now standing is an evident interpolation, in the handwriting of Robert Lenthall, the succeeding rector, who was inducted in the November of the same year. We copy this often-disputed clause:—"John Hampden, Esq., Lord of Hampden, 25 June, 1643."

MRS. ACTON TINDAL.

PETTICOAT LANE.

HAS the reader ever heard of "Petticoat Lane?" If not, let us bring it under his notice. If he have—if he remembers the crusade made against its manners and customs by a Lord Mayor some four or five years ago, let us assure him that in spite of chief magistrates—in the teeth of a double allowance of police—it is still as flourishing and as unique in its characteristics, as when one of their lordships had his pocket picked, whilst paying it a Sunday morning visit in company with a bevy of city constables. There is a pretty brisk trade done in Hamburgh on the Christian Sabbath; the Jews in the Ghetto at Rome are not idle while "the faithful" are at high mass; but though, saving Scotland, there is no country on the face of the earth in which there is a more general suspension of business on Sunday, than in England, Petticoat Lane, E., "licks all creation"—as the Yankees have it—for the transactions, legal and illegal, conducted between 9 a.m. and 3 p.m., on the first day of the week. It may be premised that "Petticoat Lane" is a misnomer for the *locus in quo* of the operations to which we refer. Under that general term of street nomenclature, nearly a score of streets, lanes, and alleys are comprised. Petticoat Lane was the seat of the trade in its infancy. The name now rather marks the

character of the traffic than the spot on which it is carried on. The central avenue of all this selling, and buying, and pocket-picking, and shouting, and screaming, and eating, and drinking, is Middlesex Street, Whitechapel. Here it is, that Jews and Gentiles "most do congregate;" though the lanes, alleys, and yards that branch off from it at right angles are scarcely less crowded, and, like the great thoroughfare itself, are at times impassable. The best way of approaching the scene is from High Street, Aldgate. The third or fourth turn on the left, after you come from Leadenhall Street, or Fenchurch Street, is Middlesex Street. At either corner is the inevitable public-house. Turn sharp round to the east, and in two or three seconds you will find yourself brought in *medias res*. In the Tower of Babel, the voices might have been more various; but they could scarcely have been as numerous as they are in this long and narrow avenue. Shops, or rather half-shops, for space is valuable in Petticoat Lane, are in interminable lines on each side of you. *Al fresco* dealings are going forward on every foot of street-room. The time is, say, noon on Sunday. Trade is at its height then. It commences at 9 a.m., and becomes slack about 3 p.m. During the daytime on Saturday nearly every house is closed, the occupiers being Jews; but on the Sunday almost every imaginable species of barter is to be witnessed here. For the length of more than a quarter of a mile in a direct line, and from side streets innumerable, you are assailed by thousands of vendors, each trying to out-shout or over-scream his or her competitor, "Who's the buyer?" "Who wants a sheep vatch?" "A vest worth a bob for a tanner." "Spanish olives, four a penny." "Ice, a half-penny a glass." "Lemonade, a half-penny a bottle." "Boot-laces, a dozen for a penny!" Persons are fairly puzzled when they hear old-clothesmen offer to buy soleless boots, odd slippers, or sleeveless coats. A visit to Petticoat Lane will unravel the mystery. There such articles are negotiable. We witnessed the purchase of a single suspender, after a huckstering of five minutes' duration; and nothing is more common than the barter of an odd shoe or boot. Harrow Alley connects Middlesex Street with the London Clothes' Exchange—commonly called Rosemary Lane—and in this alley are large baskets filled with odd gloves, and stockings, shoes that have no fellows, and shirts *minus* a sleeve. There are two or three very large covered buildings devoted to clothing for men and women; and here persons who have been "eased" of their pocket-handkerchiefs stand a good chance of being afforded an opportunity of recovering them by purchase. The business in the clothes' exchanges is conducted chiefly by women and girls; and the shrill clatter which they keep up is positively ear-splitting. There are a few jewellery-stands, presided over by patriarchal-looking Israelites at the end of the clothes' mart opening into Cutler Street, Houndsditch; but it is in Middlesex Street and its branches you must witness the varied traffic for which Petticoat Lane is so remarkable. No one who spends an hour here can deny that the Jews are a utilitarian race. Mere infants are vending pencils, stationery, buttons, toys, and refreshments

along the thoroughfares; while the parents are busy at the shop doors, or behind the raised sashes, in front of which their wares are exposed. Tripe Yard is devoted to picture-frames; Artillery Passage to auctioneers and vendors of quack medicine, of which latter individuals, more anon.

At not a few of the shops there are dealings in gold and silver. In Petticoat Lane you may buy a watch for five shillings, or embark in "a gold lever" worth thirty pounds. At very miserable-looking shops transactions in diamonds are not unknown. And here, as in the silk-handkerchief department, old friends may occasionally be recognised. Not so easily, however; for the watch-case trade is different from the trade in what watchmakers call "movements." Trays full of "movements" are exposed at different doors. These are the bones, sinews, and intestines of watches. Nor is the crucible idle in this region on the Christian Sabbath. In front of "a marine stores" in one of the alleys, we observed two men busily and silently employed, apart from the multitude. One was seated behind a pan resting on three 36-lb. weights. In the pan was burning charcoal, into which one of the individuals referred to was dropping old epaulettes, stars, buttons, &c., which were poured out of a sack by his assistant. From the pan, the portions which did not fall through the grated bottom to the ground were passed to a large tray. The contrivances resorted to by the owners of wares, to drown contending voices, are not a little amusing. In one class of soft goods there is an immense competition. The passers-by are besieged by those who deal in it; but a German Jewess has adopted an extraordinary expedient for attracting a more than ordinary share of attention. Her voice is of marvellous shrillness. She pitches it to its highest key, and uses gestures as frantic as any that characterised the Sybil when under influence of the divine *afflatus*.

The ice, penny cigars, and halfpenny lemonade-men have good lungs, but their united tones are as a penny whistle to the stentorian strains of the sarsaparilla men. Yes, "sarsaparilla!" This is the beverage of the season in Petticoat Lane. It is there in barrels—three or four barrels before one shop—the price, a penny a tumbler; and such is the force of eloquence that this bitter is guzzled as fast as the assistant quacks can draw it. The Gentiles share this trade equally with the Jews. In one case the proprietor is an Irishman, and his partner, or assistant, a man of colour. The latter mounts a costermonger's go-cart, and with a box of pills in one hand and a bottle of the so-called sarsaparilla in the other, delivers a medical lecture. To hear and see him is as good as a visit to Robson. He informs the auditory that one of the ingredients in the pills is the root discovered by Christopher Columbus, when "that renowned individual found out the great continent of America." With this is mixed "the congenial gentian that was in great repute amongst the Israelites at the time of their captivity in Egypt. These two act as a 'stomatic,' and the sarsaparilla has its salutary effects on the sanguineous system." To dispute this, he challenges "any member of the pharma-

ceutical, medical, or *Materia Medica* department of the profession."

Whether the rage for sarsaparilla, at a penny a-tumbler, is a Petticoat Lane epidemic, time will tell; but no other teetotal beverage is in anything like the same estimation there just now. When the public-houses open at one o'clock, there is, of course a slight diversion of the liquor traffic. Pickles are in great demand all day long. Whole cucumbers, and cucumbers cut in two, lie in briny tubs; and huge pickled onions are displayed on plates at numerous shops. Cakes of various kinds are hawked by seedy-looking Israelites; and juveniles call out "eggs all hot!" supplying the purchaser with salt and spoon.

The great mass of the traders in Petticoat Lane are of the Jewish persuasion. All the dealers in watches and jewellery are. There is one branch, however, in which their long-standing monopoly has been attacked with considerable success.

In the clothes trade, the Hibernian has entered the lists with the Hebrew; and Celtic accents are familiar in "rag-fair." Neither English nor Scotch are in any force in this quarter, as employers or employed; but English Christians of the lower classes much frequent it to make purchases. "Weekly payments" are taken; and shops abound, in which tradesmen's tools, of every description, and of all qualities, are displayed for selection. Some of the traders unite the business of money-lender, with their more ostensible occupations. A small board suspended from the door-post informs the public that "loans from 2l. to 50l. are made immediately." A number of Jew butchers have stalls in Middlesex Street. The meat is not at all inviting.

Bustle unequalled, noise indescribable, masses of people enormous even for London, are the main characteristics of Petticoat Lane on Sunday. Most of the Jews there are exceedingly dirty. They are "made up" for the occasion, perhaps; for many of them turn out in expensive wardrobes on their own Sabbath. Occasionally, however, a really picturesque scene presents itself. We observed in one of the jewellers' shops a group composed of a venerable Hebrew, holding a beam and scales, and watching with earnest gaze the weight which made "even beam" with the precious metal offered him for sale: on each side of him a daughter, handsome enough to represent the maidens of Judea ere the prophecy was fulfilled and Jerusalem had ceased to be. Rembrandt would have made a master-piece of this trio.

One may visit Petticoat Lane without the fear of any more personal injury than he may chance to sustain from a crushing. But the visitor had better leave his watch and appendages, his pocket-handkerchief and his purse at home. There are "roughs" innumerable here. Some of the police are of opinion that this Sunday mart is a convenience to the poorer tradesmen. It may be so; but it is abhorrent to all our notions of the way in which Sunday ought to be observed, to have the shouts of buyers and sellers contending against the melodious call of church-bells, and to find trade in successful competition with religion on that day which Christians are commanded to keep holy.

A. B. KELLY.

VERNER'S PRIDE.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "EAST LYNNE."



CHAPTER LVII. WELL NIGH WEARIED OUT.

DEERHAM was in a commotion. Not the Clay Lane part of it, of whom I think you have mostly heard, but that more refined if less useful portion, represented by Lady Verner, the Emsleys, the Bitterworths, and other of its aristocracy, congregating in its environs.

Summer had long come in, and was now on the wane; and Sir Edmund Hautley, the only son and heir of Sir Rufus, was expected home. He had quitted the service, had made the overland route, and was now halting in Paris; but the day of his arrival at Deerham Hall was fixed. And this caused the commotion: for it had pleased Miss Hautley to determine to welcome him with a *fête* and ball, the like of which for splendour had never been heard of in the county.

Miss Hautley was a little given to have an

opinion of her own, and to hold to it. Sir Rufus had been the same. Their friends called it firmness; their enemies obstinacy. The only sister of Sir Rufus, not cordial with him during his life, she had invaded the Hall as soon as the life had left him, quitting her own comfortable and substantial residence to do it, and persisted in taking up her abode in it until Sir Edmund should return: as she was persisting now in giving this *fête* in honour of it. In vain those who deemed themselves privileged to speak, pointed out to Miss Hautley that a *fête* might be considered out of place, given before Sir Rufus had been dead a twelvemonth, and that Sir Edmund might deem it so; furthermore that Sir Edmund might prefer to find quietness on his arrival, instead of a crowd.

They might as well have talked to the wind, for

all the impression it made upon Miss Hautley. The preparations for the gathering went on quickly, the invitations had gone out, and Deerham's head was turned. Those who did not get invitations were ready to swallow up those who did. Miss Hautley was as exclusive as ever proud old Sir Rufus had been, and many were left out who thought they *might* have been invited. Amongst others, the Miss Wests thought so, especially as one card had gone to their house—for Mr. Jan Verner.

Two cards had been left at Deerham Court. For Lady and Miss Verner: for Mr. and Mrs. Verner. By some strange oversight, Miss Tempest was overlooked. That it was a simple oversight, there was no doubt; and so it turned out to be. For, after the *fête* was over, reserved old Miss Hautley condescended to explain that it was, and to apologise; but this is dating forward. It was not known to be an oversight when the cards arrived, and Lady Verner felt inclined to resent it. She hesitated whether to treat it resentfully and stay away herself; or to take no notice of it, farther than by conveying Lucy to the Hall in place of Decima.

Lucy laughed. She did not seem to care at all for the omission: but, as to going without the invitation, or in anybody's place, she would not hear of it.

"Decima will not mind staying at home," said Lady Verner. "She never cares to go out. You will not care to go, will you, Decima?"

An unwonted flush of crimson rose to Decima's usually calm face.

"I should like to go to this, mamma; as Miss Hautley has asked me."

"Like to go to it!" repeated Lady Verner. "Are you growing capricious, Decima? You generally profess to 'like' to stay at home."

"I would rather go this time, if you have no objection," was the quiet answer of Decima.

"Dear Lady Verner, if Decima remained at home ever so, I should not go," interposed Lucy. "Only fancy my intruding there without an invitation! Miss Hautley might order me out again."

"It is well to make a joke of it, Lucy, when I am vexed," said Lady Verner. "I daresay it is only a mistake; but I don't like such mistakes."

"I daresay it is nothing else," replied Lucy, laughing. "But, as to making my appearance there under the circumstances, I could not really do it to oblige even you, Lady Verner. And I would just as soon be at home."

Lady Verner resigned herself to the decision, but she did not looked pleased.

"It is to be I and Decima, then. Lionel"—glancing across the table at him—"you will accompany me. I cannot go without you."

It was at the luncheon table they were discussing this: a meal of which Lionel rarely partook; in fact, he was rarely at home to partake of it; but he happened to be there to-day. Sibylla was present. Recovered from the accident—if it may be so called—of the breaking of the blood-vessel, she had appeared to grow stronger and better with the summer weather. Jan knew the improvement

was all deceit, and told them so; told *her* so; that the very greatest caution was necessary, if she would avert a second similar attack; in fact, half the time of Jan's visits at Deerham Court was spent in enjoining perfect tranquillity on Sibylla.

But she was so obstinate! She would not keep herself quiet: she would go out; she would wear those thin summer dresses, low in the evening. She is wearing a delicate muslin now, as she sits by Lady Verner, and her blue eyes are suspiciously bright, and her cheeks are suspiciously hectic, and the old laboured breath can be seen through the muslin moving her chest up and down, as it used to be seen. A lovely vision still, with her golden hair clustering about her; but her hands are hot and trembling, and her frame is painfully thin. Certainly she does not look fit to enter upon evening gaiety, and Lady Verner in addressing her son, "You will go with me, Lionel," proved that she never so much as cast a thought to the improbability that Sibylla would venture thither.

"If—you—particularly wish it, mother," was Lionel's reply, spoken with hesitation.

"Do you not wish to go?" rejoined Lady Verner.

"I would very much prefer not," he replied.

"Nonsense, Lionel! I don't think you have gone out once since you left Verner's Pride. Staying at home won't mend matters. I *wish* you to go with me; I shall make a point of it."

Lady Verner spoke with some irritation, and Lionel said no more. He supposed he must acquiesce.

It was no long-timed invitation of weeks. The cards arrived on the Monday, and the *fête* was for the following Thursday. Lionel thought no more about it; he was not like the ladies, whose toilettes would take all of that time to prepare. On the Wednesday Decima took him aside.

"Lionel, do you know that Mrs. Verner intends to go to-morrow evening?"

Lionel paused: paused from surprise.

"You must be mistaken, Decima. She sent a refusal."

"I fancy that she did not send a refusal. And I feel sure she is thinking of going. You will not judge that I am unwarrantably interfering," Decima added, in a tone of deprecation. "I would not do such a thing. But I thought it was right to apprise you of this. She is not well enough to go out."

With a pressure of the hand on his sister's shoulder, and a few muttered words of dismay, which she did not catch, Lionel sought his wife. No need of questioning, to confirm the truth of what Decima had said: Sibylla was figuring off before the glass, after the manner of her girlish days, with a wreath of white flowers on her head. It was her own sitting-room, the pretty room of the blue and white panels; and the tables and chairs were laden with other wreaths, with various head ornaments. She was trying their different effect, when, on turning round her head as the door opened, she saw it was her husband. His presence did not appear to discompose her, and she continued to place the wreath to her satisfac-

tion, pulling it here and there with her thin and trembling hands.

"What are you doing?" asked Lionel.

"Trying on wreaths," she replied.

"So I perceive. But why?"

"To see which suits me best. This looks too white for me, does it not?" she added, turning her countenance towards him.

If to be the same hue as the complexion was "too white," it certainly did look so. The dead white of the roses was not more utterly colourless than Sibylla's face. She was like a ghost: she often looked so now.

"Sibylla," he said, without answering her question, "you are surely not thinking of going to Sir Edmund's to-morrow night?"

"Yes I am."

"You said you would write a refusal?"

"I know I said it. I saw how crossgrained you were going to be over it, and that's why I said it to you. I accepted the invitation."

"But, my dear, you must not go!"

Sibylla was flinging off the white wreath, and taking up a pink one, which she began to fix in her hair. She did not answer.

"After all," deliberated she, "I have a great mind to wear pearls. Not a wreath at all."

"Sibylla! I say you must not go."

"Now, Lionel, it is of no use your talking. I have made up my mind to go; I did at first; and go I shall. Don't you remember," she continued, turning her face from the glass towards him, her careless tone changing for one of sharpness, "that papa said I must not be crossed?"

"But you are not in a state to go out," remonstrated Lionel. "Jan forbids it utterly."

"Jan? Jan's in your pay. He says what you tell him to say."

"Child, how can you give utterance to such things?" he asked, in a tone of emotion. "When Jan interdicts your going out he has only your welfare at heart. And you know that I have it. Evening air and scenes of excitement are equally pernicious for you."

"I shall go," returned Sibylla. "You are going, you know," she resentfully said. "I wonder you don't propose that I should be locked up at home in a dark closet, while you are there, dancing."

A moment's deliberation in his mind, and a rapid resolution.

"I shall not go, Sibylla," he rejoined. "I shall stay at home with you."

"Who says you are going to stay at home?"

"I say it myself. I intend to do so. I shall do so."

"Oh. Since when, pray, have you come to that decision?"

Had she not the penetration to see that he had come to it then; then, as he talked to her; that he had come to it for her sake? That she should not have it to say he went out while she was at home. Perhaps she did see it: but it was nearly impossible to Sibylla not to indulge in bitter, aggravating retorts.

"I understand!" she continued, throwing up her head with an air of supreme scorn. "Thank

you, don't trouble. I am not too ill to stoop, ill as you wish to make me out to be."

In displacing the wreath on her head to a different position, she had let it fall. Lionel's stooping to pick it up had called for the last remark. As he handed it to her, he took her hand.

"Sibylla, promise me to think no more of this. Do give it up."

"I won't give it up," she vehemently answered. "I shall go. And, what's more, I shall dance."

Lionel quitted her and sought his mother. Lady Verner was not very well that afternoon, and was keeping her room. He found her in an invalid chair.

"Mother, I have come to tell you that I cannot accompany you to-morrow evening," he said. "You must please excuse me."

"Why so?" asked Lady Verner.

"I would so very much rather not go," he answered. "Besides, I do not care to leave Sibylla."

Lady Verner made no observation for a few moments. A curious smile, almost a pitying smile, was hovering on her lips.

"Lionel, you are a model husband. Your father was not a bad one, as husbands go; but—he would not have bent his neck to such treatment from me, as you take from Mrs. Verner."

"No?" returned Lionel, with good-humour.

"It is not right of you, Lionel, to leave me to go alone, with only Decima."

"Let Jan accompany you, mother."

"Jan!" uttered Lady Verner, in the very extreme of astonishment. "I should be surprised to see Jan attempt to enter such a scene. Jan! I don't suppose he possesses a coat and waistcoat."

Lionel smiled, quitted his mother, and bent his steps towards Jan Verner's.

Not to solicit Jan's attendance upon Lady Verner to the festival scene, or to make close inquiries as to the state of Jan's wardrobe. No; Lionel had a more serious motive for his visit.

He found Jan and Master Cheese enjoying a sort of battle. The surgery looked as if it had been turned upside down, so much confusion reigned. White earthenware vessels of every shape and form, glass jars, huge cylinders, brass pots, metal pans, were scattered about in inextricable confusion. Master Cheese had recently got up a taste for chemical experiments, in which it appeared necessary to call into requisition an unlimited quantity of accessories in the apparatus line. He had been entering upon an experiment that afternoon, when Jan came unexpectedly in, and caught him.

Not for the litter and confusion was Jan displeased, but because he found that Master Cheese had so bungled chemical properties in his head, so confounded one dangerous substance with another, that, five minutes later, the result would probably have been the blowing off of the surgery roof, and Master Cheese and his vessels with it. Jan was giving him a sharp and decisive word, not to attempt anything of the sort again, until he could bring more correct knowledge to bear upon it, when Lionel interrupted them.

"I want to speak to you, Jan," he said.

"Here, you be off, and wash the powder off

your hands," cried Jan to Master Chesse, who was looking ruefully cross. "I'll put the things straight."

The young gentleman departed. Lionel sat down on the only chair he could see—one probably kept for the accommodation of patients who might want a few teeth drawn. Jan was rapidly reducing the place to order.

"What is it, Lionel?" he asked, when it was pretty clear.

"Jan, you must see Sibylla. She wants to go to Deerham Hall to-morrow night."

"She can't go," replied Jan. "Nonsense."

"But she says she will go."

Jan leaned his long body over the counter, and brought his face nearly on a level with Lionel's, speaking slowly and impressively.

"If she goes, Lionel, it will kill her."

Lionel rose to depart. He was on his way to Verner's Pride.

"I called in to tell you this, Jan, and to ask you to step up and remonstrate with her."

"I'll go," said Jan. "Mark me, Lionel, *she must not go*. And if there's no other way of keeping her away, you, her husband, must forbid it. A little more excitement than usual, and there'll be another vessel of the lungs ruptured. If that happens, nothing can save her life. Keep her at home, by force if necessary: any way keep her."

"And what of the excitement that that will cause?" questioned Lionel. "It may be as fatal as the other."

"I don't know," returned Jan, speaking for once in his life testily, in the vexation the difficulty brought him. "My belief is, that Sibylla's mad. She'd never be so stupid, were she sane."

"Go to her, and see what you can do," concluded Lionel, as he turned away.

Jan proceeded to Deerham Court, and had an interview with Mrs. Verner. It was not of a very agreeable nature, neither did much satisfaction ensue from it. After a few recriminating retorts to Jan's arguments, which he received as equally as though they had been compliments, Sibylla subsided into sullen silence. And when Jan left, he could not tell whether she still persisted in her project, or whether she gave it up.

Lionel returned late in the evening: he had been detained at Verner's Pride. Sibylla appeared sullen still. She was in her own sitting-room, upstairs, and Lucy was bearing her company. Decima was in Lady Verner's chamber.

"Have you had any dinner?" inquired Lucy. She did not ask. She would not have asked had he been starving.

"I took a bit with John Massingbird," he replied. "Is my mother better, do you know?"

"Not much, I think," said Lucy. "Decima is sitting with her."

Lionel stood in his old attitude, his elbow on the mantelpiece by his wife's side, looking down at her. Her eyes were suspiciously bright, her cheeks now shone with their most crimson hectic. It was often the case at this, the twilight hour of the evening. She wore a low dress, and the gold chain on her neck rose and fell with every

breath. Lucy's neck was uncovered, too: a fair, pretty neck; one that did not give you the shudders when looked at, as poor Sibylla's did. Sibylla leaned back on the cushions of her chair, toying with a fragile hand-screen of feathers: Lucy, sitting on the opposite side, had been reading; but she laid the book down when Lionel entered.

"John Massingbird desired me to ask you, Sibylla, if he should send you the first plate of grapes they cut."

"I'd rather have the first bag of walnuts they shake," answered Sibylla. "I never care for grapes."

"He can send you both," said Lionel: but an uncomfortable, dim recollection came over him, of Jan's having told her she must not eat walnuts. For Jan to tell her not to do a thing, however—or, in fact, anybody else—was the sure signal for Sibylla to do it.

"Does John Massingbird intend to go to-morrow evening?" inquired Sibylla.

"To Deerham Hall, do you mean? John Massingbird has received no invitation."

"What's that for?" quickly asked Sibylla.

"Some whim of Miss Hautley's, I suppose. They have been issued very partially. John says it is just as well he did not get one, for he should either not have responded to it, or else made his appearance there with his clay pipe."

Lucy laughed.

"He is glad to be left out," continued Lionel. "It saves him the trouble of a refusal. I don't think any ball would get John Massingbird to it; unless he could be received in what he calls his diggings toggery."

"I don't have gone with him; I don't like him well enough," resentfully spoke Sibylla; "but as he is not going, he can let me have the loan of my own carriage—at least, the carriage that was my own. I dislike those old hired things."

The words struck on Lionel like a knell. He foresaw trouble.

"Sibylla," he gravely said, "I have been speaking to Jan. He—"

"Yes, you have!" she vehemently interrupted, her pent-up anger bursting forth. "You went to him, and sent him here, and told him what to say,—all on purpose to cross me. It is wicked of you to be so jealous of my having a little pleasure."

"Jealous of—I don't understand you, Sibylla."

"You won't understand me, you mean. Never mind! never mind!"

"Sibylla," he said, bending his head slightly towards her, and speaking in low, persuasive accents, "I cannot let you go to-morrow night. If I cared for you less, I might let you risk it. I have given up going, and—"

"You never meant to go," she interrupted.

"Yes I did: to please my mother. But that is of no consequence—"

"I tell you, you never meant to go, Lionel Verner!" she passionately burst forth, her cheeks flaming. "You are stopping at home on purpose to be with Lucy Tempest. It is a concocted plan between you and her. Her society is more to you than any you'd find at Deerham Hall."

Lucy looked up with a start—a sort of shiver—

her sweet brown eyes open with innocent wonder. Then the full sense of the words appeared to penetrate to her, and her face grew hot with a glowing scarlet flush. She said nothing. She rose quietly, not hurriedly, took up the book she had put on the table, and quietly left the room.

Lionel's face was glowing, too,—glowing with the red blood of indignation. He bit his lips for calmness, leaving the mark there for hours. He strove manfully with his angry spirit: it was rising up to open rebellion. A minute, and the composure of self-control came to him. He stood before his wife, his arms folded.

"You are my wife," he said. "I am bound to defend, to excuse you so far as I may; but these insults to Lucy Tempest I cannot excuse. She is the daughter of my dead father's dearest friend; she is living here under the protection of my mother, and it is incumbent upon me to put a stop to these scenes, so far as she is concerned. If I cannot do it in one way, I must in another."

"You know she and you would like to stay at home together—and get the rest of us out."

"Be silent!" he said, in a sterner tone than he had ever used to her. "You cannot reflect upon what you are saying. Accuse me as you please; I will bear it patiently, if I can; but Miss Tempest must be spared. You *know* how utterly unfounded are such thoughts; you know that she is refined, gentle, single-hearted; that all her thoughts to you, as my wife, are those of friendship and kindness. What would my mother think were she to hear this?"

Sibylla made no reply.

"You have never seen a look or heard a word pass between me and Lucy Tempest that was not of the most open nature, entirely compatible with her position, that of a modest and refined gentlewoman, and of mine, as your husband. I think you must be mad, Sibylla."

The words Jan had used. If such temperaments do not deserve the name of madness, they are near akin to it. Lionel spoke with emotion: it all but overmastered him, and he went back to his place by the mantelpiece, his chest heaving.

"I shall leave this residence as speedily as may be," he said, "giving some trivial excuse to my mother for the step. I see no other way to put an end to this."

Sibylla, her mood changing, burst into tears. "I don't want to leave it," she said, quite in a humble tone.

He was not inclined for argument. He had rapidly made his mind up, believing it was the only course open to him. He must go away with his wife, and so leave the house in peace. Saying something to that effect, he quitted the room, leaving Sibylla sobbing fractionally on the pillow of the chair.

He went down to the drawing-room. He did not care where he went, or what became of him: it is an unhappy thing when affairs grow to that miserable pitch, that the mind has neither ease nor comfort anywhere. At the first moment of entering, he thought the room was empty, but as his eyes grew accustomed to the dusk, he discerned the form of some one standing at the distant window. It was Lucy Tempest. Lionel went straight

up to her: he felt that some apology or notice from him was due. She was crying bitterly, and turned to him before he could speak.

"Mr. Verner, I feel my position keenly. I would not remain here to make things unpleasant to your wife, for the whole world. But I cannot help myself. I have nowhere to go to until papa shall return to Europe."

"Lucy, let me say a word to you," he whispered, his tones impeded, his breath coming thick and fast from his hot and crimsoned lips. "There are moments in a man's lifetime when he must be true; when the artificial gloss thrown on social intercourse fades out of sight. This is one."

Her tears fell more quietly.

"I am so very sorry!" she continued to murmur.

"Were you other than what you are, I might meet you with some of this artifice; I might pretend not to know aught of what has been said; I might attempt some elaborate apology. It would be worse than folly from me to you. Let me tell you, that could I have shielded you from this insult with my life, I would have done it."

"Yes, yes," she hurriedly answered.

"You will not mistake me. As the daughter of my father's dearest friend, as my mother's honoured guest, I speak to you. I speak to you as one whom I am bound to protect from harm and insult, only in a less degree than I would protect my wife. You will do me the justice to believe it."

"I know it. Indeed I do not blame you."

"Lucy, I would have prevented this, had it been in my power. But it was not. I could not help it. All I can do, is to take steps that it shall not occur again in the future. I scarcely know what I am saying to you. My life, what with one thing and another, is well-nigh wearied out."

Lucy had long seen that. But she did not say so.

"It will not be long now before papa is at home," she answered, "and then I shall leave Deerham Court free. Thank you for speaking to me," she simply said, as she was turning to leave the room.

He took both her hands in his; he drew her nearer to him, his head was bent down to hers, his whole frame shook with emotion. Was he tempted to take a caress from her sweet face, as he had taken it years ago? Perhaps he was. But Lionel Verner was not one to lose his self-control where there was real necessity for his retaining it. His position was different now from what it had been then; and, if the temptation was strong, it was kept in check, and Lucy never knew it had been there.

"You will forget it for my sake, Lucy? You will not resent it upon her? She is very ill."

"It is what I wish to do," she gently said. "I do not know what foolish things I might not say, were I suffering like Mrs. Verner."

"God bless you for ever, Lucy!" he murmured. "May your future life be more fortunate than mine is."

Relinquishing her hands, he watched her disappear through the darkness of the room. She was

dearer to him than his own life; he loved her better than all earthly things. That the knowledge was all too palpable then, he was bitterly feeling, and he could not suppress it. He could neither suppress the knowledge, nor the fact; it had been very present with him for long and long. He could not help it, as he said. He believed in his honest heart that he had not encouraged the passion; that it had taken root and spread unconsciously to himself. He would have driven it away had it been in his power; he would drive it away now, could he do it by any amount of energy or will. But it could not be. And Lionel Verner leaned in the dark there against the window-frame, resolving to do as he had done before—had done all along. To suppress it ever; to ignore it, so far as might be; and to do his duty as honestly and lovingly by his wife, as though the love were not there.

He had been enabled to do this hitherto, and he would still: God helping him.

CHAPTER LVIII. GOING TO THE BALL.

It was the day of the *fete* at Deerham Hall. Sibylla awoke in an amiable mood, unusually so for her, and Lionel, as he dressed, talked to her gravely and kindly, urging upon her the necessity of relinquishing her determination to be present. It appeared that she was also reasonable that morning, as well as amiable, for she listened to him, and at length voluntarily said she would think no more about it.

"But you must afford me some treat in place of it," she immediately added. "Will you promise to take me for a whole day next week to Heartburg?"

"Willingly," replied Lionel. "There is to be a morning concert at Heartburg next Tuesday. If you feel well enough, we can attend that."

He did not think morning concerts, and the fatigue they sometimes entail, particularly desirable things for his wife; but, compared with hot ball-rooms and the night air, they seemed innocuous. Sibylla liked morning concerts uncommonly, nearly as much as Master Cheese liked tarts: she liked anything that afforded an apology for dress and display.

"Mind, Lionel, you *promise* to take me," she reiterated.

"Yes. Provided you feel equal to going."

Sibylla took breakfast in her own room, according to custom. Formerly she had done so through idleness: now she was really not well enough to rise early. Lionel, when he joined the family breakfast table, announced the news: announced it in his own characteristic manner.

"Sibylla thinks, after all, that she will be better at home, this evening," he said. "I am glad she has so decided it."

"Her senses have come to her, have they!" remarked Lady Verner.

He made no reply. He never did make a reply to any shaft lanced by Lady Verner at his wife. My lady was sparing of her shafts in a general way since they had resided with her, but she did throw one out now and then.

"You will go with me, then, Lionel."

He shook his head, telling his mother she must excuse him: it was not his intention to be present.

Sibylla continued in a remarkably quiet, not to say affable, temper all day. Lionel was out, but returned home to dinner. By-and-by Lady Verner and Decima retired to dress. Lucy went up with Decima, and Lionel remained with his wife.

When they came down, Sibylla was asleep on the sofa. Lady Verner wore some of the magnificent and yet quiet attire that had pertained to her gayer days; Decima was in white. Lionel put on his hat and went out to hand them into the carriage that waited. As he did so, the aspect of his sister's face struck him.

"What is the matter, Decima?" he exclaimed. "You are looking perfectly white."

She only smiled in answer: a forced, unnatural smile, as it appeared to Lionel. But he said no more: he thought the white hue might be only the shade cast by the moonlight. Lady Verner looked from the carriage to ask a question.

"Is Jan really going, do you know, Lionel? Lucy says she thinks he is. I do hope and trust that he will be attired like a Christian, if he is absurd enough to appear."

"I think I'll go and see," answered Lionel, a smile crossing his face. "Take care, Catherine."

Old Catherine, who had come out with shawls, was dangerously near the wheels—and the horses were on the point of starting. She stepped back, and the carriage drove on.

The bustle had aroused Sibylla. She rose to look from the window: saw the carriage depart, saw Catherine come in, saw Lionel walk away towards Deerham. It was all clear in the moonlight. Lucy Tempest was looking from the other window.

"What a lovely night it is!" she exclaimed. "I should not mind a drive of ten miles, such a night as this."

"And yet they choose to say that going out would hurt me!" spoke Sibylla, in a resentful tone. "They only do it on purpose to vex me."

Lucy chose to ignore the subject: it was not her business to enter into it one way or the other. She felt that Mrs. Verner had done perfectly right in remaining at home; that her strength would have been found unequal to support the heat and excitement of a ball-room, following on the night air of the transit to it. Lovely as the night was, it was cold: for some few evenings past the gardeners had complained of frost.

Lucy drew from the window with a half sigh: it seemed almost a pity to shut out that pleasant moonlight: turned, and stirred the fire into a blaze. Sibylla's chilly nature caused them to enter upon evening fires before other people thought of them.

"Shall I ring for lights, Mrs. Verner?"

"I suppose it's time, and past time," was Sibylla's answer. "I must have been asleep ever so long."

Catherine brought them in. The man-servant had gone in attendance on his mistress. The moderate household of Lady Verner consisted now but of four domestics: Thérèse, Catherine, the cook, and the man.

"Shall I bring tea in, Miss Lucy?" asked Catherine.

Lucy turned her eyes on Sibylla.

"Would you like tea now, Mrs. Verner?"

"No," answered Sibylla. "Not yet."

She left the room as she spoke. Old Catherine, who had been lowering the curtains, followed next. Lucy drew a chair to the fire, sat down, and fell into a reverie.

She was aroused by the door opening again. It proved to be Catherine with the tea-things.

"I thought I'd bring them in, and then they'll be ready," remarked she. "You can please to ring, miss, when you want the urn."

Lucy simply nodded, and Catherine returned to the kitchen, to enjoy a social *tête-à-tête* supper with the cook. Mademoiselle Thérèse, taking advantage of her mistress's absence, had gone out for the rest of the evening. The two servants sat on and chatted together: so long, that Catherine openly wondered at the urn's not being called for.

"They must both have gone to sleep, I should think," quoth she. "Miss Lucy over the fire in the sitting-room, and Mr. Lionel's wife over hers, upstairs. I have not heard her come down—"

Catherine stopped. The cook had started up, her eyes fixed on the doorway. Catherine, whose back was towards it, hastily turned; and an involuntary exclamation broke from her lips.

Standing there was Mrs. Verner, looking like—like a bedecked skeleton. She was in fairy attire. A gossamer robe of white with shining ornaments, and a wreath that seemed to sparkle with glittering dewdrops on her head. But her arms were thin, wasted; and the bones of her poor neck seemed to rattle as they heaved painfully under the gems; and her face had not so much as the faintest tinge of hectic, but was utterly colourless: worse; it was wan, ghastly. A distressing sight to look upon, was she, as she stood there: she and the festal attire were so completely at variance. She came forward, before the servants could recover from their astonishment.

"Where's Richard?" she asked, speaking in a low, subdued tone, as if fearing to be heard—though there was nobody in the house to hear her, save Lucy Tempest. And probably it was from her wish to avoid all attention to her proceeding, that caused her to come down stealthily to the servants, instead of ringing for them.

"Richard is not come back, ma'am," answered Catherine. "We have just been saying that he'll most likely stop up there with the Hall servants until my lady returns."

"Not back!" echoed Sibylla. "Cook, you must go out for me," she imperiously added, after a moment's pause. "Go to Dean's and order one of their flies here directly. Wait, and come back with it."

The cook, a simple sort of young woman, save in her own special department, did not demur, or appear to question in the least the expediency of the order. Catherine questioned it very much indeed; but while she hesitated what to do, whether to stop the cook, or to venture on a remonstrance to Mrs. Verner, or to appeal to Miss Tempest to do it, the cook was gone. Servants

are not particular in country places, and the girl went straight out as she was, staying to put nothing on.

Sibylla appeared to be shivering. She took up her place right in front of the fire, holding out her hands to the blaze. Her teeth chattered, her whole frame trembled.

"The fire in my dressing-room went out," she remarked. "Take care that you make up a large one by the time I return."

"You'll never go, ma'am!" cried old Catherine, breaking through her reserve. "You are not strong enough."

"Mind your own business," sharply retorted Sibylla. "Do you think I don't know my own feelings, whether I am strong, or whether I am not? I am as strong as you."

Catherine dared no more. Sibylla cowered over the fire, her head turned sideways as she glanced on the table.

"What's that?" she suddenly cried, pointing to the contents of a jug.

"It's beer, ma'am," answered Catherine. "That stupid girl drew just as much as if Richard and Thérèse had been at home. Maybe Thérèse will be in yet for supper."

"Give me a glass of it. I am thirsty."

Again old Catherine hesitated. Malt liquor had been expressly forbidden to Mrs. Verner. It made her cough frightfully.

"You know, ma'am, the doctors have said—"

"Will you hold your tongue? And give me what I require? You are as bad as Mr. Verner."

Catherine reached a tumbler, poured it half full, and handed it. Mrs. Verner did not take it.

"Fill it," she said.

So old Catherine, much against her will, had to fill it, and Sibylla drained the glass to the very bottom. In truth, she was continually thirsty: she seemed to have a perpetual inward fever upon her. Her shoulders were shivering as she set down the glass.

"Go and find my opera cloak, Catherine. It must have dropped on the stairs. I know I put it on as I left my room."

Catherine quitted the kitchen on the errand. She would have liked to close the door after her; but it happened to be pushed quite back with a chair against it; and the pointedly shutting it might have been noticed by Sibylla. She found the opera cloak lying on the landing, near Sibylla's bedroom door. Catching it up, she slipped off her shoes at the same moment, stole down noiselessly and went into the presence of Miss Tempest.

Lucy looked astonished. She sat at the table reading, waiting with all patience the entrance of Sibylla, ere she made the tea. To see Catherine steal in covertly with her finger to her lips, excited her wonder.

"Miss Lucy, she's going to the ball," was the old servant's salutation, as she approached close to Lucy, and spoke in the faintest whisper. "She is shivering over the kitchen fire, with hardly a bit of gown to her back, so far as warmth goes. Here's her opera cloak: she dropped it coming down. Cook's gone out for a fly."

Lucy felt startled. "Do you mean Mrs. Verner?"

"Why, of course I do," answered Catherine. "She has been up-stairs all this while, and has dressed herself alone. She must not go, Miss Lucy. She's looking like a ghost. What will Mr. Verner say to us, if we let her! It may just be her death."

Lucy clasped her hands in her consternation.

"Catherine, what can we do? We have no influence over her. She would not listen to us for a moment. If we could but find Mr. Verner!"

"He was going round to Mr. Jan's when my lady drove off. I heard him say it. Miss Lucy, I can't go after him: she'd find me out: I can't leave her, or leave the house. But he ought to be got here."

Did the woman's words point to the suggestion that Lucy should go? Lucy may have thought it: or, perhaps, she entered on the suggestion of her own accord.

"I will go, Catherine," she whispered. "I don't mind it. It is nearly as light as day outside, and I shall soon be at Mr. Jan's. You go back to Mrs. Verner."

Feeling that there was not a moment to be lost; feeling that Mrs. Verner ought to be stopped at all hazards for her own sake, Lucy caught up a shawl and a green sun-bonnet of Lady Verner's that happened to be in the hall, and thus hastily attired, went out. Speeding swiftly along the moonlit road she soon gained Deerham, and turned to the house of Dr. West. A light in the surgery guided her there at once.

But the light was there alone. Nobody was present to reap its benefit or to answer intruders. Lucy knocked pretty loudly on the counter without bringing forth any result. Apparently she was not heard: perhaps from the fact that the sound was drowned in the noise of some fizzing and popping which seemed to be going on in the next room—Jan's bed-room. Her consideration for Mrs. Verner put ceremony out of the question: in fact, Lucy was not given at the best of times to stand much upon that: and she stepped round the counter, and knocked briskly at the door. Possibly Lionel might be in there with Jan.

Lionel was not there, nor Jan, either. The door was gingerly opened about two inches by Master Cheese, who was enveloped in a great white apron and white oversleeves. His face looked red and confused as it peeped out, like that of one who is caught at some forbidden mischief; and Lucy obtained sight of a perfect mass of vessels, brass, earthenware, glass and other things, with which the room was strewn. In point of fact, Master Cheese, believing he was safe from Jan's superintendence for some hours, had seized upon the occasion to plunge into his forbidden chemical researches again, and had taken French leave to use Jan's bed-room for the purpose, the surgery being limited for space.

"What do you want?" cried he roughly, staring at Lucy.

"Is Mr. Verner here?" she asked.

Then Master Cheese knew the voice, and condescended a sort of apology for his abruptness.

"I didn't know you, Miss Tempest, in that fright of a bonnet," said he, walking forth and closing the bed-room door behind him. "Mr. Verner's not here."

"Do you happen to know where he is?" asked Lucy. "He said he was coming here, an hour ago."

"So he did come here; and saw Jan. Jan's gone to the ball. And Miss Deb and Miss Amilly are gone to a party at Heartburg."

"Is he," returned Lucy, referring to Jan, and surprised to hear the news, balls not being in Jan's line.

"I can't make it out," remarked Master Cheese. "He and Sir Edmund used to be cronies, I think; so I suppose that has taken him. But I am glad they are all off: it gives me a whole evening to myself. He and Mr. Verner went away together."

"I wish very much to find Mr. Verner," said Lucy. "It is of great consequence that I should see him. I suppose—you—could not—go and look for him, Master Cheese?" she added, pleadingly.

"Couldn't do it," responded Master Cheese, thinking of his forbidden chemicals. "When Jan's away I am chief, you know, Miss Tempest. A case of broken leg may be brought in, for anything I can tell."

Lucy wished him good-night and turned away. She hesitated at the corner of the street, gazing up and down. To start on a search for Lionel, appeared to be about as hopeful a project as that search, renowned in proverb, the looking for a needle in a bottle of hay. The custom in Deerham was, not to light the lamps on a moonlight night, so the street, as Lucy glanced on either side, lay white and quiet; no glare to disturb its peace, save from some shop, not yet closed. Mrs. Duff's opposite, was among the latter catalogue: and her son, Mr. Dan, appeared to be taking a little tumbling recreation on the flags before the bay window. Lucy crossed over to him.

"Dan," said she, "do you happen to have seen Mr. Verner pass lately?"

Dan, just then on his head, turned himself upside down, and alighted on his feet, humble and subdued. "Please, miss, I see'd him awhile ago along of Mr. Jan," was the answer, pulling his hair by way of salutation. "They went that way. Mr. Jan was all in black, he was."

The boy pointed towards Deerham Court, towards Deerham Hall. There was little doubt that Jan was then on his way to the latter. But the question for Lucy was—where had Lionel gone?

She could not tell: the very speculation upon it was unprofitable, since it could lead to no certainty. Lucy turned homewards, walking quickly.

She had got past the houses, when she discerned before her in the distance, a form which instinct—perhaps some dearer feeling—told her was that of him of whom she was in search. He was walking with a slow, leisurely step towards his home. Lucy's heart gave a bound—that it did so still at his sight, like it had done in the earlier days, was no fault of hers: heaven knew that she had striven

and prayed against it. When she caught him up she was out of breath, so swiftly had she sped.

"Lucy!" he uttered. "*Lucy!* What do you do here!"

"I came out to look for you," she simply said: "there was nobody else at home to come. I went to Jan's, thinking you might be there. Mrs. Verner has dressed herself to go to Sir Edmund's. You may be in time to stop her if you make haste."

With a half-uttered exclamation, Lionel was speeding off, when he appeared to remember Lucy. He turned to take her with him.

"No," said Lucy, stopping. "I could not go as quickly as you: and a minute, more or less, may make all the difference. There is nothing to hurt me. You make the best of your way. It is for your wife's sake."

There was good sense in all she said, and Lionel started off with a fleet foot. Before Lucy had quite gained the Court, she saw him coming back to meet her. He drew her hand within his arm in silence, and kept his own upon it for an instant's grateful pressure.

"Thank you, Lucy, for what you have done. Thank you now and ever. I was too late."

"Is Mrs. Verner gone?"

"She is gone these ten minutes past, Catherine says. A fly was found immediately."

They turned into the house; into the sitting-room. Lucy threw off the large shawl and the shapeless green bonnet: at any other moment she would have laughed at the figure she must have looked in them. The tea-things still waited on the table.

"Shall I make you some tea?" she asked.

Lionel shook his head. "I must go up and dress. I shall go after Sibylla."

(To be continued.)

PRIVATE ECONOMY.

ONE of the many results of the strange misfortunes of the departing year has been a disclosure of personal pecuniary affairs, or of notions about such private affairs, unparalleled since, at least, the "crash" of 1825-6. The prostration of our chief industrial interest, the sudden overthrow of hundreds of thousands of our proudest and most independent class of people, and the necessity that the nation at large should undertake the support of that class till the mills should open again,—this singular crash has broken up our personal and social reserve, and laid open our circumstances, and notions, and ways of living in a manner sufficiently astonishing to persons who have always supposed the subject of income and expenditure to be one of those doubtful, delicate, sacred topics which could be approached only in an abstract way.

It has been all very well, we have been wont to say, that the proper expenditure of 300*l.* or 400*l.* a-year should be treated in an abstract way in letters to the "*Times*" about dinners, and servants, and inn-charges. Everybody reads such things, even while heartily despising them. The subject is an interesting one to almost everybody;

but surely nobody ever expected that we should discuss our incomes and expenditure so freely, and feel again so like a young and frank people, sounding its way in life, as we do at the end of the memorable year 1862. As it has so happened, I shall use the opportunity of commenting on some things in this line which I have observed, and perhaps of saying something of what I think on the really important subject of what means one has, and how one uses them.

Some years ago, I read in "*Chambers' Journal*" the remark that it is the rarest thing in the world for anybody to have 5*l.* to do what he or she likes with. This declaration probably astonished some of the humbler readers of that publication not a little; but it must have struck many as very true. The vulgar notion of wealth is that the rich man has a closet full of gold, or desks and pockets bursting with banknotes; and that the owner is always looking about him to see how he can spend most. On the contrary, says the writer in the "*Journal*," the income of the wealthiest man is always pre-engaged to certain objects; and as it is generally the case that the calls exceed the estimate, the proprietor finds himself bare,—with not even a 5*l.* note left over, to do what he likes with. No doubt, in many cases, the laying by a certain amount is one of the objects; but when a man has resolved to lay by a certain amount, he is not free (or does not think himself so) to take 5*l.* out of his savings, and say, "I may spend this as I please."

Within this universal limit—of no one having anything over and above his needs—there is an immense variety of ideas, principles and feelings about spending. People's notions and impressions are almost as various as their temperaments; and there are very few indeed whose plans are approved by their neighbours and friends. Not a little of this immense diversity has been either avowed or betrayed under the peculiar circumstances of the last few months.

Early in this century, the political economists considered themselves to be the proper guides in this particular field of morals. I well remember the earnestness with which some of the leaders preached, in season and out of season, the bounden duty of everybody to lay by something. Seeing in the labour-market of that day the normal labour-market of modern civilisation, they conceived that the great need of human society was more capital, in order to employ more labour. It is true they preached also the corresponding duty of restricting the supply of labour; but this did not interfere with the duty of augmenting capital from day to day. Before we condemn or deride this zeal, and the maxim which grew out of it—"Parsimony is a virtue"—we must remember the state of the labouring classes (and indeed of all classes) in England at that time. In fact, the morals and manners, the health, the comfort, and even the life of multitudes then depended on an increase of the means of employing labour; and the "hard" political economists were the very persons who insisted most strongly that, to do anything with men, women, or children, you must first make them comfortable. It might therefore be neither so

sordid nor so absurd as some people thought, to insist that everybody should make it a point of conscience to lay by something every year; and that, in view of that end, parsimony was a virtue.

Times and the face of affairs changed, however, as free trade acted upon our national industry; and especially after the repeal of the corn laws had released us from the worst perils of material adversity. Natural inducements to save succeeded to the preachments of moralists, and it became more a matter of choice to moralists themselves whether to save or spend. For my part, I think that times have so changed, that while it is still, and ever must be, right that the total capital of the nation should increase without intermission, it is also right that certain individuals should spend their whole income. Parents, and all men and women who have, or may have, dependents, are bound to take care, as far as they can, that their young charges shall start fair in their career of industry, whatever it may be; and that old or poor relations, or near friends, shall not suffer needlessly by their death. The wealth of commercial magnates grows of course, and does duty, in regard to the employment of industry for the savings of hundreds and thousands of little men. But when all the commercial firms are cared for, and all the sons and daughters, and all the poor relatives and dependents, there may still be a good many incomes left which may harmlessly or beneficially be spent without reserve. In our day, the work of "doing good" is much overdone, no doubt; and a vast deal of mischief is bred as a set-off against the good actually wrought: but still there are so many excellent projects and institutions requiring support; so many neighbours everywhere needing help; so many ways of employing industry to the gain of public or private comfort, instruction and pleasure, that I own I hear with satisfaction an avowal, here and there, from some thoughtful and independent person, that he spends his whole income, because he sees every year more reason for spending than for laying by. I am glad when elderly spinsters say so; and when widowers and widows, whose children are settled in life, say so. And I am sorry in proportion when those of my own generation, who heard the praises of accumulation and of parsimony in their youth, are still trammelled by bonds which they should have broken through long ago, and abstain from doing good and pleasant things now, for the chance of somebody unknown doing something of the sort hereafter. Being Protestants, and charitable bequests being happily out of fashion and discredited, these contemporaries of mine are not disposing of their money in that way. When nobody depends on them, nobody expects anything from them, and nobody of kin or kindness needs anything, it does seem absurd and shocking to go on laying by part of a safe and ample income,—even in such a year as that of the potato rot, or that of the cotton famine: yet these rich people would feel disturbed in mind if they did not lay by the usual amount, or rather more, from year to year. I have seen them trying to the last moment to disbelieve the distress; complaining of the local rates, opining that it was the duty

of Irish landlords, or of Lancashire proprietors, to take charge of the sufferers, and at last subscribing their 5*l.* or 10*l.*, lest they should lay by only 450*l.* instead of 500*l.*, and by giving much be led on to give more.

It was often said, last autumn, that people who usually tithed their income for charity were, on such an occasion, giving one-fifth; that those who had an income of thousands were giving hundreds, and those who had an income of hundreds were giving tens: and they thought that excellent; but *they* could not do it: it would trench upon their well-considered plan of conduct, and compel them to sacrifice a fixed object to a transitory one. Again,—they heard of a set of very poor people, living in a very poor cluster of cottages, who, at the beginning of this winter, amidst the bitter frost of November, engaged to supply 22*s.* monthly for Lancashire, as long as the distress should last: and these rich solitaires, who had no growing boys and girls to feed, and no babes to warm with difficulty, and no old clothes to mend and patch to make them last the winter, thought this creditable to the poor people, certainly, but quite natural, seeing that *they* might any day be in need of the same assistance. So these opulent solitaires, who probably will never want pecuniary aid from any quarter, have seen no incitement to give to Lancashire what would correspond to the contributions of those poor labourers, but stick! to their 5*l.* or 10*l.*, as what they are "justified in giving." The spell which is upon all others, making them frank and careless about the disclosure of their affairs, does not act upon these rigid moralists and economists. It is curious to see them denying themselves in a way, because everybody else is economical just now, but to no purpose as regards anybody but posterity. One will do without new gravelling his garden-walks for the present, and another will put off buying her intended silk dress this winter, as everybody is going shabby in one way or other for the sake of Lancashire; but it is too plain that the saving will be invested for the benefit of some other party than Lancashire, leaving a certain sense of complacency behind,—probably because it used to be said that "Parsimony is a virtue."

It is this effort to help Lancashire which has so singularly broken up the ordinary reserve about incomes. All over the kingdom the "workies," men and women, are subscribing weekly or monthly amounts out of their pay; and, for the example's sake, the fact gets abroad. It is natural for salaried clerks, poor gentry, and clergy to consult together, and inquire what others are doing; and thus to communicate their affairs in a way they would not otherwise think of. In country places, and even in some streets of towns, the same kind of council is held. Preachers of all denominations bring the case and the appeal upon it home very plainly to their hearers; and the hearers' hearts are opened, and they are frank and hearty, and give as one family. We learn now how people with very small means give by sacrificing the accustomed ale, or the cigar, or the annual autumn pic-nic, or the dance at Christmas. And, as the end of the year approached, we found that the ordinary strict-

ness of strict people about living so far within their income had for once completely given way.

"Never mind!" some of our best citizens have said, in their various ways; "this is such a year as we may hope never to see again; and our little family and personal plans must give way. It would really be wrong to refuse to give in order that we may lay by. We will send every shilling we can muster; and we will see whether there is anything besides money that we can spare." And then appear the packages of clothing and blankets, of which so many reach Manchester from all parts. In such a season, people do not care who knows their circumstances, if consultation among neighbours can help the collection of funds: and thus, to observant persons, ways of living are disclosed very instructively, and not a few individuals, and some classes may learn how other classes live.

As far as I have ever been able to learn, the closest economy of all is practised by gentry of small means. The little fixed income is parcelled out with minute care; and a margin is left for accidents, or for laying by something, however trifling. These are the houses in which two fires, in the kitchen and the parlour, must suffice in mid-winter, and the coals be skilfully put on, so as to burn to most advantage. The tea-caddy is filled at certain intervals, and the supply must be made to last. If a dish is by chance spoiled in the cooking, that dish is subtracted from the dinner. The charity purse is sacred. One-tenth of the little income goes into it; and the income is reckoned as that much short of what it is. This winter, the beer at dinner, or the sugar at breakfast and tea is given up that there may be something for Lancashire; and the old shawl or cloak is made to serve one more season, because Lancashire *must* be helped, and it would be wrong to go to the charity-purse for this extra call. The difficulty in this class of homes has been greater than usual for the last few years,—greater than many heads of households knew how to deal with,—from the increased costliness of female dress. I will not enlarge on this now; and I refer to it only for the effect it produces in stinting the hitherto frugal table, and lowering the before scanty fire. If the daughters could dress as they did twenty years ago, the grey-headed parents might have their glass of wine after dinner, and a fire in their bed-room on bitter winter nights, and a little sociability in the evenings, without thinking twice whether they can afford tea, toast, and cake, to an old acquaintance. From such abodes as these help is somehow spared for Lancashire at this moment.

On the other hand, the most profuse ways of living are supposed to be in great folks' mansions and in farm-houses. The old-fashioned farm-house is, indeed, the very type of plenty.

As to great London houses, there is generally speaking a profusion of comfort and luxury, and therefore of expenditure—but this depends much on the management. A multitude of Englishmen have no doubt wished within the last few weeks that the surplus food in the great mansions of the

aristocracy could be transported to Lancashire; and there must be, on the whole, a good deal of waste, both in the process of cookery and in the quantity provided, according to the quondam ways of such houses. But it is not always so. There are great houses, both in town and country, where an astonishing economy prevails. The servants have board wages; and every scrap in the larder is eaten up by the family. In country houses this has a more remarkable appearance, because old associations lead one to expect plenty there. But, whether it is that gentlemen have become their own farmers, and ladies their own dairy keepers, or whether a new generation of housekeepers has come into office, more stingy than the old, I cannot say; but the life of the country house is sometimes very unlike the old notion of it. The Groby Park luncheon in "Orley Farm" may easily have been taken from the life; and one may spend a month in such a mansion at midsummer without seeing a proper old-fashioned dessert of strawberries and cream; or at Christmas without ever having one's fill of custard or syllabub.

In the true provincial farm-house, meantime, the genuine rural profusion still exists,—only a little modified by regard to modern ways. One may not be compelled to sit down to a loaded table every two or three hours; but when one does sit down (which is still four or five times a day), the table is a bountiful one. The hostess is not thinking, as the great lady or her housekeeper may be, of the dairy sales of the week. The farmer's wife first supplies her own house without stint, and then sells the rest. There is no gardener there to diminish the dessert by slow degrees that he may have the more fruit to sell; but the farm-gardens and orchard overflow all the year round, and no cockney guests, with the London frenzy for fruit, could make much impression on the supply. All through the house, the plenty is the same. There are roaring wood-fires in every room; a pile of blankets on every bed; wine always in view; ale always at call; horses for any number of riders, and amusement and hospitality overflowing in every corner of the house and land. From such abodes there might be a good deal spared for Lancashire; and I believe there is. Of the gifts of game and other eatables received at Manchester, it is probable that the bulk arrives from farm-houses, where it is natural for people to give what they have, and what they see their friends enjoy. Nothing is more likely than that the farmer and his sons, when they come home with a full game-bag, say that it is a pity those poor Lancashire people, in their pinch, have not some of these good things; and hence perhaps the perplexity of the Relief Committees about what to do with pheasants and hares, if game may not be sold without a licence.

There is yet another class which could spare no little food to the hungry, with clear benefit to themselves; and that is the order of workpeople, who are habitually extravagant in regard to their table. My readers must be aware, I should think, that there is no more lavish expenditure on food in this country than among the particular artisan class, which, in our great manufacturing towns,

buys up, before anybody else, the delicacies of the season. It is supposed to be a sort of class vanity,—a way of asserting the position of the purchaser of green geese and early peas, the first sucking-pigs, grouse, woodcocks, costly hams, and foreign fruits. I am not of the opinion of some of my acquaintance,—the expressed opinion of some public writers,—that it is our habit as a people to eat too much. I believe that a very large proportion of my countrymen of all ranks, and yet more of my countrywomen, do not eat enough of the best kinds of food; but an exception must certainly be made in regard to that part of our middle-class population which the doctors know well as “the over-eating class.” Their charity would be doubly blessed if they gave their surplus food, or the price of it, to the needy. It is probable that very many have done so, as the impulse to self-denial seems to be universal throughout the kingdom, except among the scattered unfortunates who are too strictly moral in their attention to their maxim that “Parsimony is a virtue.”

There had been a general impression till a month ago that these Lancashire operatives had themselves been of the luxurious class of “workies:” and here again is one of the disclosures which the cotton famine has induced. We now know how wisely a large proportion of them have laid by money in their prosperous days. Their accounts in the Savings’ Banks, in Building Societies, and above all in those noble Cooperative Institutions at Rochdale, have vindicated their character as a class, in regard to the duty of accumulating savings, and creating capital. Good as it is for us, as a people, that our reserve as to our morals and habits of expenditure should have been broken through, it is especially a great benefit that the ways and views and characters of our chief company of operatives should have been laid open in so favourable a way. When affairs resume their natural course, we shall all know one another better, make more allowance perhaps for one another’s ways, feel less sensitive or respectful towards the merely rich, and more ready and eager to show the labouring classes how to make the best of their means. It will have been good for us to see how, while certain rich people have exercised their ingenuity in contriving how to give least with the least discredit, a great many more poor men and women have exercised their ingenuity in an opposite direction,—in contriving to cut off some personal expenditure hitherto considered necessary, in order to give something more necessary still to an impoverished brother labourer. It is good for us to find that, generally speaking, among the orderly people of all ranks, it is the rule and practice to lay by something for somebody, and thus to satisfy the claims of the next generation: but it is also good for us to be for once shaken out of our routine, and impelled to spend whatever we can muster out of our income (whatever it may be), and able to do so with a frank satisfaction, worth more to us and our neighbours than any pleasure that money can buy.

FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

January 1, 1863.

ASTLEY’S HORSE.

TO THE EDITOR OF ONCE A WEEK.

SIR,—

The horse mentioned in your paper as “Astley’s old horse” was not a white one, but a dark bay. I painted him when he was more than thirty years old, and when, having lost all his teeth, he was fed on soaked bread.

Mr. Davis, in whose possession he was after Astley’s death, being my uncle, I had frequent opportunities of seeing the horse, and knew him well. He was called “the old Spanish horse.”

I am, sir,

19, New Millman Street.

ABR. COOPER, R.A.

A PEEP INTO THE PALATINATE.

PART I.—THE CASTLE OF TRIFELS.

THAT Danube voyage from Ratisbon to Vienna is worth the Rhine, Rhone, and Elbe voyages put together. There is one place, near Linz, where the gorge opens into a plain, and on one side the distant summits of the Austrian Alps appear only for some minutes, that suggests theatrical scene-shifting on an enormous scale. But this by the way. I had once seen the castle of Dürrenstein, where Richard Cœur de Lion was confined, and thought that I should like to see the castle of Trifels, to which he was transferred from Dürrenstein. A striking object from the neighbourhood of Worms is the long-backed Donnersberg mountain. This mountain is seen by everybody who goes up the hill behind Heidelberg Castle. I had visited it in 1861. The chief objects of interest on that walk, which began at Worms and ended at Kreuznach, were Pfeddersheim, with its crumbling mediæval walls; Zell, with its pure fountains and fine view; the village of Dannenfels, perched beautifully a little way up the Donnersberg, approached through a glade of chestnuts terminating a long prairie, the long flat top of the steep 2126 feet high; Thunder mountain, with its panoramic view; the gigantic beeches on the descent, with boles like the main-masts of three-deckers; the lower valley of the Alsenz, cragged and castellated, a miniature of the Nahe, which again is a miniature of the Rhine. This time we pass the Donnersberg and the first mountains of the Palatinate, and are duly delivered as ticketed and directed at the Neustadt station, where a branch of the railway pierces the hill-country, and connects it with Metz and Paris.

First appears the castle of Maxburg, on a most commanding position above the long village of Hamsbach. It was intended to restore this grand old historic ruin as a summer palace for the present king of Bavaria, Maximilian; and why the process of reconstruction was arrested we cannot tell. Probably his Alpine retreat of Hohenschwangau has greater charms of much the same nature. It often strikes one that princes and great folk who have many houses must experience to a certain degree that want of home which those feel who have no houses of their own. A feeling of desolation and failure is produced by the uninhabited state of the ambitious castle, while the respectability of the ruin has been destroyed. From the Donnersberg to the valley of the Queich extends the so-called Haardtgebirge, which is rather a

small chain of mountains than a range of large hills. The highest point, the Kalmit, is little above 2000 feet; but the distinction is founded seemingly on something else than mere difference of size. Perhaps, from a geological point of view, hills are generally the result of location, mountains of dislocation,—the former a product of the more gentle, the latter of the more violent agencies of nature.

The Haardt is chiefly composed of variegated sandstone, and to the north its hills and valleys appear to have been mainly formed by the action of water; but beyond Edenkoben, where the Haardt merges into the Vosges, unmistakable volcanic action becomes visible, and the broken hills are tumbled into huge hummocks, whose outline looks very strange from the neighbourhood of Carlsruhe. After passing the baths of Gleisweiler, a beautiful valley opens, in which are seen three of these hummocks, one behind the other, on the foremost of them a solitary square tower. This was the keep of the castle of Trifels. Considering its historic renown, there is very little to be seen of it. The three summits are called Trifels, Anebos, and Scharfenburg. On each a castle stood, and they were connected in ancient times, although separated from each other by a depression of considerable depth. Over against them is the strange rock-mass of Assenstein, which has been compared by Humboldt to the top of Mamanchota in the Cordilleras, and is supposed to have derived its name from the gods of northern mythology.

As we approach near the hill of Trifels, a poor violin-player comes out of the woods, and goes to the town to earn his kreutzers by seasoning the *table-d'hôte* with music at the Trifels inn. This is the fate of the race of Blondels in the nineteenth century. The castle of Trifels itself probably dates from the time of the Emperor Conrad II., who was known to have built many castles in the direction of Lorraine, and the valley of the Queich would have been an important military pass, which it was desirable to secure. Here it was that the unhappy Henry IV. found refuge, when the papal ban was launched against him, when his own son was in insurrection at the head of his disaffected nobles, and the burghers of the towns alone stood his friends. When Henry V. felt his end draw near, and named the Hohenstaufens, the sons of his sister Agnes, as his heirs, he placed in the castle of Trifels the jewels of the empire in the custody of Duke Frederick of Swabia. The choice, however, of the Diet held at Mayence, in 1125, did not fall upon Frederick, but on Lothair, of Saxony: this occasioned a long war, in which Trifels was besieged, and though the Hohenstaufens held the castle, they were obliged to surrender the jewels. The palmy days of Trifels began when the Hohenstaufens, represented by Konrad III., in the year 1138, were raised to the imperial dignity. It was a favourite resort of Frederic Barbarossa, as it lay between his seats of Hagenau and Kaiserslautern. Long after his death the people believed that a bed was made up for him every night at Trifels, under the supposition that he had been transported thither alive by enchantment from his castle of Hagenau. The

castle was so much enlarged and beautified by him that his son and successor, Henry VI., was enabled to hold there a great court, to consult on the subject of the expedition to Syria. The booty collected in that expedition was brought to Trifels on 160 beasts of burden, and its spacious dungeons became the receptacles of many state prisoners of note. The most renowned of these was Richard Cœur-de-Lion of England.

On his return from the third Crusade, the King was cast away, near Aquileia, on the Italian coast. This obliged him to travel through the dominions of Leopold of Austria, who was his bitter personal enemy, in consequence of a dispute which had taken place at the siege of Ptolemais or Acre. His pilgrim's disguise was not sufficient to prevent his recognition and seizure in the neighbourhood of Vienna. He was carried as a prisoner to the Castle of Dürrenstein, on the Danube. The Emperor, Henry VI., who was also a personal enemy of Richard, when he heard of this, demanded that he should be transferred to his custody, on the ground that only he had a right to keep a king captive in his dominions. Thus he was brought to Trifels, tried at Hagenau before an assembly of German princes, and his ransom fixed at 150,000 marks, on the payment of which he was liberated. In an age of romance, however, such a *dénouement* was deemed unsatisfactory, and a legend was invented more consistent with the chivalrous character of the English king. He was found by his faithful minstrel Blondel, who had long sought him in vain by going the round of the castles of Germany. One day Blondel found himself in the wild valley of Annweiler, under Trifels, and suspected from the extent of the works that it must be an important place. So he went into the woods to reconnoitre, and in order to attract the country people about him that he might question them, sang a song to his lute. He told the company of herdsmen that collected to hear him many a strange tale of foreign lands, and as he was talking he saw that a maiden present hung on his words with marked attention, while a shade of sadness passed by fits over her usually smiling face. He asked whether the castle was inhabited, and whether his music might not earn him a handsome welcome there. He was told that no one was suffered to approach the castle since some distinguished prisoner was brought there one night; that it was strongly watched, and commanded by a seneschal reported invulnerable. Then he examined the fair maiden apart as to the cause of her sadness. She confessed that she had heard a song similar to one of Blondel's at a window of the castle, and seen the outline of a noble form in the darkness; that led by curiosity, she had gone to the place again, and had been seen by the prisoner, who spoke to her in friendly tones, and begged her to come again and gladden his loneliness with the sound of her sweet voice. Blondel then suspects that it is Richard, and the next evening is guided to the window by the shepherd-maid Matilda; sings part of a stave, to which Richard replies; gives notice to his men-at-arms, who are in ambush in the woods below the castle, who tie their horses to trees, bridge over the moat with timbers taken from the wood,

beat down the gate, overpower the guard, and free Richard, who when he has once a sword in his hand easily effects the rest for himself.

After the death of Henry VI., in the war between Philip of Swabia and Otho IV., the castle remained in the hands of the Hohenstaufens. When Philip was murdered, in 1208, it came to Otho with the insignia of the empire. When this emperor was obliged, in turn, to yield to Frederic II., it returned to its old possessors. Frederic's son Henry, who tried to depose his father and reign instead, sought here a refuge against his father's anger, but when the emperor returned from Italy, the castle opened its gates to him, and the son had to expiate his ingratitude by a long imprisonment in it. In the year 1246,

Frederic's younger son, Conrad IV., received the castle from the hand of the seneschal, Philip of Falkenstein, on whose death William of Holland gained possession of it by stratagem. Trifels appears always as an imperial residence in these times, as testified by a letter of Pope Urban IV. to Richard of Cornwall, wherein Trifels is specified. All the following emperors, down to the time of Ludwig the Bavarian, planted here the standard of empire. Rudolph of Hapsburg transferred the insignia of empire to his castle Kyburg, in Switzerland, yet under Adolph of Nassau, they are found again in Trifels. Ludwig the Bavarian mortgaged the castle, in 1330, to the Palatine family, and it came thus to the Dukes of Zweibrücken.



Castle of Trifels.

From this date its splendour began to decline. In the peasant war it was much damaged, and the date (1529) at the entrance of the principal tower, seems to point to a subsequent restoration. In 1602 the great tower was struck by lightning, and a great part of the castle burnt. In the Thirty Years' war the castle was used as a refuge by the surrounding country-people, and each party seems to have held it in turn. In 1635, its remaining occupiers were destroyed or driven out by an infectious epidemic. From that time its complete ruin dates.

The chief parts which remain are the main tower, built of vast blocks of stone, and about eighty feet high; the dungeon, a fearful vault, partially lighted from above by four openings;

and the well-tower, built over a well now filled with rubbish. On Anebos, the second height, very slight trace of the old fortification is to be seen. On Scharfenburg, the third height, there is still a tower, about one hundred and fifty feet high. The very ditch here is not dug, but hewn out of the solid rock. This castle was separated from Trifels under the Emperor Frederic II., but shared the subsequent fates of the sister-fortress. The whole country round Trifels has a weird and ghostly look, and the grotesque masses of sandstone which crown the tops and crests of the hills, and in the sun are scarcely distinguishable from castles, but in the evening appear often like sharply-featured spectral heads, give the impression of a very "eerie" place.

THE NOTTING HILL MYSTERY.



(See page 91.)

(*.* See remarks prefixed to the first of these papers, Vol. VII., page 617.)

SECTION VIII. CONCLUSION.

THERE now only remains for me, in conclusion, to sum up as briefly and succinctly as possible the evidence contained in the preceding statements. In so doing, it will be necessary to adopt an arrangement somewhat different from that which has been hitherto followed. Each step of the narrative will therefore be accompanied with a mar-

ginal reference to the particular deposition from which it may be taken.

First then, for what may be called the preliminary portions of the evidence. With these we need here deal but very briefly. They consist almost entirely of letters furnished by the courtesy of a near relation of the late Mrs. Anderton, and read as follows :

Some six or seven and twenty years ago, the mother of Mrs. Anderton—Lady Boleton—after giving birth to twin daughters, under circumstances of a peculiarly exciting and agitating nature, died in child-bed. Both Sir Edward Boleton and herself appear to have been of a nervous temperament, and the effects of these combined influences is shown in the highly nervous and susceptible organisation of the orphan girls, and in a morbid sympathy of constitution, by which each appeared to suffer from any ailment of the other. This remarkable sympathy is very clearly shown in more than one of the letters I have submitted for your consideration, and I have numerous others in my possession which, should they be considered insufficient, will place the matter, irregular as it certainly is, beyond the reach of doubt. I must request you to bear it particularly and constantly in mind throughout the case.

Almost from the time of the mother's death, the children were placed in the care of a poor, but respectable woman, at Hastings. Here the younger, whose constitution appears to have been originally much stronger than that of her sister, seems to have improved rapidly in health, and in so doing to have mastered, in some degree, that morbid sympathy of temperament of which I have spoken, and which in the weaker organisation of her elder sister, still maintained its former ascendancy. They were about six years old when, whether through the carelessness of the nurse or not, is immaterial to us now, the younger was lost during a pleasure excursion in the neighbourhood. Every inquiry was made, and it appeared pretty clear that she had fallen into the hands of a gang of gipsies, who at that time infested the country round, but no further trace of her was ever after discovered.

The elder sister, now left alone, seems to have been watched with redoubled solicitude. There is nothing, however, in the years immediately following Miss C. Boleton's disappearance having any direct bearing upon our case, and I have, therefore, confined my extracts from the correspondence entrusted to me, to two or three letters from a lady in whose charge she was placed at Hampstead, and one from an old friend of her mother, from which we gather the fact of her marriage. The latter is chiefly notable as pointing out the nervous and highly sensitive temperament of the young lady's husband, the late Mr. Anderton, to which I shall have occasion at a later period of the case, more particularly to direct your attention. The former give evidence of a very important fact; namely, that of the liability of Miss Boleton to attacks of illness equally unaccountable and unmanageable, bearing a perfect resemblance to those in which she suffered in her younger days sympathetically with the ailments of her sister; and, therefore, to be not improbably attributed to a similar cause.

Thus far for the preliminary portion of the evidence. The second division places before us certain peculiarities in the married life of

II. Mrs. Anderton; its more especial object, however, being to elucidate the connection between the parties whose history we have hitherto

been tracing, and the Baron R**, with whose proceedings we are properly concerned.

It appears then, that in all respects but one, the married life of Mr. and Mrs. Anderton was particularly happy. Notwithstanding their retired and often somewhat nomad life, and the limits necessarily imposed thereby to the formation of friendships, the evidence of their devoted attachment to each other is perfectly overwhelming. I have no less than thirty-seven letters from various quarters, all speaking more or less strongly upon this point, but I have thought it better to select from the mass a small but sufficient number, than to overload the case with unnecessary repetition. In one respect alone their happiness was incomplete. It was, as had been justly observed by Mrs. Ward, most unfortunate that the choice of Miss Boleton should have fallen upon a gentleman, who however eligible in every other respect, was, from his extreme constitutional nervousness, so peculiarly ill-adapted for union with a lady of such very similar organisation. The connection seems to have borne its natural fruit in the increased delicacy of both parties, their married life being spent in an almost continual search after health. Among the numerous experiments tried with this object, they at length appear to have had recourse to mesmerism, becoming finally patients of Baron R**, a well-known professor of that and other kindred impositions.

Mrs. Anderton had not been long under his care when the remonstrances of several friends led to the cessation of the Baron's immediate manipulations, the mesmeric fluid being now conveyed to the patient through the intervention of a third party. Mademoiselle Rosalie, "the medium" thus employed, was a young person regularly retained by Baron R** for that purpose, and of her it is necessary here to say a few words.

She appears to have been about the age of Mrs. Anderton, though looking perhaps a little older than her years; slight in figure, with dark hair and eyes, and in all respects but one answering precisely to the description of that lady's lost sister. The single difference alluded to, that of wide and clumsy feet, is amply accounted for by the nature of her former avocation. She had been for several years a tight-rope dancer, &c., in the employ of a travelling-circus proprietor; who, by his own account, had purchased her for a trifling sum, of a gang of gipsies at Lewes, just at the very time when the younger Miss Boleton was stolen at Hastings by a gang whose course was tracked through Lewes to the westward. Of him she was again purchased by the Baron, who appears, even at the outset, to have exercised a singular power over her, the fascination of his glance falling on her whilst engaged upon the stage, having compelled her to stop short in the performance of her part. There can, I think, be little doubt that this girl Rosalie was in fact the lost sister of Mrs. Anderton, and of this we shall find that the Baron R** very shortly became cognisant.

It does not appear that on the first meeting of the sisters he had any idea of the relationship between them. He was, indeed, perfectly ignorant of the early history of both. The extra-

ordinary sympathy therefore which immediately manifested itself between them was not improbably set down by him as a mere result of the mesmeric *rapport*, and it was not till he had been for some weeks in attendance on Mrs. Anderton that accident led him to divine its true origin. Nor, on the other hand, does this singular sympathy—a sympathy manifested in a precisely similar manner to that known to have existed years ago between the sisters—appear to have raised any suspicion of the truth in the mind of either Mrs. Anderton or her husband. From the former, indeed, all mention of her early life had been carefully kept till she had probably almost, if not entirely, forgotten the event, while the latter merely remembered it as a tale which had long since ceased to possess any present interest.

The two sisters were thus for several weeks in the closest contact, the effects of which may or may not have been heightened by the so-called mesmeric connection between them, before any suspicion of their relationship crossed the mind of any one. One evening, however,—and from certain peculiar circumstances we are enabled to fix the date precisely to the 13th of October, 1854,—the Baron appears beyond all doubt to have become cognisant of the fact. I must request your particular attention to the circumstances by which his discovery of it was attended.

On that evening the conversation appears to have very naturally turned upon a certain extraordinary case professed to be reported in a number of the "*Zoist Mesmeric Magazine*," published a few days before. The pretended case was that of a lady suffering from some internal disorder which forbade her to swallow any food, and receiving sustenance through mesmeric sympathy with the operator, who "*ate for her*." From this extraordinary tale the conversation turned naturally to other manifestations of constitutional sympathy, as an instance of which Mr. Anderton related the story of Mrs. Anderton's lost sister, and the singular bond which had existed between them. The conversation appears to have continued for some time, and in the course of

II., 2. it a jesting remark was made by one of the party in allusion to the story of eating by deputy, to which I am inclined to look as the keynote of this horrible affair.

"I said," deposes Mr. Morton, "I said it was lucky for the young woman that the fellow didn't eat anything unwholesome."

From the moment these words were spoken the Baron appears to have dropped out of the conversation altogether. More than this, he was clearly in a condition of great mental pre-occupation and disturbance. Mr. Morton goes on to describe the singularity of his manner, the letting his cigar expire between his teeth, and the tremulousness of his hands, so excessive, that in attempting to re-light it he only succeeded in destroying that of his friend. There can, I think, be no doubt whatever that from that moment he believed thoroughly in the identity of Rosalie with the lost sister of Mrs. Anderton. What other ideas the conversation had suggested to him we must endeavour to ascertain from the evidence that follows.

On the morning of the day succeeding that on

the evening of which he had become convinced of Rosalie's identity, we find Baron R** at Doctors' Commons inquiring into the particulars of a will by which the sum of 25,000*l.* had been bequeathed, under certain conditions, to the children of Lady Boleton. Under the provisions of this will, the girl Rosalie was, after her sister and Mr. Anderton, the heir to this legacy. We need, I think, have no difficulty in connecting the acquisition of this intelligence with the steps by which it was immediately followed. Mr. Anderton at once received an intimation of the Baron's approaching departure for the continent, and at the end of the third week from that time leave was taken, and he apparently started upon his journey. In point of fact, however, his plans were of a very different character. During the three weeks which intervened between his visit to Doctors' Commons and his farewell to Mr. Anderton, there had been advertised in the parish church of Kensington the bans of marriage between himself and his "*medium*," Rosalie,—not, indeed, in the names by which they were ordinarily known, and which would very probably have excited attention, but in the family name—if so it be—of the Baron and in that by which Rosalie was originally known when with the travelling circus. By what means he prevailed upon his victim to consent to such a step is not important to the matter in hand. The general tenour of the subsequent evidence shows clearly that it must have been under some form of compulsion, and, indeed, the unfortunate girl seems to have been made by some means altogether subservient to his will.

The marriage thus secretly effected, the Baron and his wife leave town, not for the continent, as stated to Mr. Anderton, but for Bognor, an out-of-the-way little watering-place on the Sussex coast, deserted save for the week of the Goodwood races, where, at that time of the year, he was not likely to meet with any one to whom he was known. Before endeavouring to investigate the motive of all this mystery, it is necessary to bear in mind one important fact:—

*Between the wife of Baron R** and Mr. Wilson's legacy of 25,000*l.*, the lives of Mr. and Mrs. Anderton now alone intervened.*

The first few days of the Baron's stay in Bognor seem to have been devoted to the search for a servant, he having insisted on the unusual arrangement of himself providing one in the house where he lodged. It is worthy of note that the one finally selected was in a position, with respect to character, that placed her entirely in her master's power. It is unfortunate that this same defect of character necessarily lessens the value of evidence from such a source. We must, however, take it for what it is worth, remembering at the same time, that there is a total absence of any apparent motive, save that of telling the truth, for the statement she has made.

It appears, then, from her account, that after trying by every means to tempt her into some repetition of her former error, the Baron at last seized upon the pretext of her taking from the breakfast table a single taste of jam upon her finger, to threaten her with immediate and utter

ruin. One only loop-hole was left by which she could escape. The alternative was, indeed, most ingeniously and delicately veiled under the pretext of seeking a plausible reason for her dismissal; but, in point of fact, it amounted to this, that as a condition of her alleged offence not being recorded against her, she would own to the commission of another with which she had nothing whatever to do.

The offence to which she was falsely to plead guilty was this. On the night succeeding the commission of the fault of which, such as it was, she was really guilty, Madame R** was taken suddenly ill. The symptoms were those of antimonial poisoning. The presence of antimony in the stomach was clearly shown. In the presence of the medical man who had been called in, the girl was taxed by the Baron with having administered, by way of a trick, a dose of tartar emetic; and she, in obedience to a strong hint from her master, confessed to the delinquency, and was thereupon dismissed with a good character in other respects. Freed from the dread of exposure, she now flatly denies the whole affair, both of the trick and of the quarrel which was supposed to have led to it, and I am bound to say, that looking both to external and internal evidence, her statement seems worthy of credit.

Nevertheless the poison was unquestionably administered. By whom?

Cui bono? Certainly, it will be said, not for that of the Baron; for until at least the death of Mr. and Mrs. Anderton his interest was clearly in the life of his wife. It is not, therefore, by any means to be supposed that he would before that event attempt to poison her. Of this mystery, then, it appears that we must seek the solution elsewhere.

Returning then for a time to Mr. and Mrs. Anderton, we find that the latter has also suffered from an attack of illness. Comparing her journal and the evidence of her doctor, with that given

III. in the case of Madame R**, it appears that the symptoms were identical in every respect, with this single but important exception, that in this case there is no apparent cause for the attack, nor can any trace of poison be found. A little further inquiry, and we arrive at a yet more mysterious coincidence.

It is a matter of universal experience, that almost the most fatal enemy of crime is over-precaution. In this particular case the precautions of the Baron R** appear to have been dictated by a skill and forethought almost super-human, and so admirably have they been taken, that, save in the concealment of the marriage, it is almost impossible to recognise in them any sinister motive whatever. His course with respect to the servant girl, though dictated, as we believe, by the most criminal designs, is perfectly consistent with motives of the very highest philanthropy. Even in the concealment of the marriage, once granting—as I think may very fairly be granted—that such a marriage might be concealed without any necessary imputation of evil, the means adopted were equally simple, effective, and unblameable. They consisted merely in the use of the real, instead of the stage names of the

contracting parties, and in the very proper avoidance of all ground for scandal by hiring another lodging, in order that before marriage the address of both parties might not be the same. In the illness of Madame R**, too, at Bognor, nothing can, to all appearance, be more straightforward than the Baron's conduct. He at once proclaims his suspicion of poison, sends for an eminent physician, verifies his doubts, administers the proper remedies, and dismisses the servant by whose fault the attack has been occasioned. Viewed with an eye of suspicion, there is indeed something questionable in the selection of the medical attendant. Why should the Baron refuse to send for either of the local practitioners, both gentlemen of skill and reputation, and insist on calling in a stranger to the place, who in a very few days would leave it, and very probably return no more? Distrust of country doctors, and decided preference for London skill, furnishes us, as usual, with a prompt and plausible reply. It does not, however, exclude the possibility that the expediency of removing as far as possible all evidence of what had passed may have in some degree affected the choice. Be that as it may, this precaution, whether originally for good or for evil, has enabled us to fix with certainty a very important point.

*Mrs. Anderton was taken ill, not only with the same symptoms, but at the same time, with Madame R**.*

Before proceeding to consider the events which followed, there are one or two points in the history of this first illness of the sisters on which it is needful to remark. The action of these metallic poisons, among which we may undoubtedly rank antimony, is as yet but very little understood. We know, however, from the statements of Professor Taylor,* certainly by far the first English authority upon the subject, that peculiarities of constitution, or, as they are termed, "idiosyncracies," frequently assist or impede to a very extraordinary extent the action of such drugs. The constitution of Madame R** appears to have been thus idiosyncratically disposed to favour the action of antimony. There can be no doubt that the action of the poison upon her system was very greatly in excess of that which under ordinary circumstances would have been expected from a similar dose. The poison, therefore, by whomsoever administered, was not intended to prove fatal, though from the peculiar idiosyncrasy of Madame R** it was very nearly doing so.

The narrowness of Madame R**'s escape seems to have struck the Baron, and to have exercised a strong influence over his future proceedings. Whether or not he knew or believed her to be exposed to any peculiar influences which might tend to render her life less secure than that of her delicate and invalid sister, it is impossible positively to say. There was no question, however, that her death before that of Mrs. Anderton would destroy all prospect of his succession to the 25,000*l.*, and with this view he proceeded to take as speedily as possible the necessary steps to secure himself against such an event. The obvious

* "Taylor on Poisons," 2nd edition, p. 98, et seq.

course, and indeed that suggested at once by Dr. Jones, was that of assurance, and this course he accordingly adopted, after having previously, by a tour of several months, restored his wife to a state of health in which her life would probably be accepted by the offices concerned. The insurances, therefore, with which we are concerned, were effected in consequence of a previous administration of poison to Madame R**, producing an illness far more serious than could have been anticipated, and accompanied by precisely similar symptoms on the part of her delicate sister, Mrs. Anderton, whose death, *if preceding that of Madame R***, would more than double the Baron's prospect of succession.

Between him, therefore, and the sum of either 25,000*l.* or 50,000*l.* there now intervened three lives, those of Mr. and Mrs. Anderton, and of his own wife, Madame R**, and on the order in which they fell depended the amount of his gain by their demise. The death of Mr. Anderton before that of Mrs. Anderton, would open the possibility of a second marriage, from which might arise issue, whose claim would precede his; that of his own wife preceding that of either Mr. or Mrs. Anderton, would destroy altogether his own claim to the larger sum. It was only in the event of Mrs. Anderton's death being followed first by that of her husband, and afterwards by that of her sister, that the Baron's entire claim would be secured.

Within one year from the time at which matters assumed this position, these three lives fell in, and in precisely the order in which the Baron would most largely and securely profit by their demise.

We now proceed to examine the circumstances under which they fell.

Immediately on his return to England, and before apparently completing his arrangements with respect to the policies of insurance, the Baron, we find, calls upon Mr. Anderton, and by dint of minute inquiries draws from him the entire history of the attack from which Mrs. Anderton had suffered several months before. Supposing, therefore, that the information was of any practical interest, the Baron was now fully aware of the perfect similarity, both of time and symptom, between the cases of his wife and her sister. It is essential that this should be borne in mind.

He now proceeds to establish himself in lodgings in Russell Place, in a house in which, for five days and every night in the week, he is entirely

V. alone. The only other tenant is a medical man, whose visits are confined to a few hours on two days in the week, and who lives at too great a distance to be called in on any sudden emergency. Here he establishes himself upon the first and second floors with a laboratory in a small detached room upon the basement floor, where his chemical experiments can be carried on without inconvenience to the rest of the house. It is essential that the position of this laboratory should be very clearly borne in mind, as it plays a most important part in the story which is now to follow.

In these lodgings, then, Madame R** is again taken ill with a return, though in a greatly mitigated form, of the same symptoms from which she

had previously suffered at Bognor. The attack, however, though less violent in its immediate effects, was succeeded at regular intervals of about a fortnight by others of a precisely similar character. And here we arrive at what is at once the most significant, the most extraordinary, and the most questionable of the evidence we have been able to collect.

It appears, then, that upon a night in August, a young man of the name of Aldridge, who, as a matter of special favour, had been taken into the house since the arrival of the VII. Baron, saw Madame R** leave her bedroom, and, apparently in her sleep, walk down the stairs in the dark to the lower part of the house. The room in which the Baron slept was next to hers, and on the wall of that room, projected by the night-lamp burning on the table, the young man saw what seemed to be the shadow of a man watching Madame R** as she went by. He looked again and the shadow was gone—so rapidly that at first he could scarcely believe his eyes, and was only, after consideration, satisfied that it really had been there. He went down to the room, but the Baron was asleep. He told him what had happened to Madame R**, and he at once followed her. Young Aldridge watched him until he had descended the kitchen-stairs and returned, followed closely by the sleep-walker. He then went back to his room, to which the Baron shortly afterwards came to thank him for his warning, and to tell him that, in some freak of slumber, Madame R** had visited the kitchen.

So far the story is simple enough. There is nothing extraordinary in a sick woman of excitable nerves taking a sudden fit of somnambulism, and walking down even into the kitchen of a house that was not her own. The Baron's conduct—in all respects but that of the watching shadow—was precisely that which, from a sensible and affectionate husband, might most naturally have been expected. Nor is it very difficult, even setting aside all idea of malice, to set down the shadow portion of the story to a mere freak of imagination on the part of the young man who, though "not drunk," was nevertheless on his own admission, "perhaps a little excited," and who had been "drinking a good deal of beer and shandy-gaff." But the evidence does not end here.

By one of those extraordinary coincidences by which the simple course of ordinary events so often baffles the best laid schemes of crime, there were others in the house, besides the young man Aldridge, who witnessed the movements of the Baron and Madame R**. It so happened that, on the afternoon of that particular day, the woman of the house had hampered the little latch-lock by which young Aldridge usually admitted himself, and, as this occurred late in the day, it is more than probable that the Baron was unaware of it, as also of the fact that in consequence the servant-girl Susan Turner, sat up beyond the usual hour of going to bed for the purpose of letting the young man in. This girl, it seems, had a lover—a stoker on one of the northern lines—and him she appears to have invited to keep her company on her watch. Aldridge returned and went up to bed, but the

lover—who was to be on duty with his engine at two o'clock, and who was doubtlessly interrupted in a most interesting conversation by the arrival of the lodger—still remained in the kitchen, and was only just leaving it when Madame R** came down stairs. Taking her at first to be the mistress of the house, and fearful lest the street-lamp gleaming through the glass partition should betray her "young man's" presence, Susan Turner draws him to the lumber-room, the window of which, it appears, looks into a sort of well between the house and the two rooms built out at the back, after a fashion not unusual in London houses. Into this well, also, immediately opposite to the window of the lumber-room, looks that of the backroom or laboratory, furnished with what the witness describes as a "tin looking-glass," but which is really one of those metal reflectors, in common use, for increasing the light of rooms in such a position. The distance between the two windows is little more than eight feet. The night was clear, with a bright, full harvest moon, and its rays, thrown by the reflector into the laboratory, made every part of its interior distinctly visible from the lumber-room. The door of the latter room was open, and the staircase illuminated by the Baron's approaching light. The hidings in the lumber-room could see distinctly the whole proceedings of both Baron and Madame R**, from the time Aldridge lost sight of them to the moment they again emerged into his view.

And this was what they saw :

"Madame R** never went into the kitchen at all ;" "she went straight into the laboratory," and "the Baron watched her as she came out."

A glance at the place will show the bearing of this evidence and the impossibility of the Baron (who, if he had not been in the kitchen, must at least have thoroughly known the position of his own laboratory) having made any mistake on this point.

What, then, was his motive in thus imposing upon Aldridge, to whose interference he professed himself so much indebted, with this false statement of the place to which Madame R** had been ?

There does not seem the slightest reason for discrediting the evidence of these two witnesses. Their story is perfectly simple and coherent. There is neither malice against the Baron nor collusion with Aldridge, in whose case such malice is supposed to exist. The only weak point in their position is the fact, that they were both doing wrong in being in that place at that time ; but the admission of this, in truth, rather strengthens than injures the testimony which involves it. We must seek the clue, then, not in their motives, but in those of the Baron. The errand of Madame R**, in her strange expedition, may perhaps afford it. What did she do in the laboratory ?

"She drank something from a bottle." "It smelt and tasted like sherry." "It was marked VIN. ANT. POT. TART." That label designates antimonial wine, which is a mixture of sherry and tartar emetic.

Let us see if from this point we can feel our way, as it were, backwards, to the motive for concealment. The life of Madame R** was, as

we know, heavily insured. It had already been seriously endangered by the effects of precisely the same drug as that she was now seen to take. If the Baron knew or suspected the motive of her visit, here is at once a motive sufficient, if not perhaps very creditable, for the concealment of a fact, the knowledge of which might very probably lead to difficulty with respect to payment of the policy in case of death.

But here another difficulty meets us. The incident in question occurred at about the middle of the long illness of Madame R**. That illness consisted of a series of attacks, occurring as nearly as possible at intervals of a fortnight, and exhibiting the exact symptoms of the poison here shown to have been taken. One of these attacks followed within a very few hours of the occurrence into which we are examining. Was it the only one of the kind ?

The evidence of the night-nurse bears with terrible weight upon this point. Her orders are strict, on no account to close her eyes. Her hours of watch are short, and the repose of the entire day leaves her without the slightest cause for unusual drowsiness. The testimonials of twenty years bear unvarying witness to her care and trustworthiness. Yet every alternate Saturday for eight or ten, or it may even have been nearly twelve weeks, at one regular hour she falls asleep. It is in vain that she watches and fights against it—in vain even that, suspecting "some trick" she on one occasion abstains entirely from food, and drinks nothing but that peculiarly wakeful decoction, strong green tea. On every other night she keeps awake with ease, but surely as the fatal Saturday comes round she again succumbs, and surely as sleep steals over her is it followed by a fresh attack of the symptoms we so plainly recognise. She cannot in any way account for such an extraordinary fatality. She is positive that such a thing never happened to her before. We also are at an equal loss. We can but pause upon the reflection that twice before the periodic drowsiness began, a similarly irresistible sleep had been induced by the so-called mesmeric powers of the Baron himself. And then we pass naturally to her who had been for years habituated to such control, and we cannot but call to mind the statement of Mr. Hands—"I have often willed her (S. Parsons) to go into a dark room and pick up a pin, or some article equally minute."

And then we again remember the watching shadow on the wall.

And yet, after all, at what have we arrived ? Grant that the Baron knew the nature of his wife's errand in the laboratory ; that the singular power—call it what we will—by which he had before in jest compelled the nurse to sleep, was really employed in enabling the somnambulist to elude her watch. Grant even that the pretensions of the mesmerist are true, and that it was in obedience to his direct will that Madame R** acted as she did, we are no nearer a solution than before.

It was not the Baron's interest that his wife should die.

We must then seek further afield for any explanation of this terrible enigma. Let us see how it

fared with Mrs. Anderton while these events were passing at her sister's house.

And here we seem to have another instance of the manner in which the wisest precautions so often turn against those by whom they

III. are taken. Admitting that the illness of and Madame R** was really caused by crimi-

V. nal means, nothing could be wiser than the precaution which selected for their

first essay a night on which they could be tried without fear of observation. Yet this very circumstance enables us to fix a date of the last importance, which without it must have remained uncertain. Madame R**, then, was taken ill on

Saturday, the 5th April. On that very night—at, as nearly as can be ascertained, the very same hour, Mrs. Anderton was unaccountably seized with an illness in all respects resembling hers. Like hers, too, the attacks returned at fortnightly intervals. For a few days, on the Baron's advice, a particular medicine is given, and at first with apparently good effect. At the same date the diary of Dr. Marsden shows a similar amelioration of symptoms in the case of Madame R**.

In both cases the amendment is but short, and the disease again pursues its course. The result in both is utter exhaustion. In the case of Madame R** reducing the sufferer to death's door; in the weaker constitution of her sister terminating in death. Examination is made. The appearances of the body, no less than the symptoms exhibited in life, are all those of antimonial poisoning. No antimony is, however, found; and from this and other circumstances, results a verdict of "Natural Death." On the 12th October, then, Mrs. Anderton's story ends.

*From that time dates the recovery of Madame R**.*

The first life is now removed from between Baron R** and the full sum of 50,000*l.* Let us examine briefly the circumstances attending

VI. the lapse of the second. Here again events each in itself quite simple and natural, combine to form a story fraught with terrible suspicion.

I have alluded to the inquest which followed on the death of Mrs. Anderton. That inquiry originated in circumstances which cast upon her husband the entire suspicion of her murder. To whose agency, whether direct or indirect, voluntary or involuntary, is an after question, may every one of these circumstances be traced? Mr.

Anderton insists on being the only one from whom the patient shall receive either medicine or food. It is the Baron who applauds and encourages a line of conduct diametrically opposed to his own, and

tending more than any other circumstance to fix suspicion on his friend. A remedy is suggested, the recommending of which points strongly to

the idea of poison, and it is from the Baron that the suggestion comes. Two papers are found, the one bearing in part the other in full, the name of the poison suspected to have been used. The

first of these is brought to light by the Baron himself,—the second is found in a place where he has just been, and by a person whom he has himself

despatched to search there for something else. He draws continual attention to that point of exclusive attendance from which suspicion chiefly springs.

His replies to Dr. Dodsworth respecting the recommendation of the antimonial antidote are so given as to confirm the worst interpretation to which it had given rise, and even when, on the discovery of the second paper, he advises the nurse that it should be destroyed, he does so in a manner that ensures not only its preservation but its immediate employment in the manner most dangerous to his friend.

The evidence fails. What is the Baron's connection with the catastrophe that follows? He knows well the accused man's nervous anxiety for his own good name. He procures, on the ground of his friendly anxiety, the earliest intelligence of his friend's probable acquittal. He enters that friend's room to acquaint him with the good news. Returning he takes measures to secure the prisoner throughout the night from interruption or interference. In the morning Mr. Anderton is a corpse, and on his pillow is found the phial in which the poison had been contained, and a written statement that the desperate step had been taken in despair of an acquittal. By what marvellous accident was the hopeful news of the chemical investigation thus misinterpreted? By what negligence or connivance was the fatal drug placed within his reach? One thing only we know—

It was the Baron who conveyed the news. It was from his pocket medicine case, left by him within the sick man's reach, that the poison came.

Thus fell the second of the two lives which stood between the Baron and the full sum of 50,000*l.* Of this sum the 25,000*l.* which accrues from the relationship between Mrs. Anderton and Madame R** is already his as soon as claimed, but there is no immediate necessity for the claim to be preferred. He may perhaps have thought it better to wait before making such a claim until the first sensation occasioned by the double deaths through which he inherited had passed away. He may have been merely putting in train some plausible story to account for his only now proclaiming a fact of which he had certainly been aware for at least a year. Whatever his reason, however, he certainly for some weeks after Mr. Anderton's death made no movement to establish his claim upon the property, and during this time Madame R** was slowly but surely recovering her strength.

But while wisdom thus dictated a policy of delay, the irresistible course of events hurried on the crisis. A letter comes filled with threats of the vengeance of jealous love if VII. its cause be not that night removed. It is but a fragment of that letter that is preserved, but its meaning is clear enough, and it is that under threat of revelation of some capital crime, the connection between himself and Madame R** should be finally brought to an end.

"N'en sais-tu bien le moyen?"

That night the condition is fulfilled. Once more the sleeping lady takes her midnight journey to her husband's laboratory. Once more her unconscious hand pours out the deadly draught. But this time it is no slow poison that she takes. It is a powerful and burning acid that even as it awakes her from her trance, shrivels her with a horrible and instant death. One shrill and quickly stifled shriek alarms the inmates of the house,

and when they hurry to the spot they find only a disfigured corpse, lying with bare feet and disordered night dress in the darkness of the stormy November night, and with the fatal glass still clasped in its hand.

My task is done. In possession of the evidence thus placed before you, your judgment of its result will be as good as mine. Link by link you have now been put in possession of the entire chain. Is that chain one of purely accidental coincidences, or does it point with terrible certainty to a series of crimes, in their nature and execution almost too horrible to contemplate? That is the first question to be asked, and it is one to which I confess myself unable to reply. The second is more strange, and perhaps even more difficult still. Supposing the latter to be the case, are crimes thus committed susceptible of proof, or even if proved, are they of a kind for which the criminal can be brought to punishment?

TERRIFIC COMBAT BETWEEN A GORILLA AND A LION.

(FROM A FORTHCOMING WORK, ENTITLED "ADVENTURES IN MANY LANDS.")

My black guide, whose movements were as noiseless and gliding as those of a snake, was about two yards in front of me, pushing gently but swiftly on hands and knees through the tangled underwood and thorny creepers, which made the entrance into the dense and gloomy recesses of the primeval African forest almost impassable to the hardiest of the human race, and I was eagerly following in the track which he had made, when suddenly he paused, uttered a low slight hiss, and placing his right hand behind him, made with it a gentle movement, warning me to be silent and cautious.

How long we both remained motionless and hardly daring to draw a breath I know not. It may have been five minutes. It appeared to me as many hours. I felt neither fear nor apprehension of danger, but my anxiety to obtain a sight of a living gorilla, and, if possible, to get within shot of him, and the hope that my black hunter had at length marked one, caused my heart to throb with expectation so loudly, that in order to still it I was obliged to hold my breath forcibly until the sense of suffocation became unbearable, and it was with great difficulty I repressed a spasmodic tendency to relieve the oppressed lungs by a scream. At length my guide moved forwards, but so silently that his progress was more like that of a shadow than of anything having life and weight in it. His hand was still carried behind him, the open palm towards me, and every motion of the fingers instinct with intelligence and warnings of the presence of danger the most imminent and deadly. The Fan (my guide was a splendid specimen of that noblest of the Central African tribes) again stopped. His palm expanded, and I instantly paused. The ground shook with a slight tremour. The air vibrated around us and beat flutteringly upon our ears, as the reader may have felt when the deepest bass of a great organ is gently touched. At first I did not perceive that the agitation was the result of sound, but as the

vibration was passing away I distinguished a low deep roar, and found that some terrible beast, most probably either a lion or a gorilla, was close at hand, and was either conversing in a low tone with his mate, or was uttering the first notes of suspicion or alarm.

I had seen the nasty little birds which attend the rhinoceros and perform for the deep folds of his thick but not insensible hide the duty which in civilised society is remitted to the small-tooth-comb. I knew how sharp a watch and ward they keep over the safety of their living feeding-ground, and how they scream and dig their sharp and searching beaks into the fierce brute's ear when anything dangerous or strange approaches his resting-place; and I feared lest some such courtierly parasite of the woods might have attached itself to the service and the court of the anthropoidal apish monarch, and was now whispering into his majesty's ear its suspicions that certain barbarian invaders or low and villainous revolutionists of an inferior order of the gorilla species were trespassing within the bounds which his majesty had been graciously pleased to reserve as the limits of his own exclusive private domain. I listened, but no particular note or chirp struck my ear. The silence was almost appalling; so was the darkness of that portion of the dense forest into which we had penetrated. Very shortly after we had entered the woods the fierce glare of the sun had ceased to penetrate to the ground except at rare intervals. The broad luxuriant upper foliage of the mighty trees completely excluded the blaze of the tropical sun, which shone down through a yellow atmosphere like the mouth of an open furnace, from a sphere of polished, glaring, reddened brass. At first there were cool extensive forest glades, and vast avenues of gigantic trees, populous and noisy with birds of gorgeous plumage but discordant voices; then came closer stems and lesser growth of scions springing emulously up amidst the giant parents of the woods. Thick tangles of tough-stalked creepers intertwining with thorny plants, like briars of gigantic growth, next barred our path in places which were thereby made absolutely impenetrable. At length, after threading our way through tracks which the wild animals had slightly made, we reached those darkest densest portions of the woods where the Fan hunter knew that the gorilla could be only found, if found at all.

Here, in the interpenetration, the voices of the forest had altogether ceased. The hiss of a serpent, the twitter of a grasshopper or locust, the hoot of an owl, or the chatter of a stray monkey might indeed be occasionally heard, but such sounds were few and far between, and they served rather to illustrate and mark the silence by showing how exceptional and discordant with all things around they were. The darkness, although nearly as deep as that of a starless night, was not nightlike. It was not thick and close and pitchy, provocative of closed eyes and slumber; it was a greenish black, living, startling, intelligent and wakeful, as though the light were struggling to break through from the outside, and exciting hope that it would succeed momentarily. The eyes strained to pierce the verdant gloom. They

seemed to feel a power within them to become accustomed to it, and to dilate their pupils sufficiently to magnify the few attenuated rays which had floated into and lost themselves in that leafy-roofed dungeon until they should be made to illuminate its depths and unfold its secrets.

The pause which my guide now made was longer than the first one, but to me it was not so painful. The oppression was necessarily great, but my nerves were strung more perfectly to endure it, and my expectation was higher, more assured, and calm.

The Fan looked round to see where I was. The movement gave me pleasure, because I was then certain that my progress was so completely noiseless that even the quick ear of my savage friend had failed to detect the crushing of a withered stick or leaf beneath me. As the black turned his face to me his eyes were the only features that were distinctly visible. They appeared to be lighted up by a lurid fire within them, and when his head was sufficiently brought round to look upon me fully, his eyes glared brightly and fiercely as those of a royal Bengal tiger. Mine must have looked similarly upon him, for he made a gesture of surprise with hand and countenance, then grinned, showing his brilliant white teeth from ear to ear, and formed an O with his mouth, which I interpreted as an intimation that a gorilla, if not a whole family of those delicate monsters, was within view, and bringing forward his rifle so as to see that the cap was right, he resumed his cautious advance. Turning a little to the left he made room for me to draw up alongside of him, and I then discovered that we had reached the inner edge of the brushwood, and that a clear space, forming a small amphitheatre in the forest, was before us. An enormous tree which seemed to have overshadowed and destroyed every plant and shrub within its range, occupied the centre, and formed the dense canopy of this open. A slight gesture from the black hunter directed my attention to the foot of the giant of the woods, but he at the same time placed one hand above his eyes, thereby intimating to me that I must shade mine before looking, lest the glare of them in the darkness should attract the attention of our game. Laying myself along my double-barreled rifle, I shaded my eyes with both my hands and looked towards the great tree. Sitting on the ground, cross-legged, with his back against the trunk, his hands lying carelessly at his sides with the palms turned up, and his head sunk down between his shoulders in a dozing, if not sleeping state, was a huge male gorilla. His profile was towards us. At the opposite side of the amphitheatre, the tree sometimes concealing them from our view, were a female and a young male feeding, and gathering some kind of nuts which the female occasionally carried and threw on the ground close to her dozing lord and master. I watched their proceedings for some time with intense interest. At length the Fan made a sign of interrogation, which recalled me to a sense of our position. We were too far from our dangerous game to risk a shot at him, which, if it only wounded without killing, would bring not only himself but possibly his wife and young hopeful upon us before we could draw

another trigger. If we startled him only, without hitting him, he might plunge into the jungle and escape. We could not lie there all day looking at him without doing anything, and we dare not attempt to hold council with one another, as the lowest whisper would reach either the sleeping or the waking members of the family.

A few moments of irresolution terminated in my laying my rifle and taking a long and steady aim at the side of paterfamilias. It was difficult to cover my object, for a flickering exhalation was rising from the entire surface of the earth, through which the gorilla seemed to be in perpetual motion, in and out of the sight of my rifle, up and down, flashing and waving, rising and falling, until I lost all confidence in my power of taking aim so near the ground, and, being a crack shot under ordinary circumstances, I had just resolved to risk everything by standing up and taking an open shot at him from the shoulder, when a turn was given to my thoughts (and I must confess I got rather a turn myself) by the sudden appearance of a new sportsman in the form of a black python, some thirty feet in length, which was coiled round a small tree close to me, but which my rapt attention to my game had prevented me from observing previously. The python had unwound a few coils, and having thus freed about ten or twelve feet of his body to enable him to examine me and my proceedings more closely, he was hanging within a yard of my face, his long, black, forked tongue darting from his mouth, waving and retreating again with the rapidity of lightning, and his glittering eyes glancing from me to the rifle as though he wondered what sort of an animal it was, and whether it might prove to be a more dainty morsel than I myself might be. I had a Persian scimitar as keen as a razor in my hunting belt. The snake in his wravings to and fro brought his neck at times within a foot of my shoulder. I slid my right hand down to feel for the handle of my sword, keeping my eyes fixed upon the python. I grasped and was drawing the weapon, wondering whether the snake or I would strike first, when both of us were startled by a terrific shriek, or rather a series of shrieks, as if a strong rough woman were rending the air in mingled rage and pain.

The python vanished as my sword flew out.

The shrieks were uttered by the female gorilla, who had gone some distance into the wood whilst I was engaged, first with trying to aim at the male, and afterwards with watching the terrible reptile. She had either disturbed a lion who was sleeping away the effects of a hearty supper, or had met him on his way to the cool depths of the forest, and had nearly afforded him a morning repast. She sprang into the nearest tree, uttering at the same time those startling human cries which had frightened away the python and nearly unnerved me. As to my guide, he had not seen my danger, and he was still watching the male gorilla, patiently awaiting my decision and expecting every instant the report of my rifle. The shrieks had startled him a little, not so much however as they had affected me; for he had heard the like before, and he knew they would be uttered the moment that either a shot should be fired or the

female should discover us by any chance. But when a roar, that shook the ground on which we lay, announced the nature of the danger from which the female gorilla had so narrowly escaped, my Fan friend, black as he was, actually became pallid with fear!

The roar of the lion was instantly answered by a deeper, hoarser, louder, and more savage roar. A sound so expressive of anger, defiance, and relentless, savage, cruel ferocity, I never heard!

I looked at the Fan, and smiled. He understood me instantly. His limbs ceased to tremble. He closed his mouth with an effort, then grinned, placed his fingers on his lips, and turned to watch the combat which was now inevitable, and in the occurrence of which lay our best hopes of safety.

Scarcely thirty yards on our left, the lion had come crashing through the jungle, and had cleared the close inner tangle with a bound. He now stood full in sight in the clear open, his head erect, his mane standing up and out, all straight, like the hair of an angry cat, magnifying his apparent bulk to colossal proportions; his tail, which at first stood nearly straight, was waving from side to side. At length it struck his ribs alternately on either side with sounding blows, and he uttered a longer and more terrific roar than that which he had given when the female gorilla escaped from him. Opposite to him was the male gorilla, now looking most unlike the uncouth, sleepy figure which we had seen propped against the tree.

At the first shriek from his mate, the gorilla had sprang into life and sudden energy. Placing the knuckles of his upper hands upon the ground, he bounded lightly into the air to a surprising height, rising from all his four hands together, and coming down upon all fours again. When the lion roared, the gorilla seemed at once to comprehend the nature both of the challenge and the adversary, and to resolve upon fighting, although it would have been easy for him to escape by springing into a tree. He rose upon his hinder hands (or feet), and standing erect, looking very like a large-bodied, long-armed, short-legged, powerful negro, about six feet two inches in height, he uttered his tremendous acceptance of the lion's challenge, beating his breast at the same time with his huge fists alternately, and producing sounds like heavy blows upon a bass drum. When the lion sprang into the inclosure and stood bristling before him, the gorilla dropped upon all-fours again, with his knuckles on the ground; his eyes, which flamed like fire seen through rubies, fixed upon his dreadful enemy, and his eyebrows working up and down with inconceivable rapidity, giving to his countenance a look of such demoniac ferocity, that it seemed to make the lion pause at least, if he did not quail.

Lashing his sides with his tail until he roused himself to fury, the lion delivered his second roar, as though his honour were concerned in outroaring no less than in vanquishing by his prowess all antagonists; and, on his part, the gorilla, albeit questions of honour seemed little likely to be favoured or considered by him, accepted nevertheless the preliminary contest of angry noise, and uttered another roar so utterly demoniac and

horrible, standing up again in order to deliver it freely, that the lion crouched at once to spring upon him and bring the question of superior prowess to the proof. A few short, swift steps—a bound of twenty feet—two or three sharp, snarling growls—and I expected to see the combatants locked in fatal embrace! But it was not so.

As the lion rose in his long bound, the gorilla sprang also, but more lightly and higher, straight up into the air. The lion struck upwards to catch him; the action turned himself over, and he fell heavily on his side, the gorilla dropping on him, striking him twice, and then springing off with a sidling, jumping run, to a distance of several yards. Instantaneous as had been the encounter, both were severely wounded. The gorilla was bleeding from the head and back. The lion had a fearful gash across his ribs; and judging from the crashing sounds of the two blows which he had received, I thought that some of his ribs must have been broken. The lion rushed without a moment's pause at his adversary, but the agility of the gorilla was too great to permit the lion to close at his pleasure. For some minutes the movements of the lion in attack, and of the gorilla in avoidance, were almost too rapid for the eye to follow their evolutions. At length the lion paused, bewildered by the speed and activity of his antagonist. Instantly the gorilla sprang upon and rolled him over with a single blow upon the side of the head. Again the chase and avoidance were resumed, but this time for a much longer space than before, the lion being resolved to catch the nimble ape; but again he was obliged to pause, and again he was instantly knocked over. When he rose he staggered, whether from the effects of the terrific blows which he had received, or from giddiness resulting from his gyrations in pursuit of the gorilla, it was impossible to decide, but he reeled and fell off several steps to the right before he recovered sufficiently to prepare for another charge. In the meantime the gorilla was dodging round and bobbing up and down before him, as captured monkeys may be often seen to do in their cages when persons are teasing them. Both lion and gorilla kept up an incessant noise, growling, snarling, roaring, and screaming, varying their tones in accordance with their actions or sufferings, and although nothing like a close had taken place, both were bleeding freely; the lion's right eye was either shut up or gone, and the gorilla was nearly scalped. The lion had now learned so much of his enemy's strength and activity that he tried several feints to get him within range. He lay down, but the gorilla kept jumping round him so near, that he was obliged to spring round with equal alertness, to avoid being taken by surprise. He tried another rush, but he stopped sooner than at first, and when the gorilla sprang upon him to strike, the lion turned on his back and received him with teeth and claws.

The crisis of the battle had arrived. Growls, snarls, shrieks, and roars came out in a demoniac chorus from a confused mass of swirling leaves and dust; limbs, teeth, claws, blood, and springing bodies, as though ten fighting beasts instead of two were combating amidst a whirlwind! I

became so excited that I could scarcely command myself. A crash, as of smashing large bones, and a horrible shriek! The noise and fury of the combat were redoubled for a minute or two! Then came a pause! The dust and cloud of leaves subsided. The lion was uppermost. The left arm of the gorilla was across his tremendous mouth. It was the crunching of the double bones of the fore arm which I had heard! His claws were firmly fixed in the gorilla's shoulder and head, but he was himself nearly torn asunder and disembowelled! Huge rents were in his body, and the feet of the gorilla were buried in his loins, whilst the mighty right arm of the ape was free, and would be active again directly breath had been taken.

The final struggle quickly came. Up rose the cloud of dust and leaves again! Whirling, shrieking, bounding, striking, growling, struggling, groaning, the confused mass rushed hither and thither with increased velocity! Over, and over it rolled, like a tangle of fighting demons, until it came uncomfortably near to where I and my negro guide were lying hid. It swayed away from us, returned again, rolled off, then back; and just as the Fan and I both sprang to our feet to escape from such dangerous proximity, the combatants, locked in their deadly embrace, came crashing against us, knocking us over, and into a deep pit which we had not seen, falling upon us with a force which for an instant deprived me of consciousness. Recovering myself, however, I struggled furiously, fearing that even if the beasts had killed each other, I should be smothered under their bleeding carcasses. I kicked, struck, and tried to push the dreadful load away. The noise above me was terrific, but I was able to distinguish my own name amidst the uproar, and it struck me that the voice in which it was pronounced was somewhat familiar. I paused in my efforts to extricate myself, and listened. Again and again my name was called loudly, distinctly, and earnestly.

"John, John!" It was the voice of my wife whom I had left safely at home in London.

"John, John! Wake up, will you? You've got the nightmare, and have fallen out of bed! John, John, do get up, dear! You've dragged all the bedclothes down on the floor with you. You've rolled yourself up in them so tightly that I can't get you out. You'll be smothered if you don't wake up. Oh dear! oh dear me! Wake up, you great stupid, do!"

"Bless my soul!" said I. "How fortunate—how curious it is, too, that you should have come to my rescue so opportunely. It was very kind of you, and so courageous besides! When did you arrive out?—Do you know I was wondering, just as I was tumbling into this horrid pit, why the gorilla's wife didn't come to his assistance. You know she might have done it easily and safely enough, for the lion wouldn't have let go his hold, and if she had sprung on his back she might have enabled her husband to freshen his grip. They might have quickly strangled him between them. Is it not so?"

"My goodness gracious me!" said my wife, interrupting me. "What stuff and nonsense are

you talking? Lions and gorillas!—fiddlesticks! There are gorillas and lions enough in the street! Drunken women screaming, and nasty men fighting, and the police trying to take them off to the station. The noise they made woke me, and there I found you snorting and grunting and struggling on your back, and the moment I touched you, away you floundered out of the bed, rolling yourself up in the clothes, and dragging them all away with you. Oh, don't sit on the floor there, like a great donkey, with your night-cap on one side, looking so silly and ridiculous. Do get up and help me to set the clothes straight on the bed again."

"What!" said I. "Was it all a dream, and is not even my noble Fan a reality?"

"Your fan, indeed!" retorted Mrs. Smith, who was beginning to lose her placidity of temper. "If you are so warm as to want a fan, you may sit up there and use mine. I'll lend it to you and welcome. But please let me have the bedclothes, for I don't want fanning. My teeth are chattering with the cold. The police have taken all the fighting and shouting and screaming gorillas and lions, male and female, to the station-house. The fans are in the wardrobe. Do, there's a dear, get up off the floor. That's right." A. W. H.

MOBS.

LET me, correct reader, be pardoned if I bustle into my subject at once without more ado. The secret of the unpremeditated character of a mob's movements, which changes quickly from rage to laughter, and back again, lies in the loss of individual responsibility felt by those who compose it. Each member yields to the licence of concealment, and follows the last whim; sometimes his neighbour's, sometimes his own. A quick definite proposal is caught in a moment. Each one is ready for anything, having nothing ready himself. A gentleman, once, being mobbed, and in danger, cried out, "A guinea for whoever will take my side." "Here you are, sir," cried a fellow. "Hit him boys," retorted the briber; "hit him boys! he's a traitor." "Hurrah!" shouted the mob, and let their intended victim off, to thrash the substitute thus cleverly supplied. A grin, a wink, will turn a mob, if delivered at some happy pause; but woe betide the man who loses his temper, or attempts to argue with such an audience. It is bad enough to be proved wrong when you are alone, and have to think of the consequences of a rejoinder, but when you are lost in a crowd, and are only "a voice," conviction is intolerable. Unanswerable logic must be bonneted at once, if sternly and correctly urged. It is not fair; combatants must be armed alike, and a mob cannot debate with reason. But do not let us on this account be hard upon mobs. They are an essential part of the British constitution, without which the three estates would fail. Suppress mobs and you drive the inflammation to the vitals. Mobs are the representative assemblies of those who cannot be otherwise heard. Philanthropists may plead their destitution and labour for their improvement. The decorous friends of the people, however, are too polite. It is all very well

to have an honourable member pleading your rights in his place in parliament, or on the platform, but there is a keen vulgar perception of abuses which he will seldom represent. The bloated aristocrat is, we will say, insensible to reason, and able to repay satire. Well, then, a plain coarse joke which he cannot return will set things straighter, or if he won't wince at that, try a rotten egg. If you can't answer his logic, you may dirty his coat. He has his fling at the mob in the way which he thinks most damaging, but how shall the mob reply. The hustings will be taken down to-morrow. Time presses. The chance will be gone. You don't seriously intend to hurt him, but you must make a hit. A dead kitten is very soft and nasty. Here goes. And the Honourable Augustus Fitzwaddle is answered. The unerring plebeian hand will touch its hat to him next Christmas, when he goes to "brush" at the patrician battue, without any accumulated sense of degradation. Conceive the restoration of equality between the street-boy and the magistrate, when the former reflects upon his summons to the potentate to "speak up, old boy," which met with such pronounced success. He can laugh at his pompous airs now. He shut him up once. I confess I enjoy the details of electioneering intelligence, especially of the catechising of a candidate. I think of the triumph with which the cobbler reads the account of his shrewd cross-examination of Lord Fozzle. The independent incorruptible reporter jots it all faithfully down, with [continued laughter] in explanatory brackets. Bravo! reporter, you have dispersed a serious accumulation of bile. You have put the parlour of the Cat and Bagpipes into the best of humours with itself, and therefore with the constitution, and things in general. Cobbler does not strap his wife for a month. Local paper is thumbed to rags, and stained with convivial beer. In melancholy contrast to all this we read of the police regulations in many parts of the continent. The arrests of artisans who sing prohibited songs, pot-house oracles caught discoursing at the corner of the street, impulsive students who march in chorus. Why, an Austrian inspector would drive an English town into open revolution, and sour the politicians of Britain in a month. Some time ago I found myself in a foreign mob. Even the little boys had no mischief in them. It was at some races. There was no ragged edge of vagabond amusement to the orthodox business of the day. The people promenaded with the patience of sheep. There was nothing analogous to a knock-em-down on the course. The inevitable dog did his duty, and galloped over the ground in unpleasant consciousness that he was having his day, but he was the only offender. There was an air of decent respectability about the whole thing which was quite depressing, like the intellectual recreation at the old Polytechnic. It was in France. Depend upon it, this ordinary tractability of French crowds accounts in a great measure for their frantic madness at extraordinary times. It must come out sooner or later. The vulgarity and licence of an English mob is one of the great safeguards of the nation. It feels that it need not be hurtful if it may have its say. Indeed, it cannot

well do much harm. There is seldom severe biting when barking is freely allowed. The English crowd has no glut of grievances for a revolution, or even a respectable émeute. It lets its steam off too fast. It never meets without being rude. It sets to work at once with goading the nearest policeman, and commits high treason against the government by its remarks, to begin with. And that not with mere badinage, but downright spleen. Most loud talkers in a mob are quite angry and in earnest. They say the most irritating things they can, on purpose to irritate. A l vanquishes them with smiles. You may break his bones with words if you can. But you may not in France. Everybody is expected to be polite; the consequence is that many gather such a store of compressed ill-feeling as some day to burst them, and blow the windows of the constitution out. Let us care nothing for the words of a mob. But didn't you hear what that great fellow with a hair cap and a stick said? Oh yes! and what do you think he *did*? He went home, gratified beyond measure at having said it, and melted his malice in a pot of beer. I confess that the extraordinary tameness of these Frenchmen left an impression on my mind of deep-rooted dangerousness, rather than of apparent simplicity. There were sores enough inside to have made people more demonstrative; but it is an ill sign when a blister will not "rise." There is mischief within which will show itself some day.

The freedom of a mob, moreover, is not only a wholesome relief to itself, but a suggestive lesson to its butt. You may be sure that those who are coarsely but truly criticised, don't forget the hints they get, even if they affect to despise them. The "voice" at elections generally hits a blot. A man will be shy of displaying offensive peculiarities who knows he may have them shouted out under his nose. It is something for him to feel that he must be civil perforce, though it be only for a day or two, to those whom he would always ride roughshod over if he could. But he can't, and so he behaves himself. He takes off his hat and smiles. There's some fallacy in the assertion that most people take an ell if you give them an inch. They don't. They accept the inch. It would be more true to say that the surrender of the less secures the greater. The tub thrown to the whale saves the ship. The bow disarms the man who meditated an insult. "A soft answer turneth away wrath."

There is a deal of truth in mob law, and those who are shocked at the mere mention of it are respectable outsiders. But suppose you belong to the mob yourself (and mobs are made of men, women, and children), how then? Is there no wholesome gratification in the thought that you, addressed in the riot act, dispersed, moved on, &c., &c., have yet after all a quick rough sense of justice. Yes, you don't want disorder, but only protest against some passing abuse or petty police encroachment. The licence of our English mobs is most useful in resisting this last. The charm of English freedom lies in the paucity or obsolescence of our laws. You may do almost anything so long as you don't break the ten commandments. But there always will be some fussey, sniffing officials or

legislators who try to trim up the constitution. They won't do anything to annoy the middle classes at first; they begin therefore with some act or regulation about pot-houses, street-vagabonds, or some living nuisance. Straightway the nuisances protest with bellowings, menaces, perhaps with a breaking of windows, and indiscriminate pelting of suspected respectability. I a nuisance? says one of them. You are another. Don't you order me off your doorstep when you come home to your dinner, and give me into custody for asking an alms? Don't you pull up the window when I have called a cab for you, and touched my hat? Don't you walk safe and daintily over my crossings free of expense? Don't you speak to me as if I were your slave? Don't you—confound you—ain't you a nuisance, rather, yourself? And so the vagabonds protest against any extra police regulation, or attempt to legislate away their special offences. And they are right. They are right in striving against the multiplication of social and sumptuary laws. They are the useful house-dogs which indeed wake us sometimes by their barking, and will bite the master himself if provoked enough, but which certainly keep intruders off, and check the itching fingers which would meddle with our personal rights and possessions. The mob may be disagreeable enough—rude, rank, unreasonable; but it will safely prevent any attempts to drill and trim us up by punctilious legislators or officials. Hands off!—let us be. I button my pocket, feel that my watch is safe, and am much obliged to Demos, who is kind enough to do the dirty work of my citizenship for me.

H. J.

VICISSITUDES OF FAMILIES.

THERE are "ups" as well as "downs" among the many changes which years are silently working in the families of England. The grandfather of the present owner of Leigh Court in Somersetshire, Sir William Miles, came to Bristol from Herefordshire, a poor boy with but a few shillings in his pocket: within the last few years a barber in Canterbury and a barber at the West End of London have seen their sons raised respectively to the dignities of Lord Chief Justice and Lord High Chancellor of England: and many other instances of the same kind might be adduced. But perhaps the good fortune which has attended on the Denisons in their "rise and progress" to opulence and title has seldom or never been surpassed. The father of the late Mr. William Joseph Denison of Denbies, the wealthy banker, whose daughter married the late Marquis of Conyngham, the especial favourite of George IV., and whose grandson wore the coronet of Lord Londesborough, was the son of very poor parents in Leeds. He travelled up to town as a youth with one of the ten-horse carriers' waggons then in fashion, sometimes riding, and at other times trudging along by the side of the horses, and buoyed up by the hope (in which he was scarcely disappointed) that he would find the streets of London paved with gold. His son died something more than a mere millionaire.

Another Denison, who prospered in his day,

was the father of the Speaker of Her Majesty's faithful Commons, now and by virtue of his office "the first Commoner" in the land. His father, John Wilkinson, was a dyer, at Leeds, who changed his name—whether with or without leave and licence from Royalty, we do not know—to Denison, on the death of his maternal uncle, a cloth merchant of Leeds, who had risen from the ranks, and carried on a most successful trade with Portugal. He increased his prosperity by two fortunate marriages, by the former of which he became father-in-law of one Speaker, Sir Charles Manners Sutton, and by the second the father of another Speaker, the present Mr. John E. Denison. He became Lord of the Manor of Ossington, and sat in Parliament for many years; and had he lived a few years longer, he would have seen one of his sons married to the daughter of a ducal house, and chosen Speaker of the House of Commons; another, Bishop of Salisbury; a third, Governor-General of Australia; and three others first-class men at Oxford, Fellows of their Colleges, and high up in the learned professions. Another member of the same family, somewhat older than any of the above-mentioned gentlemen, also the son of very poor parents at Leeds, accumulated a fortune in the law, and rose to be Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas. He married an heiress: and his widow left her own and her husband's property to a great niece, who married a member of the wealthy family of Beckett, on condition of his assuming the name of Denison, and became the mother of Mr. Edmund Beckett Denison, whose name is so familiar to our readers as the inventor of the Great Clock and Bell at Westminster. It should be added, that even to the present day the name of Denison is nearly as common about Leeds as Smith in London, or Jones in Wales, or Campbell in Scotland, though it is rarely met with in other parts of Her Majesty's dominions.

E. W.

TWILIGHT DREAMS.

MISTRESS EDITH, in the twilight,
From her crimson-cushion'd chair
In the oriel window gazeth
With a pensive, listless air,
Over lawn and over terrace,
With the tints of sunset dyed—
Over park and over meadow,
All her own those acres wide.

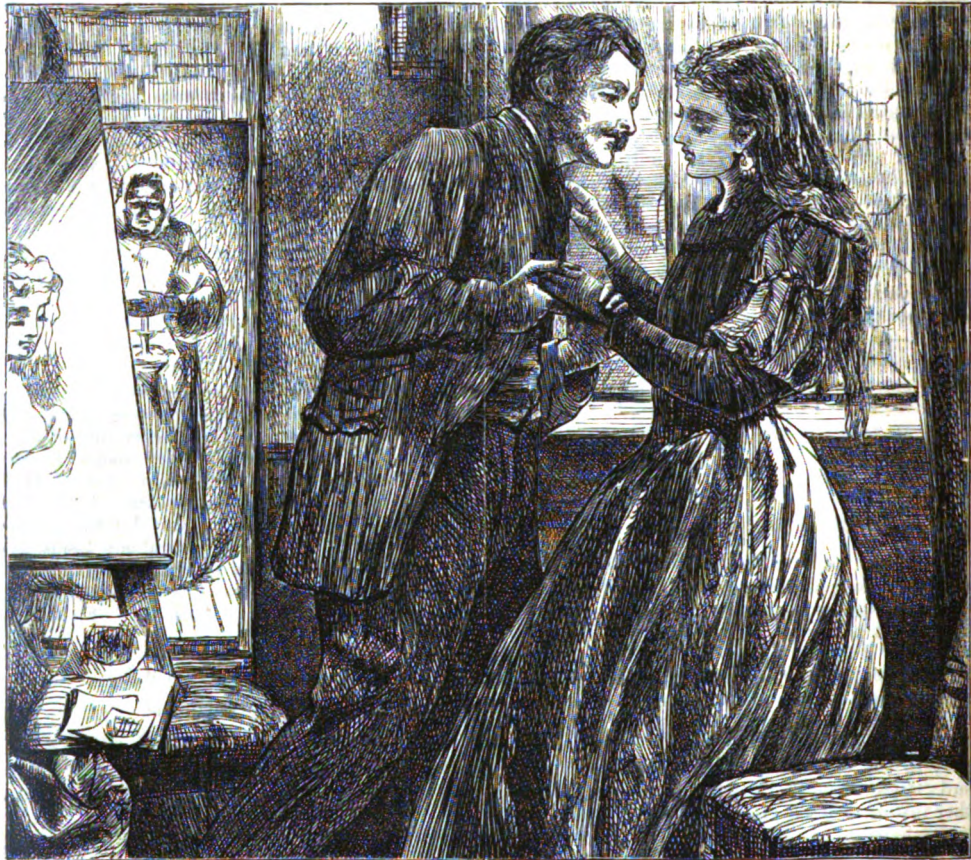
Dame Rebecca, staid duenna,
Knits and nods, and nods and knits:
Master Arnold, patient limner,
At his easel thoughtful sits,
Altering here, and there retouching
Mistress Edith's pictured face—
Heedless, in his deep abstraction,
How night draweth on apace.

Now he sighs and drops the palette—
Art indeed can do no more;
Now farewell this sweetest labour!
Master Arnold's task is o'er.
Sighs he then again so deeply,
Mistress Edith looks around,
Dame Rebecca knits no longer,
Sunk in slumber too profound.

"All a-dreaming!" quoth the lady,
 "Let me break the sleepy spell;
 Master Arnold, be thy visions
 Sad or joyful, prithee tell!"
 "Dreamer I indeed!" he sayeth,
 "As in wizard's magic glass
 O'er this canvas dimly floating
 Changeful moods have seemed to pass.
 "Hazel eyes, there glancing softly,
 Mocking, wondering looks have worn;
 Rosy lips, there smiling kindly,
 Curl'd in angry, baughty scorn;

And the head, so regal ever,
 With a gesture sternly cold,
 Seem'd to warn the humble limner
 He presumptuous grew and bold.

"Then the dream, a moment changing,
 In the brightness of its smile,
 As I sunn'd me, honour's promptings
 Were forgotten for awhile;
 Till a gnome his wither'd fingers
 Rudely o'er the canvas spread—
 Wealth his name—and at his presence
 All my hopes and wishes fled."



Once again the toiling artist—
 "This wild dream shall come no more,
 And the portrait of my lady
 Wears the look it wore before.
 Madam, see, my work is ended—"
 Sinks his voice, his face grows pale,
 Twilight deepens into darkness
 While he falters through his tale.

Mistress Edith—turning towards him
 Cheeks where smiles and blushes blend—
 Whisp'ring, "I too have been dreaming,
 Dreaming I had won a—friend!
 And that, while the gold disdain'd
 That has cast o'er lover's eyes
 Mammon's glamour, one approach'd me
 Who believ'd *my heart* a prize.

"One—who, worldly motives spurning,
 By affection's holy light,
 And his own unselfish wishes,
 Readeth mine—and readeth right.
 Is this but an idle fancy?
 Ah! indeed I cannot tell!
 Waken, dame! for Master Arnold
 Waits to bid us both farewell."

Dame Rebecca yawns and wakens.
 Seizing Mistress Edith's hand—
 "Must I go?" asks Master Arnold,
 "I obey thy least command!"
 Dame Rebecca calls for tapers,
 But they come a moment late—
 One long kiss by twilight stolen
 Sealeth Mistress Edith's fate. LOUISA CROW.

VERNER'S PRIDE.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "EAST LYNNE."

CHAPTER LIX.—WAS IT A SPECTRE?

If the fair forms crowding to the *fête* at Deerham Hall had but known how near that *fête* was to being shorn of its master's presence, they had gone less hopefully. Scarcely one of the dowagers and chaperones bidden to it but cast a longing eye to the heir, for their daughters' sake; scarcely a daughter but experienced a fluttering of the heart, as the fond fancy presented itself that she might be singled out for the chosen partner of Sir Edmund Hautley: for the night, at any rate; and—perhaps—for the long night of the future. But when the clock struck six that evening, Sir Edmund Hautley had not arrived.

Miss Hautley was in a fever,—as nearly in one as it is in the nature of a cold single lady of fifty-eight to go, when some overwhelming disappointment falls abruptly. According to arranged plans, Sir Edmund was to have been at home by middle day, crossing by the night boat from the Continent. Middle day came and went; afternoon came and went; evening came—and he had not come. Miss Hautley would have set the telegraph to work, had she known where to set it to.

But good luck was in store for her. A train, arriving between six and seven, brought him: and his carriage—the carriage of his late father, which had been waiting at the station since eleven o'clock in the morning—conveyed him home.

Very considerably astonished was Sir Edmund to find the programme which had been carved out for the night's amusement. He did not like it; it jarred upon his sense of propriety; and he spoke a hint of this to Miss Hautley. It was the death of his father which had called him home; a father with whom he had lived for the last few years of his life upon terms of estrangement—at any rate, upon one point: was it seemly that his inauguration should be one of gaiety? Yes, Miss Hautley decisively answered. Their friends were not meeting to bewail Sir Rufus's death; *that* took place months ago; but to welcome his, Sir Edmund's, return, and his entrance on his inheritance.

Sir Edmund—a sunny-tempered, yielding man, the very opposite in spirit to his dead father, to his live aunt—conceded the point: doing it with all the better grace, perhaps, that there was now no help for it. In an hour or two's time the guests would be arriving. Miss Hautley inquired curiously as to the point upon which he and Sir Rufus had been at issue: she had never been able to learn it from Sir Rufus. Neither did it now appear that she was likely to learn it from Sir Edmund. It was a private matter, he said, a smile crossing his lips as he spoke: one entirely between himself and his father, and he could not speak of it. It had driven him abroad she believed, Miss Hautley remarked, vexed that she was still to remain in the dark. Yes, acquiesced Sir Edmund: it had driven him abroad and kept him there.

He was ready, and stood in his place to receive his guests; a tall man, of some five-and-thirty years, with a handsome face and pleasant smile upon it. He greeted his old friends cordially, those with whom he had been intimate, and was laughing and talking with the Countess of Elmsley when the announcement "Lady and Miss Verner" caught his ear.

It caused him to turn abruptly. Breaking off in the midst of a sentence, he quitted the countess and went to meet those who had entered. Lady Verner's greeting was a somewhat elaborate one, and he looked round impatiently for Decima.

She stood in the shade behind her mother. Decima? Was *that* Decima? What had she done to her cheeks? They wore the crimson hectic which were all too characteristic of Sibylla's. Sir Edmund took her hand.

"I trust you are well?"

"Quite well, thank you," was her murmured answer, drawing away the hand which had barely touched his.

Nothing could be more quiet than the meeting, nothing more simple than the words spoken: nothing, it may be said, more commonplace. But that Decima was suffering from some intense agitation, there could be no doubt: and the next moment her face had turned of that same ghastly hue which had startled her brother Lionel when he was handing her into the carriage. Sir Edmund continued speaking with them a few minutes, and then was called off to receive other guests.

"Have you forgotten how to dance, Edmund?"

The question came from Miss Hautley, disturbing him as he made the centre of a group to whom he was speaking of his Indian life.

"I don't suppose I have," he said, turning to her. "Why?"

"People are thinking so," said Miss Hautley. "The music has been bursting out into fresh attempts this last half-hour, and impatience is getting irrepressible. They cannot begin, Edmund, without you. Your partner is waiting."

"My partner?" reiterated Sir Edmund. "I have asked nobody yet."

"But I have, for you. At least, I have as good as done it. Lady Constance—"

"Oh, my dear aunt, you are very kind," he hastily interrupted; "but when I do dance—which is of rare occurrence—I like to choose my own partner. I must do so now."

"Well, take care, then," was the answer of Miss Hautley, not deeming it necessary to drop her voice in the least. "The room is anxious to see upon whom it will be fixed: it may be a type, they are saying, of what another choice of yours may be."

Sir Edmund laughed good-humouredly, making a joke of the allusion. "Then I must walk round deliberately and look out for myself—as it is said some of our royal reigning potentates have done. Thank you for the hint."

But, instead of walking round deliberately, Sir Edmund Hautley walked direct to one point of the room, halting before Lady Verner and Decima. He bent to the former, speaking a few words in a joking tone.

"I am bade to fix upon a partner, Lady Verner. May it be your daughter?"

Lady Verner looked at Decima. "She so seldom dances. I do not think you will persuade her."

"I think I can," he softly said, holding out his arm. And Decima rose and put hers into it without a word.

"How capricious she is!" remarked Lady Verner to the Countess of Elmsley, who was sitting next her. "If I had pressed her she would probably have said no. As she has done so many times."

He took his place at the head of the room, Decima by his side in her white silk robes. Decima with her wondrous beauty, and the hectic on her cheeks again. Many an envious pair of eyes was cast to her. "That dreadful old maid, Decima Verner!" was amongst the compliments launched at her. "She to usurp him! How had my Lady Verner contrived to manœuvre for it?"

But Sir Edmund did not appear dissatisfied with his partner, if the room was. He paid a vast deal more attention to her than he did to the dance: the latter he put out more than once, his head and eyes being bent, whispering to Decima. Before the dance was over the hectic on her cheeks had grown deeper.

"Are you afraid of the night air?" he asked, leading her through the conservatory to the door at its other end.

"No. It never hurts me."

He proceeded along the gravel path round to the other side of the house: there he opened the glass doors of a room and entered it. It led into another, bright with fire.

"It is my own sitting-room," he observed. "Nobody will intrude upon us here."

Taking up the poker, he stirred the fire into a blaze. Then he put it down and turned to her, as she stood on the hearth-rug.

"Decima!"

It was only a simple name; but Sir Edmund's whole frame was quivering with emotion as he spoke it. He clasped her to him with a strangely fond gesture, and bent his face on hers.

"I left my farewell on your lips when I quitted you, Decima. I must take my welcome from them now."

She burst into tears as she clung to him.

"Sir Rufus sent for me when he was dying," she whispered. "Edmund, he said he was sorry to have opposed you; he said he would not if the time could come over again."

"I know it," he answered. "I have his full consent; nay, his blessing. They are but a few words, but they were the last he ever wrote. You shall see them, Decima; he calls you my future wife, Lady Hautley. Oh, my darling! what a long, a cruel separation it has been!"

Ay! far more long, more cruel for Decima than for him. She was feeling it bitterly now, as the tears poured down her face. Sir Edmund placed her in a chair. He hung over her scarcely less

agitated than she was, soothing her with all the fondness of his true heart, with the sweet words she had once known so well. He turned to the door when she grew calmer.

"I am going to bring Lady Verner. It is time she knew it."

Not through the garden this time, but through the open passages of the house, lined with servants, went Sir Edmund. Lady Verner was in the seat where they left her. He made his way to her, and held his arm out that she might take it.

"Will you allow me to monopolise you for a few minutes?" he said. "I have a tale to tell in which you may feel interested."

"About India?" she asked, as she rose. "I suppose you used to meet some of my old friends there?"

"Not about India," he answered, leading her from the room. "India can wait. About some one nearer and dearer to us than any now in India. Lady Verner, when I asked you just now to permit me to fix upon your daughter as a partner, I could have added for life. Will you give me Decima?"

Had Sir Edmund Hautley asked for herself, Lady Verner could scarcely have been more astonished. He poured into her ear the explanation, the whole tale of their old love, the inveterate opposition to it of Sir Rufus—which had driven him abroad.

"It was *that* caused you to exile yourself!" she reiterated in her amazement.

"It was, Lady Verner. Marry in opposition to my father, I would not—and had I been willing to brave him, Decima would not. So I left my home: I left Decima: my father perfectly understanding that our engagement existed still; that it only lay in abeyance until happier times. When he was dying, he repented of his harshness, and recalled his interdiction; by letter to me, personally to Decima. He died with a blessing for us both on his lips. Jan can tell you so."

"What has Jan to do with it?" exclaimed Lady Verner.

"Sir Rufus made a confidant of Jan, and charged him with the message to me. It was Jan who enclosed to me the few words my father was able to trace."

"I think Jan might have imparted the secret to me," resentfully spoke Lady Verner. "It is just like ungrateful Jan."

"Jan ungrateful?—never!" spoke Sir Edmund warmly. "There's not a truer heart breathing, than Jan's. It was not his secret, and I expect he did not consider himself at liberty to tell even you. Decima would have imparted it to you years ago, when I went away, but for one thing."

"What may that have been?" asked Lady Verner.

"Because we feared, she and I, that your pride would be so wounded, and not unjustly, at my father's unreasonable opposition, that you might, in retaliation, forbid the alliance, then and always. You see I am candid, Lady Verner. I can afford to be, can I not?"

"Decima ought to have told me," was all the reply given by Lady Verner.

"And Decima would have told you, at all hazards, but for my urgent entreaties. The blame is wholly mine, Lady Verner. You must forgive me."

"In what lay the objection of Sir Rufus?" she asked.

"I honestly believe that it arose entirely from that dogged self-will—may I be forgiven for speaking thus irreverently of my dead father!—which was his great characteristic through life. It was I who chose Decima, not he; and therefore my father opposed it. To Decima and to Decima's family he could not have any possible objection—in fact he had not. But he liked to oppose his will to mine. I—if I know anything of myself—am the very reverse of self-willed, and I had always yielded to him. No question, until this, had ever arisen that was of vital importance to my life and its happiness."

"Sir Rufus may have resented her want of fortune," remarked Lady Verner.

"I think not. He was not a covetous or a selfish man; and our revenues are such that I can make ample settlements on my wife. No, it was the self-will. But it is all over, and I can openly claim her. You will give her to me, Lady Verner?"

"I suppose I must," was the reply of my lady. "But people have been calling her an old maid."

Sir Edmund laughed.

"How they will be disappointed! Some of their eyes may be opened to-night. I shall not deem it necessary to make a secret of our engagement now."

"You must permit me to ask one question, Sir Edmund. Have you and Decima corresponded?"

"No. We separated for the time entirely. The engagement existing in our own hearts alone."

"I am glad to hear it. I did not think Decima would have carried on a correspondence unknown to me."

"I am certain that she would not. And for that reason I never asked her to do it. Until I met Decima to-night, Lady Verner, we have had no communication with each other since I left. But I am quite sure that neither of us has doubted the other for a single moment."

"It has been a long while to wait," mused Lady Verner, as they entered the presence of Decima, who started up to receive them.

When they returned to the rooms, Sir Edmund with Decima, Lady Verner by her daughter's side, the first object that met their view was Jan—Jan at a ball! Lady Verner lifted her eyebrows: she had never believed that Jan would really show himself where he must be so entirely out of place. But there Jan was: in decent dress, too: black clothes, and a white neckcloth and gloves. Jan's great hands laid hold of both Sir Edmund's.

"I'm uncommon glad you are back!" cried he—which was his polite phrase for expressing satisfaction.

"So am I, Jan," heartily answered Sir Edmund. "I have never had a real friend, Jan, since I left you."

"We can be friends still," said plain Jan.

"Ay," said Sir Edmund, meaningly, "and brothers." But the last word was spoken in Jan's ear alone, for they were in a crowd now.

"To see you here, very much surprises me, Jan," remarked Lady Verner, asperity in her tone. "I hope you will contrive to behave properly."

Lady Mary Elmsley, then standing with them, laughed.

"What are you afraid he should do, Lady Verner?"

"He was not made for society," said Lady Verner, with asperity.

"Nor society for me," returned Jan good-humouredly. "I'd rather be watching a case of fever."

"Oh, Jan!" cried Lady Mary, laughing still.

"So I would," repeated Jan. "At somebody's bedside, in my easy coat, I feel at home. And I feel that I am doing good; that's more. This is nothing but waste of time."

"You hear?" appealed Lady Verner to them, as if Jan's avowal were a passing proof of her assertion—that he and society were antagonistic to each other. "I wonder you took the thought to attire yourself decently," she added, her face retaining its strong vexation. "Had anybody asked me, I should have given it as my opinion that you had not things fit to appear in."

"I have got these," returned Jan, looking down at his clothes. "Won't they do? It's my funeral suit."

The unconscious matter-of-fact style of Jan's avowal was beyond everything. Lady Verner was struck dumb, Sir Edmund smiled, and Mary Elmsley laughed outright.

"Oh, Jan!" said she, "you'll be a child all your days. What do you mean by your 'funeral suit'?"

"Anybody might know that," was Jan's answer to Lady Mary. "It's the suit I keep for funerals. A doctor is always getting asked to attend them: and if he does not go, he offends the people."

"You might have kept the information to yourself," rebuked Lady Verner.

"It doesn't matter, does it?" asked Jan. "Aren't they good enough to come in?"

He turned his head round, to get a glance at the said suit behind. Sir Edmund laid his hand affectionately on his shoulder. Young as Jan had been before Edmund Hautley went out, they had lived close friends.

"The clothes are all right, Jan. And if you had come without a coat at all, you would have been equally welcome to me."

"I should not have gone to this sort of thing anywhere else, you know: it is not in my line, as my mother says. I came to see you."

"And I would rather see you, Jan, than anybody else in the room—with one exception," was the reply of Sir Edmund. "I am sorry not to see Lionel."

"He couldn't come," answered Jan. "His wife turned crusty, and said she'd come if he did—something of that—and so he stayed at home. She is very ill, and she wants to ignore it, and go out all the same. It is not fit she should."

"Pray do you mean to dance, Jan?" inquired Lady Verner, the question being put ironically.

"Not I," returned Jan. "Who'd dance with me?"

"I'll dance with you, Jan," said Lady Mary.

Jan shook his head.

"I might get my feet entangled in the petticoats."

"Not you, Jan," said Sir Edmund, laughing.

"I should risk that, if a lady asked me."

"She'd not care to dance with me," returned Jan, looking at Mary Elmaley. "She only says it out of good nature."

"No, Jan, I don't think I do," avowed Lady Mary. "I should like to dance with you."

"I'd stand up with you, if I stood up with anybody," replied Jan. "But where's the good of it? I don't know the figures, and should only put you out, as well as everybody else."

So, what with his ignorance of the figures, and his dreaded awkwardness amidst the trains, Jan was allowed to rest in peace. Mary Elmaley told him that, if he would come over sometimes to their house in an evening, she and her young sisters would practise the figures with him, so that he might learn them. It was Jan's turn to laugh now. The notion of his practising dancing, or having evenings to waste on it, amused him considerably.

"Go to your house to learn dancing!" echoed he. "Folks would be for putting me into a lunatic asylum. If I do find an hour to myself any odd evening, I have to get to my dissection. I went shares the other day in a beautiful subject—"

"I don't think you need tell me of that, Jan," interrupted Lady Mary, keeping her countenance.

"I wonder you talk to him, Mary," observed Lady Verner. "You hear how he repays you. He means it for good breeding, perhaps."

"I don't mean it for rudeness, at any rate," returned Jan. "Lady Mary knows that. Don't you?" he added, turning to her.

A strangely thrilling expression in her eyes as she looked at him was her only answer. "I would rather have that sort of rudeness from you, Jan," said she, "than the world's hollow politeness. There is so much of false—"

Mary Emsley's sentence was never concluded. What was it that had broken in upon them? What object was that, gliding into the room like a ghost, on whom all eyes were strained with a terrible fascination? Was it a ghost? It appeared ghastly enough for one. Was it one of Jan's "subjects" come after him to the ball? Was it a corpse? It looked more like that than anything else. A corpse bedizened with jewels.

"She's mad!" exclaimed Jan, who was the first to recover his speech.

"What is it?" ejaculated Sir Edmund, gazing with something very like fear, as the spectre bore down towards him.

"It is my brother's wife," explained Jan. "You may see how fit she is to come."

There was no time for more. Sibylla had her hand held out to Sir Edmund, a wan smile on her ghastly face. His hesitation, his evident discomposure, as he took it, were not lost upon her.

"You have forgotten me, Sir Edmund: but I should have known you anywhere. Your face is bronzed, and it is the only change. Am I so much changed?"

"Yes, you are; greatly changed," was his involuntary acknowledgment in his surprise. "I should not have recognised you for the Sibylla West of those old days."

"I was at an age to change," she said. "I—"

The words were stopped by a fit of coughing. Not the ordinary cough, more or less violent, that we hear in every-day intercourse; but the dreadful cough that tells its tale of the hopeless state within. She had discarded her opera cloak, and stood there, her shoulders, back, neck, all bare and naked; très décollée, as the French would say; shivering palpably: imparting the idea of a skeleton with rattling bones. Sir Edmund Hautley, quitting Decima, took her arm compassionately and led her to a seat.

Mrs. Verner did not like the attention. Pity, compassion, was in every line of his face—in every gesture of his gentle hand: and she resented it.

"I am not ill," she declared to Sir Edmund, between the paroxysms of her distressing cough. "The wind seemed to take my throat as I got out of the fly, and it is making me cough a little, but I am not ill. Has Jan been telling you that I am?"

She turned round fiercely on Jan as she spoke. Jan had followed her to her chair, and stood near her: he may have deemed that so evident an invalid should possess a doctor at hand. A good thing that Jan was of equable temper, of easy temperament; otherwise there might have been perpetual open war between him and Sibylla. She did not spare to him her sarcasms and her insults; but never, in all Jan's intercourse with her, had he resented them.

"No one has told me anything about you in particular, Mrs. Verner," was the reply of Sir Edmund. "I see that you look delicate."

"I am not delicate," she sharply said. "It is nothing. I should be very well, if it were not for Jan."

"That's good," returned Jan. "What do I do?"

"You worry me," she answered curtly. "You say I must not go out; I must not do this, or do the other. You know you do. Presently you will be saying I must not dance. But I will."

"Does Lionel know you have come?" inquired Jan, leaving other questions in abeyance.

"I don't know. It's nothing to him. He was not going to stop me. I am quite enchanted that you have come home, Sir Edmund," she added, turning to the baronet.

"I am pleased myself, Mrs. Verner. Home has more charms for me than the world knows of."

"You will give us some nice entertainments, I hope," she continued, her cough beginning to subside. "Sir Rufus lived like a hermit."

That she would not live to partake of any entertainments he might give, Sir Edmund Hautley felt as sure as though he had then seen her in her grave-clothes. No, not even could he be

deceived, or entertain the faintest false hope, though the cough became stilled, and the brilliant hectic of reaction shone on her cheeks. Very beautiful would she then have looked, save for her attenuate frame, with that bright crimson flush and her gleaming golden hair.

Quite sufficiently beautiful to attract partners, and one came up and requested her to dance. She rose in acquiescence, turning her back right upon Jan, who would have interposed.

"Go away," said she. "I don't want any lecturing from you."

But Jan did not go away. He laid his hand impressively upon her shoulder. "*You must not do it, Sibylla.* There's a pond outside: it's just as good you went and threw yourself into that. It would do you no more harm."

She jerked her shoulder away from him; laughing a little scornful laugh, and saying a few contemptuous words to her partner directed to Jan. Jan propped his back against the wall, and watched her, giving her a few words in his turn.

"As good try to turn a mule, as turn *her*."

He watched her through the quadrille. He watched the gradually increasing excitement of her temperament. Nothing could be more pernicious for her; nothing more dangerous; as Jan knew. Presently he watched her plunge into a waltz: and just at that moment his eyes fell on Lionel.

He had just entered; he was shaking hands with Sir Edmund Hautley. Jan made his way to them.

"Have you seen Sibylla, Jan?" was the first question of Lionel to his brother. "I hear she has come."

For answer, Jan pointed towards a couple amidst the waltzers, and Lionel's dismayed gaze fell on his wife, whirling round at a mad speed, her eyes glistening, her cheeks burning, her bosom heaving; with the violence of the exertion, her poor breath seemed to rise in loud gasps, shaking her to pieces, and the sweat-drops poured off her brow.

One dismayed exclamation, and Lionel took a step forward. Jan caught him back.

"It is of no use, Lionel. I have tried. It would only make a scene, and be productive of no end. I am not sure, either, whether opposition at the present moment would not do as much harm as is being done."

"Jan!" cried Sir Edmund, in an under-tone, "is—she—dying?"

"She is not far off it," was Jan's answer.

Lionel had yielded to Jan's remonstrance, and stood back against the wall, like Jan had previously been doing. The waltz came to an end: in the dispersion Lionel lost sight of his wife. A few moments, and strange sounds of noise and confusion were echoing from an adjoining room. Jan went away at his own rate of speed, Lionel in his wake. They had caught the reiterated words, spoken in every phase of terrified tones, "Mrs. Verner! Mrs. Verner!"

Ah, poor Mrs. Verner! That had been her last dance on earth. The terrible exertion had induced a fit of coughing of unnatural violence,

and in the straining a blood-vessel had once more broken.

CHAPTER LX.—THE LAMP BURNT OUT AT LAST.

FROM the roof of the house to the floor of the cellar, ominous silence reigned in Deerham Court. Mrs. Verner lay in it—dying. She had been conveyed home from the Hall on the morning following the catastrophe. Miss Hautley and Sir Edmund urged her remaining longer, offering every possible hospitality; but poor Sibylla seemed to have taken a caprice against it. Caprices she would have, up to her last breath. All her words were "Home! home!" Jan said she might be moved with safety; and she was taken there.

She seemed none the worse for the removal—she was none the worse for it. She was dying, but the transit had not increased her danger or her pain. Dr. Hayes had been over in the course of the night, and was now expected again.

"It's all waste of time, his coming; he can't do anything; but it is satisfaction for Lionel," observed Jan to his mother.

Lady Verner felt inclined to blame those of her household who had been left at home for Sibylla's escapade: all of them—Lionel, Lucy Tempest, and the servants. They ought to have prevented it, she said; have kept her in by force, had needs been. But she blamed them wrongly. Lionel might have done so had he been present; there was no knowing whether he would so far have exerted his authority, but the scene that would inevitably have ensued might not have been less fatal in its consequences to Sibylla. Lucy answered, and with truth, that any remonstrance of hers to Sibylla would never have been listened to; and the servants excused themselves—it was not their place to presume to oppose Mr. Verner's wife.

She lay on the sofa in her dressing-room, propped up by pillows; her face wan, her breathing laboured. Decima with her, calm and still; Catherine hovered near, to be useful, if necessary; Lady Verner was in her room within call; Lucy Tempest sat on the stairs. Lucy, remembering certain curious explosions, feared that her presence might not be acceptable to the invalid; but Lucy partook of the general restlessness, and sat down in her simple fashion on the stairs, listening for news from the sick-chamber. Neither she nor any one else in the house could have divested themselves of the prevailing excitement that day, or settled to calmness in the remotest degree. Lucy wished from her very heart that she could do anything to alleviate the sufferings of Mrs. Verner, or to soothe the general discomfort.

By and by, Jan entered, and came straight up the stairs. "Am I to walk over you, Miss Lucy?"

"There's plenty of room to go by, Jan," she answered, pulling her dress aside.

"Are you doing penance?" he asked, as he strode past her.

"It is so dull, remaining in the drawing-room by myself," answered Lucy, apologetically. "Everybody is up-stairs."

Jan went in to the sick-room, and Lucy sat on, in silence; her head bent down on her knees, as before. Presently Jan returned.

"Is she any better, Jan?"

"She's no worse," was Jan's answer. "That's something, when it comes to this stage. Where's Lionel?"

"I do not know," replied Lucy. "I think he went out. Jan," she added, dropping her voice, "will she get well?"

"Get well!" echoed Jan in his plainness. "It's not likely. She won't be here four-and-twenty hours longer."

"Oh, Jan!" uttered Lucy, painfully startled and distressed. "What a dreadful thing! And all because of her going out last night!"

"Not altogether," answered Jan. "It has hastened it, no doubt; but the ending was not far off in any case."

"If I could but save her!" murmured Lucy, in her unselfish sympathy. "I shall always be thinking that perhaps if I had spoken to her last night, instead of going out to find Mr. Verner, she might not have gone."

"Look here," said Jan. "You are not an angel yet, are you, Miss Lucy?"

"Not at all like one, I fear, Jan," was her sad answer.

"Well, then, I can tell you, for your satisfaction, that an angel, coming down from heaven and endowed with angel's powers, wouldn't have stopped her last night. She'd have gone in spite of you; and of all. Her mind was made up to it; and her telling Lionel in the morning that she'd give up going, provided he would promise to take her for a day's pleasure to Heartburg, was only a ruse to throw the house off its guard."

Jan passed down. Lucy sat on. As Jan was crossing the court-yard,—for he actually went out at the front door for once in his life, like he had done the day he carried the blanket and the black tea-kettle,—he encountered John Massingbird. Mr. John wore his usual free-and-easy costume, and had his short pipe in his mouth.

"I say," began he, "what's this tale about Mrs. Lionel? Folks are saying that she went off to Hautley's last night, and danced herself to death."

"That's near enough," replied Jan. "She would go; and she did; and she danced; and she finished it up by breaking a blood-vessel. And now she is dying."

"What was Lionel about, to let her go?"

"Lionel knew nothing of it. She slipped off while he was out. Nobody was in the house but Lucy Tempest and one or two of the servants. She dressed herself on the quiet, sent for a fly, and went."

"And danced!"

"And danced," assented Jan. "Her back and shoulders looked like a bag of bones. You might nearly have heard them rattle."

"I always said there were moments when Sibylla's mind was not right," composedly observed John Massingbird. "Is there any hope?"

"None. There has not been hope, in point of fact, for a long while," continued Jan. "As any body might have seen, except Sibylla. She has been obstinately blind to it. Although her father warned her, when he was here, that she could not live."

John Massingbird smoked for some moments in silence. "She was always sickly," he presently said. "Sickly in constitution; sickly in temper."

Jan nodded. But what he might farther have said was stopped by the entrance of Lionel. He came in at the gate, looking jaded and tired. His mind was ill at ease, and he had not been to bed.

"I have been searching for you, Jan. Dr. West ought to be telegraphed to. Can you tell where he is?"

"No, I can't," replied Jan. "He was at Biarritz when he last wrote; but they were about to leave it. I expect to hear from him daily. If we did know where he is, Lionel, telegraphing would be of no use. He could not get here."

"I should like him telegraphed to, if possible," was Lionel's answer.

"I'll telegraph to Biarritz, if you like," said Jan. "He is sure to have left it, though."

"Do so," returned Lionel. "Will you come in?" he added, to John Massingbird.

"No, thank you," replied John Massingbird. "They'd not like my pipe. Tell Sibylla I hope she'll get over it. I'll come again by and by, and hear how she is."

Lionel went indoors and passed up-stairs with a heavy footstep. Lucy started up from her place, but not before he had seen her in it.

"Why do you sit there, Lucy?"

"I don't know," she answered, blushing that he should have caught her there, though she had not cared for Jan's doing so. "It is lonely down stairs to-day: here I can ask everybody who comes out of the room how she is. I wish I could cure her! I wish I could do anything for her!"

He laid his hand lightly on her head as he passed. "Thank you for all, my dear child!" and there was a strange tone of pain in his low voice as he spoke it.

Only Decima was in the room then, and she quitted it as Lionel entered. Treading softly across the carpet, he took his seat in a chair opposite Sibylla's couch. She slept—for a great wonder—or appeared to sleep. The whole morning long—nay, the whole night long, her bright, restless eyes had been wide open; sleep as far from her as it could well be. It had seemed that her fractious temper kept the sleep away. But her eyes were closed now, and two dark purple rims enclosed them, terribly dark on the wan, white face. Suddenly the eyes unclosed with a start, as if her doze had been abruptly disturbed, though Lionel had been perfectly still. She looked at him for a minute or two in silence, and he, knowing it would be well that she should doze again, neither spoke nor moved.

"Lionel, am I dying?"

Quietly as the words were spoken, they struck on his ear with startling intensity. He rose then and pushed her hair from her damp brow with a fond hand, murmuring some general inquiry as to how she felt.

"Am I dying?" came again from the panting lips.

What was he to answer her? To say that she was dying, might send her into a paroxysm of

terror; to deceive her in that awful hour by telling her she was not, went against every feeling of his heart.

"But I don't want to die," she urged, in some excitement, interpreting his silence to mean the worst. "Can't Jan do anything for me? Can't Dr. Hayes?"

"Dr. Hayes will be here soon," observed Lionel, soothingly, if somewhat evasively. "He will come by the next train."

She took his hand, held it between hers, and looked beseechingly up to his face. "I don't want to leave you," she whispered. "Oh Lionel! keep me here if you can! You know you are always kind to me. Sometimes I have reproached you that you were not, but it was not true. You have been ever kind, have you not?"

"I have ever striven to be so," he answered, the tears glistening on his eyelashes.

"I don't want to die. I want to get well and go about again, like I used to do when at Verner's Pride. Now Sir Edmund Hautley is come home, that will be a good place to visit at. Lionel, I don't want to die! Can't you keep me in life?"

"If by sacrificing my own life I could save yours, Heaven knows how willingly I would do it," he tenderly answered.

"Why should I die? Why should I die, more than others? I don't think I am dying, Lionel," she added, after a pause. "I shall get well yet."

She stretched out her hand for some cooling drink that was near, and Lionel gave her a teaspoonful. He was giving her another, but she jerked her head away and spilled it.

"It's not nice," she said. So he put it down.

"I want to see Deborah," she resumed.

"My dear, they are at Heartburg. I told you so this morning. They will be home no doubt by the next train. Jan has sent to them."

"What should they do at Heartburg?" she fractionally asked.

"They went over yesterday to remain until to-day, I hear."

Subsiding into silence, she lay quite still, save for her panting breath, holding Lionel's hand as he bent over her. Some noise in the corridor outside attracted her attention, and she signed to him to open the door.

"Perhaps it is Dr. Hayes," she murmured. "He is better than Jan."

Better than Jan, inasmuch as that he was rather given to assure his patients they would soon be strong enough to enjoy the *al fresco* delights of a gipsy party, even though he knew that they had not an hour's prolonged life left in them. Not so Jan. Never did a more cheering doctor enter a sick-room than Jan, so long as there was the faintest shade of hope. But, when the closing scene was actually come, the spirit all but upon the wing, then Jan whispered of hope no more. He could not do it in his pure sincerity. Jan could be silent; but Jan could not tell a man, whose soul was hovering on the entrance of the next world, that he might yet recreate himself dancing hornpipes in this. Dr. Hayes would; it was in his creed to do so; and in that respect Dr. Hayes was different from Jan.

It was not Dr. Hayes. As Lionel opened the

door, Lucy was passing it, and Thérèse was at the end of the corridor talking to Lady Verner. Lucy stopped to make her kind inquiries, her tone a low one, of how the invalid was then.

"Whose voice is that?" called out Mrs. Verner, her words scarcely reaching her husband's ears.

"It is Lucy Tempest's," he said, closing the door and returning to her. "She was asking after you."

"Tell her to come in."

Lionel opened the door again, and beckoned to Lucy.

"Mrs. Verner is asking if you will come in and see her," he said as she approached.

All the old grievances, the insults of Sibylla, blotted out from her gentle and forgiving mind, lost sight of in this great crisis, Lucy went up to the couch, and stood by the side of Sibylla. Lionel leaned over its back.

"I trust you are not feeling very ill, Mrs. Verner," she said in a low, sweet tone, as she bent towards her and touched her hand. Touched it only; let her own fall lightly upon it; as if she did not feel sufficiently sure of Sibylla's humour to presume to take it.

"No, I don't think I'm better. I am so weak here."

She touched her chest as she spoke. Lucy, perhaps somewhat at a loss what to say, stood in silence.

"I have been very cross to you sometimes, Lucy," she resumed. "I meant nothing. I used to feel vexed with everybody, and said foolish things without meaning it. It was so cruel to be turned from Verner's Pride, and it made me unhappy."

"Indeed I do not think anything about it," replied Lucy, the tears rising to her eyes in her forgiving tenderness. "I know how ill you must have felt. I used to feel that I should like to help you to bear the pain and the sorrow."

Sibylla lay panting. Lucy remained as she was; Lionel also. Presently she, Sibylla, glanced at Lucy.

"I wish you'd kiss me."

Lucy, unnerved by the words, bent closer to her, a shower of tears falling from her eyes on Sibylla's face.

"If I could but save her life for you!" she murmured to Lionel, glancing up at him through her eyes as she rose from the embrace, and she saw that Lionel's eyes were as wet as hers.

And now there was a commotion outside. Sounds, as of talking and wailing and crying, were heard. Little need to tell Lionel that they came from the Miss Wests: he recognised the voices; and Lucy glided forward to open the door.

Poor ladies! They were wont to say ever after that their absence had happened on purpose. Mortified at being ignored in Miss Hautley's invitations, they had made a little plan to get out of Deerham. An old friend in Heartburg had repeatedly pressed them to dine there and remain for the night, and they determined to avail themselves of the invitation this very day of the *fête* at Deerham Hall. It would be pleasant to have to

say to inquisitive friends, "We could not attend it, we were engaged to Heartburg." Many a lady, of more account in the world than Deborah and Amilly West, has resorted to a less innocent ruse to conceal a slight offered. Jan had despatched Master Cheese that morning with the information of Sibylla's illness; and here they were back again, full of grief, of consternation, and ready to show it in their demonstrative way.

Lionel hastened out to them, a Hush—sh! upon his tongue. He caught hold of them as they were hastening in.

"Yes; but not like this. Be still for her sake."

Deborah looked at his pale face, reading it aright.

"Is she so ill as *that*?" she gasped. "Is there no hope?"

He only shook his head.

"Whatever you do, preserve a calm demeanour before her. We must keep her in tranquillity."

"Master Cheese says she went to the ball—and danced," said Deborah. "Mr. Verner, why did you allow it?"

"She did go," he answered. "It was no fault of mine."

Heavier footsteps up the stairs now. They were those of the physician, who had come by the train which had brought the Miss Wests. He, Dr. Hayes, entered the room, and they stole in after him; Lionel followed; Jan came bustling in, and made another; and Lucy remained outside.

Lady Verner saw Dr. Hayes when he was going away.

"There was no change," he said, in answer to her inquiries; "Mrs. Verner was certainly in a very weak, sick state, and—there was no change."

The Miss Wests removed their travelling garments, and took up their stations in the sick room—not to leave it again until the life should have departed from Sibylla. Lionel remained in it. Decima and Catherine went in and out, and Jan made frequent visits to the house.

"Tell papa it is the leaving Verner's Pride that has killed me," said Sibylla to Amilly with nearly her latest breath.

There was no bed for any of them that night, any more than there had been the previous one. A life was hovering in the balance. Lucy sat with Lady Verner, and the rest went in to them occasionally, taking news. Dawn was breaking when one went in for the last time.

It was Jan. He had come to break the tidings to his mother, and he sat himself down on the arm of the sofa—Jan fashion—while he did it.

The flickering lamp of life had burnt out at last.

(To be continued.)

A PICTURE IN THREE PANELS.

How many years is it, I ask, since I first listened to that music? And you come and lean over the back of my chair and call me foolish. I know you are there, though I do but look on into the fire and read from a book whose pages no printing-press hath touched. Foolish, am I?

Well, I am only living over again some old days, happy and unhappy, which have made you and me what we are. Foolish! You forget that you have been playing the "Coro religioso," and that when I first heard it—well, go your way, and while you are gone, let me think out the story, and paint my picture.

PANEL I.

You stood, one of a merry party, near the piano, with your hand on the chair of the player, even as it rested on mine but now. I saw you for the first time, and you were singing the "Coro religioso:" I heard your voice amongst all others, distinct and clear. I was to have taken the Count's part, but foolish then as I am now, some strange bewilderment seized me, and your Cousin Ernest Haughton stepped forward with his resolute, musical "No, no, non piu," which I ought to have sung. I sank back abashed, and looked at you both. His hand touched your shoulder—how dared he? And I saw how handsome he was, how polished; with "gentleman" written in every line of his mobile face and every movement of his figure. I heard some one say, "well matched," and it was true. You looked well together—a fitting couple. Do you see me there, in the dark shadow of the door, biting my moustache and watching you? I was a great, strong, rough fellow compared with Ernest, and I felt it. I was unused to ladies' society; no mother or sister had taught me gentleness, or its simulation; and so, seeing you for the first time, and feeling my own awkwardness, jealousy took possession of me. I would have had that smoothfaced Ernest out on the hill side with the hounds in full cry and a mighty fence before him; then, would he have beaten me? But there, in the drawing-room, he shone and triumphed, while I stood in the shade watching him.

There is the first panel of my picture. You remember it, I know, but it is not written on your brain as it is on mine.

Its colour was on the days that followed, and it had set a mark on my life for ever. You know how at first you thought me shy and awkward, and in your kindness tried to draw out my scanty words on every occasion; at least, I thought so, and I would not be drawn out. I preferred watching you and your cousin, gloomily; I was in a fever of infatuation, or I should have quitted the house that held you at once, instead of lingering on, buying dearly my first knowledge of the great passions of life. Ernest Haughton would have made friends with me, but I repulsed him; at times I heard him speak light words, which shook my first acknowledgment of admiration for him, and I believed from my heart that he was not worthy of you. Was I? That question never occurred to me; I contented myself with seeing his faults, not thinking of my own. I had a jealous envy of him, for all that; I delighted to outdo him in any way; often I have startled you by some wild feat of daring which I knew Ernest with all his high spirit, would never attempt, but he only laughed at me. Once, I remember, your face grew pale at a momentary danger which I had scorned to fear, and when I saw that, a mad

impulse came upon me, and I snatched your hand and pressed my lips upon it. Even then Ernest only turned away to hide a smile. I saw it though; I fancied it was a smile of triumph, and the thought drove me wild. He knew his security, and mocked my weakness. I felt, too, that your manner grew colder and more distant after that.

One day I came upon you suddenly amongst the shrubs; you were looking after the figure of Ernest in the distance, and there was sorrow in your face.

"He is going to leave us," you said. "He joins his ship to-morrow: and the separation is a painful one."

I could not keep my tone from being bitter; and you looked at me with reproachful wonder as you answered:

"Of course. He is my cousin."

A wild hope leaped up in my heart then for a moment, but it sank as quickly. I put it down with a strong hand, feeling that it was madness. I could bear this state of things no longer.

"I shall leave you, too," I said; "but that will be little loss."

You gave me no answer; and the ungraciousness of my speech struck me. But your head was turned away; I thought you were still looking after Ernest, and I did leave you. I said no further good-bye to you, but went away silent and miserable, determining to put you out of my thoughts for ever: as if such a thing were in one's own power.

For twelve long months I never saw you; I hunted, and shot, and fished; I tramped the country, high and low, but I bore about with me always the first panel of my picture; and nothing could drive out from my dreams the voice of Ernest with his "No, no, non piu," which should have been mine.

I had been rambling for some days amongst the Scottish hills, when the fine weather changed to rain—incessant, heavy; and I was kept prisoner at a wretched inn, where there was nothing to do or to see except the fierce splashes which beat against the window and ran down it in streams. I asked the waiter if it always rained there, and though his answer was as comforting as the response of a brother waiter to a similar query—"Na, na, man, it snaws whiles," yet he took pity upon my feckless, do-nothing condition, and brought in a pile of old newspapers. I turned them over listlessly. You know what caught my eye; the wreck of a vessel and the names of the lost: Lieutenant Ernest Haughton amongst them. I looked at the date—it was six months back. Forgive me for it, you who know how my whole heart was still clinging about you; could I help the joy that burst from my lips that moment? I did not think of Ernest, of death, or of those who mourned his loss; I thought only that you were free; and that in the possible future which stretched out before my eyes, it might be mine to make up to you for a past sorrow.

I started in the pouring rain: what did I care for that then? I never slackened my speed till I stood once more in the well-known room, and saw you. You were in mourning too: I looked at it

jealously at first, thinking that six months had surely been sufficient tribute to the memory of a cousin. But my head grew dizzy as I looked at you, till your exclamation, half of pleasure, half of dismay, made me conscious of the figure I presented. Dabbled, mud-stained, a great rough fellow then as formerly, I stood before you ashamed of myself.

"If you did but know," I stammered, "how I have longed to see you again; how I have travelled night and day without stopping—"

You broke into my speech, to insist that I needed rest and refreshment, and must have it. You did welcome me—how I blessed you for it.

By and by you spoke to me of Ernest Haughton, and I took courage to ask one daring question, which nothing but your goodness could have pronounced excusable.

"Tell me one thing," I said. "Were you engaged to Ernest?"

The words slipped from my tongue, as though they had burnt it, and you looked at me calmly and answered "No."

But then I believed in my secret heart that it was only the word engagement which had been wanting. I hoped, however, from the calmness of your answer, that you were learning to forget; I must give you time for that. You would have talked on about Ernest, his friends, and the shock his death had been, but I changed the subject, and avoided it studiously. I wanted him to be far away in the past, not talked of, but forgotten. I flattered myself that I did not care what he had been to you once, now that it was all over, and I could not help my jealous nature, nor the madness which stung me at times when I heard you pronounce his name with—as I fancied—such regretful tenderness.

I curbed down my impatience for a while with the reflection that I must let you forget him; and then—remember it—I told my tale.

You seemed touched; I saw your lips tremble, but no word came from them. Then I went on, following up my own ideas and acting upon them. I said I did not care for first love—which was false—I wanted you to give me what you could; in time it would be your whole heart, I trusted; and if some passing fancy had ever bound you to another, let it be forgotten. So that it was really past, I would never rake up its ashes.

You turned to me smiling, and asked me falteringly, "Was I less exacting than others, that I promised so readily to be satisfied with a worn-out heart?"

Satisfied! No, I warned you of my jealous nature, but the music of a hundred joy-bells rang in my ears and stumbled from my tongue as I did so. Vehement and passionate always, I scarcely think the old fire has died out of me even yet. At that time I might surely, in my security, have spoken of your cousin, and learnt the depth of your sorrow for him, but I would not. The sting which his name held even then terrified me, and I avoided all mention of him.

You seemed, too, so quiet and undisturbed, while the excitement of my new happiness was filling me with exuberant life, that I could not help at times tormenting myself with the reflec-

tion that it was neither new nor strange to you, as it was to me. I did not care much then, however; I was too happy, and I trusted to time. So that I might be with you, and know that you were my promised wife, I could be satisfied.

And you had always a welcome for me; were always ready to listen to my eager plans for the future, and to sympathise with them. Do you remember those summer evenings? How we lingered in the coppice of Fernwood, and saw the sun-light on the mill-stream; glancing through the trees, and playing amongst the underwood? How we sat on grassy knolls and talked, letting the time slip by unheeded, till you would suddenly start up and say there would be a scolding waiting for you at home? I know about those scoldings, do I not? A grave word of anxiety lest you should have taken cold, or stayed out too long; for I was not half careful enough of you. And do you remember standing with me in the shrubbery on the spot where Ernest Haughton had parted from you; and a momentary fancy came into my head that you were thinking of him. But when I looked into your quiet, contented face, and my thought died before it could have reached my lips. That was the eve of our wedding-day. We were married. I cannot think of that time calmly; even now, when I would put the sterner touches to my picture, the excitement of that new happiness comes back to bid me pause.

Idiot, that I was! How came it that, by and by, dark thoughts began to rise up in my heart, and to have a recognised place there? That I looked upon your calm content, and thought, with a jealous pang, that you were not happy with me; that what you had given me was not love, but the dregs of the warm heart which had gone down under the waves with Ernest Haughton? I don't know how it came about, but so it was. With a wonderful aptitude for self-torment, I raked up all the circumstances, throwing over them the one colour which distorted my own vision. And there grew up a strange coldness between us; I sought after solitude, that I might brood over my thoughts; and if at times you came near and I caught the look of wondering sorrow in your face, I stifled the pang it gave me with the counter thought that it was a sorrow to which I could not minister if I would; a sorrow for the dead.

Why did you bear with me so long and patiently, never uttering one word of reproach? At first, indeed, you used to ask why I was moody and sad, but a cold answer, or a vehement one which you did not understand, sent you away silenced. And this mute forbearance only strengthened the idea that I was nothing to you. Foolish then, if you like: and yet in that folly I was unutterably miserable. Miserable because you were so dear to me; because your very presence, or the touch of your hand, would send a thrill through every pulse, and yet I could do nothing to make you happy. I could do nothing but indulge bitterly the feeling that our marriage was a mistake, and you did not love me. What wonder if day by day you grew more distant and reserved, and I more gloomy, while the barrier

between us strengthened? Ours was a strange honeymoon, was it not?

PANEL II.

I WAS sitting over the fire moodily, thinking as usual, wondering how long our life was to go on thus, and how it would end; wandering back again to my wild days among the Scotch hills, to the pile of old newspapers, and the tidings that sent me off through the pouring rain in search of you. My back was to the door, but when I heard it open gently I knew that you were there. You came and stood near me on the rug, and spoke, with your voice a little roused from its usual passionless calm. For you see from the very first you had been so quiet, and my vehement nature craved something more demonstrative. I heard you then with the old thrill stirring my heart, and I traced unwonted excitement in your tone.

"A strange thing has happened," you said, "and I have come to tell you of it."

"Well, I am listening."

For a moment you hesitated, and then went on. And I saw that you held an open letter in your hand.

"My Cousin Ernest was not drowned as we believed. He and four of the crew were saved; they have been brought off one of the lone islands of the Pacific and are in England."

I never moved. Sitting there with your shadowy presence near me, my wife, I saw in the fire the first panel of my picture, and heard the voice of Ernest break in upon the Nuns' chorus. For you the sea gave back its dead, and for me what remained? But I knew that you expected me to say something, and I spoke, not in congratulation or rejoicing, I was not false enough for that.

"You must give your cousin a welcome," I said. "You will be glad to see him—of course he will come here."

You did not answer. I would not raise my face though I was conscious that you sought to read it. I could not meet that mournful inquiring look of yours which was wont to fill me with inexpressible tenderness.

You turned and went away silently, and left me to my musing. I hardly know what I thought or felt, or wished for. The jealous envy which had been growing up for Ernest dead, changed into disgust and hatred against Ernest living; and across it there came a mockery of gladness in your pleasure at seeing him again. I shunned you less at that time than usual; I could not keep from following you with my eyes compassionately, thinking how I was in the way for ever, and but for me you might be happy.

You remember the day your cousin came. I got up a show of welcome: though lionised and *jêted* as the hero of the wreck had been, he seemed more intolerable to me than ever. But you were gayer than usual; at dinner you talked lightly, with a make-believe, as I thought, of happiness before him. You were interested in his adventures and drew him out; I alone sat silent and stupid. When you left us, I, holding open the door for you, ventured to look once into your face. Its gaiety was gone, and a wan, dreary exhaus-

tion had come over it. I put my hand over my eyes for a moment, feeling that the table with its glasses and decanters reeled before them.

As I sat down your cousin cried out with a great outburst.

"What on earth is amiss with Ellen? She looks like the ghost of herself."

I battled with a quick pain at my heart and made some trivial answer. I hated the sight of his handsome face at my table.

"Ellen used to bear a great deal of persecution from me," he went on, holding up his glass to the light. "You know I was going to be married before that last trip, and when the affair was put off, I made a sort of scape goat of Nelly, and bored her unmercifully. One woman doesn't often hear another praised as patiently as she did. The only time we ever quarrelled was about you, old fellow."

I carried my glass to my lips steadily and put it down untasted, but I could not trust my voice to speak.

"I dare say she has told you all about it. You know you were inclined to be ferocious at times, and I got a bad habit of calling you Ursa Major, &c. You needn't frown about it. The fact was I saw which way the wind blew, and couldn't resist the fun of having something to tease Nelly about in her turn. I had to be very humble before I got forgiven, and I knew then that Ellen was done for."

"Will you help yourself?" I said, breaking my silence suddenly. I should have liked to get up and shake hands with him, but for the thought that it might be dangerous.

"No more wine," said Ernest. "But if you have any place big enough to swing a cat in, where one might make a brute of oneself with a mild cigar—"

PANEL III.

I DON'T know how to paint it. You were sitting by the fire in the twilight, and your head was bent, with one hand shading your face and the other holding a book which you were not reading. Were you thinking then of the days gone by, and wondering at the dark spirit which had taken possession of your husband? Lights and shadows fell over your face from the fire, but its expression of sadness never changed. And I, knowing what I had been all this time; thinking of my blundering and folly; seeing it in its true light: how could I speak to you?

I don't know what I said, but I know that the first words of remorse and self-accusation brought your hand to cover my lips gently; and I know that I was happy then as I had never deserved to be: happy afterwards, even in confessing my madness, and hearing your tales of Ernest's infatuation about some one else; in watching the sorrowful look pass from your face, and its old brightness come back.

"But if it was about Ernest that I had been so—foolish, why did I always stop you when you spoke of him, instead of letting you tell me all?"

That was one of the questions I could not answer. But I should think that your cousin,

when he came in from his mild cigar, must have imagined that dinner was a wonderful improver of Ursa Major's temper.

Are you there again, behind my chair? Well, I have finished the picture and you may look at it. I have had it in my mind's eye this many a day, and now it is done. There is one comforting reflection about it, viz., if it is true that all men are mad once in their lives, surely my time is over. You were too gentle with me; you should have called me to account instead of bearing all things so patiently. Never mind! we have learnt each other by heart now. One's first untried affection may be faulty and vacillating, but in spite of Sir Cresswell Cresswell, the holy love of married years does but grow firmer and deeper, and more indispensable as it loses its novelty. What do you say?

LOUIS SAND.

A PEEP INTO THE PALATINATE.

PART II. LIMBURG ABBEY, ETC.

FROM Neustadt to Dürkheim the hills are somewhat quieter than those by Trifels, and their formation appears due rather to watery agencies than to subterranean volcanic upheavals. It is not advisable to walk the whole distance between the vineyards and the woods, though the view is finer, as the distance is doubled by the ups and downs and ins and outs. The long slope below our feet is one vast vineyard. If Neptune had ever acted on the suggestion of a well-known old song, that he would have done better to have filled the ocean with wine than with brine, he might well have sought his supply in the interminable acres of vines which lie about the feet of the Palatinate hills. There is no doubt that samples of all the different kinds of Rhine wine are grown on this one slope, and the tickets of other places are put on them according to their qualities. It is laughable to compare the acreage of Schloss-Johannisburg with its supposed produce, or that of the little wine-garden at Worms which produces the delicate Liebfrauenmilch. The deficiencies of these renowned places would be easily made up from the abundance of Deidesheim, Wachenheim, and Forst, whose avowed wines are excellent of their kind. Dürkheim produces a capital second-rate wine, and this year (1862) its grapes are mostly healthy, while those of Forst and Deidesheim have been somewhat touched by oidium, and south of Neustadt the plague is still worse. When Lycurgus, king of Thrace, endeavoured to put down Bacchus by violence, that classical teetotaler little thought how much more effectually his views would be promoted by this mysterious microscopic fungus. In the places most affected the vine-disease seems to spare every other tree; in those least so it withers a cluster here and there. But the vintage is a good average one in consequence of the magnificence of the autumn. The immorality of the long mountain-slope of the Palatinate in supplying the market with its wine under feigned names is countenanced by that of the plain below, which produces real Havanna cigars in any desired quantity.

For some time before the vintage—the day of which is fixed by authority, like everything else in Germany—the vineyard paths are closed, and the wayside clusters which are most exposed to depredation are protected by thorns. The Germans, however, are easily deterred from doing forbidden things. The word “*verboten*” has with them the effect of the taboo of New Zealand, and is a more effectual fence than with us a wall fringed with broken bottles, though I have once seen a board on which the word was inscribed peppered with shot by some profane wayfarer, probably previously demoralised by a course of poaching.

Dürkheim stands at the opening of a valley which pierces the hills to the west. It is a noted place for the grape-cure. This agreeable regime,

which is very fashionable in Germany, consists in spending an hour every morning in the garden listening to the band and eating a pound of grapes, for the sale of which stalls are set in the garden. At all the baths which do not gamble, the visitors appear much of the same grade in society, and of the same—a moderately advanced—age. It looks like society, not exactly precise or puritanical, but with the “fast” element completely weeded out of it. At Dürkheim is one of those inns which one finds at rare intervals, where travellers are treated as friends of the family, called the *Hotel Reitz*. An excellent character is also given of the *Vier Jahreszeiten*. On an independent hill in the valley of Dürkheim, which the Isenach flows through with water impregnated with iron, as its



Limburg Abbey' looking East.

name denotes, stands the grand ruin of the Abbey of Limburg, a far and wide landmark. It closely resembles in the style of architecture, which is the round-arched Byzantine, the Abbey of Paulinzelle in Thuringia, built in A.D. 1114, while its position is much more imposing, and its remains more extensive. The hill on which the Benedictine Abbey of Limburg is placed is a natural fortress. Its position thus tells of a time when sanctity was not deemed of itself a sufficient protection. On the top is a considerable plateau, sufficient for all the buildings, and a garden such as the monks of old delighted in. The authorities of the town of Dürkheim have taken into keeping this ruin; and with the best possible intentions,

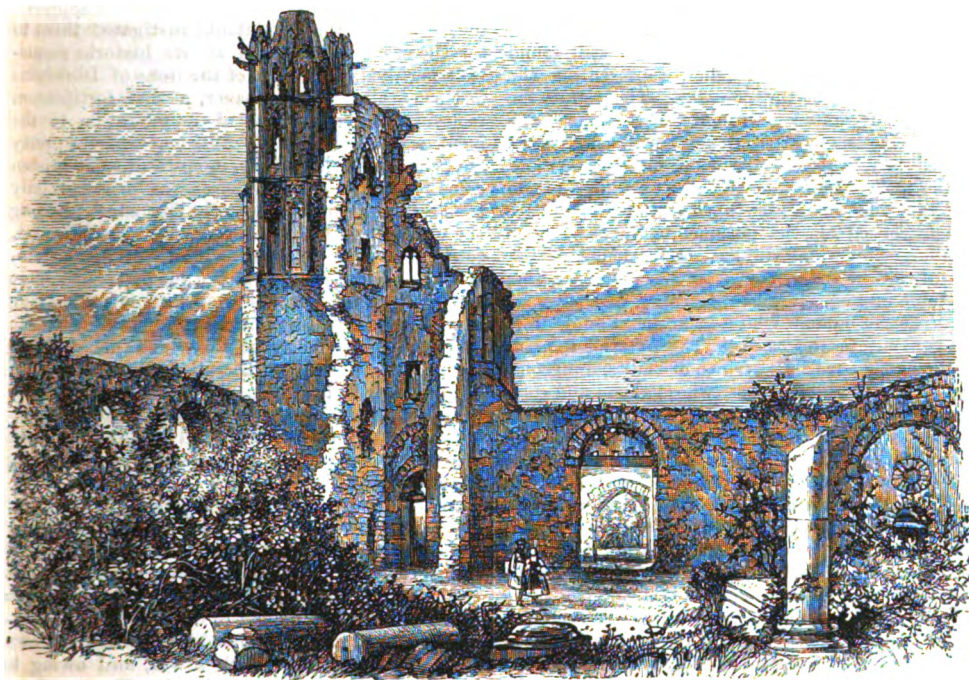
but questionable taste, have planted rows of limes inside the area, which have now grown so high as to hide much of the architecture. They seemed determined, at all events, to do honour to the name of Limburg, derived from the limes which grew there. Among the objects seen in the fine view from the plateau are the once-formidable Castle of Hartenburg, crouching on the side of a neighbouring glen, and the hills crowned by the immense antique fortification called the Heidenmauer.

But, how comes it that the Abbey bears the name of Limburg, or Lime-castle? In very old times, before the abbey was built, a castle stood here, belonging to the Rhine-Frankish or Salic

dukes, the race from which the Emperor Conrad II. sprang, who ascended the throne in 1024. It is said that the first-born son of this emperor lost his life here by a fall from the rock, and that Conrad was moved by his wife, the pious Gisela, to consecrate the scene of the accident by changing the family castle into a religious house. It appears, at any rate, to be an historic fact that Conrad II., early in the morning of the 12th July, 1030, laid the foundation-stone of this abbey, and then rode immediately to Speyer and laid the first stone of the Cathedral at noon of the same day. Conrad did not live to see the work accomplished: it was finished and finally dedicated under his son and successor, Henry III., A.D. 1042.

The Byzantine style was carried in this superb building to its utmost perfection; of the church,

which was conspicuous in the midst, the Benedictine Abbot Trittenheim declared that he had never seen a grander church among those belonging to his order. There were three towers in the façade, the middle one of which was the highest, crowning the chief entrance, richly adorned with carvings. The interior was built after the simple but imposing model of the Roman Basilica; it was 250 feet long, and in the naves 140 feet wide. Twenty pillars, the shafts of which consisted each of a single mass, supported the painted roof, and separated the principal nave from the lateral spaces, whilst the coloured windows created a solemn twilight within. Among the twenty altars which the church contained, the High Altar, built of agate and marble, was richly adorned with precious stones and the royal crown. Behind the high altar was the choir of the convent, and a vault



Limburg Abbey, looking West.

where many ancestors of the Salic imperial house were buried. Under the transepts were two vaults—to the right containing graves of the Counts of Leiningen, and to the left those of Abbots of Limburg. To the north-west of the church were the conventual buildings, connected with the abbey by a cloister, the circumference of the whole amounting to 5000 feet. Twenty counts, knights, and nobles of the country were tributary to the abbey, when in the beginning of the 13th century the Counts of Leiningen settled themselves in the neighbouring Castle of Hartenburg without the leave of the abbots and became a thorn in their sides. In the year 1470 Count Emich the Seventh plundered the monastery, sparing only the library and the sanctuaries. A worse fate befell the abbey in the year 1504. The Abbot Machar, a man distinguished by learning and

intelligence, fearing the sinister designs of Count Emich VIII., procured a garrison from the Elector Palatine, under whose protection the abbey had been placed since 1471. When the Elector, being hard pressed, was forced to withdraw his troops, the inhabitants of Limburg had no choice but in flight. At midnight, sixteen in number, they went to the choir, said mass, received the sacrament, and with tears quitted their beloved convent and retired to Speyer, whither their valuables had previously been conveyed. No sooner were they gone than the people of Count Emich took possession, and set all the buildings on fire. The fire lasted for twelve days and nights, till all the glories of this beautiful building were consumed. The Abbot Machar made complaints to the Emperor at the Diet at Cologne, 1505, but without success. His successor

began the restoration in 1515, and in 1554, on the day of St. Benedict, the first mass was again said. This restoration is celebrated by an inscription over the entrance of the convent choir :

Conradus II. cenobium istud fundavit, A.D. 1035.
Sigfridus de Bergen, abbas, hoc opus fieri fecit, A.D. 1551.

In twenty years after this, the Reformation came, and the abbey was secularized, with the exception of a short interval of time, during which the Benedictine order, under the protection of Imperialist troops, occupied it in the Thirty Years' war. From this time the abbey fell into decay. The original and restored portions are easily distinguished by the architecture, the former being Byzantine, the latter Gothic proper. The handsome tower still standing belongs to the restored part. In a gallery half way up it, were formerly placed statues of Conrad II. and St. Benedict, and in the back-ground of this gallery are still found traces of a sculpture in relief, representing the principal façade of the convent. The top of the tower was decorated with figures of the four Evangelists, with their attributes. To the east of the church is a well 300 feet deep, mostly hewn out of the rock. Lying on the side of a high hill in the valley below, we see that castle of Hartenburg which worked all the mischief to the Convent of Limburg, and which, in just retribution, a similar fate of ruin has overtaken. We seem to pass from a temple of taste, intellect, learning, and piety, to some den of human wild beasts, in passing from the convent to the castle. The exterior remains of the castle cover a labyrinth of vaults, dungeons, and subterranean passages, whose gloom and coldness even now makes the visitor shudder. We can well conceive the impression they produced on the captive in those days, when, except in those oases of civilisation the religious establishments and the free towns, the whole of Germany was a wilderness of howling savages, whose multitudinous and internecine feuds and wars find their best counterpart in geological illustrations of the saurian period, where each gigantic lizard is making a lunge and a snap at its neighbour. The castle is said to have been built by Count Frederick of Saarbrücken, greatly to the disgust of the Abbot of Limburg. A permanent feud arose between the castle and the abbey. It is said that the Count once invited the Abbot to the castle with a view to the peaceable arrangement of the difference; an invitation which the good man unsuspectingly accepted. The Abbot was splendidly entertained, but as even under the influence of the Count's good cheer, he demurred to surrendering the rights of the convent, the Count's men-at-arms suddenly appeared in the hall, and conducted the Abbot to the dungeon. The retainers of Limburg came and attacked the castle to rescue their master, but found it too strong for them, and the Abbot was at length fain to yield. He was then released, followed by the laughter of the castle servants. The event is supposed to be commemorated by a monk's head turned in the direction of Limburg, carved on the tower which leads to the hall of the knights.

This castle reached its greatest pitch of splen-

dour at the end of the sixteenth century under Emich XI., who beautified its grounds and gardens as a residence for his wife, a Countess Palatine of Zweibrücken. It was little harmed by the Thirty Years' war, and in 1674 it resisted the troops of Turenne, but in the Orleans war, 1689, the French managed to set it on fire and blow up the tower under which the powder magazine lay. After the removal of the residence of the counts of Leiningen to the town of Dürkheim, the castle began to fall into decay, till part of it was again restored about 1780, by the Count Charles William, who was created a prince. Its final ruin was consummated in consequence of the following event. At the beginning of the French Revolution, a burgher of Dürkheim had shot a tame stag in the park of Hartenburg, and was imprisoned for a long time in the dungeon by the Prussians, who occupied these parts in 1793. When the French appeared in Dürkheim, the inhabitants instigated them to set the castle on fire, and all its historic memorials perished. Another of the lions of Dürkheim is the so-called Heidenmauer, a vast fortification inclosing the square top of a mountain to the north-west of the town. Antiquaries seem pretty well agreed that this work, in spite of some Roman coins having been found there, was prior not only to the Romans, but even to the Germans. Passing the ditch we arrive at a strange rock in the wood, to which has been given the name of Teufelstein, or Stone of the Devil. It is a block about twelve feet high, and has the appearance of having been artificially brought to the spot. On the top is a depression, with three channels running from it, and it can be ascended from a kind of natural stair at the back. It was not improbably a Celtic altar, either brought to the spot by unknown means, or fashioned out of a block originally there. But its present name is owing to the mediæval legend.

When the Abbey of Limburg was being built, the Devil appeared in the disguise of a travelling mechanic, and asked what was the destination of the work. He was told, probably from the fact of his disguise being insufficient to conceal the tale, that the building was to be a tavern. Thinking thus that it was intended to forward his own views, he worked at it with a will, and owing to his agency it was soon completed. Then, and not till then, he took a general view of the whole, and to his great disgust, saw the stately abbey before him. He went off in dudgeon, and bent on vengeance took up an enormous rock on a neighbouring height with the intention of hurling it against the abbey. But the stone in his hands became miraculously as soft as butter, and slipped out of his fingers. Then he sat down on the rock and gave a huge howl of despair. The guides still show the depression on the top to testify to the fact of his having sat there, and marks on the sides which were made by his fingers. At all events, the Devil appears on this occasion to have become, in cricketering phrase, butter-fingered, and to have let drop the stone. Perhaps the rudiments of a grand moral lie under the numerous legends which represent the Author of Evil as so often outwitted. The knave is, after all, but a round-about fool.

G. C. S.

MY FRIEND'S WEDDING DAY.



THE droschky took me safe enough to my old quarters at Grignard's snug hotel, not a dozen yards from the Nevskoi itself. I always put up at Grignard's, in preference to the much more pretentious and palatial edifices of which St. Petersburg has no lack. It was small, to be sure, but it was quiet, comfortable, and—cheap.

As I passed the wire cage which is common in the halls of foreign hotels, and through the slim bars of which the letters of expected guests peeped forth, as from a prison grating, I cast a cursory glance on the contents, and saw my own name, which I had not thought to find on the back of a letter there just yet. The eyes of Jules followed mine.

"Ah, pardon, M. Pearson," said he, "pardon, one thousand times. I neglected to remember that a note came for Monsieur two days ago."

And, whipping out his key, he opened the tiny safe, and handed the letter, with a deprecatory shrug and a bow, to its rightful owner. I broke it open at once, but as it was too long to be perused at a glance, in the quick way in which we extract the purport of most masculine epistles, I set it by to read after dinner. After dinner, then, as I sipped my Beaune in the trim *salle* of the hotel, I waded conscientiously through the letter. It was from a dear old friend, long settled in Russia, Ned Vaughan by name. The writer was

a member of my own profession, and we had been educated together at the same Institute (they called it an Institute, but it was a school, though only for big boys who studied technical matters), and had been fast friends ever since. And now Vaughan, who had a leaning towards experimental agriculture, was right-hand man to a great Russian noble, deep in the interior, and was engaged to be married to the daughter of the Scotch superintendent of the prince's cotton factory. Indeed the wedding-day had been fixed, and it was to invite me to be present at the ceremony that Vaughan had written. A long letter, such a one as no man would be justified in inflicting upon a friend, except at a time like that, when a new life, with all its novel cares, hopes, and joys, was about to begin. My friend was not to remain at his present station. He and his young wife were to remove to one of Prince Emindoff's Asiatic estates, far more extensive than the European property on which Ned had been long employed, and there he was to have a liberal salary and full authority to change everything that impeded his plans, from the caftans of the peasantry to the shape of the ploughshares. He was full of buoyant hope, of praises of his Emma—that was her name, derived from her English mother, who had been dead some years—and of fair dreams of the future. But he vowed

that the measure of his felicity would be incomplete, unless I were present to be "best man" at the wedding, to spend a month with him on the estate, and to bid them good speed when they should start for their honeymoon trip across the Oural range, and seek a new home.

Ned tried very hard to tempt me. He described the capital sport which he could give me, since the game in the prince's well-stocked forest was, during the lord's absence, at the joint disposal of the German steward and English engineer. He urged that this was a capital chance of seeing something of a little-visited part of Russia, where the peasantry retained customs and quaint peculiarities which I could not find in the better-known parts. And he raised my curiosity on the subject of the pictures, statues, and thousand articles rich and rare, collected by the father of the present prince, and now left neglected and unseen at Batschuvatz, in a palace inhabited by servants alone.

All this was very attractive, but two considerations presented themselves on the other hand. First, would not the expense be too great for my slender purse? secondly, had I the time to spare? It so happened that both these problems were solved in a manner which I considered satisfactory. On repairing to the office of the Ingrian Extension railway company, I was informed that in consequence of the non-arrival of some plant and rolling stock from England, my services would not be required for some weeks, during which time I might draw my salary, but might dispose of my time as I pleased. And a consultation with an experienced resident to whom I had brought introductions, satisfied me that a very moderate sum would serve to convey my person and portmanteau, in that bright summer weather, from Moscow to the government of Mohilew, where Vaughan lived.

"You'll find plenty of dust and flies, but the roads will be easy to traverse, and posting, except when deep snow or mud renders many horses needful, is cheap in Russia," said my informant.

"However, Mr. Pearson, you had better keep your eyes open to what goes on around you. The people are in a state of strange ferment, quite unlike the old torpor that used to mark Russian society, and the prestige of Government is much impaired. I should hardly care, were I you, to sojourn over long in the ruder provinces at present."

I could hardly help smiling at this well-meant caution; but to all such hints I had consistently turned a deaf ear for years, and so it was now.

"A pretty life I should have led," muttered I to myself, "had I always been *gobemouche* enough to swallow the rawhead and bloodybones stories told me by honest alarmists. What have I to fear, whatever the papers may say of chronic insurrection and discontent? Pshaw! I am neither Muscovite noble nor police spy, to dread the popular vengeance. I will go."

And I did go. First by railway to Moscow, then behind the swift Troika, with their merry music of chiming bells and clanging hoofs, along the dusty summer roads that led to Batschuvatz,

a place situated on the banks of the Dnieper, less than a hundred versts from the city of Mohilew. It was just the time of year when summer is mellowing gradually into autumn, and the long continuance of warm and dry weather had wrought a change in the aspect of the country. The swamps were dried so as to afford a passage over quagmires, which in most seasons could support no human tread, and the morasses were bright with berries,—the cranberry, the bilberry, the strawberry,—while rare wild flowers blossomed unheeded among the peaty hillocks beside the rush-grown pools. The pine forests were fragrant with the peculiar aromatic scent which the millions of resin-bearing stems exhaled; the rye and barley, the red wheat and the root crops all flourished bravely, ripening under the genial sunshine, and I saw gloomy Russia look her best, as it were, in that bright weather.

But there were other alterations in the land which rather perplexed me. The bearing of the people was not what it had been when I travelled through the Northern provinces, in the time of the former Czar. Then I had seen a good deal of degradation, harshness, and oppression, certainly, but also a good deal of careless mirth and jollity. The people were accustomed to sing and revel like negroes on a holiday. Now I heard no songs, except the plaintive chant which my drover addressed to his active horses, after the fashion of Russian post-boys, and did not observe the blithe groups gathered round the door of some tavern where the vodka and quass were in high repute. Hats no longer flew off when my equipage halted to change horses, as once was the case, when the humblest voyager in European attire was regarded as a possible nobleman, or, at any rate, as a privileged member of that official legion, the Tchinn. And yet it was not that the population had become apathetic or indifferent. On the contrary, I had never seen such large numbers of persons out of doors, so many knots of men in eager converse, such voluble assemblages of female gossips, or such keen, inquisitive glances as were bestowed on me in town and hamlet.

But there was no longer the old abject deference, or the stare of half-brutish wonder, to be read in those dark Mongolian eyes that met mine wherever a party of mujiks lounged beside the forge, or at the end of one of those creaking wooden bridges that span the countless streams of Russia. There was curiosity, there was the restless brightness of a suddenly aroused intelligence, and something more—an uneasy, craving wistfulness, as of those who batten on hope, and were sick of waiting for its fulfilment—though the village authorities seemed sullen and low-spirited, and the postmasters, whom I recollected as rough autocrats in their own domains, looked as if they were afraid of their own grooms and drivers.

At last I reached the boundary of Prince Eminoff's large estates; and driving rapidly through forest glades and green meadows, among fields whose scientific tillage announced Vaughan's teaching, and through hamlets rather neater than most of those I had traversed, reached the village and palace of Batschuvatz. It was so in this instance. The palace itself was a huge

white pile in the Italian style, with marble columns and portico, and a vast frontage, where the glittering windows looked out upon a small park stocked with tame deer, a series of costly gardens, and the village. Those gardens were a study in themselves. The Jardin Anglais, so called, with its shrubbery, lawn, and wilderness, was the creation of the present lord of the soil; the French garden, with gleaming statues, fountains, clipped hedges, and formal terraces, was the fancy of the late prince, while a still older proprietor had indulged a whim for a Dutch garden, now much neglected. There were orangeries and hothouses, however, that must have cost an immense sum, and the stables were enormous. As for the village, it was a collection of wooden houses and turf huts, with a bath of handsome dimensions, and a church in the usual Byzantine style.

Besides these, there was a monstrous erection, the cotton factory, with its tall chimney, its many windows, and the long ranges of sheds about it, and at the angle of the park wall appeared what seemed to me a section of a Parisian street that had strayed somehow to these Muscovite solitudes. Three or four gaunt stone houses, shouldering one another, and contrasting oddly with the Oriental air of church and village.

The postilion pointed with his whip to this block of dwellings, and curtly informed me that the "foreign employes" lived there. A few moments more, and the horses whirled the light carriage up to the door of one of the houses, out of which came Vaughan, sunburnt and healthy of aspect, to bid me heartily welcome. I was inducted into a spacious suite of apartments, only half furnished, to be sure, but large enough to accommodate a numerous family.

"Choose your own rooms, George," said my host, laughing; "for my part, I live in a corner of this big mansion, like a mouse in a cheese. It was a whim of Emindoff's to lodge his staff in this exuberant fashion, but I have something more English here."

And opening a door, he showed me a small, snug sitting-room, whose Turkey carpet and plain mahogany furniture possessed an air of neatness and comfort quite alien to the dusty splendours of the other apartments. At the other end of the passage were two other chambers, the door of one of which Vaughan jerked open, revealing as neat and cheery a bedroom as a bachelor could wish for.

"Can you make shift with these quarters, old fellow?—I thought so.—Ivan, put the portmanteau down, so.—I sleep opposite, and in general we leave the chief apartments to the undisturbed possession of the spiders.—I dare say you will not be sorry to dine in half an hour's time."

After dinner my friend took me to the superintendent's house, and introduced me to Mr. Murray and his daughter. The latter I found to be a gentle, amiable girl enough, pretty perhaps, with her soft brown eyes and glossy brown hair, but not beautiful, nor, as far as I could judge, remarkably clever. Her father was a tall and stately old man, a little bowed with years, and with hair that was fast getting grey, but with a fine intelligent face. He had been very long a

resident in Russia, by no means a healthy country for foreigners; but he was still vigorous and active, and I was not surprised when Vaughan informed me in a whisper that the old man's strength had once been almost gigantic, and that no peasant in the province could match him in feats of force or address. I took a great fancy to old Mr. Murray. Shrewd as he looked, there was a kindly smile hovering about his firm lips, and no one could talk to him without entertaining respect for him.

A very different sentiment was inspired by the appearance and conversation of Herr Wohler, the German steward, who, with his wife and children, were taking a neighbourly cup of tea with the Murrays, on the occasion of my introduction to Vaughan's future wife and father-in-law. One glance at this man's fat yellow face was enough to inspire dislike, while his oily voice, and language of fulsome compliment, matched well enough with the falseness of his smile, and the restlessness of his cold eyes. Vaughan had warned me that I should not like Herr Wohler, who was one of those dishonest sycophants not uncommon in Russia, and who ground the poor as sedulously as they flattered the rich. He was no friend to Mr. Murray, having a jealous aversion to all who stood high in the prince's esteem, but his bearing was bland enough, and the two families were on coldly civil terms. As for the Frau Wohler, she was one of those stolid housewives which Germany produces in such plenty, with very few ideas beyond scrubbing and cookery, and perfectly content to pass a life in silent knitting over a coffee-cup. She said little, and that little consisted in laments over the slovenliness of Russian servants, by whom her patience had been tested for fifteen years, and in regrets for her distant Rhineland.

"Ach, himmel! when shall I ever see it again!" said the poor woman with a sigh.

"Sooner than you dream of, perhaps, Lotchen," returned her husband, in a moody tone.

Madame Wohler, who was evidently under great fear of her consort, turned her dull wondering eyes upon him, and I saw a gleam of hope steal over her heavy features. Poor thing! the sojourn in Russia had been a dreary banishment to her, far from the calm gossip, and tidy respectability, and cheap pleasures, of the Fatherland.

But Wohler said never a word more. He seemed to forget that the remark which had so affected his wife had been uttered at all, but sat with his eyes fixed in an abstracted way on the tall brass samovar, from the ornamented top of which the steam was lazily escaping, and let his tea cool unregarded for awhile, busy with his own thoughts. Then he abruptly rose, took leave of Mr. and Miss Murray, saying as little as might be, and departed with his obedient wife and pale children. We all seemed to breathe more freely when Wohler's presence had been withdrawn.

"What is the matter with the steward, I wonder?" said Vaughan, carelessly; "he has been subject to these odd changes of mood, off and on, for months. Is it ill health, or is the old rogue's remorse for past wrongs beginning to awake, and will he surprise the prince by sending

him "conscience money," as folks in England do to the Chancellor of the Exchequer?"

"That would be a good round sum, if all tales be true," observed Mr. Murray, shaking his head incredulously. "I'm thinking the man *jalouses* Russia's fast growing no longer the Russia for him, and that he'd best be off home with his savings, instead of stopping to feather his nest further."

A long and desultory conversation ensued, in the course of which I learned that Wohler was presumed to be very well off indeed; having for eleven years been steward of the immense estate on which we then were, and whose owner was an absentee.

"I've nought but good to say of my employer, the young Prince Eminoff, who's a brave, generous boy, and a promising boy, considering he's a Russian," said the old Scotchman; "but I fear he's ganging the way to bring his noble to ninpence. He lives far away, in Rome, Paris, Baden, all about, and people stare at his fine horses and carriages, and think what a grand thing it must be to be a boyard of Muscovy, and spend gold as if it came out of Fortunatus's purse. But I fear the gold's fairy gold, sirs, and fast turnin' to ivy leaves. The peasants won't work, won't pay obrok, nor rent, and the supplies are stopped."

"Do you mean, Mr. Murray," said I, much puzzled, "that the Prince receives nothing from this great estate? I had heard rumours of such things at St. Petersburg, but believed them to be exaggerated and absurd. Why, surely, if the serfs are set free, the land is still his."

"Indeed, Mr. Pearson, if you can persuade the peasants of that fact, you'll render our employer a very valuable service," said Mr. Murray, taking snuff. "They've got a notion obstinately rooted in their heads, that the land is *theirs*. They say their bodies belonged to the Prince, but now their dear Papa Czar has set them free, and given them the soil too: or, rather, confirmed them in their right to it, and even Wohler can't screw a copeck out of them."

I asked if there were no legal remedy. Vaughan answered in the negative. The judges were distracted, and of various opinions, the inferior magistrates frightened, and to enforce a debt, except by the pressure of military execution, all but impossible. At the best of times, the tricky, evasive character of the Muscovite had rendered it difficult for a proprietor to get his exact due, though his subordinates often took much more, and now that the stimulus of the stick had been withdrawn, there was no remedy.

"This is no longer the Russia you remember, sir," said old Mr. Murray; "no longer the Russia in which I've striven to guide my way honestly, without fear or favour, these forty years. The old system is dead—the Crimean war killed it outright. It was a bad system, but we haven't got much beyond chaos in its place. The peasant has no self-respect, and it will take years before he learns to give another his due, merely because it's owing. Fear was his mainspring, and now it's snapped."

I listened to this and other remarks with

respect, but without conviction. Like most of my countrymen, I had heard with pleasure of the destruction of that system of serfage which bound the people to the soil, and held back Russia in the race of nations. And I was reluctant to believe that there could be a darker side to the fair picture of millions set free from a degrading bondage. But when I strolled next day with Vaughan through the village, and across a portion of the property, I saw cause to rejoice inwardly, that my lines had not fallen in Russia. There was a strange look on the faces of the people, not exactly defiant, not exactly disrespectful, or hostile, but discontented and uneasy. It was evident that they were beginning to think, and that their thoughts were not wholly pleasant. Perhaps, too, I missed the old lip-service, the homage which every mujik once paid to the traveller from the West, or still more to those who exercised authority in the name of his lord. If I were silly enough to be vexed at this, I was wrong. Far better that the freed peasants should pass at once from Oriental subserviency to American bluntness of bearing, than they should remain on the level of the brutes, and out of the excess of their own servility, confer on a plain English wayfarer the titles of excellency and baron.

Still they had an air which hardly pleased me. Their manner did not denote bluff independence so much as restless discontent, and they stood on their thresholds gazing at us with lowering looks, and made short and ungracious answers to Ned's frank greeting.

"I'm not sorry to be moving eastwards," said my friend with a sigh, as we crossed the meadows on our way back, "since I am told that the Tartars are teachable enough, and an ugly change has come over our mujiks here. And yet, poor creatures, it's not their fault. They have been treated like beasts of burden for so long a time, that it is hardly wonderful that arguments meant for men fail to touch them. Come and see the cotton-mill; Murray has a right to be proud of it."

The cotton-mill was indeed a very handsome factory, neat and well-organised, thanks to the keen vigilance of the Scottish manager, and the awe which the peasantry entertained for his acute and firm, yet rigidly honest character.

"And yet they don't love him or understand him," said Vaughan, sadly; "though he has been their best friend, since he has stood many a time between them and Wohler, when the steward wanted to defraud them of half their due. Many a mill is closed, since forced labour stops, and this brings in little profit; but it goes on, because the serfs trust Murray to pay them fairly for their work, and they own the mill is not theirs, as they fancy the fields are. But, oddly enough, ill as Wohler has served them, I imagine they like him better than my father-in-law that is to be—they can understand his character, and, in his place, would have put the screw on as he has done. But enough of this. Shall we have a day in the forest?"

We had not one, but several days of capital sport, killing quantities of feathered game, with

several small deer, and a large "bag" of the dark-furred summer hares. But I was greatly disappointed at not having the chance of killing a bear, since I found that in the warm weather these animals are seldom to be found, since they retire to remote nooks in the tangled forest. Several boating trips down the Dnieper, and one or two picnics, served to pass away the time pleasantly, and as I saw more of Emma Murray, I felt less surprised at Vaughan's attachment. She was not very pretty, to be sure, but was of a most unselfish and tender nature, with a temper and disposition that nothing seemed able to spoil. She had been educated at one of the most famous of those St. Petersburg schools where Russian girls acquire a varnish of Parisian accomplishments at great expense, but her innate simplicity and worth had triumphed even over that ordeal. She had been very glad to get back from the brilliant capital to her old father and the home of her youth, such as it was. And yet she must have had but a dull life of it at Batschuvatz, before Vaughan's arrival, since she had no companions of her own age, the young Wohlers being considerably her juniors, while the people around her were divided from her in character and feeling as by a yawning gulf.

It is not easy in a country district of Russia to be the friend of the poor. It may be said that there are no poor. Every one has enough coarse food to eat, and rather too much brandy to drink. There is a dead level of rude plenty, above which the serf cannot easily rise, and below which, before the emancipation, he could not sink; and the people neither lacked alms, nor counsel, nor instruction. The gentle English girl could not win affection or confidence from the peasantry of Prince Emindoff's estate. They took her presents willingly, but they never comprehended her interest in their welfare.

I must hurry on. The prince's foresters and keepers were an exception to the general rule of the sullen demeanour of the peasantry. These well-clad fellows, in their neat sylvan garb, with their master's badge in silver on their caps, were perfectly respectful, willing, and obedient. The explanation of this was simple—they received regular wages, and knew that their living depended on the prince's retention of his property, whereas a kind of illogical communism was rampant among the tillers of the soil. Among the foresters was a young man, Paul Gregovitch by name, whom I had seen before, and who was grateful to me for a service done him in former times. It was not a great service, it had cost me nothing, but the marvel was that a Muscovite should have remembered it in the hour of need. Paul, then quite a lad, had been permitted to accompany his father to St. Petersburg, to work on the *obrok* system, paying tribute to his owner out of his wages; he had ignorantly transgressed some of the stringent police regulations, and I had interceded with an officer in his behalf, thus saving him from a severe application of the "stick." Paul brightened up wonderfully at seeing me again, and was as fawningly attentive as a spaniel, poor fellow; for a Russian generally exaggerates every sentiment of hatred or liking;

and in the hunting expeditions he constituted himself my special guide and attendant, addressed me as "count," and never spoke to me without first pulling off his fur cap.

And yet I thought there were times when Paul's sly dark eyes—he had the true Mongolian cast of features of his swarthy and flat-faced countrymen—were fixed on me with a mournful scrutiny not wholly reassuring, while I could not make out the cause of his curiosity as to the date of my departure.

"Are you in such a hurry to see the last of me, Paul?" I asked, one day, laughing, "that you are always hinting at my return to St. Petersburg?"

But Paul merely bowed, and begged pardon if he had offended me, saying that he was proud to wait on me, but that if he were "a great foreign lord like me, instead of a mujik," he should travel in the fine countries far away, and not linger in poor Black Russia, that was all.

And now my stay at Batschuvatz really began to draw to a close, and the wedding-day came nearer and nearer, and constant preparations were made for the young couple's journey to their new home in Asia. The Asiatic estates of the prince, once neglected, seemed now likely to afford his main source of revenue, since his European property, with the exception of some mines, paid nothing whatever. This was no isolated case. Far and near the same practical confiscation of property prevailed. Scarcely a rouble could be wrung from the peasants, nor could labour be exacted by even the most adroit steward. Absentee proprietors, far off in the gay cities of South Europe, received with dismay the tidings of ruin which came instead of the plentiful remittances of former days. Some owners of land, happy in the possession of capital and energy, gave up to the freed serfs the soil they claimed, and undertook to create new sources of profit for themselves by draining swamps, felling woods, and carving out fresh farms from the uncultivated portions of their domains. Others besieged the government with petitions for loans, with demands for some new law that should enforce their just dues, or with calls for compensation.

Stormy meetings of the nobility took place, and violent debates ensued, not that any one wished or hoped to turn back the resistless flood of progress, but that the whole class of landed proprietors felt their condition one of anarchy and ruin. And then came the grim rejoinder of the excited people to the cautious delays of government and the murmurs of the boyards—the incendiary fires.

Far and near over the vast empire the madness spread, like an epidemic, and in city and country, north and south, the torch was used unsparingly. Rumours of frightful conflagrations reached us from every quarter, and the efforts of the alarmed authorities failed utterly to discover the perpetrator. Martial law was proclaimed in many places, and troops were continually in motion; but as yet no mischief had been done in Prince Emindoff's estate.

One day—it was the very day before that fixed for the wedding—we had some excitement at

Batschuvatz. There had been burnings and outrages on the property of some neighbouring proprietors, the serfs had long refused to pay tribute, tax, or rent, in any form, and now a body of them had assembled, under a flag, and armed with guns and scythes, and were in open revolt, though for what exact purpose, perhaps even the insurgents did not know. And a regiment of dragoons from Mohilew, with two field pieces, marched through our village on their way to put an end to the disturbance. We all turned out to see them pass, and very imposing and picturesque they looked, with their brass helmets and embroidered saddle cloths, riding by threes in column of march, with carbines unslung, and skirmishers thrown out in advance. But there was an old expression on the faces of the officers, who looked perplexed and anxious, while the soldiers had an apathetic stolidity of countenance that told of anything but zeal. Old Archibald Murray shook his head as he glanced from the soldiers to the peasants in the village street, who stood staring on the martial pageant with sneering impatience rather than the awe they once showed at the sight of a uniform.

"I'm thinking those *chiels* in the green tunics and brass helmets have just remembered they are sib and rib with the people, and the serfs don't fear the troops as they did. A better day's dawning for Russia, I hope and trust, but ah! sirs, there's a red and stormy morning to get through first, or I'm much mistaken."

That evening was rather a melancholy one, as is generally the case before a parting. Every one tried to be gay, and failed dismally. Old Mr. Murray tried to talk hopefully of the time to come, when, a few years hence, Vaughan should have saved enough to establish him well at home, and they should all go to back to Britain, where the aged superintendent had always hoped to lay his bones at last.

On this evening the Wohlers had been invited to dine and pass the evening, for, though the steward was neither liked nor esteemed, Mr. Murray desired to avoid the very appearance of alighting a near neighbour. But the invitation was declined. The steward dropped in for a moment to excuse himself and his family, and mentioned that he had written to Prince Emdinoff to announce his resignation, and that he should quit Russia for ever as soon as the prince had time to appoint a new intendant. Wohler was in wretchedly low spirits, and not disposed for conversation, but we gathered that fear of coming disturbance was the cause of his abrupt resolve.

"Eh, Mr. Pearson—eh, Edward man, but it's an unchancy sign for a house when the rats rin from it," said Mr. Murray, dryly, when the steward was gone, adding: "I'd like to spend my last days at home myself, nae doubt, and hope to do so yet, for we foreigners take no root in the Russian soil; but I've eaten Prince Emdinoff's bread over long to desert him now. I'll stay as long as I'm useful, though the mill just pays its way, and no more."

As I looked from my bedroom window that night, I happened to observe something like a dark cluster of men under the park wall holding a stealthy, but excited conference, if I might judge

by the violent gestures of one of them, a tall peasant, who stood out in the bright moonlight, and who seemed the principal speaker. Disturbed by a vague feeling of uneasiness, I called Vaughan, and pointed out this mysterious group.

"It looks suspicious, certainly," said my friend, "and if I don't mistake, that tall fellow is Black Ivan, a man of very indifferent character, lately discharged from the imperial guard. Some poaching or hen-roost robbery is a-foot, though, most likely—nothing worse. I'll speak to the starosta in the morning."

And in obedience to Vaughan's summons, next morning, the starosta, or village mayor, a fine, respectable-looking elder, with flowing caftan and long silvery beard, was in attendance. He seemed rather perturbed at hearing that a number of men had been seen lurking about the park, and tried hard to make us believe that we were mistaken, or that if we had seen men at all, and not shadows of the waving fir-trees, they must have been strangers, gipsies, perhaps, or wandering Tartars, a party of whom had been recently seen there on their way back from the fair at Minsk. As for Black Ivan, the starosta assured us that he was quite a reformed character, and had been asleep in his hovel hours before the time we named.

The wedding-day had come, but disappointment came along with it. The clergyman who was to perform the ceremony, and who was chaplain at Riga, had agreed to stop at Batschuvatz for this purpose, on his way back from Moscow, whither he had gone by way of Archangel and St. Petersburg, in the course of a summer tour. But a letter announced that he was unavoidably detained, and could not possibly reach the Emdinoff estate before the next day. It was necessary, therefore, to postpone the marriage, and it is hardly wonderful if Vaughan, generally the best-tempered fellow in the world, became testy and out of humour, inasmuch that I was thrown very much on my own resources for amusement. I think it was not quite noon, when Paul Gregovitch, the young forester I have mentioned as having a regard for me, came to me with a face of great importance.

"Did not my Excellency wish to kill a bear? very well—then there was a capital chance."

And he went on to tell me that a remarkably fine bear had been discovered, a few miles off, robbing the melon patch of a peasant of Paul's acquaintance, that its lair in the wood was known, and that, if I liked, he, Paul, was ready to guide me to the presence of the shaggy monster.

This news produced its effect. I had a great wish to be the triumphant possessor of a bearskin honestly won by my own prowess: the time hung heavily on my hands, and such a chance might never again occur. I readily consented, and by Paul's suggestion I said nothing to my friends of the adventure in prospect, intending to surprise them by my return with an unmistakable trophy of my abilities as a sportsman. To say the truth, Vaughan and I had both of us been the subjects of some dry, but good-humoured quizzing on Mr. Murray's part, on the score of our lack of woodcraft. We were eager enough, and could both of

us make up a fair bag of partridges and the black game of the swamps, but we were tyros in sylvan lore, never having slain bear or wolf, whereas the old Scot had once been famous for his skill as a hunter of large game, and had heaps of grey wolf-skins and brown bearskins in his possession.

Paul manifested much pleasure when I agreed to accompany him in quest of the bear; but I could not help thinking that he wasted a great deal of time in preparation. What with getting out the kibitka, harnessing the horses, and fetching the rifles and hunting-knives, the ammunition and the basket which contained the provisions, the quass-jar and the brandy-flask, he passed away a good deal of the afternoon, and it was late when we started.

I felt my own spirits revive when Paul chirruped to his wiry nags, and we went off at a gallop under the dark pine-boughs.

"Twenty roubles, Paul, if we kill him!"

"Ah! ah! lord Count—pardon me, sir, I know you always forbid me to call you Count, but it comes so natural—we will reckon finely with grandpapa bear, the sly old thief. So, so,—jump, horses—dear ones—quick, my pigeons!—ho! ho!"

And the young man broke out into one of those wildly sweet Muscovite airs which seem to exercise a magic power over the brute creation, while the horses dashed gaily along, for many a mile, through wood and waste. In quite a remote part of the woodland region we stopped before the door of a solitary hovel, over the door of which hung a withered fir-branch.

"They sell good vodka here!" said my guide, dropping the reins and springing out.

"But the bear?"

"Ah, Count, he is not far off. There, look you, is the melon-garden he robbed—there, before your eyes. I must ask the peasant if any news has been heard of him."

And he went into the hut and came back, wiping his lips, to announce that the bear had been heard growling in the coppice, four hours ago, and that we had better put up the horses and cart, and plunge at once into the thickets. This was done; we shouldered our rifles, buckled the heavy hunting-knives to our belts, to which were already suspended the powder-horns and ball-pouches, and set off on foot into the forest. I own that my heart beat quicker than usual, as I approached the bear's presumed haunt, and that I inwardly hoped my double-barrelled English rifle, which Paul had carefully loaded, would not miss fire or vibrate over much at the moment of encounter. But to give up the pursuit now would have covered me with ridicule for ever, and I pushed stoutly on. A pretty dance Paul led me, all the time professing to perceive traces of the bear's passage, quite invisible to my eyes. Hours passed, twilight came to deepen the gloom of the woods, and still the quarry appeared as unattainable as ever. We plodded on, hot and tired, until after dusk, and then the suspicion that I was the object of a trick came upon me with such force that I taxed Paul with purposely misleading me. The young woodsman stopped short, and let the butt-end of his piece

fall with a thud upon the moss at his feet, but he did not reply, and a pause ensued, only broken by the sorrowful hoot of the owl.

"Is there a bear at all?" I asked, peremptorily, but was startled by the cool reply:

"No, Count, there is no bear."

No bear! I was the dupe of a hoax, then, and had been deluded into trotting for hours among swamps and brushwood for the amusement of my precious guide. I caught him roughly by the collar, but he never flinched from the expected blow.

"Englishman," said he very quietly, "you have no reason to be angry with poor Paul Gregovitch. He deceived you, but it was for your own good. He owed a debt of kindness, and he has paid it. Better be here, in the forest, than in the grand stonehouse at Batschuvatz, to-night!"

"What do you mean?" I asked.

Paul shook himself free from my grasp, folded his arms, and confronted me. When he spoke again there was a stern solemnity in his tone, quite unlike his usual voice.

"This is a cold, sad land, our poor Russia. Our peasants are ignorant and oppressed, our nobles are locusts; their foreign stewards are leeches that come from afar to fatten on our blood. But Russia will no longer be the milch cow of noble and foreigner. Thank the happy fate that made a Moskov peasant save you—you only. A night in the forest will do no harm."

And he turned, sprang away, and in a moment would have been lost among the thickets, when his foot caught on a projecting root; he stumbled and fell; I ran instantly forward, and secured him.

"I will do you no harm;" said I, as I grasped my prisoner, whose struggles ceased when he found I was the stronger of the two; the rather that I gather from your hints that it is to benefit me that you have led me away from Batschuvatz. But I insist on your guiding me at once out of the wood, and on a full explanation of your dark meaning. Does peril beset my friends; if so, speak out."

This, however, Paul refused to do. No threats or persuasions could elicit a word from him, beyond a vague assurance that he had risked his own life, already, to save mine. But he consented to lead me out of the forest, and so he did, though I suspect he made the route a purposely circuitous one, for it was black night long before we were in sight of the tavern where the cart had been left. Slowly, in spite of my impatience, the horses were harnessed, but when they were ready, Paul obstinately declined to accompany me.

"If you are wise," he cried, "you will cut across into the Moscov road, and never see Batschuvatz again. In any case, I have done my part, and you are warned."

So saying, he turned into the tavern, slammed the door, and barred it. I sprang into the kibitka, and lashed the active horses into a gallop that soon bore me, through a cloud of dust, homewards.

Never in my life did I flog so unmercifully, or whirl along so fast, but many a verst had to be traversed, the mettled horses flagged and panted, forcing me to relax my speed, and it was very late when I drew near Batschuvatz, and saw a crimson glow, as of sunset, bursting through the trees. When I got nearer, I perceived that it was a conflagration, and the smell of burning wood reached me; and presently, as I dashed into the village, clouds of smoke half-blinded me. The cotton mill was in flames, but I hastened on, and saw by the red glare over the pine-tops, that Prince Eminoff's palace was also burning.

Then my horses snorted and trembled, and planting their feet firmly, refused to stir, and the wind drove down upon me a volley of eddying smoke, mixed with sparks, and through this I dimly saw that the block of stone houses was also in a blaze. Flames were gushing forth from the lower windows, against the doors were heaped a quantity of massive logs, so as to bar all egress, and round the conflagration surged a dark crowd of human forms, hoarsely murmuring, and waving torches here and there.

"The people," thought I; "but why do they not extinguish the fire? Why—"

The half-unconscious question was answered by a roar that greeted the appearance on the roof of one of the houses of a number of persons, who had evidently been driven upwards by the flames, which now spouted forth in fiery cascades from even the upper windows. I recognised my friends, Emma Murray, pale and fainting, supported by Vaughan, her old white-haired father, who looked gigantic through the glare and glow of the yellow fire-light, the steward Wohler, and others. The yell that greeted them was fierce enough to have broken from the throats of exulting demons, and left no doubt that the fire was the work of incendiary hands, and that Paul had really saved me from the horrid doom impending over the rest of the foreign settlers.

I could not bear to see it. I rushed forward, forgetful of all risk to myself, and in my broken Russian appealed to the bystanders to aid those within, offering a reward for help, and menacing the recusants with the vengeance of the Government. A dreadful clamour arose; I was hustled, surrounded, and at one time in peril of being tossed, as Black Ivan proposed, into the fire. But at that very moment the walls bent, the roof crashed in, and while the unhappy group upon the burning house was lost for ever to view in the fiery gulf below, a mass of burning beams and brickwork rained around, scattering the multitude, and injuring many, and among others myself, for I was struck senseless by a falling piece of timber. When I recovered, I was on a bed in one of the forester's huts, cared for by the rough inmates, who had picked me up, trampled and bloody, after the crowd of furious serfs had departed, and thanks to them I was enabled to reach Moscow, and, in due time, St. Petersburg. Martial law was proclaimed in the district of Mohilew, but I believe no punishment ever fell on the perpetrators of the cruel and wanton outrage I have chronicled.

PRINCE ALFRED'S ROMANCE.

AMIDST the solemn discussions of politics; in the presence of a revolution, and in full view of an empty throne; nobody ventures to introduce what may seem like levity, or the "personal talk" which Wordsworth looked down upon so grandly: but I have no sort of doubt that, while columns upon columns of the newspapers have been daily filled with the politics of Greece, everybody in England would have liked better to read twenty lines about Prince Alfred's feelings and sayings than all the wisdom of all the statesmen. I have no doubt whatever that the commonest thought of all, in England, and possibly on the Continent, has been the longing to know how the youth himself felt when a crown was offered him—when a whole people was worshipping him, and he was not allowed to accept the homage or the throne. The Queen's children have been brought up in an atmosphere of such good sense, and with such habits of practical activity, that it seems to have been taken for granted at once that Prince Alfred would see, as a man of full age would, the difficulties and perplexities that he would have had to deal with as King of Greece; so that his state of mind has probably been a more dignified one than a mere tame obedience to other people's decisions: but still,—he is eighteen,—he is at the very age of enthusiasm and confidence, when all things seem possible to an heroic spirit: and we may easily conceive that there may have been some struggle at heart while the young midshipman was under orders to go aloft, or trying to attend to his lessons in his cabin, in preparation for his examination for lieutenant.

Of one thing he cannot be deprived—that of having as romantic a story as any young person of his generation. It is true, every youth and maiden, of any age or country, believes that his or her own story is as perfect a romance as life ever yielded, and there may be nobody of eighteen who has not felt much as Prince Alfred feels to-day; but there is the great difference in his case, that the thing is true. The story cannot appear more romantic to him than it does to everybody else. Hence all the world is overflowing with sympathy towards him; whereas it would only smile at the emotions excited in other young people by the contemplation of their own story.

The Prince and his brothers and sisters have been brought up in the businesslike and simple way which is usually supposed to belong to the strongest sort of royalty. It is everywhere understood that there is more formality and exclusiveness in the habits and manners of constitutional sovereigns and their families and courts than is seen where the monarch has such entire possession of power as not to have to think of the appearance of it: but, in the case of our Royal family, while there is all possible watchfulness over the dignities and claims of all its members, there is none of the helplessness of grandeur, none of the pernicious leisure for dreaming, and temptation to a relaxing egotism—which are the worst liabilities of princes. The Queen's children have done real work of head and hands all their lives. After school hours, their play was another

sort of work,—the boys building a dairy with their own hands, and their sisters afterwards serving the dairy as real milkmaids. They have set their butter and cream before the Queen; they have made the stirabout in Highland cabins; and there is no member of the family who does not know that the moon is not made of green cheese. Thus, any one of them whom Fortune addresses as she has now greeted Prince Alfred is pretty safe from the dreamy selfishness which would be found in a pampered and spoiled boy of some royal houses, and in our own—some hundred years ago! Still, the thought recurs, that our young Prince is at the very age when the offer of a throne is most tempting, and when the prospect of difficulty is least discouraging. So, if there has been some struggle, nobody would think the worse of him for it.

No doubt he knows the story of the ex-queen of Greece. If he had sat on that throne he would have felt some touches of compassion for her, notwithstanding her disrepute and her unpardonable offences. For the sake of her dreams and her fate he would have pitied her: but, as it is, her story must be an impressive warning to him. She, a daughter of the Grand Duke of Oldenberg, was no more warranted in forming visions of being a great Eastern Queen than any other young lady in the school-room: but she set her heart upon Greece as the country she was to restore to greatness. She had, I believe, met Prince Otho as a boy at some German watering-place; and she so met him again when he was talked of for the throne of Greece. Her mind was now made up to be Queen of Greece, and to revive its greatness in the form of the most brilliant of modern empires. Her ambition, vanity, and want of sense operated to show how much more is necessary to such a work than grand ideas and strong passions and a stubborn will. She took the power out of her husband's hands presently; but she could do nothing with it. She did nothing for the substantial interests of the country; she let herself be made a tool of by rapacious German courtiers; she offered to the Czar to betray, as far as she could contrive to do so, the other protecting powers, and was intriguing with Russia against England, France, and Sardinia during the Crimean war: and she has ever since had to endure the burden of the contempt and vigilant dislike of the Emperor of the French. Her friend, the late Czar, shook his head, and said she "began too soon." When she boasted of the great Hellenic empire she was founding, and pointed to the great palace the unborn emperors were to occupy, the agricultural country of Greece had only 100,000 men employed in cultivating the soil. There were only 12,000,000 acres altogether; and only one-ninth part was private property; and this busy ruler saw with indifference the private estates crushed under the burden of taxes, and the rest lying unretrieved, in swamp or drought. Here there was an expanse of marshes, spreading in all directions from year to year; and elsewhere there was a desert where the streams were perpetually shrinking, and the water-springs had long been dried up. The Bavarians at court flourished like the green bay-tree: but nothing else thrived. As the

soil grew barren, the boast was of commerce as a means of Greek greatness; but there were only 18,000 seamen in the country; and the Emperor Nicholas smiled in his cabinet at the idea of a nation consisting of 1,000,000, when Otho became king, without means to develop the private estates, and without a government which would set about saving the public lands,—a people actually importing corn, and without prospect of sufficient bread,—proposing to turn the Turks out of Europe, and to reign at Constantinople under the smile of approving Czars. She "began too soon," he said; and he is understood to have foreseen that, unless she speedily changed her course, she would find herself once more seated behind her embroidery-frame in an old German castle, wiping away her ceaseless tears of mortification at the loss of such a chance for greatness as has very rarely fallen to the lot of woman. The Emperor Nicholas was in his tomb many years before the catastrophe arrived, and the humiliation of the dreamer is greater in proportion. She has not mended her aims or her ways; the country has not improved; and the unworthy sovereigns are discredited, not on the complaint of betrayed protectors, but by a disgusted and indignant people. Not allowed to land, on their return from an excursion, they humbled themselves painfully and unavailingly. The King would make any concessions, but "it was too late;" and the Queen sat passionately weeping,—remembering, possibly, that other reproach of being "too soon," and seeing, possibly, at last that both rebukes were deserved by rulers who had neglected the primary duties of government to revel in wild dreams of empire. There she is at last in the old German castle, without a single comforting thought to rest on, as she bends over her embroidery-frame! She rides out daily, we are told, with such appearance of court attendance as she can muster; but the familiar scenery must be painful to her, not only because it is not Greece, but because it must revive many of the notions of her youth, now turned to shame and despair.

How much wiser may we assume Prince Alfred to be than she was at his age? If he has felt any stir of enthusiasm under the actual offer of the Crown, we may be sure that it was about a very different object. He may think that it would be a fine thing to retrieve that little kingdom, like a neglected estate. He may think that it would be delightful to drain those marshes, and fill the old river beds, and irrigate those barren public lands. He may have heard, and may believe, that nothing but good government is wanted to set the prosperity of Greece growing from hour to hour: and he may feel what a noble task it would be to do this. But, if he has had anything of a political education, he must be aware of the embarrassments and mortifications he must inevitably undergo from without, and of the frequent disturbance, or perpetual turmoil, that he must be liable to within his little kingdom. If he has not had a political training which would satisfy him of this, he must, of course, commit the decision of the affair without reserve to others. Of his perfect readiness to be disposed of as was judged best, there has never

been any doubt : and everybody gives him credit for seeing that it is not as the youth Alfred that he is chosen by a people who can know nothing about him, but as an English Prince. Yet, while we declare that all these things are quite clear and very certain, there is a warm and tender corner in our hearts in which we feel that the boy may have some natural dreams which it is hard to give up ; possibly, some feeling that it is hard to be parted from a crown, and from such a devoted people, by the political ideas and consultations of foreign powers. We see how certainly and how soon the justification of such objections would be perceived by the boy himself : we only say that any sighs which may come from that source are natural at the moment,—that is all.

It is exceedingly likely that the whole business may seem to him and his shipmates a capital joke. Perhaps it would be best so ; for it is certainly a spoiling process for any youth to go through,—he he as sensible as he may,—to have a whole people worshipping him at one moment and with one heart and mind. It is bad for each royal child at all times to be the object of the exclusive care of any grown person ; and especially for a youth to be the sole charge of a governor. It is bad for him to have the movements of others determined by his interests, as when Prince Alfred's captain and shipmates stay or go, and pass hither or thither for his sake ; or when the ship remains at Baie instead of going to Naples, that he may the better study for his examination. This moral mischief, inseparable from the conditions of royalty, is understood to be reduced to a low point in Prince Alfred's case by his subjection to professional discipline. In a somewhat similar way we may hope that the hurtful effects of the homage of Greece may be diverted by the amusement it may excite among a set of young middies who suddenly find themselves with a chosen king in the midst of them. Without any ungracious levity, there may be a good deal of fun in the case, in the eyes of sailor boys.

There is another view of it. Prince Alfred is at the age when the moral sense is keen, and virtuous emotions are strong. It may be that he is deeply impressed by the steady, resolute, magnanimous conduct of his mother and her government in the affairs of Greece and the Ionian Islands. He may feel himself more honoured by the refusal of a crown on his behalf than he could be by wearing it, even by popular choice. It is possible that he may have seen, and may now remember, what was said of Lord Fairfax by the Duke of Buckingham ; and, though the lines do not precisely apply to our young Prince's part in the transaction with the Greeks, they may perhaps rest in his mind through some sympathy in the estimate of the true quality of greatness :

He might have been a king,
But that he understood
How much it is a meaner thing
To be unjustly great than honourably good.

In contemplating Prince Alfred's story of to-day, we must remember what his prospects are. He, who is every inch a sailor now, is to be the

sovereign of a country which has never smelt the sea. He is the presumptive heir of his uncle of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, and it does seem strange that this heir should be a sailor. Perhaps some of the Germans who are eager about a navy for the Fatherland are looking forward with satisfaction to a sailor becoming a German sovereign, though his territory lies inland. If he looks forward, it must be with some misgiving as to how the dullness of a small German Court will suit a man who has been roving the seas from boyhood upwards. His chief ambition, we may hope, is professional. If he is as fond of his calling as we hear he is, he need not look beyond professional aims. If he should advance the naval service of his country, and prove himself qualified for the rank which should be won only by desert, he need not look further, for he can attain no higher personal dignity, whatever may be his conventional rank.

This looking forward for our young princes brings in some very grave and very interesting considerations. Three out of the four eldest of the family will be Germans ; and while their lot is cast there, beyond all doubt, Germany and its prospects are changing from day to day. When the Princess Royal became Prussian, there was every prospect of a growing sympathy and likeness between England and Prussia, and therefore Germany generally, as Prussia was likely to be the ruling genius of Germany. We should at that time have said that, with the husband of Princess Alice at another German Court, and Prince Alfred at a third, there was every prospect of an English growth of German liberties, and of a strengthening intimacy between the peoples, corresponding with the connections between the royal families. But a dreary change has already come over the prospect. We feel, by sympathy, that our Princess Royal and her husband must be very unhappy about public affairs ; and the anxiety cannot but be shared by all her family,—as it is indeed by everybody in England who knows what is going on in Prussia. At this very time, when circumstances appeared singularly favourable to sound political progress in Prussia, and when political wisdom and virtue there were sure to act beneficially on all Germany, the infatuated king is putting everything to hazard,—the throne itself, the peace of the country, and the place of Prussia in Europe,—for nothing else whatever than the gratification of his extravagant notions of prerogative. The position of his son and his son's wife is extremely hard. They see the fine promise of their lot all turned to menace, and their future throne endangered, when nothing would be easier than to make it a greater and happier sovereignty than it has ever been yet. They must be cruelly ashamed of the absurdities of the king, as well as indignant at his recklessness and faithlessness. They thought to be absent during the crisis, and to see their way by the time of their return ; but the king has gone on from bad to worse, and is plunging deeper into difficulty every day. It is easy to say that while the nation is clear and resolute in its fidelity to the Constitution, and the Crown Prince is of the same way of thinking, it is certain that the king

must lose the day. There can be no doubt of that; but the anxiety is about what must happen first. If the young people are what we take them to be, they must have many a misgiving about whether they can, in so hard a position, do and bear everything exactly as they ought, while every movement—every word, even every act of silence—may be of incalculable importance to the people and the country. A more gratuitous calamity than this conflict between the Crown and the Constitution in Prussia has not occurred in our time; and the dread which hangs about it must depress the spirits and perplex the future of all the members of our Royal family who have reached the years of political understanding. The outbreak of Stuart doctrine in the leading State overthrows all anticipations. Nothing can fill the hearts of our dauntless royal race with fear; but all confidence is gone for the time, and all hope of harmony and easy political growth. The Prussian people will hold fast to their constitution; but they will not secure it without a struggle. Whenever there is a convulsion at Berlin, there will be reverberations at Hesse-Darmstadt, as there have been already, by anticipation, at Saxe-Coburg; or at least dust-clouds of perplexity and darkness of doubt. Such are some of the cares of princes; and they have come early upon some in whom we have an interest.

These days, in which thrones are offered to selected princes, remind us of the old ages in which the same thing was done for other reasons: and this again suggests the thought of noble enterprise as a fit aim and occupation for princes who are free to adopt it. There are no Crusades now; for most people, from the prince to the peasant, see that to go and fight "for an idea" in countries where they have no business, is not work for heroes, or sages, or honest men. But there are fine things remaining to be done still. For one example,—what a proud and beneficent achievement it would be for one of our young princes to go out, after due training, to our possessions on the Pacific, and lay, broad and deep, the foundations of a new England in Vancouver Island and British Columbia! That all the requisite conditions of natural wealth, health, and strength exist, there is no real doubt; and there is perhaps no other spot in the Queen's dominions of such future political importance. The noblest reputation might be gained by any British subject who, duly qualified, should go out in the name, and sustained by the sanction of the country, and there develop the resources of the territory, and be the medium between a growing and rising population and England, and establish another England in the midst of Russian and American settlements, and in full view of the great Asiatic nations, and the island tribes of the Pacific, who look wistfully to us for guidance up the ascent of civilisation. There is no saying how much the fate of the western hemisphere may depend on how we act in regard to that colony of mighty promise; and any prince who should associate his name with its future greatness may be well satisfied with his share of glory. Such enterprises will always lie ready to the hand capable of wielding them; and

no prince so qualified to make his mark on the earth and its history can want for a romance at least as interesting as that of Prince Alfred.

FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

A DESTRUCTIVE CAP.

THEY were all plain elm coffins, and there were nineteen of them. They lay, in the sad afternoon sun of a wintry Sunday, upon a row of trestles, beside a broad, deep grave in a Birmingham churchyard. A little group of mourners clustered round the head of each coffin, sobbing and sighing; and a young clergyman, half-hidden by a mound of sand, read the burial service with evident emotion. On every side, rising right away to the very tops of the gun-manufactories that form the churchyard square, stood a great motionless multitude: thousands there seemed, and yet so silent, that the words "dust to dust," and the hollow rattle of the handful of earth thrown upon the coffin lids, thrilled through to the outermost of them. I judged, from what I saw, and from a fine stress laid upon certain words in the service by the young clergyman, that the dead were the victims of some accident; and, at the close of the ceremony, I asked a slovenly-looking old artisan standing by me, what had been the cause of it.

"Why," he replied, without troubling himself to hoist his chin out of his many-folded and untidy neckerchief, or even to raise his eyes to look at me, "it's them theer caps agen; that's what it is;" and he doled the words out like a man thinking aloud.

"Caps?" I repeated, inquiringly.

"Aye, caps," he said. "Ain't ye heerd 'en the explodge?"

Having but just returned from foreign parts, I had not heard of the "explodge," and I told him so.

"Well, then," he said, somewhat irritated, as I thought, at my lack of information, "them nineteen poor creeturs was blowed up in a cap 'factory—that's what they was; and theer's thirty or forty moor on 'em in the hospital—that's what there is. God help 'em! They was nothin' but women and childer. What I says is, that Government ought to be blowed to bits and burned like they was for allowin' sech things—that's what I says."

Without expressing my concurrence in this harrowing sentiment, I ventured to inquire what on earth there was in the mere manufacture of caps to cause such havoc?

Raising his head for the first time since our conversation had begun, and eyeing me with a sleepy look of scorn, the old man paused for a moment or two, by way of convincing me that my ignorance was beneath his contempt, and then put this grimly-ironical question: "D'yow s'ppose they was nightcaps as done it?"

Of course I didn't.

"Very well, then, they was gun-caps—that's what they was."

The logic was irresistible. I at once apologised for my dulness, and again asked him how the accident happened.

"Why, it was done while they was a-primin'."

"And how did they prime?"

That he could not "ha' while" to tell me just then; and, with a polite intimation that I had better go to some "factory" and see for myself, the old fellow thrust his hands into the very depths of a pair of greasy, drooping trousers' pockets, and sauntered off.

That was three years ago. There had been similar calamities before; there have been since. And though two special Acts of Parliament have been passed to prevent it, the old tragedy will be enacted yet again, if there be not a third passed to make the other two operative. Of the justice of this remark, I think the reader will be convinced, if he will only adopt the suggestion of my laconic old friend, and visit with me one of these Birmingham percussion-cap manufactories.

We shall find the object of our search in one of the most densely populated parts of the town; and to reach it we shall have to thread a maze of streets, paved with those excruciating kidney-stones, which, for the benefit of starving chiropodists, the corporation of Birmingham—if there be one—kindly lays down and renews from time to time. The manufactory itself—an ancient three-story dwellinghouse, enlarged from time to time by the addition of surrounding buildings of all sorts and sizes, and in all stages of repair—looks, externally, for all the world like a band of tipsy tenements hugging each other; and, internally, is a complete structural puzzle. To pass from one room to another, even on the same floor, you have to go up flights of stairs here, and down flights of stairs there, and through dark passages, and along crazy out-door galleries, until you become perfectly bewildered; and in the effort to get from one floor to another, you would most assuredly be lost, unless piloted up and down by old hands, whom long service has familiarised with the odd intricacies of the place. With a competent topographical guide, however, the task is tolerably easy, and, with an intelligent one, highly interesting. So, we will suppose, if you please, that we have fallen into the hands of a phenomenon combining both these qualities, and proceed.

Our guide is the light porter of the establishment—a good-natured looking old man, weighing about eighteen stone. We tell him that our object is to see every process in the manufacture of a percussion-cap; and, in order that we may complain of no lack of courtesy on his part, he at once conducts us into a large cellar, where thousands of oblong sheets of thin metal, resembling brass, are being stored away. This metal, he tells us, is that of which the cap is made; and he adds, by way of explanation, that it is neither brass nor copper, but a mixture of both, the one being too brittle, and the other too dear for the purpose. Thence he takes us through an engine room—where three bright pistons are for ever plunging down to get strength, and leaping up to expend it on a labyrinth of leathern bands that turn thousands of wheels all over the manufactory, up-stairs and down—to an apartment where a score or two of queer-looking iron machines seem to be quietly chewing up, in a score or two pairs of gigantic jaws, the metal we have seen below. A sheet of this metal is put into a pair of the jaws for our special informa-

tion, and, in a twinkling, it is almost noiselessly crunched into hundreds of little crosses of St. George—of a handful of which we possess ourselves, and pass on.

A series of passages and corridors and flights of steps, leading through packing-rooms and warehouses, brings us out into a long, narrow apartment on the second floor, resounding with a clatter of machinery that just succeeds in making itself heard above the hum of sixty or seventy gossiping girls and young women. "Come, come," says our guide, in the loudest of tones, and the gentlest of accents, "do be a bit quiet for once, gals;" and in an instant nothing is heard but the sharp clicking of iron against iron. Adown the centre and along both sides of the room run long oaken benches, to which are affixed, at equal distances, a number of iron contrivances that look like patent turnip-cutters in miniature; and in front of each of these stands a girl with a constantly decreasing heap of the crosses of St. George on one side of her, and a constantly increasing heap of what appear to be percussion caps on the other. The light porter explains that the room is the "press room," the girls the "press girls," and the miniature turnip-cutters the "presses;" and to show that they are rightly named, he bids us produce a few of the crosses of St. George that were chewed out of the jaws down-stairs. Taking one of these, he holds it against a little round hole in the press with his left hand; gives a twist to a lever with his right; and, before you can say "Jack Robinson," the cross has been driven into the hole on the head of a punch, and is rolling down in front of you a perfect cup, of which the centre of the cross has formed the bottom, and the four limbs the sides; and, to hide the joints and give a better hold of it, it has been crimped all round. Another and another follow with equal rapidity, and, picking them up, you carry them into another room, where they are thrown, with a few thousand others, into a box containing emery dust, which box is closed, well shaken, and opened again, and there are your little cups turned into bright brazen shell caps, ready for loading.

This loading involves several processes, all of which, by reason of the explosiveness of the material used, are frightfully dangerous. That little cake of hard, whitey-brown matter, which you hardly notice in the bottom of the cap as you hurriedly fix it to the nipple of your gun on the moors or at the rifle-range, has passed through seven stages of preparation, and at almost every stage the life of the preparer was jeopardised—and not only so, but the lives of all the work-people we have seen on our way through the manufactory, and others besides. During the last three years between thirty and forty lives have been sacrificed in Birmingham alone to this one branch of the manufacture, and at least a hundred engaged in it have been maimed—some for life, and others for weeks or months, as the case may be. How? we shall see as we go on. It would be of no use now to ask our guide, however courteous he might be, to show us these processes. He would tell us that, being dangerous, they were carried on away from the manufactory, and that we could not be allowed to see them. Four or

nive months ago—before the last explosion, and before the last Act of Parliament was passed—there would have been no such difficulty; for, though the then existing Act forbade the loading of caps in the same building where the metal work was made, it gave nobody in authority the right to see whether it was observed, and, as it thereby became a dead letter, the loading of caps was carried on in the midst of hundreds of work-people with impunity. The last explosion was, in fact, the result of a direct violation of this very law. On that occasion, nine persons were killed and forty or fifty maimed. Public indignation was naturally excited, and a new law was asked for; and eventually Parliament condescended to make one, or rather to patch up an old one to save trouble, and the result is that, though there is every reason to believe that the loading is carried on in precisely the same places as before, the manufacturers are more careful about allowing people to know it. We will, therefore, date our inspection of this part of the manufacture a few months back.

Our guide would then, no doubt, after showing us the various processes in the manufacture of the shell-cap, have conducted us from the top to the bottom of those crazy old tenements, through crowds of girls and women and children, right away down into the cellar again; and, opening a cupboard, would have shown us a large brown-paper parcel containing, perhaps, a dozen or fourteen pounds of white silky needle-like crystals. If of a humorous turn of mind, he would, perhaps, make us nervous by telling us that, by pressing his two thumb-nails together in the midst of that mass of crystals, he could blow up the whole of the manufactory and half the street in which it stood. . . Supposing he did, he would tell us truly, for the brown-paper parcel contains fulminate of mercury—the all-important ingredient in the detonating powder with which the caps are loaded. Of the terrific explosive force of this fulminate, figures will convey no adequate idea. The best plan to arrive at it would be to put a common percussion-cap on the nipple of an unloaded gun and fire it at a lighted candle some three or four yards away. You will find that, if your aim be accurate, the candle will be blown out. Then consider for a moment. There lay concealed in the drop of matter at the bottom of your percussion-cap, an amount of force sufficient to blow out your candle, and only half that drop was detonating powder, the other half being varnish to keep it in. Of the half that was detonating powder, only one-fourth part was pure fulminate of mercury, and that atom of fulminate was the only explosive agent in the whole compound. You may now form some notion of the mighty force wrapped up in that brown paper parcel before you: it is, as our guide says, fourteen pounds of death and destruction. To release that force the slightest neglect or carelessness either in manufacture or in transit will suffice. Could it be believed, then, that the building, where tons of it are made yearly, stands next door to a national school-room, which is all day long filled with little boys and girls; and that, by one explosion,—which luckily occurred on a Saturday

when the children were not at school,—it has already given timely warning of others to follow! Yet so it is; and the new Act of Parliament does not compel the proprietor to remove it.

And now, having examined the raw material, we are taken from the cellar to the very top of the building, into a little attic covered with a light roof, where the first process in the manufacture — “mixing”—is carried on. Our guide, with bitter but unconscious irony tells us that the mixing is done in that room because, in case of an explosion, the light roof would offer *least* resistance, *most* of the force of the explosion would go upwards, and there would not be *so many* killed. Nevertheless, the nineteen poor creatures we saw buried just now lost their lives by an explosion in just such another room—the whole building crashed down and killed them, though there was not more than a pound of fulminate in the place.

To return: the sole occupant of the attic, at the door of which we now stand, is an elderly woman, whose length of service has proved her general carefulness, and, in the mind of her employer, has rendered her a fitting person to hold in her withered hands the lives of more than a hundred human beings. As secluded as an alchemist of old, she, like him, seems wholly absorbed in her work, for, beyond glancing hurriedly and somewhat petulantly at us as we enter, in company with our guide, she bestows no further notice upon us. Upon a table before her lies a clean sheet of brown paper, which she rubs again and again with a clean linen cloth until she is apparently satisfied that not a particle of any foreign substance remains upon it. From a strong iron safe, imbedded in the wall, she then brings out a packet of pure fulminate of mercury; and, familiar as she is with her work—she has been a “mixer” twenty years—her hand trembles nervously as she scatters a few ounces of it upon her sheet of paper. Carefully refolding the packet she replaces it, and, locking the safe-door, seems glad to be rid of so dangerous a burden. Going, then, to a closet, she takes from sundry jars certain proportions of nitre, chlorate of potash, sulphur and ground glass, each of which she damps and deposits in little heaps on separate parts of her sheet of paper. All is now ready for the most perilous part of the operation; and in the midst of a painful silence, broken only by her own heavy breathing, she takes up the sheet of paper between the thumb and finger of each hand, and letting the centre droop slightly, holds it at arm's length, and gently rolls the ingredients backwards and forwards. In her every motion there is danger. If any part of that powder be too dry; if the paper be shaken too roughly; if one end of it fall and drop the powder; if any foreign substance get amongst it, or if it even come into violent contact with the thumb or finger-nail, there is danger of the whole exploding; and, the whole exploding, the operator is blown to atoms and the manufactory laid in ruins. No wonder, then, that the old woman should breathe harder and harder, and tremble more and more as she sways to and fro with her paper, in an agony of carefulness. At length she ceases, and a sense of relief comes over us. Her part of the work is completed, and we find, on inquiry, that she has

transformed the several ingredients into what is called detonating or percussion-powder, ready for use in the loading of percussion caps. It may be handled more freely now, but if we are allowed to take one of the paper bags, into which it is poured, into our own hands, we must be careful not to drop it;—the concussion would explode it, perhaps, and Heaven only knows what would follow upon such a mishap!

Leaving the mixing room we are next led to the priming room, and this we find, like the other, and for the same reason, is also an attic with a light roof. We should hardly have expected to find it next the mixing room, for we had already heard from our old friend who advised us to come here, that "priming" is at least an occupation from which very serious results might be expected. Yet there it is; and the slightest explosion in either apartment—they are only divided by a thin partition—must inevitably communicate itself to the combustibles in the other, and render the result tenfold more disastrous. The occupants of this priming room are an elderly woman—the "priming woman"—and about a dozen little girls between the ages of eight and twelve, who are called "fillers" and "wetters," and all of them are very busily employed. Half the children are sitting beside large baskets filled with the shell caps we have already seen made, and, picking them up rapidly, one by one, are placing them, mouth upwards, into a block filled with hundreds of regular indentations made to receive them. These are the "fillers," and as soon as they have filled their blocks they carry them off to the priming woman. Following the last filled, we find that the priming woman places it on a stand before her, and then has recourse to a copper contrivance which we are told is the "priming plate." In reality it is two plates of copper, both pierced with holes to match each other, and to correspond with the indentations in the blocks we have just seen filled, and so attached to each other that the holes in the upper plate may be brought either over those in the under one, or over the solid metal between the holes at the will of the operator. At the present time she has so fixed the plate that the top holes are over the solid metal. With the utmost care she now takes a packet of the detonating powder made in the mixing room, and, sprinkling some of it over the top plate, gently brushes it into the holes with a hare's foot. This done she lifts the whole priming plate, and placing the bottom holes over the mouths of the shell caps in the block, pushes the top plate along until the holes come over each other, when, as a matter of course, the detonating powder so carefully brushed into each of the top holes falls through the bottom ones into the caps, and the caps are primed. But here again there is danger in every movement. The least particle of grit between the plates, the least pressure upon the powder, the least accident on the part of the children, and there is an explosion. If no powder in the bulk be near, it may as our guide tells us, *only* blind the priming woman for a day or two and blow out the windows; but if there be powder near, as ten chances to one there is, the result cannot be estimated. This time, however, there has fortu-

nately been no such mishap. The block-full of caps has been primed, and is now passed on to the other half of the little girls, each of whom has a similar block before her, and each of whom with a camel's-hair brush is dropping one drop of liquid shellac into each of the caps to keep the powder in. These are the "wetters," and, their work done, the caps are carried off to a stove and dried. When dried they are sent down into the packing rooms by the million; and, following them there, we shall find that, even when finished, they afford employment to some twenty or thirty workpeople; for, while two or three lads are for ever making little round tin boxes, half a dozen girls are making similar boxes of cardboard, and while in one corner one set of girls are busily packing the caps in the boxes, in another, another set are busily labelling them, and in the warehouses, several warehouse girls, warehouse men, clerks, and porters, are constantly engaged in packing the small boxes of caps into big boxes, directing them, making out invoices, and seeing to their shipment to all parts of the world.

We have seen that the lives of the whole of these workpeople are in continual peril, and common sense suggests an instant remedy. Remove the fulminate of mercury from the cellar, give the primer and mixer rooms of their own at some distance from each other and the manufactory, take all those little girls away from the priming room, and let them pursue their harmless calling out of harm's way; and then, even if the worst come to the worst, more than one life need not be sacrificed by the most terrific of explosions. This no doubt was the benevolent intention of Parliament, when after each of the two great explosions which have happened recently, it made a law relating to "explosive compounds." But Parliament, however good its intention, did not go the right way to work. It said to these manufacturers, it is true, "You shall neither prime, nor mix, nor store your powder in the same manufactory where you do your metal work, nor within a hundred yards of any other building;" but it gave no one the right to go into these same manufactories to see whether the law was kept or broken. The result was that the manufacturers, foreseeing the inconvenience and expense of having their workpeople scattered about at distances, not putting any very high estimate upon human life, and finding the law would be inoperative if they were circumspect, closed their doors to all comers and went on as before. By-and-by there came another explosion, and then Parliament, to remedy its former blunder, made another law giving a power of inspection, but appointed no local inspector. That is the position of the matter now, and no doubt will be until another frightful explosion shall occur to wake a dreaming legislature from its slumbers. Then, perhaps, we may get what is wanted—an Act of Parliament that shall compel percussion-cap manufacturers, like powder makers, to carry on their business in some secluded country place, where each dangerous process shall be carried on in light sheds, sufficiently far apart to prevent the destruction of one involving the destruction of the whole—work-people, neighbours, and property. J. L.

VERNER'S PRIDE.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "EAST LYNNE."



CHAPTER LXI. ACHING HEARTS.

IF there be one day in the whole year more gladdening to the heart than all others, it is surely the first day of early spring. It may come and give us a glimpse almost in mid-winter; it may not come until winter ought to have been long past: but, appear when it will, it brings rejoicing with it. How many a heart, sinking under its bitter burthen of care, is reawakened to hope by that first spring day of brightness. It seems to promise that there shall be yet a change in the dreary lot; it whispers that trouble may not last; that sickness may be superseded by health; that this dark wintry world will be followed by heaven.

Such a day was smiling over Deerham. And they were only in the first days of February. The

sun was warm, the fields were green, the sky was blue: all nature seemed to have put on her brightness. As Mrs. Duff stood at her door and exchanged greetings with sundry gossips passing by—an unusual number of whom were abroad—she gave it as her opinion that the charming weather had been vouchsafed as a special favour to Miss Decima Verner; for it was the wedding-day of that young lady and Sir Edmund Hautley.

Sir Edmund would fain have been married immediately after his return. Perhaps Decima would also. But Lady Verner, always given to study the proprieties of life, considered that it would be more seemly to allow a few months to roll on first after the death of her son's wife. So the autumn and part of the winter were allowed to go by; and in this, the first week of February,

they were united; being favoured with weather that might have cheated them into a belief that it was May-day.

How anxious Deerham was to get a sight of her, as the carriages conveying the party to church drove to and fro. Lionel gave her away, and her bridesmaids were Lady Mary Elmsley and Lucy Tempest. The story of the long engagement between her and Edmund Hautley had electrified Deerham; and some began to wish that they had not called her an old maid quite so prematurely. Should it unfortunately have reached her ears, it might tend to place them in the black books of the future Lady Hautley. Lady Verner was rather against Jan's going to church. Lady Verner's private opinion was—indeed, it may be said her proclaimed opinion as well as her private one—that Jan would be no ornament to a wedding party. But Decima had already got Jan's promise to be present: which Jan had given conditionally—that no patients required him at the time. But Jan's patients proved themselves considerate that day; and Jan appeared not only at the church, but at the breakfast.

At the dinner also, in the evening. Sir Edmund and Lady Hautley had left then; but those who remained of course wanted some dinner: and had it. It was a small party, more social than formal. Mr. and Mrs. Bitterworth, Lord Garle and his sister, Miss Hautley, and John Massingbird. Miss Hautley was again staying temporarily at Deerham Hall, but she would leave it on the following day. John Massingbird was invited at the special request of Lionel. Perhaps John was less of an ornament to a social party than even Jan, but Lionel had been anxious that no slight should be placed upon him. It would have been a slight for the owner of Verner's Pride to be left out at Decima Verner's wedding. Lady Verner held out a little while; she did not like John Massingbird; never had liked any of the Massingbirds; but Lionel carried his point. John Massingbird showed himself presentable that day, and had left his pipe at home.

In one point Mr. Massingbird proved himself as little given to ceremony as Jan could be. The dinner hour, he had been told, was seven o'clock; and he arrived shortly after six. Lucy Tempest and Mary Elmsley were in the drawing-room. Fair, graceful girls both of them, in their floating white bridesmaids' robes, which they would wear for the day: Lucy always serene and quiet; Mary, merry-hearted, gay-natured. Mary was to stay with them for some days. They looked somewhat scared at the early entrance of John Massingbird. Curious tales had gone about Deerham of John's wild habits at Verner's Pride, and, it may be, they felt half afraid of him. Lucy whispered to the servant to find Mr. Verner and tell him. Lady Verner had gone to her room to make ready for dinner.

"I say, young ladies, is it six or seven o'clock that we are to dine?" he began. "I could not remember."

"Seven," replied Lucy.

"I am too soon by an hour, then," returned he, sitting down in front of the fire. "How are you by this time, Lionel?"

Lionel shook hands with him as he came in. "Never mind; we are glad to see you," he said, in answer to a half apology from John Massingbird about the arriving early. "I can show you those calculations now, if you like."

"Calculations be hanged!" returned John. "When a fellow comes out to dinner, he does not want to be met with 'calculations.' What else, Lionel?"

Lionel Verner laughed. They were certain calculations drawn out by himself, connected with unavoidable work to be commenced on the Verner Pride estate. For the last month he had been vainly seeking an opportunity of going over them with John Massingbird: that gentleman, who hated details as much as Master Cheese hated work, continually contrived to put it off.

"Have you given yourself the pleasure of making them out in duplicate, that you propose to show them here?" asked he, some irony in his tone. "I thought they were in the study at Verner's Pride."

"I brought them home a day or two ago," replied Lionel. "Some alteration was required, and I thought I would do it quietly here."

"You are a rare—I suppose if I say 'steward' I shall offend your pride, Lionel? 'Bailiff' would be worse. If real stewards were as faithful and indefatigable as you, landlords might get on better than they do. You can't think how he plagues me with his business details, Miss Tempest."

"I can," said Lady Mary, freely. "I think he is terribly conscientious."

"All the more so, that he is not going to be a steward long," answered Lionel, in a tone through which ran a serious meaning, light as it was. "The time is approaching when I shall render up an account of my stewardship, so far as Verner's Pride is concerned."

"What do you mean by that?" cried John Massingbird.

"I'll tell you to-morrow," answered Lionel.

"I'd like to know now, if it's all the same to you, sir," was John's answer. "You are not going to give up the management of Verner's Pride."

"Yes, I am," replied Lionel. "I should have given it up when my wife died, but that Decima—Decima wished me to remain in Deerham until her marriage," he concluded, after some perceptible hesitation.

"What has Deerham done to you, that you want to quit it?" asked John Massingbird.

"I would have left Deerham years ago, had it been practicable," was the remark of Lionel.

"I ask you why?"

"Why? Do you think Deerham and its reminiscences can be so pleasant to me, that I should care to stop in it, unless compelled?"

"Bother reminiscences!" rejoined Mr. Massingbird. "I conclude you make believe to allude to the ups and downs you have had in regard to Verner's Pride. *That's* not the cause, Lionel Verner—if you do want to go away. You have had time to get over that. Perhaps some lady is in the way? Some cross-grained disappointment

in that line? Have you been refusing to marry him, Lady Mary?"

Lady Mary threw her laughing blue eyes full in the face of the questioner. "He never asked me, Mr. Massingbird."

"No!" said John.

"No," said she, the lips laughing now, as well as the eyes. "In the old days—I declare I don't mind letting out the secret—in the old days, before he was married at all, mamma and Lady Verner contrived to let me know by indirect hints, that Lionel Verner might be expected to—to—solicit the honour of my becoming his wife. How I laughed behind their backs! It would have been time enough to turn rebellious when the offer came—which I was quite sure never would come—to make them and him a low curtsy, and say, 'You are very kind, but I must decline the honour.' Did you get any teasings on your side, Lionel?" asked she, frankly.

A half-smile flitted over Lionel's lips. He did not speak.

"No," added Lady Mary, her joking tone turning to seriousness, her blue eyes to earnestness, "I and Lionel have ever been good friends, fond of each other, I believe, in a sober kind of way: but—any closer relationship we should both have run away from as wide as the two poles. I can answer for myself: and I think I can for him."

"I see," said John Massingbird. "To be husband and wife would go against the grain: you'd rather be brother and sister."

What there could be in the remark to disturb the perfect equanimity of Mary Elmsley, she best knew. Certain it was, that her face turned of a fiery red, and it seemed that she did not know where to look. She spoke rapid words, as if to cover her confusion.

"So you perceive, Mr. Massingbird, that I have nothing to do with Mr. Verner's plans and projects; with his stopping at Deerham or going away from it. I should not think any lady has. You are not going, are you?" she asked, turning to Lionel.

"Yes, I shall go, Mary," he answered. "As soon as Mr. Massingbird can find somebody to replace me—"

"Mr. Massingbird's not going to find anybody to replace you," burst forth John. "I declare, Lionel, if you do go, I'll take on Roy, just to spite you and your old tenants. By-the-way, though, talking of Roy, who do you think has come back to Deerham?" he broke off, rather less vehemently.

"How can I guess?" asked Lionel. "Some of the Mormons, perhaps."

"No. Luke Roy. He arrived this afternoon."

"Has he, indeed!" replied Lionel, a shade of sadness in his tone more than surprise, for somehow the name of Luke, coupled with his return, brought back all too vividly the recollection of his departure, and the tragic end of Rachel Frost which had followed so close upon it.

"I have not seen him," rejoined Mr. Massingbird. "I met Mrs. Roy as I came on here, and she told me. She was scuttering along with some muffins in her hand—to regale him on, I suppose."

"How glad she must be!" exclaimed Lucy.

"Rather sorry, I thought," returned John. "She looked very quaky and shivery. I tell you what, Lionel," he continued, turning to him, "your dinner will not be ready this three-quarters of an hour yet. I'll just go as far as old Roy's, and have a word with Luke. I have got a top-coat in the hall."

He went out without ceremony. Lionel walked with him to the door. It was a fine starlight evening. When he, Lionel, returned, Lucy was alone. Mary Elmsley had left the room.

Lucy had quitted the chair of state she had been sitting in, and was in her favourite place on a low stool on the hearthrug. She was more kneeling than sitting. The fire-light played on her sweet face, so young and girlish still in its outlines, on her pretty hands clasped on her knees, on her bracelets which glittered with pearls, on the pearls that rested on her neck. Lionel stood on the other side the hearthrug, leaning as usual on the mantelpiece.

At least five minutes passed in silence. And then Lucy raised her eyes to his.

"Was it a joke, what you said to John Massingbird—about leaving Deerham?"

"It was sober earnest, Lucy. I shall go as soon as I possibly can, now."

"But why?" she presently asked.

"I should have left, as you heard me say, after Mrs. Verner's death, but for one or two considerations. Decima very much wished me to remain until her marriage; and—I did not see my way particularly clear to embark in a new course of life. I do not yet."

"Why should you go?" asked Lucy.

"Because I—because it is expedient that I should, for many reasons," he answered.

"You do not like to remain subservient to John Massingbird?"

"It is not that. I have got over that. My prospects have been so utterly blighted, Lucy, that I think some of the old pride of the Verner race has gone out of me. I do not see a chance of getting anything to do, half as good as this stewardship—as he but now called it—under John Massingbird. But I shall try at it."

"What shall you try, do you think?"

"I cannot tell. I should like to get something abroad; I should like to go to India. I do not suppose I have any real chance of getting an appointment there; but stopping in Deerham will certainly not bring it to me. That, or anything else."

Lucy's lips had parted. "You will not think of going to India now!" she breathlessly exclaimed.

"Indeed I do think of it, Lucy."

"So far off as that!"

The words were uttered with a strange sound of pain. Lionel passed his hand over his brow, the action betokening pain quite as great as Lucy's tone. Lucy rose from her seat and stood near him, her thoughtful face upturned.

"What is left for me in England?" he resumed. "What am I here? A man without home, fortune, hope. I have worse than no prospects. The ceremony at which we have been

assisting this day, seems to have brought the bare facts more palpably before me in all their naked truth. Other men can have a home, can form social ties to bless it. I cannot."

"But why?" asked Lucy, her lips trembling.

"Why! Can you ask it, Lucy? There are moments—and they are all too frequent—when a fond vision comes over me of what my future might be; of the new ties I might form, and find the happiness in that—that I did not find in the last. The vision, I say, comes all too frequently for my peace of mind, when I realise the fact that it can never be fulfilled."

Lucy stood, her hands tightly clasped before her, a world of sadness in her fair young face. One less entirely single-hearted, less true than Lucy Tempest, might have professed to ignore the drift of his words. Had Lucy, since Mrs. Verner's death, cast a thought to the possibility of certain happy relations arising between her and Lionel—those social ties he now spoke of? No, not intentionally. If any such dreams did lurk in her heart unbidden, there she had let them lie, in entire abeyance. Lionel Verner had never spoken a word to her, or dropped a hint that he contemplated such: his intercourse with her had been free and open, just as it was with Decima. She was quite content: to be with him, to see him daily, was enough of happiness for her, without looking to the future.

"The further I get away from England, the better," he resumed. "India, from old associations, naturally suggests itself, but I care not whither I go. You threw out a suggestion once, Lucy, that Colonel Tempest might be able to help me to something there, by which I may get a living. Should I have found no success in London by the time he arrives, it is my intention to ask him the favour. He will be home in a few weeks, now."

"And you talk of leaving Deerham immediately!" cried Lucy. "Where's the necessity? You should wait until he comes."

"I have waited too long, as it is. Deerham will be glad to get rid of me. It may hold a jubilee the day it hears I have shipped myself off for India. I wonder if I shall ever come back? Probably not. I and old friends may never meet again on this side heaven."

He had been affecting to speak lightly, jokingly, toying at the same time with some trifle on the mantelpiece. But as he turned his eyes on Lucy at the conclusion of his sentence, he saw that the tears were falling on her cheeks. The words, the ideas they conjured up, had jarred painfully on every fibre of her heart. Lionel's light mood was gone.

"Lucy," he whispered, bending to her, his tone changing to one of passionate earnestness, "I dare not stay here longer. There are moments when I am tempted to forget my position, to forget honour, and speak words that—that—I ought not to speak. Even now, as I look down upon you, my heart is throbbing, my veins are tingling; but I must not touch you with my finger, or tell you of my impassioned love. All I can do is to carry it away with me, and battle with it alone."

Her face had grown white with emotion. She raised her wet eyes yearningly to his: but she still spoke the simple truth, unvarnished, the great agony that was lying at her heart.

"How shall I live on, with you away? It will be more lonely than I can bear."

"Don't, child!" he said, in a wailing tone of entreaty. "The temptation from my own heart is all too present. Don't you tempt me. Strong man though I am, there are things that I cannot bear."

He leaned on the mantelpiece, shading his face with his hand. Lucy stood in silence, striving to suppress her emotion from breaking forth.

"In the old days—very long ago, they seem now, to look back upon—I had the opportunity of assuring my life's happiness," he continued, in a low, steady tone. "I did not do it; I let it slip from me, foolishly, wilfully; of my own free act. But, Lucy—believe me or not as you like—I loved the one I rejected, more than the one I took. Before the sound of my marriage bells had yet rung out on my ears, the terrible conviction was within me that I loved that other better than all created things. You may judge, then, what my punishment has been."

She raised her eyes to his face, but he did not see them, did not look at her. He continued:

"It was the one great mistake of my life: made by myself alone. I cannot plead the excuse which so many are able to plead for life's mistakes, that I was drawn into it. I made it deliberately, as may be said; of my own free will. It is but just, therefore, that I should expiate it. How I have suffered in the expiation, Heaven alone knows. It is true that I bound myself in a moment of delirium, of passion, giving myself no time for thought; but I have never looked upon that fact as an excuse; for, a man who has come to the years I had, should hold his feelings under his own control. Yes: I missed that opportunity, and the chance went by for life."

"For life?" repeated Lucy, with streaming eyes. It was too terribly real a moment for any attempt at concealment. A little reticence, in her maiden modesty; but of concealment, none.

"I am a poor man now, Lucy!" he exclaimed: "worse than without prospects, if you knew all. And I do not know why you should not know all," he added, after a pause: "I am in debt. Such a man cannot marry."

The words were spoken quietly, temperately; their tone proving how hopeless could be any appeal against them, whether from him, from her, or from without. It was perfectly true: Lionel Verner's position placed him beyond the reach of social ties.

Little more was said. It was a topic which Lucy could not urge or gainsay; and Lionel did not see fit to continue it: he may have felt that it was dangerous ground, even for the man of honour that he strove to be. He held out his hand to Lucy.

"Will you forgive me?" he softly whispered.

Her sobs choked her. She strove to speak as she crept closer to him, and put out her hands in answer; but the words would not come: she lifted her face to glance at his.

"Not a night passes but I pray God to forgive me," he whispered, his voice trembling with emotion, as he pressed her hands between his, "to forgive the sorrow I have brought upon you. Oh, Lucy! forgive—forgive me!"

"Yes, yes," was all her answer, her sobs impeding her utterance, her tears blinding her. Lionel kept the hands strained to him; he looked down on the upturned face, and read its love there; he kept his own bent, with its mingled expression of tenderness and pain: but he did not take from it a single caress. What right had he? Verily, if he had not shown control over himself once in his life, he was showing it now.

He released one of his hands and laid it gently upon her head for a minute, his lips moving silently. Then he let her go: it was over.

She sat down on the low stool again on the opposite side the hearth, and buried her face and her anguish. Lionel buried his face, his elbow on the mantelpiece, his hand uplifted: he never looked at her again, nor spoke; she never raised her head; and when the company began to arrive, and came in, the silence was still unbroken.

And as they talked and laughed that night, fulfilling the usages of society amidst the guests, how little did any one present suspect the scene which had taken place but a short while before. How many of the smiling faces we meet in society cover aching hearts!

CHAPTER LXII. MASTER CHEESE BLOWN UP.

THERE were other houses in Deerham, that night, not quite so full of sociability as was Lady Verner's. For one, may be instanced that of the Miss Wests. They sat at the table in the general sitting-room, hard at work, the lamp between them. Miss Deborah was "turning" a tablecloth; Miss Amilly was darning sundry holes in a pillow-case. Their stock of household linen was in great need of being replaced by new; but, not having the requisite money to spare, they were doing their best to renovate the old.

A slight—they could not help feeling it as such—had been put upon them that day, in not having been invited to Decima Verner's wedding. The sisters-in-law of Lionel Verner, connected closely with Jan, they had expected the invitation. But it had not come. Lionel had pressed his mother to give it; Jan, in his straightforward way, when he had found it was not forthcoming, said, "Why don't you invite them? They'd do nobody any harm." Lady Verner, however, had positively declined: the Wests had never been acquaintances of hers, she said. They felt the slight, poor ladies. But they felt it quite humbly and meekly; not complaining; not venturing even to say to each other that they *might* have been asked. They only sat a little more silent than usual over their work that evening, doing more, and talking less.

The servant came in with the supper-tray, and laid it on the table."

"Is the cold pork to come in?" asked she. "I have not brought it. I thought, perhaps, you'd not care to have it in to-night, ma'am, as Mr. Jan's out."

Miss Deborah cast her eyes on the tray. There was a handsome piece of cheese, and a large glass of fresh celery. A rapid calculation passed through her mind that the cold pork, if not cut for supper, would make a dinner the following day, with an apple or a jam pudding.

"No, Martha, this will do for to-night," she answered. "Call Master Cheese, and then draw the ale."

"It's a wonder *he* waits to be called," was Martha's comment, as she went out. "He is generally in afore the tray, whatever the meals may be, he is."

She went out at the side door, and entered the surgery. Nobody was in it except the surgery-boy. The boy was asleep with his head and arms on the counter, and the gas flared away over him. A hissing and fizzing from Jan's room, like the sounds Lucy Tempest heard when she invaded the surgery the night of the ball at Deerham Hall, saluted Martha's ears. She went round the counter, tried the door, found it fastened, and shook the handle.

"Who's there?" called out Master Cheese from the other side.

"It's me," said Martha. "Supper's ready."

"Very well. I'll be in directly," responded Master Cheese.

"I say!" called out Martha, wrathfully, rattling the handle again, "if you are making a mess of that room, like you do sometimes, I won't have it. I'll complain to Mr. Jan. There! Messing the floor and places with your powder and stuff! It would take two servants to clear up after you."

"You go to Bath," was the satisfactory recommendation of Master Cheese.

Martha called out another wrathful warning, and withdrew. Master Cheese came forth, locked the door, took out the key, went in-doors and sat down to supper.

Sat down in angry consternation. He threw his eager glances to every point of the table, and could not see upon it what he was longing to see—what he had been expecting all the evening to see—for the terrible event of its not being there had never so much as crossed his imagination. The dinner had consisted of a loin of pork with the crackling on, and apple-sauce. A dish so beloved by Master Cheese, that he never thought of it without a watering of the mouth. It had been nothing like half eaten at dinner, neither the pork nor the sauce. Jan was at the wedding-breakfast, and the Miss Wests, in Master Cheese's estimation, ate like two sparrows: of course he had looked to be regaled with it at supper. Miss West cut him a large piece of cheese, and Miss Amilly handed him the glass of celery.

Now Master Cheese had no great liking for that vulgar edible which bore his name, and which used to form the staple of so many good old-fashioned suppers. To cheese in the abstract he could certainly have borne no forcible objection, since he was wont to steal into the larder, between breakfast and dinner, and help himself—as Martha would grumblingly complain—to "pounds" of it. The state of the case was just this: the young gentleman liked cheese well

enough when he could get nothing better. Cheese, however, as a substitute for cold loin of pork with "crackling" and apple-sauce, was hardly to be borne, and Master Cheese sat in dumbfounded dismay, heaving great sighs and casting his eyes upon his plate.

"I feel quite faint," cried he.

"What makes you feel faint?" asked Miss Deb.

"Well, I suppose it is for want of my supper," he returned. "Is—there no meat to-night, Miss Deb?"

"Not any," she answered, decisively. She had the pleasure of knowing Master Cheese well.

Master Cheese paused.

"There was nearly the whole joint left at dinner," said he, in a tone of remonstrance.

"There was a good deal of it left, and that's the reason it's not coming in," replied Miss Deb.

"It will be sufficient for to-morrow's dinner with a pudding. I'm sure it will not hurt you to sup upon cheese for one night."

With all his propensity for *bonne chère*, Master Cheese was really of a modest nature, and would not go the length of demanding luxuries, if denied them by Miss Deb. He was fain to content himself with the cheese and celery, eating so much of it that it may be a question whether the withholding of the cold pork had been a gain in the way of economy.

Laying down his knife at length, he put back his chair to return to the surgery. Generally he was not in so much haste; he liked to wait until the things were removed, even to the cloth, lest by a speedy departure he might miss some nice little dainty or other, coming in at the tail of the repast. It is true such impromptu arrivals were not common at Miss West's table, but Master Cheese liked to be on the sure side.

"You are in a hurry," remarked Miss Amilly, surprised at the unwonted withdrawal.

"Jan's out," returned Master Cheese. "Folks may be coming in to the surgery."

"I wonder if Mr. Jan will be late to-night?" cried Miss Deb.

"Of course he will," confidently replied Master Cheese. "Who ever heard of a wedding-party breaking up before morning?"

For this reason, probably, Master Cheese returned to the surgery, prepared to "make a night of it." Not altogether in the general acceptance of that term, but at his chemical experiments. It was most rare that he could make sure of Jan's absence for any length of time. When out in pursuance of his professional duties, Jan might be returning at any period; in five minutes or in five hours. There was no knowing: and Master Cheese dared not get his chemical apparatus about, in the uncertainty, Jan having so positively forbidden his recreations in the science. For this night, however, he thought he was safe. Master Cheese's ideas of a wedding festival consisted of unlimited feasting. He could not have left such a board, if bidden to one, until morning light, and he judged others by himself.

Jan's bedroom was strewed with vessels of various sorts and sizes from one end of it to the other. In the old days, Dr. West had been a

considerable dabbler in experimental chemistry himself. Jan also understood something of it. Master Cheese did not see why he should not. A roaring fire burnt in Jan's grate, and the young gentleman stood before it for a few minutes previous to resuming his researches, giving his back a roast and indulging bitter reminiscences touching his deficient supper.

"She's getting downright mean, is that old Deb!" grumbled he. "Especially if Jan happens to be out. Wasn't it different in West's time! He knew what was good, he did. Catch her daring to put bread and cheese on the table for supper then. I shall be quite exhausted before the night's over. Bob!"

Bob, his head still on the counter, partially woke up at the call. Sufficiently so to return a half sound by way of response.

"Bob!" roared Master Cheese again. "Can't you hear?"

Bob, his eyes blinking and winking, came in, in answer. That is, as far as he could get in, for the litter lying about.

"Bring in the jar of tamarinds."

"The jar of tamarinds!" repeated Bob. "In here?"

"Yes, in here," said Master Cheese. "Now, you needn't stare. All you have got to do is to obey orders."

Bob disappeared, and presently returned, lugging in a big porcelain jar. He was ordered to "take out the bung, and leave it open." He did so, setting it in a convenient place on the floor, near Master Cheese, and giving his opinion gratuitously of the condition of the room.

"Won't there be a row when Mr. Jan comes in and finds it like this!"

"The things will be put away long before he comes," responded Master Cheese. "Mind your own business. And, look here! if anybody comes bothering, Mr. Jan's out, and Mr. Cheese is out, and they can't be seen till the morning. Unless it's some desperate case," added Master Cheese, somewhat qualifying the instructions. "A fellow dying, or anything of that."

Bob withdrew, to fall asleep in the surgery as before, his head and arms on the counter; and Master Cheese recommenced his studies. Solacing himself first of all with a few mouthfuls of tamarinds, as he intended to do throughout his labours, he plunged his hands into a mass of incongruous substances—nitre, chlorate of potass, and sulphur being amongst them.

The Miss Wests, meanwhile, had got to their work after supper, and sewed until the clock struck ten. Then they put it away, and drew round the fire for a chat, their feet on the fender. A very short while, and they were surprised by the entrance of Jan.

"My goodness!" exclaimed Miss Amilly. "It's never you yet, Mr. Jan!"

"Why shouldn't it be?" returned Jan, drawing forward a chair, and sitting down by them. "Did you fancy I was going to sleep there?"

"Master Cheese thought you would keep it up until morning."

"Oh! did he? Is he gone to bed?"

"He is in the surgery," replied Miss Amilly.

"Mr. Jan, you have told us nothing yet about the wedding in the morning."

"It went off," answered Jan.

"But the details? How did the ladies look?"

"They looked as usual, for all I saw," replied Jan.

"What did they wear?"

"Wear? Gowns, I suppose."

"Oh, Mr. Jan! Surely you saw better than that! Can't you tell what sort of gowns?"

Jan really could not. It may be questioned whether he could have told a petticoat from a gown. Miss Amilly was waiting with breathless interest, her lips apart.

"Some were in white, and some were in colours, I think," hazarded Jan, trying to be correct in his goodnature. "Decima was in a veil."

"Of course she was," acquiesced Miss Amilly with emphasis. "Did the bridesmaids—"

What pertinent question relating to the bridesmaids Miss Amilly was about to put, never was known. A fearful sound interrupted it. A sound nearly impossible to describe. Was it a crash of thunder? Had an engine from the distant railway taken up its station outside their house, and gone off with a bang? Or had the surgery blown up? The room they were in shook, the windows rattled, the Miss Wests screamed with real terror, and Jan started from his seat.

"It can't be an explosion of gas!" he muttered.

Bursting out of the room, he nearly knocked down Martha, who was bursting into it. Instinct, or perhaps sound, took Jan to the surgery, and they all followed in his wake. Bob, the image of terrified consternation, stood in the midst of a *débris* of glass, his mouth open, and his hair standing on end. The glass bottles and jars of the establishment had flown from their shelves, causing the unhappy Bob to believe that the world had come to an end.

But what was the *débris* there, compared to the *débris* in the next room, Jan's. The window was out, the furniture was split, the various chemical apparatus had been shattered into a hundred pieces, the tamarind jar was in two, and Master Cheese was extended on the floor on his back, his hands scorched, his eyebrows singed off, his face black, and the end of his nose burning.

"Oh! that's it, is it?" said Jan, when his eyes took in the state of things. "I knew it would come to it."

"He have been and blowed hisself up," remarked Bob, who had stolen in after them.

"Is it the gas?" sobbed Miss Amilly, hardly able to speak for terror.

"No, it's not the gas," returned Jan, examining the *débris* more closely. "It's one of that gentleman's chemical experiments."

Deborah West was bending over the prostrate form in alarm. "He surely can't be dead!" she shivered.

"Not he," said Jan. "Come, get up," he added, taking Master Cheese by the arm to assist him.

He was placed in a chair, and there he sat, coming to, and emitting sundry dismal groans.

"I told you what you'd bring it to, if you persisted in attempting experiments that you know nothing about," was Jan's reprimand, delivered in a sharp tone. "A pretty state of things, this is."

Master Cheese groaned again.

"Are you much hurt?" asked Miss Deb, in a sympathising accent.

"Oh-o-o-o-o-h!" replied Master Cheese.

"Is there anything we can get for you?" resumed Miss Deb.

"Oh-o-o-o-o-h!" repeated Master Cheese.

"A glass of wine might revive me."

"Get up," said Jan, "and let's see if you can walk. He's not hurt, Miss Deb."

Master Cheese, yielding to the peremptory movement of Jan's arm, had no resource but to show them that he could walk. He had taken a step or two as dolefully as it was possible for him to do, keeping his eyes shut, and stretching out his hands before him after the manner of the blind, when an interruption came from Miss Amilly.

"What can this be, lying here?"

She was bending her head near the old bureau, which had been rent in the explosion, her eyes fixed upon some large letter or paper on the floor. They crowded round at the words, Jan picked it up, and found it to be a folded parchment, bearing a great seal.

"Halloa!" exclaimed Jan.

On the outside was written "Codicil to the will of Stephen Verner."

"What is it?" exclaimed Miss Deborah, and even Master Cheese contrived to get his eyes open to look.

"It is the lost codicil," replied Jan. "It must have been in that bureau. How did it get there?"

How indeed? There ensued a pause.

"It must have been placed there"—Jan was beginning, and then he stopped himself. He would not, before those ladies, say—"by Dr. West."

But to Jan it was now perfectly clear. That old hunting for the "prescription" which had puzzled him at the time, was explained now. There was the "prescription"—the codicil! Dr. West had had it in his hand when disturbed in that room by a stranger: he had flung it back in the bureau in his hurry, pushed it back: by some unexplainable means he must have pushed it too far, out of sight. And there it had lain until now, intact and undiscovered.

The hearts of the Miss Wests were turning to sickness, their countenances to pallor. That it could be no other than their father who had stolen the codicil from Stephen Verner's dying chamber, was present to their conviction. His motive could only have been to prevent Verner's *Pride* passing to Lionel, over his daughter and her husband. What did he think of his work when the news came of Frederick's death? What did he think of it when John Massingbird returned in person? What did he think of it when he read Sibylla's dying message, written to him by Amilly—"Tell papa it is the leaving Verner's *Pride* that has killed me"?

"I shall take possession of this," said Jan Verner.

The first thing on the following morning the codicil was handed over to Mr. Matias. He immediately recognised it by its appearance. But it would be opened officially later, in the presence of John Massingbird. Jan betook himself to Verner's Pride to carry the news, and found Mr. Massingbird astride on a pillar of the terrace steps, smoking away with gusto. The day was warm and sunshiny as the previous one had been.

"What, is it you?" cried he, when Jan came in sight. "You are up here betimes. Anybody dying, this way?"

"Not this morning," replied Jan. "I say, Massingbird, there's ill news in the wind for you."

"What's that?" composedly asked John, tilting some ashes out of his pipe.

"That codicil has come to light."

John puffed on vigorously, staring at Jan, but never speaking.

"The thief must have been old West," went on Jan. "Only think! it has been hidden all this while in that bureau of his, in my bed-room."

"What has unhidden it?" demanded Mr. Massingbird, in a half-satirical tone, as if he doubted the truth of the information.

"An explosion did that. Cheese got meddling with dangerous substances, and there was a blow-up. The bureau was thrown down and broken, and the codicil was dislodged. To talk of it, it sounds like an old stage trick."

"Did Cheese blow himself up?" asked John Massingbird.

"Yes. But he came down again. He is in bed with burnt hands and a scorched face. If I had told him once to let that dangerous play alone—dangerous in his hands—I had told him ten times."

"Where's the codicil?" inquired Mr. Massingbird, smoking away.

"In Matias's charge. You'd like to be present, I suppose, at the time of its being opened?"

"I can take your word," returned John Massingbird. "This does not surprise me. I have always had an impression that the codicil would turn up."

"It is more than I have have had," dissented Jan.

As if by common consent, they spoke no further on the subject of the abstraction and its guilty instrument. It was a pleasant theme to neither. John Massingbird, little refinement of feeling that he possessed, could not forget that Dr. West was his mother's brother: or Jan, that he was his late master, his present partner—that he was connected with him in the eyes of Deerham. Before they had spoken much longer, they were joined by Lionel.

"I shall give you no trouble, old fellow," was John Massingbird's salutation. "You gave me none."

"Thank you," answered Lionel. Though what precise trouble it lay in John Massingbird's power to give him, he did not see, considering that things were now so plain.

"You'll accord me house-room for a bit longer, though, won't you?"

"I will accord it you as long as you like," replied Lionel, in the warmth of his heart.

"You know I would have had you stop on here all along," remarked Mr. Massingbird; "but the bar to it was Sibylla. I am not sorry the thing's found. I am growing tired of my life here. It has come into my mind at times lately to think whether I should not give up to you, Lionel, and be off over the seas again. It's tame work, this, to one who has roughed it at the diggings."

"You'd not have done it," observed Jan, alluding to the giving up.

"Perhaps not," said John Massingbird; "but I have owed a debt to Lionel for a long while. I say, old chap, didn't you think I clapped on a good sum for your trouble when I offered you the management of Verner's Pride?"

"I did," answered Lionel.

"Ay! I was in your debt; am in it still. Careless as I am, I thought of it now and then."

"I do not understand you," said Lionel. "In what way are you in my debt?"

"Let it go for now," returned John. "I may tell you some time perhaps. When shall you take up your abode here?"

Lionel smiled. "I will not invade you without warning. You and I will take counsel together, John, and discuss plans and expediences."

"I suppose, you'll be for setting about your improvements now?"

"Yes," answered Lionel, his tone changing to one of deep seriousness, not to say reverence; "without loss of time."

"I told you they could wait until you came into the estate. It has not been long first, you see."

"No; but I never looked for it," said Lionel.

"Ah! Things turn up that we don't look for," concluded John Massingbird, smoking on as serenely as though he had come into an estate, instead of having lost one. "There'll be bonfires all over the place to-night, Lionel. A left-handed compliment to me. Here comes Luke Roy. I told him to be here this morning. What nuts this will be for old Roy to crack! He has been fit to stick me ever since I refused him the management of Verner's Pride."

(To be continued.)

TAR AND FEATHERS.

TAR and Feathers! The two substances have nothing in common; they are, in fact, not friends, but enemies, for on being brought into contact they mutually destroy each other's usefulness, yet do they cling together with a tenacity of affection which renders them thenceforth inseparable. It is impossible to say whose was the master-mind which first conceived the brilliant idea of their combined, or rather successive, application to the human form as a mode of punishment, that, to a large amount of bodily suffering, adds the extremes of ridicule and disgrace. The first trace of what has latterly been somewhat grandiloquently named the Plumeopicean code of laws, is to be found nearly seven hundred years ago. When Richard

Cœur de Lion, in the year 1190, went to the Crusades with Philip Augustus of France, his army joined that of his royal ally at Vezelai according to agreement. The two armies did not remain long together, in consequence of the numerous quarrels that arose, and the French King went away with his men to the Holy Land, leaving Richard to follow. While at Chinon, a small town in the province of Touraine, Richard issued divers orders for the better regulation of his soldiers during their coming voyage on the Mediterranean. Among these orders was the following remarkable one:—

"*Latro autem de furto convictus tondeatur ad modum campionis, et pix bulliens super caput ejus effundatur, et pluma pulvinaris super caput ejus executiatur ad cognoscendum eum, et in primâ terrâ quâ naves applicuerint projiciatur.*"

This singular piece of Latin may be freely translated as follows:—The convicted thief, after having his hair clipped close after the fashion of a prize-fighter, shall first have boiling pitch poured upon his head, and then have bed-feathers shaken out over it, as a mark to know him by; and that, in this condition, he shall be set ashore on the first land where the ships shall touch.

Whether this punishment was ever inflicted, or whether the dread of it kept all our English Crusaders honest, is more than we can say. Who knows but the curious traveller in search of old legends may yet find, among the inhabitants of some coast town or island in the Mediterranean, a tradition, distorted and garbled by centuries of repetition, of the sudden appearance among their forefathers of a strange bird, which discoursed in an unknown tongue, and whose body was that of a man, albeit its head was covered with downy feathers.

King Richard's Plumeopicean enactment does not seem to have met with much favour in England, as it found no place in our statute-book. It was apparently purely nautical, and did not apply to his army while on dry land. If any trace of it still exists, we should naturally expect to find it among sailors. It is not impossible that the mystic and unpleasant ceremony which accompanies the visit of Great Neptune to ships crossing the Equator, is, in fact, a faint shadow of the "pix bulliens," if not of the "pluma pulvinaris," of Cœur de Lion. My supposition as to the nautical origin and character of tarring and feathering is singularly confirmed by the circumstance that the first recorded outrage of this kind was perpetrated by a body of sailors. It is a long stride from the Crusades of the twelfth century to our North American colonies in the eighteenth; but nevertheless we must make it. On the 1st of November, 1773, the inhabitants of Pownalborough, a small New England town, were aroused by a loud cheering in the streets, and on going to investigate the cause, they saw "about thirty sailors surrounding an object which had more the appearance of the devil than any human being." The diabolical figure was a Mr. John Malcolm, a revenue officer, who had incurred the hatred of the sailors, as well as everybody else with whom he was brought officially into contact, by an undue severity in the exercise of the power with which

he was invested. He had been taken from a Mr. Bradbury's house, where he was staying, after a stout resistance, and "being disarmed of sword, cane, hat, and wig, he was genteelly tarred and feathered;" his tormentors then marched him through the streets, and let him go.

An odd feature in Mr. Malcolm's case is this,—in less than three months he was tarred and feathered again! On the 25th of January, 1774, he was bullying a small boy in Fore Street, Boston, when a gentleman named Hughes remonstrated with him; high words arose, they called each other rascals:—"Any how," says Hughes, "I was never tarred and feathered." Whereupon Malcolm struck him a blow on the forehead, which stretched him on the ground in an insensible condition. A mob assembled round Malcolm's house; he was foolish enough to defy them. "You say," he shouted, "I was tarred and feathered, and that it was not done in a proper manner; damn you, let me see the man that can do it better; I want to see it done in the new-fashioned manner." (This would seem to indicate that some change had been introduced into the practice). The mob seized him, put him in a cart, and, "stripping him to buff and breeches, gave him a *modern jacket*;" they then proposed an oath to him, whereby he was to swear to renounce his commission, and never to hold another inconsistent with the liberties of his country; and, on his obstinately refusing, they carted him to the gallows, passed a rope round his neck, and threw the other end over the beam, as if they intended to hang him. He still defied his persecutors, until a sound basting with a rope's end, [they use *cowhide* now-a-days] followed by a threat to cut off his ears, forced him to comply with their demand. The mob destroyed his house and furniture, but he escaped on board the *Active*, a British man-of-war, which brought him to England. It is said that the well-disposed part of the people of Boston offered him 300*l.* as compensation for his sufferings and loss, but I am inclined to doubt this.

In 1773 our North American colonies were in a ferment, and determined to resist by force the importation of the East India Company's tea from England. The ladies entered warmly into the scheme, and in one place no less than fifty-seven of them had a meeting, and agreed not to use any more India tea. They requested a gentleman who had lately bought some to return it; and, on his ready compliance, they "treated him to a glass of their country wine, and dismissed him highly pleased." Happy man! such politeness deserved its reward. All the men were not so polite, and some even went so far as to ridicule the proceedings of these ladies, styling them the *Matrons of Liberty*, and representing them as being secretly most anxious to have their accustomed tea, and complaining bitterly that their husbands had deprived them of it, while still retaining their own flip and punch. Probably the men required the flip and punch to rouse them to the requisite pitch for carrying out the rough measures which they now began to adopt. An inflammatory handbill was distributed in Philadelphia, calling upon the Delaware pilots to prevent the arrival of a ship laden with tea, which was expected at that

port, and reminding them that she could not come to an anchor without their assistance. This was only the forerunner of more decisive measures; the fitful gust of wind that preceded the coming gale. Bodies of men were leagued together, and, adopting the disguise of Indians, called themselves "Mohawks." They circulated notices, promising any one who should presume to let his store for the reception of the tea,—which they described allegorically as infernal chains and fetters forged by Great Britain to enslave them,—that they should not fail to pay him an unwelcome visit, in which he should be treated as he deserved by "the Mohawks." At Boston, in December 1773, these Mohawks took 342 chests of tea, valued at 18,000*l.*, and threw them into the sea. The act of the thirty sailors at Pownalborough fell into the soil thus prepared for its reception like seed, which quickly germinated and bore abundant fruit. The Mohawks now appear to have added to their destruction of property, personal violence to individuals; for, threatening notices began to be posted up in conspicuous places, signed "Joyce, jun., Chairman of the Committee for Tarring and Feathering."

Why the name of Joyce was selected as the *nom de guerre* of the leader of these rioters, I have been unable to discover. Perhaps there was, or had been, a "Joyce, sen.," celebrated for a rigid administration of the laws; or perhaps "Joyce's Grand American Balsam," much celebrated at that time as a panacea, may have determined the choice of the name. Fictitious signatures of the whole committee were now and then appended, such as Thomas Tarbucket, Peter Pitch, Abraham Wildfowl, David Plaister, Benjamin Brush, Oliver Scarecrow, and Henry Handcart; these, however, speak for themselves.

On the 10th of December, 1773, the committee addressed a letter to Captain Ayres of the ship *Polly*, which had a cargo of tea, advising him to preserve his person from the pitch and feathers that were prepared for him if he brought his ship to an anchor.

"What think you, Captain," he is asked with grim facetiousness, "of a halter round your neck, ten gallons of liquid tar decanted on your pate, and the feathers of a dozen wild geese laid over that to enliven your appearance? Dear Captain Ayres, let us advise you to fly without the wild-geese feathers."

These warnings of King Mob had their due influence on the captain. He attended "a most respectable and numerous meeting" to receive its wishes, and was so much impressed thereby that he bowed to its decision, and the ship *Polly*, with the tea undisturbed on board, turned her bows towards England. It was not unnatural that, since tea was entirely removed from the market, the shopkeepers should raise the price of coffee. The committee, however, was on the alert; it was not to be tolerated that coffee should be increased in price two or three pence per pound; and public notice was given that the question had been mooted, whether tar and feathers would not be a constitutional encouragement for such eminent patriotism.

About this time a brig laden with tea, commanded by a Captain Loring, was wrecked off

Cape Cod; some of the cargo was saved, and was conveyed by a schooner to Castle William. Mr. George Bickford, the skipper of the latter vessel, seems to have taken a fancy to be inoculated, and went on his arrival to the hospital at Marblehead, where he was duly operated upon, and laid up to await the result. Dread of infection, however, did not deter a party of Mohawks from paying him a visit, although they deferred proceeding to extremities in the then condition of his health. It is not unlikely that this visit drew the attention of the populace to this hospital for inoculation, and actuated, as is supposed, by a dread of the small-pox from patients not conforming to the rules, they commenced a series of outrages. Probably the real reason of these outrages was this, that the minds of the American mob had now become thoroughly imbued with a love of tarring and feathering their fellow-men on the smallest provocation, and here was an opportunity not to be resisted. The patients going from the ships to the hospital were obliged to find a different landing-place; the hospital boat was burnt, and several persons tarred and feathered for no particular reason. Four men were suspected of a design, under cover of the darkness, to steal some clothing belonging to the hospital, which was usually spread out to air at a particular spot. If they succeeded in their attempt, the infection would probably be communicated to the inhabitants of the neighbourhood. They were watched, pursued, and taken; but, finding that they were followed, they managed to throw the clothes overboard. The four prisoners were secured until the next day, when a considerable body of the Mobility assembled, and determined by a large majority that their punishment should be—tar and feathers. The scene which followed is described by an eye-witness as "the most extraordinary exhibition of the kind ever seen in North America." The four objects of resentment were placed in a cart facing each other, having been previously tarred and feathered "in the modern way." It was estimated that at least a thousand people, chiefly dressed in uniform, among whom were four drummers, formed themselves into a procession at the town-house in Marblehead. At the heels of this multitude came the cart with its miserable occupants—a fifer and drummer walking in front of it. In this manner they marched from Marblehead to Salem, a distance of four miles and a half, entering the latter town about noon. Here a numerous body of the Salemites joined them and paraded with them through the principal streets, with drumming and fifing, and a large white flag flying from the cart, "which, with the exquisitely droll and grotesque appearance of the four tarred and feathered objects of derision, exhibited a very laughable and truly comic scene." The procession left Salem at one o'clock, and returned to Marblehead, where it dispersed. After tarring and feathering several other unfortunates, for reasons best known to themselves, the rioters, or some persons instigated by them, set fire to the hospital and burnt it, with its seventy beds, bedding, &c., to the ground.

A feeble and futile effort was now made to enforce the law, and bring the culprits to punish-

ment. With this object two or three persons were taken up on suspicion, and committed to Salem gaol. A mob of some five hundred people assembled, broke into the prison, obliged the keeper to deliver up the keys, and released the prisoners. The high-sheriff afterwards took the matter up, and summoned the inhabitants according to law, to assist him with arms and ammunition in re-taking the prisoners; but some gentle persuasion being brought to bear upon the owners of the hospital (which was private property), they were induced to withdraw all further claim for damages; and so the matter ended.

From such expressions as "modern jacket," "new-fashioned dress of tar and feathers," and many others which frequently occur in the newspaper reports of that period, it is evident that it was regarded as a novelty. It has now become a settled institution, and its occurrence is no longer so unusual as to call for any remark. At that time, however, the new-fashion became a complete mania, and it seems exactly to have supplied a want among the rough colonists of North America. From the numerous cases which occurred I will select a few of the most interesting. It is but seldom that any pity is expressed for the unhappy victims; and when it is, we have some difficulty in deciding whether the writer is in earnest. For instance, the Georgia papers, in giving an account of the tarring and feathering of Mr. Brown, a merchant, at Augusta, add—"the poor gentleman was a long time under their discipline, and suffered greatly."

In 1775, a shopkeeper named Laughton Martin and his servant were subjected to "the discipline." Their offence was a serious one, and is a proof—if one were wanting—that freedom of opinion and speech was not less difficult of enjoyment in the Home of Liberty ninety years ago, than it is now. Master and man, in a reckless moment, had drunk "D—n to the American cause!" Having been induced with the Plumeopicean robe, they were conducted in a cart to the water-side, and put on board a ship bound to Bristol, without being suffered to see either wife or family; but not without being first taken to a tavern, where the committee was sitting, and obliged to drink a counter-toast. In August of the same year, Mr. Antony Warrsick, a most respectable merchant of Virginia, was unguarded enough to say to some idle people, who were abusing king and parliament, "You are lawless fellows." He was instantly seized, carried about fifteen miles, when he was stripped entirely naked, tied to a public whipping-post, and then and there tarred and feathered. After loading him with every species of scurrilous abuse their minds could invent, his tormentors released him. That the law was utterly powerless is evident, for, the persons of those empowered to administer it were not safe from attack. In September 1775, James Smith, Esq., a judge of the Court of Common Pleas for Dutchess county, New York, and Cohen Smith (his brother or near relative, as I suppose), were carted five or six miles into the country, and "very handomely tarred and feathered," for acting in open contempt of the resolves of the County Committee.

I have hitherto dealt only with that branch of my subject which shows how tarring and feathering was developed in opposition to British rule in North America. Some twenty years later, it was employed with even greater vigour against the newly-founded government of the United States by its own citizens. If the populace objected to our attempted imposition of tea-duties, it objected more strongly to the excise on home-distilled spirits imposed by its own government. In 1791, Congress passed a law laying duties on spirits distilled in the United States, and immediately an insurrection in opposition to this law commenced in the four most western counties of Pennsylvania, viz., Alleghany, Washington, Fayette, and Westmoreland. Of these counties, Washington, in spite of the name it bore, uniformly distinguished its resistance by greater excesses than the other counties, and seems to have been chiefly instrumental in kindling and keeping alive the flame. In his speech to Congress, November 19, 1794, General Washington had to allude to this insurrection, which had only been suppressed that year, and when he had to name the particular counties which had revolted, it was remarked that he faltered, and his voice trembled as he uttered the names of Washington and Fayette. The amount of tar and feathers employed for the purposes of this insurrection must have been startling; and, when we consider how thinly peopled the district must have been at that time, a man who had not undergone "the discipline" was doubtless quite a rarity.

Of course the vengeance of the mob fell first on those who had been bold enough to take the posts of collectors of revenue. Washington county led the way. On the 6th of September, 1791, Mr. Robert Johnson, who had accepted the office of Collector of Revenue for Washington and Alleghany counties, was waylaid at a place on Pigeon Creek by a party of men, armed and disguised; they tied him naked to a tree, cut off his hair, tarred and feathered him, and deprived him of his horse, thus obliging him to travel a considerable distance on foot in that mortifying and ridiculous plight. The authorities gave orders for the arrest of three of the men concerned in this outrage, and directed Mr. Clement Biddle, the United States Marshal, to serve the necessary processes. Mr. Biddle entrusted this dangerous duty to his deputy, one Joseph Fox, who in his turn, thinking discretion the better part of valour, sent them by private messenger, under cover. The Marshal did not hesitate to express his conviction that if he had attempted to serve these notices himself, he should not have been allowed to return alive. As it was, the unfortunate messenger was caught, whipped, tarred, and feathered, and, after having had his money and horse taken from him, was blindfolded, and tied to a tree in the woods, in which condition he remained for five hours. Another official, named Wells, who had accepted the post of collector for the counties of Westmoreland and Fayette, was similarly ill-treated.

Some time in October in the same year, an unhappy man of weak intellect, Wilson by name, a stranger in the country, became possessed with an idea that he was a collector, or in some way in-

vested with official functions in relation to the excise. He went about inquiring of the distillers if they had registered their stills according to law. His imaginary official dignity was but short-lived; he was pursued by a party of insurgents, as usual in disguise, and taken out of his bed. They carried him about three miles, to a blacksmith's shop, stripped him naked, and burnt his clothes. After applying a red-hot iron to various parts of his body, they tarred and feathered him, and dismissed him at daybreak, naked, wounded, and otherwise in a very suffering condition. The wretched lunatic bore the torture inflicted upon him, with the heroic fortitude of a man who believed himself to be a martyr to the discharge of some important duty. A similar fate befell a man named Roseberry, and several others.

In August, 1792, the Inspector of Revenue procured the house of Captain W. Faulkner for an office in Washington county; but the all-powerful mob threatened the captain that, if he did not prevent the further use of his house as an office, they would scalp, tar, and feather him, and burn his house and property. It is needless to inquire whether he acquiesced in their demands. In 1793, the condition of affairs remained the same. Some distillers were disposed to comply with the orders of the government, but they were subjected to "the discipline," and—in one case at least—compelled to advertise their sufferings in the "Pittsburg Gazette," as a warning to others. One of the many sufferers in this riotous opposition to the law, was a private person, who had innocently remarked, that, when people did not obey government, they could not look for its protection! As late as the 6th of June, 1794, John Lynn, whose house was occupied as an excise office, underwent the usual formula, viz., he was tarred, feathered, tied to a tree, &c., added to which his house was partly destroyed. About this time the United States Marshal seems to have ventured within the riotous districts; but his mission was productive of no results, save danger and disgrace to himself. He was fired upon, and eventually seized. His life was frequently threatened; in fact, he was probably only saved by the intervention of some of the leading insurgents, who possessed either more humanity or prudence than their fellows. His safety and liberty were alone secured to him, by his entering into a solemn engagement to serve no more processes on the western side of the Alleghany Mountains.

One of the last acts of the insurgents was the stoppage of the mail from Pittsburg to Philadelphia by armed men, who cut open the bag, and, from the letters that it contained, found out which of the inhabitants were enemies to the popular cause. Delegates were despatched from the town of Washington to Pittsburg, to demand the expulsion of these secret foes. A prompt obedience was unavoidable. The government could temporise no longer. Affidavits and reports of the facts were presented to President Washington, who, by the unanimous advice of his cabinet, decided to call out the militia,—a measure which was not accomplished without difficulty. The rebellion instantly collapsed; and it is not clear that the force called out to suppress the in-

surrection did not do more mischief than the insurgents themselves. Marshall, in his life of Washington, says—"The greatness of the force prevented the effusion of blood; the disaffected did not venture to assemble in arms."

These riotous proceedings of the mob, this defiance of the constituted authorities, must in no way be confounded with what is called Lynch-law. That is a much more solemn and important affair, which, though open to great abuse, has nevertheless done good service in newly occupied territories, where the arm of the law, properly so called, is powerless to punish or protect; or where, as in some cases, the populace take upon themselves to supplement that leniency towards crime which is so characteristic of American legislation. Judge Lynch and his subordinates employ tar and feathers very freely as a punishment, but they are usually only mild adjuncts to far more terrible measures.

WM. HARDMAN.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF HUMAN FOOD.

THE preparation of food is of two kinds—public and private. The public consists in the ordinary modes of converting minerals and gases into vegetables, and vegetables into animals with milk, cream, cheese, flesh meat, and marrow-bones. The private modes are the chemical and mechanical conversion of materials by artificial as opposed to natural processes, and they are kept private as far as possible, because the public is strong in the belief that natural food is wholesome, and artificial food unwholesome. This may or may not be.

Scents and flavours are notoriously artificial, as well as wines; and the public, in these cases, blinks the matter, because the natural quantities are insufficient to supply the demand, and the great mass of the public must either accept the artificial or go without.

Natural food, either vegetable or animal, is subject to decomposition. To preserve it from decomposition four methods are used. It is charged with antiseptics, as salt or sugar; or it is dried; or it is hermetically sealed in metal cases, to exclude the air; or it is kept in antiseptic gases which exclude oxygen. When decomposition has commenced, it ceases to be food in law, and is denounced as poisonous to human beings, though given to animals to feed on, which animals, in some cases, are used for human food when slaughtered, making the poison second-hand.

Diseased animals are also denounced, but it does not follow that disease always destroys the utility of the food, for the artificial liver complaint of Strasbourg geese is even held to produce a luxury. How far chemists might or do deal with diseased or decomposed vegetables or flesh we do not know, and they would be the last persons to tell us, because it would prejudice the sale; but we do know that decomposing flesh may, by the use of charcoal, be freed from its putrid odour; and yet, in the case of game, the odour of decomposition is carefully sought, and is thought to heighten the flavour.

The process of decomposition, in the case of fish, is arrested by ice, which robs it of its flavour,

and in Russia provisions of all kinds are frozen to preserve them. It is clear that the chemical conditions of food vary, for while venison, hares, partridges, grouse, as also some cheese, &c., are held to be most relishing and nutritious in a state of partial decomposition—beef, mutton, veal, pork, and fish are detestable on the slightest approach of putridity, though there is an incipient decomposition, making the two former tender, which renders them better for digestion.

If chemistry can make the putrid fish of Billingsgate and the putrid flesh of Newgate and Leadenhall Markets wholesome, by neutralising the poisonous qualities, it seems desirable that it should be a lawful process. It is possible that such damaged provisions might be chemically decomposed and the putridity or disease got rid of, and if so, there would certainly be a desirability of making the process common.

There is much talk of the adulteration of food; if by adulteration we mean deterioration, that clearly is a thing to be denounced as a cheating process of selling one thing for another fraudulently. But the mixing or changing food with the knowledge of the customer, substituting the artificial for the natural, may occasionally be beneficial.

Amongst the most nutritive articles of our food are milk, cream, butter, and cheese. There is scarcely any limit to the demand for them, and any process which can increase their quantity without diminishing their quality is desirable. Genuine milk is so desirable that at one time a practice obtained of driving cows to Londoners' doors, and milking them then and there. But this by no means proved anything more than that the fluid came direct from the cow. The fact that cabbage leaves and pump water in any quantity were made to pass through a living machine, by no means constituted the chemical substance called milk—the juices of rich grass transmuted.

Cream is a very delicious food, yet it is only the fatty substance of the cow with a peculiar flavour superadded. If our chemists can take the whole fat of the cow after slaughter, and add to it an artificial flavour, and thus convert it into an artificial cream, it will surely be a great gain. There is little doubt that a large amount of London butter is manufactured artificially, but the objection is, that it is a very bad and unpleasant imitation of natural butter.

The present writer was riding behind an engine on a railway a short time back, when there stole on him a strong odour of red herring.

"Why, guard! is the driver cooking his breakfast at the fire-box door?"

"No, sir! that is where it comes from," pointing to a huge factory on the left of the road.

"What are they doing there?"

"Melting down fat."

"For the candle-makers?"

"No, sir; for Dutch butter!"

"What fat is it?"

"Oh! they pretend it's all 'flares;' but they put in old grease of any kind—old railway grease and bone-fat!"

"But why for Dutch butter?"

"Because they can't make it into butter here,

as Dr. Letheby and Dr. Hassall would be down upon them. So they send the fat over to Holland ready melted, and make it into butter there, and send it back here, when nobody can say anything against it. But, sir, I'm told that they use arsenic in purifying the fat, and if they don't get it all out before they make butter of it, all the worse for the poor who eat it."

If the English manufacturers produce edible and nourishing fat from waste and other material, and Dutch chemists so flavour it that it tastes like butter, and the effect on digestion is the same, there is no apparent harm in the process.

But it would be well, nevertheless, that it should pass through the crucible of English chemists before passing into the stomachs of the English poor.

W. BRIDGES ADAMS.

TAPPING FOR TODDY.



AMONGST the various novelties which astonish and amuse the "griffin" at Madras, is to stroll in the morning down the tops, (invariably situated in some portion of the extensive compounds) and witness the operation of tapping the cocoa-nut trees for the delicious toddy they yield. Talk about agility being confined to the monkey tribe, or lamplighters shinning up and down the lamp-posts,—why, the toddy-man far surpasses the latter and fully equals the former. To see him climb up a cocoa-nut tree somewhere between sixty and seventy feet in height, and to witness his lightning-like descent, despite the coarse nature of the bark of the tree, is marvellous. It is difficult to conceive how human flesh and blood can accomplish such feats without being literally made mincemeat of. But he does it; and I never remember hearing of any accident during twenty

years' residence in India. Long practice, however, and the natural suppleness of the Indians' limbs, enable them to accomplish what constitutes them, almost to a man, acrobats; and from early childhood they are reared to gymnastic exercises, which impart immense muscular power. Even the Nautch girls, when dancing, are as supple as india-rubber, and can dance with facility, though actually bent double backwards, and with their heads touching their heels.

The only assistance or helping medium employed by the toddy-man consists of two long and strong belts made out of coir, twisted into stout ropes, and covered over with hides, to prevent the friction too speedily wearing away these supports, on the durability and strength of which the toddy-man's life or safety of limb depends. The largest of these belts, which open and shut with a powerful iron hasp, passes under the toddy-man's armpits, and is so large as to admit of his leaning back against it sufficiently to enable him to give every successive throw or climb he makes upwards a sufficient impetus from the clutch of his powerful hands and the encircling strength of his arms. The smaller belt is in like manner attached round his ankles. With these safeguards he throws up his arms as high as he can, and, getting a firm hold, hauls himself up rapidly: the naked toes of his feet help him materially in climbing up against the side of the tree, the two girths that bound him round the tree gliding up easily with him, and, when he at length reaches the top, constituting a species of easy-chair for him; for he rests his feet firmly against the lower one, and, leaning back against the upper, has the free use of his arms and hands whilst he detaches the toddy-pot from the sprout to which it is attached, and which, but for the operation of tapping, would have produced fruit in abundance: in short, the juice that oozes through the sprout is the sap that would have composed the pith and sweetness of the cocoa-nut and the delicious water which this fruit contains. The toddy-man carries a sharp knife in a girdle round his waist, and slung over his shoulder a large brass pot, into which he pours the toddy as he passes from tree to tree, and, possessing perfect knowledge of the exact quantity which his line of tope will produce, the brass receptacle is always large enough for the supply. Having emptied the toddy-pot, before replacing it he unsheathes the knife at his side, and cuts a small slice off the protruding sprout, and fastening the toddy-pot to it securely, slides down again to terra firma.

But, whilst our toddy-man is disengaging himself from the hoops that bound him to the tree, we cannot help gazing at the noble tree itself, and thinking over its marvellous adaptation to the wants of the people inhabiting those climes to which it is indigenous. Apart from the toddy and the ardent spirit, arrak, into which it turns when kept some days and allowed to ferment, the farinaceous matter contained in the stem is a good substitute for sago; and a coarse, dark-coloured sugar, called jaggherry, extracted from it, is the only kind of sugar which hundreds of poor half-castes and Portuguese can afford to use with their

tea or coffee. It is used also in the construction of some of the best-flavoured sweetmeats sold in the bazaars: moreover, when mixed with lime, it forms a powerful cement, and (whilst it resists moisture, and endures great solar heat) takes that beautiful polish which is so striking a characteristic of the European houses at Madras, and makes the lofty pillars of the verandahs look like pure marble.

Then, again, the fibrous bark is used for brushes to polish furniture, and to form the valuable elastic cordage called coir: the fibrous matter is also employed to stuff mattresses. Aqueducts, drums, and the posts of huts are formed from its trunk, and the latter thatched by its dried leaves. In such a house lives yonder toddy-man, and he says that it keeps out both rain and heat. The young buds are a delicate vegetable. The cocoa-nut shells are manufactured into drinking vessels and measures; the solid fruit within the shell, besides being a delicate relish of delicious flavour, and constituting the main support of hundreds of poor natives in Ceylon and other parts of India, is compressed into an excellent transparent oil, used by Europeans for lamps, and by the natives to mix with sweetmeats or curry, whilst their women apply it to the hair; and the seams of boats and ships in India are greased with a substance made out of the cocoa-nut oil mixed with dammers.

Our toddy-man's wife, on festive occasions, sports head-dresses manufactured from the leaves of the cocoa-nut; uses baskets made of the same material; draws water with buckets, and lights her tent with a lantern manufactured from these leaves: whilst the toddy-man himself converts the leaves into books, in which, with a steel prong, he keeps reckonings of his daily sales. Their ashes yield potash; their midrib forms vases; and soft brushes are made by bruising the end of a leaf with a portion of the midrib adhering to it.

The toddy-man's greatest enemies, in places up the country, or isolated topes, are legions of monkeys, who not only drink all his toddy, and break the pots into the bargain, but twist off the heavy fruit and pitch them down upon his head if he shows any symptoms of remonstrating with a gun or a pellet bow. Indeed, their great predilection for the cocoa-nut is supposed to be the origin of that name being applied to this gigantic and elegant tree, it being derived from the Portuguese "macoco," or "macaco," which signifies monkey; and a monkey's skull bears always a resemblance to a cocoa-nut in that part of the shell where the three dots or scars indicate the spots through which the three embryos of the fruit would have been equally developed, but for the fact of two of them being constantly abortive.

And now for a glass of this exquisite toddy, after it has been duly strained through a sieve, to clear it of the thirsty flies that have tumbled in during the descent of the toddy-man. It is sweet; it is transparent; it is cool and harmless in the fresh state; and if you ask the toddy-man, he will tell you that the nectar of the gods of old never surpassed the toddy which his tope of trees produces.

OF A HAUNTED HOUSE IN MEXICO.



NATURE has gifted me with an excellent memory, but not a particle of imagination, otherwise I might clothe with details many interesting narratives which now repose in my mind as mere dry facts. As captain of a ship carrying passengers of every grade, from the man of humble origin who has made a fortune by successful speculation, to the members of royal families, it often happens that one or other of them beguiles the time by walking up and down the deck with me, while smoking his evening cigar, and relating some of his experiences at the places where he has been. Some of these are tedious enough to listen to, very frequently more on account of the manner in which they are told than because they are uninteresting in themselves, but others are, as far as I am able to judge, of sufficient interest to be told again, and to a larger audience. I will only ask those who read them to remember that they are written by one who makes no claim whatever to the distinction of being considered as a literary man.

I once entered the port of Vera Cruz, in Mexico, while a revolution was going on—no very extraordinary coincidence in the case of a country

where disturbances of the kind are so common as they are there. Of course, under these circumstances, I did not attempt to land the consignments intrusted to my charge, but waited till things had settled down a little, as there is always a good deal of pillage and robbery on these occasions, and it is difficult to prove by whom, as it may be by the troops who have gone out, or by those who have come in, or by the populace. The reports of the muskets were incessant, and as there was no occasion for my landing, I intended to remain on board till the affair was concluded one way or the other, and advised the few passengers I had on board to do the same, which, with one exception, they did. The man who declined to follow my advice was a young German from Bremen, who had come out to join an uncle, whose name I do not think I am at liberty to mention, especially as it is well known to most men who have had commercial dealings with Mexican houses. That Mr. — Van Hoogen, say—the young man in question, should be only the more anxious to get ashore when he found what was going on, was natural enough. His uncle was an elderly man, and reputed to be very rich, a reputation which

was strengthened by the humble style in which he lived. He did not live in the city, but had a house between two and three miles from it, in quite a lonely situation, and his friends frequently urged him to give it up, on account of the number of vagabond ruffians who were always to be found in and about the city, waiting for something to turn up, and always ready to sell themselves to an adventurer who appeared to have a chance of forcing his way into the capital, without caring greatly whether he gained his object or not, so that it gave them a chance of gaining theirs, which was simply one of plunder. To all these solicitations the old man turned a deaf ear, and only laughed at their fears, assuring them that he never even locked his doors at night, though his house had been repeatedly entered and searched by thieves. The fact was, there was nothing in it which a thief could carry away which was likely to be of any use to him; and when this became generally known among the brigands, they left the old man unmolested, probably supposing that he left his money in the city, as the man who did not think it necessary to secure his house at night in a country like Mexico could not possibly have anything in it worth the taking; which was precisely the inference he desired them to draw, no doubt.

Mr. Van Hoogen being determined to land at all risks, I ordered a boat to be got ready, and as soon as he had settled his account with the steward, he was rowed ashore, and I concluded that I had seen the last of that gentleman—for this voyage, at all events.

There is an awful waste of powder and ball in these Mexican outbreaks. So far from "every bullet having its billet," the mass of them meet with the fate of Mr. Winkle's shot, and are unfortunate foundlings cast loose upon the world, and billeted nowhere, instead of finding a location in a Mexican's body. I sincerely believe that nothing would tend more to the preservation of peace in that country than the introduction of a few hundreds of Enfield rifles, with the like number of men able and willing to develop their capabilities to the utmost, on one side or the other, it does not matter which, provided they adhere consistently to the side they choose, and do not fight on Harry Wynd's principle.* At present there is an immense amount of firing and very little execution in these affairs, the combatants appearing to derive a kind of stimulant from the noise they make, and think more of discharging their muskets rapidly than of doing execution.

As soon as the firing had slackened sufficiently to show that the advantage had declared itself on one side, and that there was a fair probability that a European uniform would be respected, I went ashore to look after the consignees, in order to get rid of the cargo on board as quickly as possible, so that I might be in a position to sail with the least delay, the rates for passengers commonly ruling high after these occasions. There were a few dead bodies lying about the streets here and there, but not sufficient to induce me to believe there had been such an immense slaughter, as was represented in

the newspapers afterwards, according to which "the gutters ran with human blood;" a phenomenon that might very well occur without the sacrifice of life being at all in proportion to what the imagination would conceive from reading the expression. I found most of the consignees in their offices in the city, and I accepted the invitation of one of them to spend a few days at his house, leaving the ship in charge of the chief officer during my absence. The evening of my return on board, while I was receiving his report, I happened to run my eye down the passenger list, and among many foreign names which had no interest for me, I came to that of Van Hoogen.

"Van Hoogen!" I said. "Is he come on board again? I do not see his uncle's name here. Do you know if anything has happened to the old man?"

"No, I don't, sir; but something has happened to Mr. Van Hoogen, for he looked like a bale of rags when he was brought on board. If I had known the condition he was in when the man came to take his berth, I would have refused the money."

"Has he got a fever, do you suppose?"

"No. I stopped him till I was satisfied that he had nothing of that sort the matter with him. I could only make out, from what his attendant said, that he had been wounded, for you know I don't speak their language much, nor understand it either."

"Very well. So long as he has got no fever to frighten the other passengers, there can be no objection to his being on board, poor fellow. Tell Robert to give him as much of his time as he can spare, for if his servant can only speak Mexican, he is not likely to be of much use to him.

The arrangements made by my representative while I was ashore were so advantageous, that there was no necessity for my waiting to take in more cargo than was brought down by the passengers on board, and to their great gratification we were in a few hours at sea, till which time they seemed to live in a continual dread of being torn from their sanctuary.

We had been several days at sea before Van Hoogen had recovered sufficiently to be brought upon deck. He was a pitiful object in comparison with the strong, healthy-looking passenger who had come out with us. Instead of the round, full face, there was the face of a skeleton, over which a piece of parchment had been tightly drawn, while the shape of the body from chin to heel was completely hidden by bandages. That I should ask him what had befallen him to reduce him to this miserable condition was only natural, but his explanation, which follows without a break, was the result of many conversations.

MR. VAN HOOGEN'S NARRATIVE.

"The first thing I did after I got ashore was to hire a half-naked fellow I saw standing at the landing-place, to take me to my uncle's office. These men always know the city they live in well, especially the worst part of it, and he took me by obscure streets, where everything wore as tranquil an appearance, as though there was no fighting going on within fifty miles of it; it was only when

* This was written before the intervention of the European powers was thought of.

we were close to the house I wanted to go to, that the firing sounded clear and sharp. On inquiring for my uncle, I was told by the man who had charge of the office that he was at his country-house, and not likely to come into the city till the revolution was over. I had a good deal of difficulty in persuading this man to leave the office to become my guide, he being doubtful whether my uncle would approve of his leaving his post for that purpose; but he consented at last, and I went straight to bed, with the understanding that he would call me at daybreak.

By the time I had breakfasted the next morning, the sun had well risen. There was no firing in the streets, though every now and again we came upon a group of armed men, who barred the road till they had had a short dialogue with Mindanho, after which we were suffered to go on our way. I shall not soon forget this exciting walk. The novel scenery, the houses, so different in appearance to those to which I had been accustomed, the character of the vegetation, and the pleasure of being able to step out freely on firm land, made me enjoy it greatly, in spite of the drawback to its full enjoyment in the shape of bands of brigands who, having been driven out of the city, were scattered in all directions in search of plunder. To do these but justice, I must say, that I don't think they often murdered anybody. I passed several houses of the better class which had been ransacked, but I saw no signs of personal violence. Men were occasionally seen working in the fields, as though they had nothing to fear, and the women who came to their doors as we passed appeared to be under no apprehension on this score, though a band of these ruffians was camped under some trees within two hundred yards of the largest group of cottages I saw in the course of my walk. On asking Mindanho how this was, he told me they were too much accustomed to these things to be frightened by them. The explanation was conveyed in rather an equivocal form, but if I had had any desire to get more precise information, I could not have done so just then, for a number of the robbers surrounded us, and wanted to know who we were, where we were going, and what money we had about us. Mindanho replied to these queries, but we were now among a different set of men to those who had stopped us in the streets,—men who made no pretence of fighting in the cause of order, and to whom all fish were welcome that fell into their net.

The end of our discussion was, that I agreed to give up all the money I had about me, provided they would go so far on our way with us as to insure that I should not be again molested before reaching my uncle's house. The consent they gave to this proposition did not cost them much, for they halted at the top of the next rising ground, and, pointing out my uncle's house, told me they would remain where they were till they saw me enter it. On reaching the house I found that so far as external appearances went, there was nothing to induce one to suppose that any violence had been perpetrated there: quite the contrary; there was an air of peculiar peacefulness about the place, which struck me the more forcibly after

what I had seen within the last two hours, so that I felt completely relieved from the apprehensions on the score of my uncle's safety, which, in spite of all my efforts, had forced themselves upon my imagination. The sound of our footsteps brought out no servant to see who was approaching; but I had heard of my uncle's habits, and as Mindanho paid no regard to this, I saw nothing in it which, under the circumstances, was not quite natural; but when we entered the house, and there was still no sign of life, an indefinable dread of something wrong made me push forward with a quicker and firmer step. Mindanho, who knew the house well, went direct to the room in which my uncle invariably sat, took his meals, and slept. At the door we met my uncle's attendant, a man of about forty-five years of age apparently, but who might have been some years older, being one of those thin, dark-visaged men whose age it is difficult to determine from appearance. I looked keenly at him as I waited eagerly for his answer to Mindanho's question respecting my uncle, and I could not avoid noticing that he was greatly confused and agitated, and instead of replying at once, he looked uneasily about the room, and retreated, as it seemed to me unconsciously, towards the fireplace. There was an immense fire burning, and it certainly could not have been on account of the coldness of the weather; but Mindanho, who saw that I was surprised at the circumstance, told me that this was one of my uncle's whims, and that he never saw the grate—which was a large one, of English make—without a fire in it. I repeated the inquiry respecting my uncle, and the answer which José now gave was:

"Indeed I know not, Señor. The brigands have been here and carried him away with them."

"When did that happen?"

"The night before last, Señor. They came at midnight, the doors were unfastened as usual, and your uncle was sleeping in this room. I heard them come in, and came down here to assist my master, but he was talking to them quite tranquilly, and did not look as if he were at all frightened."

Here he paused, and if at that time I had had any reason to suppose that he was implicated in my uncle's disappearance, I should have suspected him of being at a loss what further to say; but having no suspicion, I only suggested to him that I was waiting for further explanation by ejaculating "Well!"

"Well, Señor, they asked him for money, and he told them he had not got any here except what was in his purse, which he gave to their leader. The man opened it, and seemed very dissatisfied, and began to curse and swear at my master; but he would give them no more. They searched the house, and after they had eaten and drank all they could, they ordered him to come away with them, and I have never seen him since."

At this moment my attention was distracted from what he was saying by a low and rather ringing sound, as of the collision of metals, in some place at a little distance. José heard it, too, and became so violently agitated that I believe he

would have fallen to the ground, if he had not been able to save himself by clutching at the table. Without waiting to be questioned, he said :

"Oh, Señor ! I fear my master has been murdered, for ever since yesterday morning I have heard these noises in the house, sometimes in one room, sometimes in another, but louder and more often here than anywhere else. All the servants have run away, and I could not have stayed another night in the house if you had not come. . . Holy Virgin ! hear that again."

With this exclamation the man rolled from the table to the floor, and I had a difficulty in keeping myself upright, for the sounds that were distinctly audible were enough, in the absence of visible agency to produce them, to chill any man's blood. Groans and cries, mingled with the same peculiar metallic sounds I have already mentioned, filled the room. Mindanho was even more agitated than I, but he was the first to recover himself sufficiently to propose that we should examine the other rooms. The examination was of no avail, though the sounds were much fainter in them than in that we had left. We then returned to the room which had been occupied by my uncle, but we found all quiet there now. José told us that this was as it always was. It began with the same sounds, and went on increasing more and more, till it at last died away, as it had now, only it lasted longer at one time than at another.

I must acknowledge that I had heard so much of spiritual manifestations, rappings, and so forth, in Germany, that, in spite of my reason, my imagination had assented to the possibility that the respectable persons who had declared themselves to have been witnesses of the phenomena might not have been mistaken. Now, when these inexplicable sounds were still ringing in my ears, I found myself more ready to admit the existence of supernatural causes, especially as there was no darkness to shroud the actors in any trickery. I walked out of the house, followed by Mindanho, and sat down in the broad sunshine to reflect on the occurrence, and consider what it was best to do.

I have always found that there is something in brilliant sunshine which is opposed to superstitious beliefs of a vulgar kind and degrading to the intellect. I could readily enough admit the possibility of the existence of invisible spirits in the atmosphere surrounding us, but not that they could enter into such puerile extravagances as those imputed to them. As I sat there, revolving in my mind the cause of what I had heard, the idea that the sounds had been produced by spiritual agency—which, from the impossibility of discovering any material cause, had made its way into my mind—gradually faded out, and I determined on remaining there till I had discovered the real cause. Besides, I could not leave before I had learnt the fate of my uncle. Till this moment it had not occurred to me to ask Mindanho his opinion of the origin of the noises we had heard, and when I did I found he had quite made up his mind that it was the work of the devil. He gave his opinion with an air of such profound conviction that his solution of the difficulty was the true one, that I saw I had only my

own understanding to rely upon in discovering an explanation of what we had heard. I had read your Walter Scott's works, and I remembered the tricks which were practised at the house of that old royalist—I forget his name, but I think the house was called Woodstock. There was nothing alike in the two things, but it suggested the question whether, supposing my uncle had been murdered, there were not those interested in driving me away that they might appropriate his property to their own uses. The idea was a great relief to me, and I did not at once see how untenable it was, or, perhaps, it would be nearer the truth to say, that I was so glad to grasp at anything like a natural solution of the matter, that I wilfully closed my understanding against the consideration of objections ; but when I came to discuss with Mindanho the probable fate of my uncle, these objections made themselves heard. His opinion with respect to my uncle's disappearance was, that if the brigands had really taken him away, his life was safe, as he was so well known in the country, and, besides, being a foreigner was also a strong circumstance in favour of his safety. The only person who could possibly benefit by his master's murder was José, and it would be very easy to find out if the brigands had really been there ; if they had not, he would be inclined to suspect him of knowing something more about the cause of the disturbance than he acknowledged. To satisfy himself on this point, he first ascertained from José the cottages to which the women servants had gone—all except one, who, he said, had gone away with the brigands. Mindanho was not long before he returned to tell me the result of his inquiries, which was that José had told the truth so far as the robbers were concerned, for the latter had all made their escape while they were trying to force their master to confess where his money was, and had not returned to the house till the following day, when they were obliged to leave it again on account of the dreadful noises they heard there. Apart from the confirmation their statement gave of the truth of José's tale with respect to the brigands having actually been there, it tended to relieve him from suspicion, inasmuch as it showed that the noises were not prepared for the purpose of frightening me. When I recalled, too, to my recollection the horror and fright expressed in the man's face the moment the noises began, I found it impossible to doubt that he was really under the influence of those passions ; by no effort of the imagination could I bring myself to admit that they were simulated, though I had all the will to do so.

You will see, then, that all my cogitations and inquiries up to this point left me without any clue to the discovery of the mystery.

Feeling that any occupation away from the place for a few hours, would strengthen me for the searching inquiry I had mentally decided on making, I proposed to Mindanho that we should spend that day in trying to ascertain the direction taken by the brigands who had carried off my uncle.

He did not attempt to oppose my wishes, and went in search of somebody who could lend us

a couple of mules, for those which had belonged to my uncle had been taken away, José said, by the men who had carried him off. Strange to say, though we made three complete circuits round the house at increasing distances, we could nowhere learn that such a body of brigands had been seen corresponding with the description given by José—which had been very precise, and rendered identification easy, apart from the presence of my uncle among them.

Leaving our mules at the places from whence they had been borrowed, we walked towards the house. Everything seemed as quiet and tranquil as when I arrived in the morning. In my uncle's room there was still a large fire burning, and when I asked José why he continued to keep such a fire now, seeing that my uncle was not there, he said that his orders were peremptory—that whether my uncle were there or not, he was always to keep a good fire burning in that room. I next asked him if there had been any repetition of the noises we had heard in the morning, and he said there had, several times. As all was quiet now, I thought the moment a good one for taking some refreshment. There was little to be had beside bread and some fruit which Mindanho himself picked in the garden. As to wine, I refused to take any, though José brought several kinds, which, he said, my uncle was in the habit of praising very highly. It wanted a few minutes to nine o'clock when we went back into the house,—for we had taken our meal in the garden—and here I found that José, notwithstanding my refusal to drink wine, had placed several decanters, with boxes of cigars, as though he was anxious to show his desire to please his master's nephew. I don't know precisely what Mindanho's position was in my uncle's office, but he must have had much of his confidence, and, in return, he appeared very much attached to him, and showed himself as willing and anxious to discover what had become of him, as I was myself. I mention this chiefly because I believe that nothing else would have induced him to stay in the house with me that night, firmly convinced as he was that the sounds arose from supernatural causes, and to relieve him from any blame that might be cast upon him on the score of what happened to me on the succeeding night.

To return to this, the first night of my watch.

We had not been sitting long before the same dull metallic sound I have already spoken of became plainly audible. It continued for several minutes, and was then interrupted by a rapid succession of shrieks which chilled my blood. These were followed by the clashing of weapons, as though men were engaged in fierce combat. After a time this too ceased, and there was a dead silence for some minutes. Then suddenly burst forth a louder noise than ever; without being distinct enough for me to distinguish words, I yet imagined that cries for help were mingled with curses and inarticulate utterances, all of which seemed gradually to subside into groans and passionate weeping, and finally into sounds of a less definite character.

All that the imagination can conceive of the sounds which issue from that place where there is

said to be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth, were here more than realised. I confess that when it was over I found myself trembling from head to foot, and bathed in perspiration. I looked at Mindanho, and from the expression of his face, I feared that he had lost his senses. As for José, who had volunteered to sit up with us, he was huddled together in a heap in one corner of the room, staring at the fire as though his eyeballs were about to start from his head.

As soon as I had recovered myself sufficiently to reason on what we had just heard, I again appealed to Mindanho for his opinion as to the cause of it. I might as well have spoken to a statue—he neither answered nor moved. José, rather to my surprise, though he had exhibited greater signs of fright, was much more composed than he, but all I could get from him was a repetition of his belief that his master had been murdered. When I told him that, even if he had, that could have nothing to do with the sounds we had just heard, he only shook his head, and repeated that it was my uncle's spirit.

Finding it was impossible to rouse Mindanho, I made José take a lamp and go before me into every room, but, as before, without discovering anything which gave me the slightest clue to the origin of the noises.

On returning to the room I had left, I missed Mindanho. He was of no assistance to me, it is true, but only those few who have been situated as I was, can realise the fortitude one derives at critical moments from the mere presence of a human being, however useless in a material point of view. Remembering the condition in which I had left him, I feared he might do himself some injury, and therefore left the house to look for him, perhaps not altogether sorry to have an excuse for abandoning the post I had determined not to quit till I had exhausted all hope of getting at the secret of the disturbances. Be this as it may, I spent the rest of the night in the garden, and in the fields round it, in a vain search for the poor fellow. It was not till the morning, when I was able to inquire of the villagers, that I learnt he had taken one of the mules we had borrowed the day before and returned to the town.

I was now left to my own resources, and poor as these were, I was fixed on one point, that I would not leave the neighbourhood till I had exhausted every means I could imagine of discovering the fate of my uncle. First of all, and before returning to the house, I engaged several of the peasants to go in search of him in the surrounding country, and with particular instructions to inquire of every armed man they met concerning him.

Not to repeat the same thing again, I may say, that repeatedly during the day there was the like horrible outcry, with some variations. Sometimes the shrieks lasted a longer time than at others, and were not followed or preceded by the clashing of swords; but the deep groans, as of persons suffering intense agony, were almost incessant. There was one time when the shrieks sounded louder than ever, and this was, when I was in the

room above that which had been used by my uncle, and there was a strong and peculiarly disagreeable odour in the room which I had not perceived before; but on the whole, the noises were fainter this day than during the night.

I spent the whole day in examining every part of the house, including the wine cellar and out-houses, and even drew a ground plan of the different rooms, to make quite sure that there was not even a closet capable of concealing anybody which I had not visited. I had not eaten a mouthful the whole day, and this, I suppose, joined to the depressing effects of the terror caused by the horrible sounds that had been ringing in my ears for so many hours, made me feel so intensely cold that I drew my chair to the fire, for the sake of the warmth. I had before ordered José to let it out, but now I offered no objection to his heaping on the fuel as much as he pleased; and I must acknowledge that he did this with as much zeal as if he derived gratification from obeying his master's commands not to suffer it to go out.

The exhaustion produced by excitement, and the want of food and sleep, was such, that in spite of the sounds—which, though faint, were constantly audible—I fell asleep before the fire. It is not, of course, possible for me to tell how long I may have slept, but this I can affirm, that I woke with the suddenness with which I should have started up had the shriek, which was still echoing through the house, been uttered in my ears. I was standing like one stupefied, listening to the screams, which came more and more faintly, when suddenly there rose, seemingly from the very midst of the fire, a succession of screams so loud, so shrill, and expressive of such intense pain, and this time in a woman's voice, that I could bear it no longer, and fell down insensible.

Of what happened after this I have no knowledge; I can barely remember being brought on board your vessel, but I know now that I have been stabbed in several places, and that the doctor says mine is the most extraordinary instance of recovery he ever saw or read of. I have questioned the Mexican who came aboard with me as my attendant, but he can tell me nothing of the person who engaged him to wait upon me. He says he was waiting at the port, when a gentleman came up and asked him which was the vessel that had entered four or five days before, and brought several passengers, and he pointed out this one. The same person then asked him if he would like to make a voyage in her, to wait upon a gentleman, who had been wounded by brigands, and who would pay him handsomely for his services. Having answered that he would like it very well, his questioner brought him on board, and bought two tickets, which he gave to him, with twenty dollars, to buy what he wanted for the voyage, and then took him to an inn on the outskirts of the town, where he gave me in his charge, with instructions to take me to the ship in which he had taken our passage.

I have nothing more to tell you; and I would rather you would not ask me for an explanation of what I heard in my uncle's house, for I can give you none. I have tried my utmost to account for

the noises, and am as much at a loss now as at first to imagine what produced them."

We sailors have the reputation of being more credulous than the generality of people, but I think without sufficient reason. I can safely say that I did not believe for a single instant that anything supernatural was concerned in the production of the sounds spoken of by Mr. Van Hoogen; at the same time, I am bound to say, that having had a great deal of conversation with him coming out, he had impressed the firm conviction on my mind that he was not the man to be led away by his imagination; and I could not help sharing his opinion that the sounds he had heard were expressive of real pain, however impossible it was to account for their being heard there.

During the voyage, and after he had told me all this, we had many conversations on the subject; and as he improved in health, the sort of awe with which he had at first spoken of it seemed to wear away. I was not at all surprised, therefore, to hear him say, when we shook hands as he was leaving the ship, that he would return with me to Mexico.

* * * * *

On arriving at Vera Cruz, business compelled me to remain on board till the second day, but as soon as this was transacted, I and Van Hoogen, attended by a sailor with a couple of handspikes, set off for the house in which he had been wounded, he having in the meantime, with Mindanho's assistance, done what was necessary with the officials of the town to establish his claim to inherit any property belonging to his uncle, in the event of that gentleman not again making his appearance, which he had not yet done. We rode straight to the house, the road to it being too well remembered by Van Hoogen to render it necessary that we should pause to make inquiries. Short as was the time which had passed since he was last there, we found that it had been sufficient for the country people to reduce the place to a perfect wreck. All the rooms were empty, and everything that could be moved had been carried away. We lost no time in beginning our examination, which, minute as it was, had led to no discovery, when the sailor I had brought with me came running in to tell us that part of the foundation of the house had given way. I must mention here that not requiring his assistance in-doors, I had directed him, with Van Hoogen's permission, to root up some fine shrubs which grew under the walls of the house, and take them on board ship. While doing this, the earth had sunk in with him, shrub and all, and he had scrambled out as fast as he could to come and tell us. The hole was amply large enough to allow of our passing through it, but the stench which issued from it was so powerful that we were obliged to draw back. We waited a considerable time thinking it would clear away with the admission of fresh air, but finding that it continued as bad as ever, we fetched three men from the nearest village to dig away the earth so as to enlarge the opening. These began by removing a portion of a mound of earth opposite the opening, and so close to the wall of the house that

they could do nothing effectual till it had been cleared away. This led to the discovery that a tunnel had been made into the mound in a line with the hole in the foundation. It was about four feet in diameter and twenty in length, and in it we got the first clue to the origin of the noises described by Van Hoogen. The men, working under our own eyes, were made to throw out every shovelfull of earth as they went, and as the thickness of the earth above the tunnel varied from five to ten feet, the progress made was slow. They had reached a distance of five paces from the wall, and their work was getting easier, owing to their having cut through the thickest portion of the mound, when the man who was throwing the earth out of the hole called out that he could see a man's foot. He was at once made to come out, and we jumped into the trench. True enough, there was the body of a man in a half-sitting, half-lying position, one leg bent under him, the other stretched out, and his right hand still grasping the hilt of a sword, the point of which was buried in the earth. From the attitude we concluded that he had died while trying to penetrate through the mound to the outer air, as much probably from suffocation caused by breathing the impure air exhaled from his own lungs, as from exhaustion produced by want of food.

The search having been brought to an end in this direction, another attempt was made to enter the cellar, or cave, or whatever we may choose to call it, beneath the house, but it was unsuccessful, the odour being too powerful to be overcome by the air which had entered since it was first broken into; all that could be done to facilitate admission was the enlargement of the hole and keeping a wood fire burning just inside till the next day, when it was allowed to go out. Even then I do not think we could have entered if Van Hoogen, who was something of a chemist, had not suggested the plan of tying up small lumps of charcoal in a handkerchief, which we fastened across the mouth and nose, and which to a certain extent purified the air we breathed. Seeing the probability that we should require lights to enable us to examine the cellar, I had sent to the port for a couple of ship's lanterns, and with these we were able to see what I will endeavour to describe in the least repulsive manner of which I am capable.

At the end of the cellar, on our left hand as we entered, was heaped up the earth which had been taken out in making the tunnel. On the ground, before and around us, were lying partially decayed bodies—every one, or nearly every one, with a sword by its side. At the end, on our right hand, we came to some steps cut in the earth, and roughly planked, and at the bottom of these was lying a corpse, not much altered in appearance, which Van Hoogen pronounced to be that of José from the dress, even before we had turned it over to look at the face. Ascending the steps we came to a small platform, where it was not possible for me to stand upright except by putting my head into a narrow shaft or chimney. On this platform lay the remains of two bodies, one that of a woman, and a very cursory examination was sufficient to show that they had been

partially burned, portions of the bone, even, being charred. Two sides of this platform were formed by the solid earth; the third, that facing us as we ascended the steps, of an iron plate about four feet square, which Van Hoogen judged to be the back of the grate in the sitting-room. I believe it was at this moment we began to see the explanation of the whole affair; but to continue. Finding there was not sufficient room to wrench it from its position by means of the handspike, we descended the steps, and went into the open air to recover ourselves, and to consider what was the next thing to be done.

Remembering the reputation his uncle had of being very rich, and that nothing to justify this reputation had been discovered hitherto, it was not an unreasonable supposition on Van Hoogen's part, that this cave might have been contrived by his relative for the purpose of concealing the more valuable of his property. To ascertain this we entered the cave again, but could discover nothing to show that the supposition was well-founded, beyond that afforded by the actual presence of the dead bodies there. The villagers were now called in to remove these, and they were ranged side by side in the open air, to be identified by their relatives, if they had any in the neighbourhood. Still nothing had been found of any value, and we decided that the earth which had been heaped up at the end of the cave should be thrown out. Scarcely half-a-dozen shovelfull had been cleared away before the body of a human being was exposed, and then a second, and another, and another in succession. In short, the earth had been used by the survivors to cover the bodies of their comrades as they ceased to exist, till a common fate had befallen them all. Nearly the whole of this had been cleared out before the men dug out a box of large size, strongly bound with iron, and with a bunch of keys hanging from the lock. What the value of the contents of this box was I never heard, nor is that material; it is sufficient to say it contained bullion. After this had been secured, and the cellar thoroughly emptied of everything it contained, we returned to the room where Van Hoogen had heard the sounds most plainly, and made a careful examination of the grate to ascertain if there were no springs or anything of the kind by which it could be opened like a door. We could find nothing of this sort, but no sooner did I take hold of the bars, and give a moderately strong pull, than it came away from its position, and swung round into the room, exposing the charred remains behind it of which I have already spoken, and a spring-bolt at the back, which could not have been in its socket.

All that now remains for me to do is to give the explanation suggested by Van Hoogen of what, but for our successful examination, would have been one of the best authenticated instances on record of a house being haunted by supernatural beings. Of course this explanation is mere hypothesis, and the reader may be able, by the exercise of his imagination, to correct it in many points.

He assumed that José was aware of the existence of the cellar, and by intimidation, or from some

other motive, had been induced to betray its existence to the brigands. These had then forced his uncle to expose the entrance, and, as a precaution, to lead the way; how the woman came to enter with them is not so easy to imagine, but probably female curiosity would be a sufficiently powerful motive. Once in the cellar, some devilish impulse must have prompted José to throw back the grate to its ordinary position, with the view of getting possession of the property it contained at some future time. The back of the grate being red hot, those imprisoned in the cellar were unable to touch it with their hands, and as not more than two could approach it at one time, and then only in a stooping position, they could not use their swords with any effect to force it open. As to the charred bodies, horrible as the supposition is, they must have been the remains of the old man and his servant, who had been forced against the red-hot plate and held there, with the view of compelling them to reveal the secret of opening it; a thing impossible on that side, which would also account for the dreadful shrieks. As to the confused noises, clashing of swords, &c., he supposed these were made in the hope of attracting attention; and the poor wretches had ample cause for weeping and groaning who were caught in such a trap. As to the way in which José's body came among them, he conceived that he must have been in the act of going down to secure his plunder, and that the instant he stepped off the platform he was most righteously punished by being suffocated by the gases generated by the decomposing bodies. Thus, though dead, his victims were the instruments of his punishment.

CAPT. WALTER BROWNE.

SOMETHING WORTH HAVING.

To have the sure esteem
Of those whose worth we know,
The heart will oft redeem
From many a doubtful throe;
The anxious soul declares
Some good must be in us,
Or, by *such* souls as theirs
We were not valued thus.

When brimming cups go round,
When friendly faces meet,
Where jest and smile abound,
Oh, if we there may meet
Such long-tried friend of years
To share with us the wine—
'Tis nectar then—and cheers
With influence divine!

Or, if oppress'd with care
Or sickness, low we lie,
What med'cine can compare
With friendship's love-lit eye?
One fond plain English word
More cheers our suffering man
Than all the pomp absurd
Of doctor's Latin can.

Oh, bliss how bright, how rare,
Where friend like this appears,
With smiles our joy to share,
Or share our grief with tears:

To have this, is to win
From out our earthly strife
The brightest jewel in
That crown of thorns—called life!

SAMUEL LOVER.

PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTRAITURE.

TEN years ago, when the miniature room of the Royal Academy used to be mobbed by fair women, bent either upon criticising their friends or furtively admiring their own portraits, who could have foreseen that Sol was about to wrest the pencil from the hand of the cunning limner, and annihilate one of the oldest callings connected with the Fine Arts? The income of a Thorburn or a Ross seemed as assured as that of an archbishop against change or curtailment, and no high-born lady's boudoir was complete without a portrait of herself paid for at a princely price. The introduction of the daguerreotype process, some five-and-twenty years ago, seemed only to fix more firmly the claims of the brush against the art of the photographer. Tompkins or Hopkins may submit to go down to posterity as livid corpse-like personages; but the Lady Blanche or the fair Geraldine forbid it, Oh Heavens! Presently, however, Fox Talbot appeared upon the scene, and the dull metal, which only enabled you to see your friend glaring at you at an almost impossible angle, gave way to photography, in which the image was fixed upon paper. The collodion process followed, and from this moment the occupation of the miniature-painter was gone. A truer draughtsman than either Thorburn, Ross, or Cooper of old, had appeared on the scene, and year by year we looked with a diminished interest for England's beauties in the miniature room of the Royal Academy screen.

Our International Exhibitions, in these days of rapid progress, serve the purpose of estimating our progress since the last decade; and in no department of science or industrial art has such an advance been made, between the years 1851 and 1862, as in that of photography. In the former year, a few portraits exhibited by Messrs. Henneman of Regent Street, who at that time held the exclusive patent to produce photographs by Mr. Fox Talbot's process, represented the art as it then existed. In 1862, the splendid collection of sun-pictures in the glass-room of the International, excited the admiration of visitors to such a degree, that exclamations were heard on all hands against the Council for placing them in such an out-of-the-way place in the building.

Photography has now become an institution; its professors are counted by the thousand in the Metropolis alone, and portraits once obtainable only by the rich, now hang on the walls of the meanest cottage. Take a walk down the New Cut, Seven Dials, or any other unsavoury locality, and there you will see how Sally the cook, and Billy the potman, or the wooden visage of Policeman X, are exhibited to an admiring New Cut circle; and who shall say that, if not quite so fine, yet that they do not look far more natural than "portraits in this style, 10s. 6d.," of a dozen years ago?

But every art that ministers to the vanities of the public is liable every now and then to run riot in matters of taste, and so it is with photographic portraiture. Let us take the *carte de visite* mania for example, and turn over the Album at home, which by mutual exchanges contains all our friends. There is Mrs. Jones, for instance, who does the honours of her little semi-detached villa so well: how does she come to stand in that park-like pleasure-ground, when we know that her belongings and surroundings don't warrant more than a little back-garden big enough to grow a few crocuses? Or Miss Brown, again, why should she shiver in a ball-dress on a verandah, and why should we be called upon—instead of looking at her good honest face—to have our attention called away to the lake-like prospect at her back? Then there's Mr. Robinson, standing in a library with a heap of books put within reach of his hand. Now, all Mr. Robinson's little world know that he never looked into any book but a ledger in his life. It will be observed that it is the photographic artists who court the lower stratum of the middle class, who most delight in these scenic arrangements, and no doubt they know what they are about. But it sometimes happens that people who ought to know better permit themselves to be made the lay-figures of the photographer's ideal landscapes. We suppose that besetting evil of society—the love of appearing what we are not—is at the bottom of this small but very prevalent sin. If the class of individuals who love to be surrounded with these fictitious landscapes had the slightest knowledge of art, they would perceive that, independently of the “humbug,” the cutting up of a portrait with balustrades, pillars, and gay parterres is fatal to the effect of the figure which should be the only object to strike the eye. For instance, we saw the other day a *carte de visite* in which a young lady was represented reading, with her back to an ornamental piece of water, on which two swans were sailing, and appeared to be grubbing with their bills at the sash behind her back. Again, there is a portrait of Her Majesty to be seen in the shop windows, in which she is so posed that a tuft of verdure in the background appears to form a head-dress such as Red Indians wear—the ludicrous effect of which may be imagined. It must be confessed that the Royal Family have fallen into very bad hands, for their photographs are, one and all, slanders upon the Royal Race. There is one of the Queen and Prince Albert standing up looking at each other like two wooden dolls; and there is another of the Princess Beatrice seated upon a table, with her frock so disposed that it appears to form but one piece with the tablecloth, the effect being that this infant of five seems planted upon the full-blown crinoline of a woman of forty. The Hair-apparent and his young *fiancée* fare no better; indeed, the familiarities taken with the future King and Queen of England are of a far more offensive kind, as they sin against propriety and good taste rather than against artistic rules. What would have been thought of Sir Thomas Lawrence if he had left us portraits of the Prince of Wales and Caroline of Brunswick indulging in those little familiarities

which lookers-on good-naturedly avoid seeing? But the Photographer Royal of Bruxelles has not hesitated to take advantage of the natural frankness and amiability of their Royal Highnesses, to pose them in a manner which, to say the least of it, jars on the good taste of the fastidious beholder. Princes of the most exalted rank clasp each other's hands, we suppose, like other people, and an arm rests as naturally around a Royal neck as it would round a peasant's; but there is a sense of propriety, without being prudish, about these matters which all understand but this unlucky photographer.

No photographic portrait looks so well as one with a perfectly plain background; and we advise all our readers to avoid those who put us into splendid domains and far-stretching forests, either with or without our will. But there is the question of dressing to sit to the sun just as there would be to a Ross or a Wells—indeed, the sun is more exacting than either of those artists. If the photograph is to be coloured, it matters little what the tint of the costume may be as far as the fidelity of the portrait is concerned; but it is otherwise with those that are to remain plain. For instance, an English officer taken in his uniform is surprised to find that instead of a shade representing red it turns out black. The charming mauve of a lady's bonnet is transformed into white in the same manner. On the contrary, a yellow dress is represented in a photograph by pure black. The reason of this is that the blue rays of the spectrum (and all the intermediate shades of mauve, purple, puce, lavender, &c., in a more or less degree) act upon the nitrate of silver of the negative in a most powerful manner, whilst the yellow ray does not affect it at all; this may be seen by a visit to the photographer's room where he prepares his plates, the windows of which are shaded with a yellow blind to prevent the light affecting them. Now, as the positives, or portraits, are printed from the glass negatives by the simple plan of allowing the light to fall through them upon the prepared paper, the lights and shades must be reversed. The moral to be drawn from this little story is, not to indulge in the colours we have mentioned when we visit the photographer. The good sense and the good taste of most ladies lead them to this conclusion, however, without knowing anything of the chemistry of the matter; and black silk is now almost universally worn for photographic purposes. Mind, good reader, it must be silk, not bombazine, or any of the cotton varieties of black, as the admirable effect of silk depends upon its gloss, which makes the garment full of those subdued and reflected lights which give motion and play to the drapery. A dead black cotton or woollen material would be represented by an uniform blotch, like a smear of soot; and a white dress, on the other hand, would appear like a flat film of wax, or a piece of cardboard. A combination of black net over white is, however, very effective; and an admirable softness and depth of colour is given to a photograph by the use of seal-skin, or velvet. This, though but the millinery of the art, is very necessary to be attended to, as other-

wise the efforts of the best photographer will be of no avail.

As regards the merits of photography itself *versus* the pencil, it cannot be gainsaid that, although the sun is a better draughtsman than any human hand, yet there are certain drawbacks connected with it which are of moment. And, first of all, it rarely reproduces the best expression of the highest kind of beauty; in this respect it is certainly inferior to the old miniature. The reason is this. The highest kind of beauty consists in expression—it is the play of features which charms, not the mere beauty of the human mask, unimpassioned by the soul beneath. And this expression is just the thing that photography misses. When a man or woman, and especially when a woman sits to the sun for her portrait, the first thing she does is to make up a face—she can't help it, my good reader—let the muscles of your mouth play naturally, whilst your friend is daring you to do so, if you can. The consequence is, that the likeness taken of you has either an affected simper, as unlike a natural smile as German silver is like the real argent; or, it is a set and rigid effigy cast in iron. The old portrait-painter proceeded about his business leisurely—no pistolgrams for him. If the sitter should have happened to have made up a face, it relaxed before the artist's colours were mixed; but the grim camera staring you in the face, and the operator demanding that you “stop as you are,” to say nothing of having your head placed in a vice, put to flight the rippling lines about the mouth, and set the eyes into a stony stare. By making a great many photographs of the same person, the unnatural rigidity of the features, it is true, relaxes; but we fear that the plain photograph never will reproduce a charming face, in which the chief beauty lies in expression. When the beauty, however, depends upon form merely, the photograph is perfect; hence classical faces should seek the sun as the most effective artist.

But art is capable of correcting, to a very large degree, the photographic shortcomings we have spoken of. We have seen many coloured photographs which, taken as a whole, neither Thorburn, Ross, nor Wells could have equalled. The mass of coloured photographs we see about are, we confess, beneath contempt; but the manner in which the artists have worked is alone accountable for their failure. The real excellence of a coloured photograph results from the artist following only the outlines which photography has given him on the paper; but the bungling dauber proceeds to destroy this beautiful drawing by painting with *solid* colour, which effectually hides all the wonderful delicacy of the sun's pencil's touch beneath. We were charmed with nothing at the International Exhibition more than with the coloured photographs of Messrs. Lock and Whitfield, of Regent Street. The transparency and delicacy of touch left nothing to be desired. It is obvious that the artist has obtained his admirable results by the use of the most transparent water-colours alone; hence all the wonderful drawing remains intact, and gives the perfect likeness, which even the most consummate artist of old was apt to miss. From these portraits it

is evident that the most pearly greys and the most transparent shadows can be rendered on photographic drawing with perfect truth; and the beauty, too, is there. Mr. Lock evidently can catch the fleeting expression, and fix it for ever with his brush—at least all the hardness so usual in the plain photograph vanishes under his hand; and if a foreigner would like to see what the better class of young English women are like, we should recommend him to look at the glorious faces which he may see in the studio of this firm.

But will these coloured photographs last? asks the reader. Time, we reply, is the only test. We have seen photographs ten years old, and these are as good as the first day they were taken. We see no reason that the chemicals should change to a greater degree than the ivory on which miniature painters were wont to work, and the colours are of course identical in both cases. A new art has arisen, however, in connection with photography, which will possibly satisfy those who are doubtful as to the permanency of photographs produced in the ordinary way. Photographs are now taken on porcelain, plain or coloured, with tints prepared with a vitreous medium, and then burnt in, like an ordinary enamel. These are of course indestructible, as far as fading goes, and they look like the rarest works of Boucher; but they are proportionately expensive, and we do not think they are likely to supersede the method now employed.

We must not omit to mention a very charming compromise between the water-colour art and photography, which Messrs. Lock and Whitfield have brought into fashion. In order to give the likeness and correct drawing, the face and bust and hands of portraits are taken by the lens, and then enlarged to the size of an ordinary water-colour sketch, which the artist colours and finishes off in the form of a vignette portrait, by a few free washes of the brush. It is almost impossible to tell these exquisite works of art from an ordinary water-colour, but that the drawing of the face and hands is beyond the human draughtsman's power.

To some of the many uses to which the art of photography has been lately applied, we shall allude in another paper. A. W.

MAIDS OF HONOUR.

“Who has e'er been at Paris must needs know the Morgue,” so sings dear Mat Prior in the “easy jingle,” so welcome to the heart of Cowper. Who has e'er been at Richmond in Surrey must needs know—guess gentle reader? The Star and Garter? No! The Castle? No! “Thy hill, delightful Shene?” No! The Park and the Stone Lodge? Neither! The house of the Poet of “the Seasons?” No! Edmund Kean's grave? Still wrong! Earl Russell's house? Still off the scent! . . . Now, then, I have it! “Who has e'er been to Richmond must needs know the shop” where Mr. Billett and Mrs. Billett dispense wholesale and retail a peculiar pastry known far and wide as “Maids of Honour,”—known to school-boys and school-girls—known to dignitaries of the church and law—to chiefs out of war, and statesmen out of place—to all who are willing to par-

take of, and, above all, who can pay for a pastry palatable to "youths of both sexes," and men and women of all ages. We know, to our cost, that most enticing shop. We, when young, once treated some dozen of our school companions to a feast of Maids of Honour. A yellow Geordie of Wyon's make—one that *would* ring—was in our pocket, and we (not nineteen at the time) were somewhat ostentatious of a coin so little known to school-boys. Tray upon tray came up of "Maids" in pastry. Such Scylla and Charybdis appetites we never remember to have seen. Brave old Dando did not dismiss newly-opened oysters more summarily than Mr. W—ie's schoolboys dismissed the inviting banquet. Bath buns? pooh! Chelsea buns? pooh! Banbury cakes? pooh! Shrewsbury cakes? pooh! Scotch buns? Sally Luns? nonsense! Nought can compare with the Maids of Honour manufactured and sold at Richmond. Thy cakes, O Richmond! will not bear carrying; they must be eaten on the spot. Ask any schoolboy, if after a determined resolution to take a shilling's-worth of Maids of Honour home to dear mamma, or sister Mary, he has ever reached home with them intact, or at all. They will not cross the Thames at Kew Bridge without turning sour (inquire of any schoolboy), and at Turnham Green they are fit only for the pigs. Exquisitely delicate is this divine pastry, and not to be made by uneducated hands. The original receipt is locked in an iron box, not unlike that in Westminster Abbey wherein are kept the standards for the once well-known Trial of the Pix. The descent of this box is curious. It was given to Anne Boleyn, when Maid of Honour, and the article itself was first tasted—devoured we should say—by Henry Tudor, better known as King Henry the Eighth, when, at Reading in Berkshire, he knighted that portion of John Bull known till then as *Loin* alone, but now known wherever genuine English beef is to be had, as "Sir Loin."

"Arise, Sir Loin," cried the King, with his sword-of-state carving-knife, duly dubbing the loin, and helping himself at the same time, right royally and merrily, to a third, or very possibly a fourth helping. He quaffed, at the same time, from a goblet of gold, in sack of the best, a health to fair Anne Boleyn, Maid of Honour to his sister, Mary Tudor, wife to Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk; and as he led her to the withdrawing chamber, he is known to have used these Shakespearean words: "I were unmannerly to take thee out, and not to kiss thee." Charles the Second would have acted in the same right-royal manner, and who could have found fault with him? Who finds fault with bluff King Harry? Holbein has left us an ample apology for his seeming rudeness.

The noblest captain in the British fleet
Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

Lord Chesterfield, if we remember rightly, has said nothing by way of disapprobation of such a course in his Letters of advice to his illegitimate and ill-bred son.

And here it is proper to relate a little incident, for which fair authority may be found; one leading to far greater results than the loss of Belinda's hair in Pope's "Rape of the Lock." Miss

Anne Boleyn (we ask pardon of antiquaries for the designation) was observed by King Harry on this Reading progress seated on a dais, with a silver dish of cheese-cakes, or tartlets, before her and her honourable fellows. The cakes were disappearing, as good cakes will disappear when young ladies are alone. The king asked what they were eating. No one knew. Let them be called, said "the Defender of the Faith," *Maids of Honour*, and Maids of Honour they were then called, and are happily so called to this day. If any one has a doubt of the truthfulness of this origin of so appetite-provoking a name they are at liberty to ask Sylvanus Urban, or the editor of "Notes and Queries" in person, for a more trustworthy solution.

We have been unable to compile a satisfactory catalogue of the Maids of Honours—from Queen Boadicea, Queen of the Iceni, to Queen Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland. Beatson should have had one, and so should Haydn in his "Book of Dignities." Who waited on Adeliza, on Berengaria, on Eleanor of Castille, on Philippa of Hainault, Margaret of Anjou, or Katherine of Arragon, we are unable to tell. We are at a like loss for the names of the fair attendants upon Bloody Mary and Good Queen Bess. Nearer our own time, we shall be found more at home with the names of the fair attendants upon Anne of Denmark, Henrietta of France, Catherine of Portugal, Mary of Modena, Anne Hyde, the two Carolines, old Queen Charlotte, the still regretted Queen Adelaide, and our Gracious Queen—whom God long preserve. Honoured names are among them—recalling fair faces of noble families—fair girls budding into future duchesses, the destined transmitters of many a lovely face, or doomed to die unmarried without even the *brevet* privilege (to be explained hereafter) of acting as married women. Anne Boleyn herself (the mother of Queen Elizabeth) was a Maid of Honour,

When Gospel light first dawn'd from Bullen's eyes.

Anne Hyde, the mother of two queens—Queen Mary and Queen Anne—was once a Maid of Honour. Ladies of the Bedchamber—we care not for them: for Mistresses of the Robes we care still less: but for the "Maids of Honour" to our Queens we have a kind of sneaking affection—fast forming into "right honourable love," the more we learn about them.

The Maids of Honour to our Queens have always been a laughing and light-hearted race. The earliest account we have of them is a little incident provocative of laughter. The Maids of Honour to Eleanor of Castille tossed King Edward the First in a blauket. The hammer of the Scottish nation was tossed in a blanket by a parcel of lasses. What a picture for Frith or Maclise! These Maids of Honour were always pert, giggling, and boisterous girls. The wife of Sir Walter Raleigh, the fair Elizabeth Throgmorton, one of Queen Bess's maids, "delighted much" in relating some of the knavish tricks wrought among the maids by Sir Walter himself when young, and when there was no visionary El Dorado flitting falsely before his eyes. The girls were eternally at their tricks, in spite of the scolding looks and tongues of the

grave matrons, under whose care they were placed, and who bore in the Royal household the honourable name of "Mothers of the Maids." I have recovered the names of *three* of these English duennas. *Elizabeth Jones*, gentlewoman, Mother of the Maids under Queen Elizabeth, was buried in the church of St. Clement Danes, in London, on the 22nd of January, 1607-8. *Lady Sanderson* was "Mother of the Maids" to the Queen of Charles the Second, and she could have told many curious stories about old Rowley and Rochester. What an annotator of De Grammont and of Pepys! *Mrs. Lucy Wise*, "Mother of the Maids" to Anne Hyde, wife of the Duke of York (we may fairly assume), was well up in stories about the two brothers, Charles and James—to say nothing of the rest of the worthies who live in the pages of Pepys, and smile so charmingly on the canvas of Lely.

I have often wondered that the subject has not been taken up by some of our many writers, as a serious subject. What a volume for Mudie or Smith of the Strand, "Lives of the Maids of Honour." Here is a title "to let":—

"TE HE!"

CHERRY TARTS;

OR,

MAIDS OF HONOUR.

FROM

QUEEN ELIZABETH TO QUEEN VICTORIA.

Board of Green Cloth, 12th June, 1681.

Order was this day given that the Maides of Honour should have Cherry Tarts instead of Gooseberry Tarts, it being observed that Cherrys are at Three Pence per pound.—*MS. Warrant Book of King Charles the Second's Lord Steward of the Household.*

Such grace the King of Kings bestowed upon her,
That he's promoted her—a Maid of Honour.

Old Epitaph.

And all the Maids of Honour cry "Te He!"
MASON and WALFORD—*Heroic Epistle.*

Swift amused "Stella" with a like notion. Hear what he says in his famous "Journal," under the 19th of September, 1711. He had been laughing with the Maids about their lodgings in "the Round Tower" at Windsor, and wrapping up little witticisms in charming innuendoes about their lodgings.

Arbuthnot [a famous doctor and wit] made me draw up a sham subscription for a book, called a "History of the Maids of Honour, since Harry the Eighth, showing they make the best Wives, with a List of all the Maids of Honour since, &c." To pay a crown in hand, and t'other crown upon delivery of the book; and all in the common forms of those things. We got a gentleman to write it fair, because my hand is known, and we sent it to the Maids of Honour when they came to supper. If they bite at it, 'twill be a very good Court jest; and the Queen will certainly have it. We did not tell Mrs. Hill.

The Queen was "Great Anna," and Mrs. Hill (I may mention in passing) was Mrs. Abigail Hill, whose name of Abigail has become, through her

alone, a cant or common name for a chamber-maid or bedchamber woman.

In this work I purpose giving some curious particulars of the Maids of Honour who danced attendance on Elizabeth Tudor (Queen Elizabeth). Some of their names I may here mention, "to book subscribers." There will be *Blanche Parry*, who has a monument at Backton, in Herefordshire; *Lucy, Lady Latimer*, who lies buried at Hackney; *Sir Walter Raleigh's* wife, *Elizabeth Throgmorton*; *Miss Fitton*, to whom *Kemp* the actor dedicates his famous "Nine Days' Wonder;" *Lady Catherine Stanley*, afterwards *Lady Griesly*, whose jewelled portrait (with the real jewel lent by *Lady des Vœux*) was one of the attractions of the *Manchester Art Treasures Exhibition*. In this part of the work I rely mainly for a sale on the materials I have discovered relating to the *Lady Elizabeth Russell*, whose monument is shown in *Westminster Abbey* (not erroneously, as I shall prove) as that of the lady who died from the prick of a needle. *Lady Elizabeth* kept a richly embroidered volume, in which she entered several recipes for heart-ache, head-ache, quince pies, *Warden pie*, light venison pasties, and from this I purpose extracting largely for future editions of *Mrs. Rundell and Miss Acton*. A curious entry in this precious volume I may mention in passing. It relates to the three rumps of beef for breakfast, allowed to the Maids in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, as *Sir Richard Steele* assures us in No. 148 of "The Tatler," and readers have hitherto been found unwilling to believe.

My materials at present for the lives of the Maids attached to the household of Anne of Denmark, the queen of James I., are few and not very interesting. I am sorry for this. A few lives, however, will prove of value to (D.V.) our future queen, the *Princess Alexandra*, and to her I purpose seeking permission to dedicate my work.

Of the Maids to *Henrietta Maria* I have full and entertaining particulars. This part of my work will include *Cecilia Crofts* (Tom Killigrew's wife), *Miss Porter* (Endymion's daughter), *Mrs. Kirk*, that delightful blue-stocking, and *Margaret Lucas*, Duchess of Newcastle, whose life of her husband no casket is too good to contain. I claim particular attention for the life of *Anne Hyde*, the future mother of the two Queens of England, *Mary* and *Anne*.

When I come to *Catherine of Braganza*, my materials are ample and readable. The reader will find plenty of true gossip and Court scandal touching *Britannia Stewart* (afterwards Duchess of Richmond and Lenox), *Mrs. Simena Carew*, *Mrs. Catherine Boynton*, *Mrs. Henrietta Maria Price*, *Mrs. Winifred Wells*, *Mademoiselle de la Garde*, and *Mademoiselle Bardon*. *Tom Thynne's* intended bride, *Mary Trevor*, will be found acceptable seaside and Christmas fireside reading in this portion of my work.

Equally rich (if not more so) will be found those chapters in my work which relate to the Maids of Honour connected with the court of *Anne Hyde*, Duchess of York. *Arabella Churchill* (Marlborough's sister) will be seen to advantage; *Jennings*, Duchess of Tyrconnell (*Sarah* of Marl-

borough's sister), will supply some choice and delicate chapters; not to omit Elizabeth Godolphin, made memorable by the good John Evelyn, and also by the Right Reverend Father in God Samuel Wilberforce, Lord Bishop of Oxford.

In this part of my prospectus I must not omit the correspondence I am promised for the life of that virgin daughter of the skies, Mrs. Anne Killigrew, "excellent," as Dryden sings in imperishable verse, "in the two sister arts of Poesy and Painting." The pious and active life of this young lady will be found to rebuke the sneer of Horace Walpole, who in his account of Sir Peter Lely has censured the "sleepy eye"—and "melting soul"—female portraits of that master. "His nymphs," says the old bachelor of Strawberry Hill, "generally reposed on the turf, are too wanton and too magnificent to be taken for anything but—Maids of Honour." Surely old Queen Charlotte's Maids could never have read this passage, or they would not have chosen "Strawberry Hill" as their usual and convenient carriage-airing distance from Kew.

My readers will naturally expect some account of the Maids of Honour, and the Maids of Taunton, referred to by Mr. Penn and Lord Macaulay. My work, under all these heads, will be found more than apologetical.

My limits will, I fear, restrict me to the lives of only three of the Maids to King William's Consort Mary, viz., Ann Granville, aunt of Lady Llanover's Mrs. Delany; Anne Villiers, the first wife of King William's Earl of Portland, and mother of the first Duke of Portland; and Elizabeth Villiers, afterwards Countess of Orkney, called by Swift "the wisest woman he ever knew."

The Maids of Honour to Queen Anne I shall include under one life, that of Jenny Kingdom, of whom *Duke Disney* said, that since she could not get a husband, the Queen should give her brevet to act as a married woman. Here will be found "a full, true, and particular account" of Swift's vindication of "Gulliver's Travels" from the criticisms and complaints circulated freely by the Maids of Honour, and communicated to Swift by King George the Second's all-enduring Mrs. Howard. My friend, Mr. John Forster is keeping back his edition of Swift for this very curious vindication.

I purpose being full in what I have to say touching ennobled *Maids*, such as Mary Berkeley, who became Viscountess Chetwynd; Mary Howard, afterwards Lady Deloraine; Mrs. Collier, the future Duchess of Dorset; Mrs. Warburton, afterwards Duchess of Argyll and Greenwich. I trust to be found ample and accurate in my descriptions of bridal dresses, bridal presents, christenings, candle-cups, &c.

The public may foresee the treat that is in store for them, by reading over the mere list of names of the fair and young personages who waited on George II.'s queen Caroline, when princess and when queen. What pleasant reminiscences must I awaken when I name Madge Bellenden, Molly Lepel, Mary Meadows, Dolly Dyves, Nan Pitt (the great Lord Chatham's sister), Bess Pitt (the fair Circassian), Elizabeth Lucy Mordaunt, a Countess of Deloraine,

and two Countesses of Pembroke—Mary Howe and Mary Fitzwilliam. Some of the "playfulnesses" of Swift, and Pope, and of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu about the Maids will be found discreetly used in this and the following chapters of my work.

A pleasant memorial of the "Maids" to Augusta, Princess of Wales, mother of King George III., will be found related under my narrative of one of the Maids,—the famous Miss Chudleigh, afterwards Duchess of Kingston.

As we approach our own time I shall be treading on ashes that are hardly cold, and parties interested may rest assured that I shall tread tenderly.

Bon mots of the Maids will be scattered thickly through my volume. I conclude with one as a sample of my stores:—

"I fear," said the polite Lord Chesterfield to Lord Chatham's unmarried sister, Miss Maid-of-Honour Pitt,—"I fear that I am growing an old woman." "I am glad of it," was Miss Pitt's reply; "I was afraid you were growing an old man, which you know is a much worse thing."

PETER CUNNINGHAM.

THE SATURNALIA.

THROUGH our great gate at Pompeii, at the third hour of the day,

The slaves run, leaping, dancing, in frolicsome array,
Some playing flutes, some shaking wands, or clicking
horny thumbs,

Because at last the winter feast, the reign of Saturn comes.

Sole relic of that golden age when Saturn had the sway,
And children by the wild wolf's den lay down to bask
and play,

When acorns were the royal food, and wine was all
unknown,

And without sword or golden crown the king sat on his
throne.

The tavern slave to-day will scorn the amphora to
brim,

Even the butcher's Spartan boy to-day will have his
whim;

The baker's corn will lie unground,—no boat will out
to sea,—

At Saturnalia time all slaves are for a few hours free.

The whip is still, the cell is bare, the chains hang on
the wall,

No masters shout, or storm, or curse, in bath-room or
in hall;

This day the tables are unspread, the fires are smouldering low,

The curtain o'er the inner court is flapping to and fro.

Labrax a costly myrrhine vase has brimm'd with
wrestler's oil,

And chafes his brawny sable limbs with a luxurious
toil,

Then throws the purple o'er his back with an imperial
air,

Binding a gilded myrtle wreath around his woolly hair.

And in the atrium Geta sits and plays at tossing wine,
Calling for golden drinking-cups; making the pavement shine,

Long before dusk, with rows of lamps; while the flute-
players sit,

Piping their Lydian measures, only for such slaves fit.

Brown Biephargo a *biga* drives at an Olympic speed,
 'Tween vineyard walls and olive-groves, where the poor
 lepers feed,
 And grins with horse-teeth, white and large, at every
 one he meets,
 Racing back home at Cœna-time through the snow-
 sprinkled streets.

Sly Lycus to the theatre goes in senatorial gown,
 And Pardaliscia by him sits, so fat and oily
 brown,
 Stares at the tragic actor's mask and mocks at Ino's
 grief,
 And coughs and yawns, or bites the string that ties
 his garland leaf.



Smart Hanno with Falernian wine at citron table sits,
 His miser master standing there, he mocks at and
 he twits,
 Calling for tongues of nightingales and peacocks' costly
 brains,
 Or singing songs of piebald Greek to wanton Syrian
 straius.

And all the time that miser old kneels drudging at the
 fire,
 Or sweeps the floor with palm-tree brooms, praying to
 heaven's great sire,
 To send to-morrow sooner, with scourges and the tree,
 For that beast-slave, already drunk with his short
 liberty.

Syphax is loling in the bath, a beaker by his side,
Strigils and napkins, oil and sponge, ready for his brute
pride ;

While cringing at his glistening feet his tyrant master
stands,
Rubbing the rich Arabian nard between his fat white
hands.

There's Gripus smiting on the lyre with his chapp'd
horny fist,

While mimes, with open-eyed grimace, are bidding all
men list,

And in long purple-margin'd gowns, aping the strut
and stalk

Of those proud senators at noon who in the Forum
walk.

The gladiators rude and fierce throw cestuses away,
And, tossing swords and nets in heaps, with bare fists
smite and play,

And to the empty benches shout, and to the Prætor's
chair

They wave their spears, and clash their shields, and
stab and hew the air.

The ugliest of the band is throned high in the Emperor's
seat,

His pummell'd head with roses bound, a cushion for
his feet ;

He bids them bring him crocodiles to fight with Indian
snakes,

And as he speaks his dusty robes with his hoarse
laughter shakes.

The potter's slave disdains to mould the rich man's
funeral urn,

The poor serf of the Pontifex the bull to slay and burn ;
The Emperor's charioteer neglects to tend his steeds
to-day ;

Even Poppæa's handmaid stays to loiter and to play.

To-morrow, at the cruel dawn, the wheel will roll
again,

The actors change, the swift scenes shift, and end
King Saturn's reign ;

To-morrow come the stinging whip, the fetter, and the
goad,

The mill-horse chain, the miner's toil, the heavy faggot
load.

W. T.

VERNER'S PRIDE.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "EAST LYNNE."

CHAPTER LXIII. LIGHT THROWN ON OBSCURITY.

AND so, the trouble and the uncertainty, the ups and the downs, the turnings out and the changes were at an end, and Lionel Verner was at rest. At rest, so far as rest can be, in this world. He was reinstalled at Verner's Pride, its undisputed master ; never again to be sent forth from it during life.

He had not done as John Massingbird did—gone right in, the first day, and taken up his place, *sans cérémonie*, without word and without apology, at the table's head, leaving John to take his at the side or the foot, or where he could. Quite the contrary. Lionel's refinement of mind, his almost sensitive consideration for the feelings of others, clung to him now, as it always had done, as it always would do, and he was chary of disturbing John Massingbird too early in his sway of the internal economy of Verner's Pride. It had to be done, however ; and John Massingbird remained on with him, his guest.

All that had passed : and the spring of the year was growing late. The codicil had been proved ; the neighbourhood had tendered their congratulations to the new master, come into his own at last ; the improvements, in which Lionel's conscience held so deep a score, were begun and in good progress ; and John Massingbird's return to Australia was decided upon, and the day of his departure fixed. People surmised that Lionel would be glad to get rid of him, if only for the sake of his drawing-rooms. John Massingbird still lounged at full length on the amber satin couches, in dropping-off slippers or in dirty boots, as the case might be, still filled them with clouds of tobacco-smoke, so that you could not see across them. Mrs. Tynn declared, to as many people as she dared, that she prayed every night on her bended knees for Mr. Massingbird's departure,

before the furniture should be quite ruined, or they burnt in their beds.

Mr. Massingbird was not going alone. Luke Roy was returning with him. Luke's intention always had been to return to Australia : he had but come home for a short visit to the old place and to see his mother. Luke had been doing well at the gold-fields. He did not dig, but he sold liquor to those who did dig ; at which he was making money rapidly. He had a "chum," he said, who managed the store while he was away. So glowing was his account of his prospects, that old Roy had decided upon going also, and trying his fortune there. Mrs. Roy looked aghast at the projected plan : she was too old for it, she urged. But she could not turn her husband. He had never studied her wishes too much, and he was not likely to begin to do so now. So Mrs. Roy, with incessantly dropping tears, and continued prognostications that the sea sickness would kill her, was forced to make her preparations for the voyage. Perhaps one motive, more than all else, had influenced Roy's decision—the getting out of Deerham. Since his hopes of having something to do with the Verner's Pride estate—as he had in Stephen Verner's time—had been at an end, Roy had gone about in a perpetual state of inward mortification. This emigration would put an end to it : and what with the anticipation of making a fortune at the diggings, and what with his satisfaction at saying adieu to Deerham, and what with the thwarting of his wife, Roy was in a fever of complacency.

The time went on to the evening previous to the departure. Lionel and John Massingbird had dined alone, and now sat together at the open window, in the soft May twilight. A small table was at John's elbow, a bottle of rum, a jar of tobacco, water and a glass being on it, ready to

his hand. He had done his best to infect Lionel with a taste for rum-and-water—as a convenient beverage to be taken at any hour from seven o'clock in the morning onwards—but Lionel had been proof against it. John had the rum-drinking to himself, as he had the smoking. Lionel had behaved to him liberally. It was not in Lionel Verner's nature to behave otherwise, no matter to whom. From the moment the codicil was found, John Massingbird had no further right to a single sixpence of the revenues of the estate. He was in the position of one who has nothing. It was Lionel who had found means for all: for his expenses; his voyage; for a purse when he should get to Australia. John Massingbird was thinking of this as he sat now, smoking and taking draughts of the rum-and-water.

"If ever I turn to work with a will and become a hundred-thousand-pound man, old fellow," he suddenly broke out, "I'll pay you back. This, and also what I got rid of while the estate was in my hands."

Lionel, who had been looking from the window in a reverie, turned round and laughed. To imagine John Massingbird becoming a hundred-thousand-pound man through his own industry, was a marvellously comprehensive stretch of fancy.

"I have to make a clean breast of it to-night," resumed John Massingbird, after puffing away for some minutes in silence. "Do you remember my saying to you, the day we heard news of the codicil's being found, that I was in your debt?"

"I remember your saying it," replied Lionel. "I did not understand what you meant. You were not in my debt."

"Yes I was. I had a score to pay off as big as the moon. It's as big still: for it's one that never can be paid off; never will be."

Lionel looked at him in surprise; his manner was so unusually serious.

"Fifty times, since I came back from Australia, have I been on the point of clearing myself of the secret. But, you see, there was Verner's Pride in the way. You would naturally have said upon hearing it, 'Give the place up to me; you can have no moral right to it.' And I was not prepared to give it up: it seemed too comfortable a nest, just at first, after the knocking about over yonder. Don't you perceive?"

"I don't perceive, and I don't understand," replied Lionel. "You are speaking in an unknown language."

"I'll speak in a known one, then. It was through me that old Ste Verner left Verner's Pride away from you."

"What!" uttered Lionel.

"True," nodded John with composure. "I told him a—bit of scandal of you. And the strait-laced old simpleton took and altered his will on the strength of it. I did not know of that until afterwards."

"And the scandal?" asked Lionel, quietly. "What may it have been?"

"False scandal," carelessly answered John Massingbird. "But I thought it was true when I spoke it. I told your uncle that it was you who had played false with Rachel Frost."

"Massingbird!"

"Don't fancy I went to him open-mouthed, and said, 'Lionel Verner's the man.' A fellow who could do such a sneaking trick would be only fit for hanging. The avowal to him was surprised from me in an unguarded moment: it slipped out in self-defence. I'd better tell you the tale."

"I think you had," said Lionel.

"You remember the bother there was, the commotion, the night Rachel was drowned. I came home and found Mr. Verner sitting at the inquiry. It never struck me, then, to suspect that it could be any one of us three who had been in the quarrel with Rachel. I knew that I had had no finger in the pie; I had no cause to think that you had; and, as to Fred, I'd as soon have suspected staid old Verner himself: besides, I believed Fred to have eyes only for Sibylla West. Not but what the affair appeared to me unaccountably strange; for, beyond Verner's Pride, I did not think Rachel possessed an acquaintance."

He stopped to take a few whiffs at his pipe, and then resumed, Lionel listening in silence.

"On the following morning by daylight I went down to the pond, the scene of the previous night. A few stragglers were already there. As we were looking about and talking, I saw on the very brink of the pond, partially hidden in the grass,—in fact trodden into it, as it seemed to me,—a glove. I picked it up, and was on the point of calling out that I had found a glove, when it struck me that the glove was yours. The others had seen me stoop, and one of them asked if I had found anything. I said 'No.' I had crushed the glove in my hand, and presently I transferred it to my pocket."

"Your motive being good nature to me?" interrupted Lionel.

"To be sure it was. To have shown that, as Lionel Verner's glove, would have fixed the affair on your shoulders at once. Why should I tell? I had been in scrapes myself. And I kept it, saying nothing to anybody. I examined the glove privately, saw it was really yours, and of course I drew my own conclusions—that it was you who had been in the quarrel. Though what cause of dispute you could have with Rachel, I was at a loss to divine. Next came the inquest, and the medical men's revelation at it: and that cleared up the mystery. 'Ho, ho,' I said to myself, 'so Master Lionel can do a bit of courting on his own account, steady as he seems.' I—"

"Did you assume I threw her into the pond?" again interposed Lionel.

"Not a bit of it. What next, Lionel? The ignoring of some of the Commandments comes natural enough to the conscience; but the sixth—one does not ignore that. I believed that you and Rachel might have come to mutual logger-heads, and that she, in a passion, flung herself in. I held the glove still in my pocket: it seemed to be the safest place for it; and I intended, before I left, to hand it over to you, and to give you my word I'd keep counsel. On the night of the inquest, you were closeted in the study with Mr. Verner. I chafed at it, for I wished to be closeted with him myself. Unless I could get off from

Verner's Pride the next day, there would be no chance of my sailing in the projected ship—where our passages had been already secured by Luke Roy. By and by you came into the dining-room—do you remember it?—and told me Mr. Verner wanted me in the study. It was just what I wanted: and I went in. I shan't forget my surprise to the last hour of my life. His greeting was an accusation of me: of me: that it was I who had played false with Rachel. He had proof he said. One of the house girls had seen one of us three young men coming from the scene that night—and he, Stephen Verner, knew it could only be me. Fred was too cautious, he said; Lionel he could depend upon; and he bitterly declared that he would not give me a penny piece of the promised money, to take me on my way. A pretty state of things, was it not, Lionel, to have one's projects put an end to in that manner! In my dismay and anger, I blurted out the truth: that one of us might have been seen coming from the scene, but it was not myself; it was Lionel: and I took the glove out of my pocket, and showed it to him."

John Massingbird paused to take a draught of the rum-and-water, and then resumed.

"I never saw any man so agitated as Mr. Verner. Upon my word, had I foreseen the effect the news would have had upon him, I hardly think I should have told it. His face turned ghastly; he lay back in his chair, uttering groans of despair; in short, it had completely prostrated him. I never knew how deeply he must have been attached to you, Lionel, until that night."

"He believed the story," said Lionel.

"Of course he believed it," assented John Massingbird. "I told it him as a certainty, as a thing about which there was no admission for the slightest doubt: I assumed it, myself, to be a certainty. When he was a little recovered, he took possession of the glove, and bound me to secrecy. You would never have forgotten it, Lionel, had you seen his shaking hands, his imploring eyes, heard his voice of despair; all lifted to beseech secrecy for you—for the sake of his dead brother—for the name of Verner—for his own sake. I heartily promised it: and he handed me over a more liberal sum than even I had expected, enjoined me to depart with the morrow's dawn, and bade me God speed. I believe he was glad that I was going, lest I might drop some chance word during the present excitement of Deerham, and by those means direct suspicion to you. He need not have feared. I was already abusing myself mentally for having told him, although it had gained me my ends: 'Live and let live' had been my motto hitherto. The interview was nearly over when you came to interrupt it, asking if Mr. Verner would see Robin Frost. Mr. Verner answered that he might come in. He came; you and Fred with him. Do you recollect old Verner's excitement?—his vehement words in answer to Robin's request that a reward should be posted up? 'He'll never be found, Robin,—the villain will never be found, so long as you and I and the world shall last.' I recollect them, you see, word for word,

to this hour: but none, save myself, knew what caused Mr. Verner's excitement, or that the word 'villain' was applied to you. Upon my word and honour, old boy, I felt as if I had the deeper right to it; and I felt angry with old Verner for looking at the affair in so strong a light. But there was no help for it. I went away the next morning—"

"Stay," interrupted Lionel. "A single word to me would have set the misapprehension straight. Why did you not speak it?"

"I wish I had, now. But—it wasn't done. There! The knowledge that turns up with the future we can't call to aid in the present. If I had had a doubt that it was you I should have spoken. We were some days out at sea on our voyage to Australia when I and Luke got comparing notes; and I found, to my everlasting astonishment, that it was not you, after all, who had been with Rachel, but Fred."

"You should have written home, to do me justice with Mr. Verner. You ought not to have delayed one instant, when the knowledge came to you."

"And how was I to send the letter? Chuck it into the sea in the ship's wake, and give it orders to swim back to port?"

"You might have posted it at the first place you touched at."

"Look here, Lionel. I never regarded it in that grave light. How was I to suppose that old Verner would disinherit you for that trumpety escapade? I never knew why he had disinherited you, until I came home and heard from yourself the story of the enclosed glove, which he left you as a legacy. It's since then that I have been wanting to make a clean breast of it. I say, only fancy Fred's deepness! We should never have thought it of him. The quarrel between him and Rachel that night appeared to arise from the fact of her having seen him with Sibylla; having overheard that there was more between them than was pleasant to her. At least, so far as Luke could gather it. Lionel, what should have brought your glove lying by the pond?"

"I am unable to say. I had not been there, to drop it. The most feasible solution that I can come to, is, that Rachel may have had it about her for the purpose of mending, and let it drop herself, when she fell in, or jumped in."

"Ay. That's the most likely. There was a hole in it, I remember; and it was Rachel who attended to such things in the household. It must have been so."

Lionel fell into a reverie. How—but for this mistake of John Massingbird's, this revelation to his uncle—the whole course of his life's events might have been changed! Verner's Pride left to him, never left at all to the Massingbirds, it was scarcely likely that Sibylla, in returning home, would have driven to Verner's Pride. Had she not driven to it that night, he might never have been so surprised by his old feelings as to have proposed to her. He might have married Lucy Tempest; have lived, sheltered with her in Verner's Pride from the storms of life; he might—"

"Will you forgive me, old chap?"

It was John Massingbird who spoke, interrupting his day dreams. Lionel shook them off, and took the offered hand, stretched out.

"Yes," he heartily said. "You did not do me the injury intentionally. It was the result of a mistake, led to by circumstances."

"No, that I did not, by Jove!" answered John Massingbird. "I don't think I ever did a fellow an intentional injury in my life. You would have been the last I should single out for it. I have had many ups and downs, Lionel, but somehow I have hitherto always managed to alight on my legs; and I believe it's because I let other folks get along. Tit for tat, you see. A fellow who is for ever putting his hindering spoke in the wheel of others, is safe to get hindering spokes put into his. I am not a pattern model," comically added John Massingbird; "but I have never done wilful injury to others, and my worst enemy (if I possess one) can't charge it upon me."

True enough. With all Mr. John Massingbird's failings, his heart was not a bad one. In the old days his escapades had been numerous; his brother Frederick's, none (so far as the world knew); but the one was liked a thousand times better than the other.

"We part friends, old fellow!" he said to Lionel the following morning, when all was ready, and the final moment of departure had come.

"To be sure we do," answered Lionel. "Should England ever see you again, you will not forget Verner's Pride."

"I don't think it ever will see me again. Thanks, old chap, all the same. Should I be done up some unlucky day for the want of a twenty-pound note, you won't refuse to let me have it, for old times' sake?"

"Very well," laughed Lionel. And so they parted. And Verner's Pride was quit of Mr. John Massingbird, and Deerham of its long-looked upon *bête noire*, old Grip Roy. Luke had gone forward to make arrangements for the sailing, as he had done once before; and Mrs. Roy took her seat with her husband in a third-class carriage, crying enough tears to float the train.

CHAPTER LXIV. "MEDICAL ATTENDANCE GRATIS, PHYSIC INCLUDED."

As a matter of course, the discovery of the codicil, and the grave charge it served to establish against Dr. West, could not be hid under a bushel. Deerham was remarkably free in its comments, and was pleased to rake up various unpleasant reports, which from time to time in the former days had arisen, touching that gentleman. Deerham might say what it liked, and nobody be much the worse; but a more serious question arose with Jan. Easy as Jan was, little given to think ill, even he could not look over this. Jan felt that if he would maintain his respectability as a medical man and a gentleman, if he would retain his higher class of patients, he must give up his association with Dr. West.

The finding of the codicil had been communicated to Dr. West by Matiss, the lawyer, who officially demanded at the same time an explanation of its having been placed where it was found. The doctor replied to the communication,

but conveniently ignored the question. He was "charmed" to hear that the long-missing deed was found, which restored Verner's Pride to the rightful owner, Lionel Verner: but he appeared not to have read, or else not to have understood the very broad hint implicating himself; for, not a word was returned to that part, in answer. The silence was not less a conclusive proof than the admission of guilt would have been; and it was so regarded by those concerned.

Jan was the next to write. A characteristic letter. He said not a word of reproach to the doctor; he appeared, indeed, to ignore the facts as completely as the doctor himself had done in his answer to Matiss; he simply said that he would prefer to "get along" now alone. The practice had much increased, and there was room for them both. He would remove to another residence; a lodging would do, he said; and run his chance of patients coming to him. It was not his intention to take one from Dr. West by solicitation. The doctor could either come back and resume practice in person, or take a partner in place of him, Jan.

To this a bland answer was received. Dr. West was agreeable to the dissolution of partnership; but he had no intention of resuming practice in Deerham. He and his noble charge (who was decidedly benefiting by his care, skill, and companionship, he elaborately wrote), were upon the best of terms: his engagement with him was likely to be a long one (for the poor youth would require a personal guide up to his fortieth year, nay, to his eightieth, if he lived so long); and therefore (not to be fettered) he, Dr. West, was anxious to sever his ties with Deerham. If Mr. Jan would undertake to pay him a trifling sum, say five hundred pounds, or so, he could have the entire business; and the purchase-money, if more convenient, might be paid by instalments. Mr. Jan of course would become sole proprietor of the house, (the rent of which had hitherto been paid out of the joint concern,) but perhaps he would not object to allow those "two poor old things, Deborah and Amilly, a corner in it." He should of course undertake to provide for them, remitting them a liberal annual sum.

In writing this, fair, nay liberal, as the offered terms appeared to the sight of single-hearted Jan, Dr. West had probably had as great an eye as ever to his own interest. It was the result of mature consideration. He had a shrewd suspicion that, the house divided, his, Dr. West's, would stand but a poor chance against Jan Verner's. That Jan would be entirely true and honourable in not soliciting the old patients to come to him, he knew; but he equally knew that the patients would flock to Jan unsolicited. Dr. West had not lived in ignorance of what was going on in Deerham; he had one or two private correspondents there; besides the open ones, his daughters and Jan; and he had learnt how popular Jan had grown with all classes. Yes, it was decidedly politic on Dr. West's part to offer Jan terms of purchase. And Jan closed with them.

"I couldn't have done it six months ago, you know, Lionel," he said to his brother. "But now that you have come in again to Verner's

Pride, you won't care to have my earnings any longer."

"What I shall care for now, Jan, will be to repay you; so far as I can. The money can be repaid: the kindness never."

"Law!" cried Jan, "that's nothing. Wouldn't you have done as much for me? To go back to old West: I shall be able to complete the purchase in little more than a year, taking it out of the profits. The expenses will be something considerable. There'll be the house, and the horses, for I must have two, and I shall take a qualified assistant as soon as Cheese leaves, which will be in autumn; but there'll be a margin of six or seven hundred a-year profit left me then. And the business is increasing. Yes, I shall be able to pay him out in a year or thereabouts. In offering me these easy terms, I think he is behaving liberally. Don't you, Lionel?"

"That may be a matter of opinion, Jan," was Lionel's answer. "He has stood to me in the relation of father-in-law, and I don't care to express mine too definitely. He is wise enough to know that when you leave him, his chance of practice is gone. But I don't advise you to cavil with the terms. I should say accept them."

"I have done it," answered Jan. "I wrote this morning. I must get a new brass plate for the door. 'Jan Verner, Surgeon, &c.,' in place of the present one, 'West and Verner.'"

"I think I should put Janus Verner, instead of Jan," suggested Lionel, with a half smile.

"Law!" repeated Jan. "Nobody would know it was meant for me if I put Janus. Shall I have 'Mr.' tacked on to it, Lionel?—'Mr. Jan Verner.'"

"Of course you will," answered Lionel. "What is going to be done about Deborah and Amilly West?"

"In what way?"

"As to their residence?"

"You saw what Dr. West says in his letter. They can stop."

"It is not a desirable arrangement, Jan, their remaining in the house."

"They won't hurt me," responded Jan. "They are welcome."

"I think, Jan, your connection with the West family should be entirely closed. The opportunity offers now: and, if not embraced, you don't know when another may arise. Suppose, a short while hence, you were to marry? It might be painful to your feelings, then, to have to say to Deborah and Amilly—'You must leave my house: there's no further place for you in it.' Now, in this dissolution of partnership, the change can take place as in the natural course of events."

Jan had opened his great eyes wonderingly at the words. "I, marry!" uttered he. "What should bring me marrying?"

"You may be marrying sometime, Jan."

"Not I," answered Jan. "Nobody would have me. They can stop on in the house, Lionel. What does it matter? I don't see how I and Cheese should get on without them. Who'd make the pies? Cheese would die of chagrin, if he didn't get one every day."

"I see a great deal of inconvenience in the

way," persisted Lionel. "The house will be yours then. Upon what terms would they remain? As visitors, as lodgers—as what?"

Jan opened his eyes wider. "Visitors! lodgers!" cried he. "I don't know what you mean, Lionel. They'd stop on as they always have done—as though the house was theirs. They'd be welcome, for me."

"You must do as you like, Jan. But I do not think the arrangement a desirable one. It would be establishing a claim which Dr. West may be presuming upon later. With his daughters in the house, as of right, he may be for coming back some time and taking up his abode in it. It would be better for you and the Miss Wests to separate; to have your establishments apart."

"I shall never turn them out," said Jan. "They'd break their hearts. Look at the buttons, too! Who'd sew them on? Cheese bursts off two a day, good."

"As you please, Jan. My motive in speaking was not ill-nature towards the Miss Wests; but regard for you. As the sisters of my late wife, I shall take care that they do not want—should their resources from Dr. West fail. He speaks of allowing them a liberal sum annually: but I fear they must not make sure that the promise will be carried out. Should it not be, they will have no one to look to, I expect, but myself."

"They won't want much," said Jan. "Just a trifle for their bonnets and shoes, and such like. I shall pay the house bills, you know. In fact I'd as soon give them enough for their clothes, as not. I dare say I should have enough, even the first year, after paying expenses and old West's five hundred."

It was hopeless to contend with Jan upon the subject of money, especially when it was *his* money. Lionel said no more. But he had not the slightest doubt it would end in Jan's house being saddled with the Miss Wests: and that help for them from Dr. West would never come.

Miss West herself was thinking the same.

This conversation, between Jan and Lionel, had taken place at Verner's Pride, in the afternoon of the morning which had witnessed the arrival of Dr. West's letter. Deborah West had also received one from her father. She learnt by it that he was about to retire from the partnership, and that Mr. Jan Verner would carry on the practice alone. The doctor intimated that she and Amilly would continue to live on in the house with Mr. Jan's permission, whom he had asked to afford them houseroom: and he more loudly promised to transmit them one hundred pounds per annum; in different payments, as might be convenient to him.

The letter was read three times over by both sisters. Amilly did not like it, but upon Deborah it made a painfully deep impression. Poor ladies! Since the discovery of the codicil they had gone about Deerham with veils over their faces and their heads down, inclined to think that lots in this world were dealt out all too unequally.

At the very time that Jan was at Verner's Pride that afternoon, Deborah sat alone in the dining-room, pondering over the future. Since

the finding of the codicil, neither of the sisters had cared to seat themselves in state in the drawing-room, ready to receive visitors, should they call. They had no heart for it. They chose, rather, to sit in plain attire, and hide themselves in the humblest and most retired room. They took no pride now in anointing their scanty curls with castor oil, in contriving for their dress, in setting off their persons. Vanity seemed to have departed from Deborah and Amilly West.

Deborah sat there in the dining-room, her hair looking grievously thin, her morning dress of black print with white spots upon it not changed for the old turned black silk of the afternoon. Her elbow rested on the faded and not very clean table cover, and her fingers were running unconsciously through that scanty hair. The prospect before her looked, to her mind, as hopelessly forlorn as she looked.

But it was necessary that she should gaze at the future steadily; should not turn aside from it in carelessness or in apathy; should face it, and make the best of it. If Jan Verner and her father were about to dissolve partnership, and the practice henceforth was to be Jan's, what was to become of her and Amilly? Taught by past experience, she knew how much dependence was to be placed upon her father's promise to pay to them an income. Very little reliance indeed could be placed on Dr. West in any way; this very letter in her hand and the tidings it contained, might be true, or might be—pretty little cullings from Dr. West's imagination. The proposed dissolution of partnership she believed in: she had expected Jan to take the step ever since that night which restored the codicil.

"I had better ask Mr. Jan about it," she murmured. "It is of no use to remain in this uncertainty."

Rising from her seat, she proceeded to the side-door, opened it, and glanced cautiously out, through the rain, not caring to be seen by strangers in her present attire. There was nobody about, and she crossed the little path and entered the surgery. Master Cheese, with somewhat of a scorchy look in the eyebrows, but full of strength and appetite as ever, turned round at her entrance.

"Is Mr. Jan in?" she asked.

"No, he is not," responded Master Cheese, speaking indistinctly, for he had just filled his mouth with Spanish liquorice. "Did you want him, Miss Deb?"

"I wanted to speak to him," she replied. "Will he be long?"

"He didn't announce the hour of his return," replied Master Cheese. "I wish he *would* come back! If a message comes for one of us, I don't care to go out in this rain: Jan doesn't mind it. It's sure to be my luck! The other day, when it was pouring cats and dogs, a summons came from Lady Hautley's. Jan was out, and I had to go, and got dripping wet. After all, it was only my lady's maid, with a sorry whitlow on her finger."

"Be so kind as tell Mr. Jan, when he does come in, that I should be glad to speak a word to him, if he can step into the parlour."

Miss Deb turned back as she spoke, ran across

through the rain, and sat down in the parlour, as before. She knew that she ought to go up and dress, but she had not spirits for it.

She sat there until Jan entered. Full an hour, it must have been, and she had turned over all points in her mind, what could and what could not be done. It did not appear that much could be. Jan came in, rather wet. On his road from Verner's Pride he had overtaken one of his poor patients, who was in delicate health, and had lent the woman his huge cotton umbrella, hastening on, himself, without one.

"Cheese says you wish to see me, Miss Deb."

Miss Deb turned round from her listless attitude, and asked Mr. Jan to take a chair. Mr. Jan responded by partially sitting down on the arm of one.

"What is it?" asked he, rather wondering.

"I have had a letter from Prussia this morning, Mr. Jan, from my father. He says you and he are about to dissolve partnership; that the practice will be carried on by you alone, on your own account; and that—but you had better read it," she broke off, taking the letter from her pocket, and handing it to Jan.

He ran his eyes over it. Dr. West's was not a plain handwriting, but Jan was accustomed to it. The letter was soon read.

"It's true, Miss Deb," said he. "The doctor thinks he shall not be returning to Deerham, and so I am going to take to the whole of the practice," continued Jan, who possessed too much innate good feeling to hint to Miss Deb of any other cause.

"Yes. But—it will place me and Amilly in a very embarrassing position, Mr. Jan," added the poor lady, her thin cheeks flushing painfully;—"we shall have no right to stay in this house then."

"You are welcome to remain," said Jan.

Miss Deb shook her head. She felt, as she said, that they should have no "right."

"I'd rather you did," pursued Jan, in his good nature. "What do I and Cheese want with all this big house to ourselves? Besides, if you and Amilly go, who'd see to our shirts and the puddings?"

"When papa went away at first, was there not some arrangement made by which the furniture became yours?"

"No," stoutly answered Jan. "I paid something to him, to give me, as he called it, a half-share in it with himself. It was a stupid sort of arrangement, and one I should never act upon, Miss Deb. The furniture is yours; not mine."

"Mr. Jan, you would give up your right in everything, I believe. You will never get rich."

"I shall get as rich as I want to, I daresay," was Jan's answer. "Things can go on just the same as usual, you know, Miss Deb, and I can pay the housekeeping bills. Your stopping here will be a saving," good-naturedly added Jan. "With nobody in the house to manage, except servants, only think the waste there'd be! Cheese would be for getting two dinners a-day served, fish, and fowls, and tarts at each."

The tears were struggling in Deborah West's eyes. She did her best to repress them: but it could not be, and she gave way with a burst.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Jan," she said. "Sometimes I feel as if there was no longer any place in the world for me and Amilly. You may be sure I would not mention it, but that you know it as well as I do—that there is, I fear, no dependence to be placed on this promise of papa's, to allow us an income. I have been thinking—"

"Don't let that trouble you, Miss Deb," interrupted Jan, tilting himself backwards over the arm of the chair in a very ungraceful fashion, and leaving his legs dangling. "Others will, if he wo—if he can't. Lionel has just been saying that as Sibylla's sisters, he shall see that you don't want."

"You and he are very kind," she answered, the tears dropping faster than she could wipe them away. "But it seems to me the time is come when we ought to try and do something for ourselves. I have been thinking, Mr. Jan, that we might get a few pupils, I and Amilly. There's not a single good school in Deerham, as you know; I think we might establish one."

"So you might," said Jan, "if you'd like it."

"We should both like it. And perhaps you'd not mind our staying on in this house while we were getting a few together; establishing it, as it were. They would not put you out, I hope, Mr. Jan."

"Not they," answered Jan. "I shouldn't eat them. Look here, Miss Deb, I'd doctor them for nothing. Couldn't you put that in the prospectus. It might prove an attraction."

It was a novel feature in a school prospectus, and Miss Deb had to take some minutes to consider it. She came to the conclusion that it would look remarkably well in print. "Medical attendance gratis."

"Including physic," put in Jan.

"Medical attendance gratis, including physic," repeated Miss Deb. "Mr. Jan, it would be sure to take with the parents. I am so much obliged to you. But I hope," she added, moderating her tone of satisfaction, "that they'd not think it meant Master Cheese. People would not have much faith in him, I fear."

"Tell them to the contrary," answered Jan. "And Cheese will be leaving shortly, you know."

"True," said Miss Deb. "Mr. Jan," she added, a strange eagerness in her tone, in her meek blue eyes, "if we, I and Amilly, can only get into the way of doing something for ourselves, by which we may be a little independent, and look forward to be kept out of the workhouse in our old age, we shall feel as if removed from a dreadful nightmare. Circumstances have been preying upon us, Mr. Jan: care is making us begin to look old before we might have looked it."

Jan answered with a laugh. That notion of the workhouse was so good, he said. As well set on and think that he should come to the penitentiary! It had been no laughing matter, though, to the hearts of the two sisters, and Miss Deb sat on, crying silent tears.

How many of these silent tears must be shed in the path through life! It appears that the lot of some is only made to shed them, and to bear.

(To be concluded in our next.)

BUDE HAVEN, AND THE WRECK OF THE BENCOOLEN.

The thundering shore of Bude.
TENNYSON, "Idylls of the King."

THERE is a wonderful sameness in the "Watering-places" of the south of England. Except in size, and in the necessary differences of one hill, it may be, higher than another, or a little more or less of wood, or a steeper cliff, or a shallower beach, they are evidently members of one family, and have the monotonous family likeness. Go from Margate to Plymouth,—the Alpha and Omega of the class,—you will find this to be true. The same kind of lodging-houses, and the same tariff of prices; the same Lord Nelson Inns and Royal Hotels; the same dingy circulating libraries and dreary reading-rooms, with one "Times" and four penny local papers; the same sort of shore, half shingle, half sand, with its tiresome little waves all alike from year's end to year's end; the same young ladies with their pork-pie hats and wet hair down their backs coming out of the bathing machines, identical with one another from the Nore to the Start; the same young gentlemen lounging all day long with the same penny cigars in and out of the same kind of billiard-rooms, with the same kind of chipped balls and greasy cloth:—but let one word suffice; Margate, Ramsgate, Worthing, Hastings, Brighton, Bournemouth, Weymouth, Teignmouth, Ilfracombe, and a dozen others, may, one and all, be equally described under the head "Watering-place." Let us, however, go round the Lizard and the Land's End; or, if our sea-going qualities are but second rate, let us not conclude that Devonshire is the last county in England which can be reached by land; and we shall find two small villages upon the west coast of Cornwall, which cannot (anyhow at the present time) be put upon the same bad eminence as those which we have named. One of these is Newquay, the other, Bude Haven.

It is of the last of these places that we propose to give our readers a short account: Newquay is perhaps equally primitive, but it is less accessible; of less importance; and without the variety of scenery which surrounds Bude.

Queen Elizabeth, of pious and chaste memory, was good enough to say that the further she went west in her dominions, the more convinced she was that the wise men came from the east. However this may be, it is quite certain that the men of the east, who desire "to suffer a sea change," have not yet shown their wisdom by going westward: visitors to Cornwall are still not numerous. The "season," such as it is, at Bude, mainly depends upon the annual coming of almost neighbours from the county towns; of people whose faces are well known, and whose absence would be missed and to be accounted for. And the writer of this paper sincerely trusts that it will be very long before such a state of things is altered; he does not want a railroad within a mile, and "facilities of communication:" he hopes excursionists will never hear of Bude, or ever be able to get at it and home again within the day: he is intensely selfish, and desires to keep Bude

for the next fifty years just as it is: in short, he trusts that it will never be a "watering-place."

There are three chief roads which lead to Bude. One from Bideford, through Holsworthy; another from the same place, across the country, by way of Clovelly and Hartland; the third from Launceston. The last of these is the least varied, perhaps, in character, being more like the common roads and usual scenery which one finds everywhere. Of the others, the second runs across some moors for several miles, interesting from their wildness and extent, with occasional broad glimpses of Barnstaple Bay, and the steep headlands near Clovelly, and the point and church at Hartland, with Lundy Island at a few miles' distance. It is worth while to go to Bude by the road through Holsworthy, on account of the superb view which suddenly opens about halfway from that town, upon the top of the last hill, which sinks with a gradual descent of several miles down to the level of the sea. There is no sign which suggests the chance or likelihood of any change: the road has been winding through a somewhat dreary-looking district for a few miles past; the traveller forgets that he has been passing for a long time over a high inland level, until, with a sharp turn of the road, as it were a new world lies before him. He is suddenly upon the edge of the declivity; and before his eyes, on either side, there spreads a vast expanse of country, its horizon bounded by the distant undulations of a semicircle of lofty hills, bending in every direction downwards to the west; with the outlines of a thousand cliffs, and the hollows of the larger bays, and the mighty sea itself, gleaming and distinct beneath his feet, lighted, it may be, under the slanting brilliance of a setting sun.

Bude Haven is a hamlet in the parish of Stratton, in Cornwall, about 25 miles from Bideford, and 20 from Launceston. The population may amount to some 600 or 700; the men mostly employed in manning the twenty sloops and schooners belonging to the port; or in loading and unloading vessels which trade from and to the place. Large employment is also given by the proprietors of the Bude Canal, which carries goods in two or three directions into the interior of the county, and immense quantities of sea-sand for the farmers for manure.

The village of Bude lies upon two sides of a small stream, which runs into the sea at the mouth of the harbour. It belongs chiefly to two proprietors only: and consists upon the north side of a scattered collection of houses, some in rows, some singly, extending up a moderately sloping hill; upon the other of rows of houses, and a pretentious-looking hotel, a new church, the parsonage, the coast-guard station, and some good cottages let to visitors in the summer. The two sides are very different in character and appearance. On the one side there is little sign of care or expense in keeping the houses in repair, or of attention to the wants of those who live in them: and not a few of the buildings which are under the control of the proprietor, exhibit a very narrow escape indeed from the general look of a dilapidated little Irish town. There is no difficulty whatever in distinguishing upon this side those houses which

are in the hands of other owners; for there is a distinct attempt at improvement, and, so far as means allow, generally successful. But upon the other side, every house or little row of houses, though not always perhaps built with the best taste, shows as plainly as words could tell it, that the careful hand and eye of a liberal landlord have been over them for years. Here, there is no unheeded cry for necessary repairs; there are no dirty pigsties close under cottage windows, and opposite cottage doors; no stables with rotting roofs; or open gutters, miscaled drains; but everything is kept, fairly, in decent order.

On both sides, north and south, there are several rows of small houses, which, in the summer and autumn, are let to visitors. Most of them have two small sitting-rooms, and three, four, or five bedrooms: and it is not an uncommon circumstance from July to September to find every lodging occupied and bespoke. These houses, except some two or three, do not command a view of the sea: built originally rather for shelter (if not, it is difficult to discover a reason for such perverseness), their first owners did not, perhaps, anticipate the future uses to which they might be put. But there are three cottages, of a better kind, not a quarter of a mile distance from the village, which were built for lodging-houses, twenty years ago, close upon the shore, perfectly sheltered, and commanding fine views along the coast.

The church—at first intended for a chapel of ease, but now a district church—stands well upon the slope of the hill on the south side; plain in appearance, and, were it not for its picturesque position, some cavillers might possibly think it something worse than "plain." But it was a noble gift of the same generous landlord, a layman, whom I have spoken of already, to the people of the place: and he has given them a schoolhouse also; and to the incumbent and his successors, a fine old manor-house, as a parsonage. Thinking of all these things, people regret that there should be a stream of water dividing the two sides of Bude.

Lying midway between the two opposite slants of hill is a large mound, about eighty or one hundred feet high, originally a mere sand-bank, but now covered with green turf, with a lawn of an acre or two towards the village, and terraced slopes and banks towards the sea; close under its shelter is a larger house, occupied by the family of the owner during the summer and autumn months. At low water the sands extend in front, and when the tide is high the waves rush along its sea-wall. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the sea-view from the windows of this house. It looks straight out towards the Atlantic Ocean (not an inch of land between it and America), and on either side, before you reach the water's edge, the hills which enclose the little harbour sweep in a gradual rise to the summits of the cliffs, with the Breakwater and the Chapel Rock extending halfway across between them.

Considerable as the population of Bude is, there is no doctor resident in the village: but there soon may be. Coming events are casting their shadows before; and last year a well-appointed chemist's shop startled and pleased the people with its huge blue and green and yellow

coloured bottles. Neither is there a lawyer in the place: but it is said that there are at least more than one close by in the little town of Stratton.

Until about thirty years ago, the ships which traded to and from Bude ran in upon the sand, and, lying there, discharged and took in their cargoes. They were small sloops, generally, and the risk was great upon a shore so exposed. But about that time a Company obtained an Act of Parliament, and the canal, already mentioned, was completed. This—after a succession of remarkable inclines from the high hills inland, up and down which the barges are worked by a very ingenious management of water-power—ends in a large basin with a wharf, opening upon a lock, and leading out directly, at high water, into the sea itself. The advantages of this canal are very great. Ships, once inside the lock, can lie safely in the basin, and the whole country is benefited by the conveyance of coals, timber, and other traffic into the interior.

More than all, the canal supplies the neighbouring villages, within a circuit of perhaps twenty miles, with the famous Bude sea-sand. For centuries this has been taken from the beach in front of the village, and for centuries no lasting increase and no decrease have been marked. After a small visible diminution by means, it may be, of two months' steady work in carrying it away, a tide comes in, and deposits again in the same place, within a range of perhaps some ten or twenty acres, all that is required: or, if a succession of such tides may come, there soon follows another with a change of wind, and the excess is swept out, once more, into the sea. This sand is valuable as a manure, containing sixty or seventy per cent. of lime; and its good effects upon heavy lands may be traced for years after. At what may be called the farmers' idle time, in August, between the two harvests, there may be often seen upon the sands, in addition to the carts of the canal company, as many as fifty or a hundred country waggons at one time, all busy in loading the sea-sand. The canal company have laid down iron tram-roads, running far down towards low-water mark, upon which their peculiarly constructed carts run, and a horse draws easily two or three tons of sand. It is said, that the first notice of Bude is with reference to its sand, in a charter dated in the reign of Richard the Second.

The coast of Cornwall, from its northern extremity, 10 miles from Bude, southward to Trevose Head, which is distant about 20 miles, sweeps in a long curve, to which the name of Bude Bay is given in the maps. The coast is terrible throughout the whole extent. Rock-bound, with cliffs rising often to the height of 300 and nearly 400 feet, there are only a few breaks of sand here and there, at distant intervals, interrupting the constant dash of the waves against the very bases of the cliffs. Of these breaks of sand that at Bude with its harbour (a deeper indentation of perhaps a quarter of a mile) is the most important.

Lofty and precipitous as many of the cliffs are, immediately close to Bude, the highest on the coast are in the adjoining parish of Morwenstow, where one, Henna Cliff (the Raven's Crag) towers

to a height of more than 400 feet. It is Morwenstow, also, whose vicar's name will long be remembered, not alone for energetic work in his own village, but as the author of some of the most beautiful modern English ballads. These long ranges of cliffs are seen from the shore at Bude, lying as it does in the depth of the bay, extending southward to Trevose, and on the north to Hartland Point, with Lundy Island, clear and lofty, separate in the farthest distance.

The haven or harbour at Bude is in shape something like the section of a pear, from which the end at the stem has been cut off. It faces west; on the north side the cliffs for about a quarter of a mile are low; on the south they are lofty, with beds of rock and reefs below them. Upon the north side, below the cliffs, stretches a magnificent reach of sand, firm and dry at low water, for the length of between three and four miles. Between the two sides, nearly midway, a large rock stands boldly up, in appearance like that of St. Michael's Mount; and it had anciently a chapel dedicated to St. Michael on its summit. No ruins of this remain. From the base of the cliffs at the south side a breakwater, constructed at great cost by the canal company, runs out and joins the "Chapel Rock." This forms a good shelter for vessels once inside, but limits the entrance of the harbour to the narrow space between its extremity at the rock and the north cliffs: not exceeding, perhaps, 300 yards: and even this space is not all equally available for vessels entering the port. The real entrance is as narrow, except under very favourable circumstances of weather, as the channel of the little river which deepens close under the Chapel Rock towards the sea.

Hence it is that there is very little exaggeration in saying that ships seldom get into or out of Bude without some slight risk. Let the weather be ever so moderate, there may be a little roll of the sea on, and the wind may drop, and the ship drift upon a rock; or, from ignorance of the locality, a strange captain may keep his vessel a little away from the Chapel Rock,—too close to which, generally, he cannot go,—and so, run in upon the sand or reefs to the north.

But it is (and frequently it happens) when there is an "awkward" tide, and perhaps some six or eight ships waiting to run in, that we see excitement and anxiety at Bude. Every hour since low water the sea and the wind have been anxiously watched by the old captains of the place, by the owners who are at home, and by the "hovellers.*" As the hour of high water approaches, you may often see faces lengthen, and hear grave doubts expressed as to the safety

* The hovellers are the pilots of the Cornish sea-ports. At Bude they are employed, some six or eight, by the owners of a boat built for the purpose. It is their duty to watch at every tide, either to bring vessels in or to help them out. It is the only small boat kept at Bude, except the life-boat: there is no "boating" on such a shore. It is not only sea-sickness which would probably be the result of an attempt at it. A sad calamity happened some twenty years ago. The hovellers' boat put out a little distance to a ship lying off in a strong easterly breeze; the ship sailed away; evening was coming on; the boat could not pull in against wind and tide; there were no possible means of help; and, in sight of all, it was watched drifting out until dark, farther and farther. Neither boat nor men were ever heard of after.

of attempting to bring them in. Perhaps at last the decision is "No;" and the flag is hoisted at the Storm Tower,* and the ships must wait for another tide; or, if the weather is threatening, up sail and away to Ilfracombe or Clovelly.

If, on the contrary, the decision is to bring them in, the flag is hoisted on the Chapel Rock, and the hovellers' boat is rowed out to the point of the breakwater. Then, if it be really a doubtful, which (in fact) means a dangerous, tide, people flock down to the breakwater and the cliffs, and watch each ship as she steers for the entrance and tries her chance. Women are there, whose husbands, sons, and brothers are on board, and often the anxiety deepens into something worse. Happily, cases of the wreck of Bude ships are rare, and, for many years, still rarer with loss of life. But they are frequently ashore, and then their safety entirely depends upon smooth water at the next flood tide; or there may be some collision, or they might touch the rock, in which case the force of the "outset" carries them to sea again, and there is hardly a chance of saving them.

By way of example:—Some little time ago, three or four ships were waiting for the signal. There was scarcely any wind, but a long, heavy, ground-sea rolling in. The signal to come in was made, and slowly two of the vessels rounded the Chapel Rock safely. The two last, just at the very entrance, hung upon the same wave together, and the light wind was completely taken out of the sails of the smaller one. In an instant she drifted upon the rock; the cry was, "All will be lost!" Fortunately, the second wave, instead of driving her higher up, lifted her completely, and the reflux swept her out to sea, clear of the breakwater. But she was sinking, and the crew hoisted their boat over the side. In a few minutes the life-boat was also got out and manned, and at great risk, for the ground-sea was rolling in heavily, went through the surf, and saved the crew.

So, this past summer. A strange sloop, attempting the harbour one evening, touched the sand upon the north side. There was but little sea—a billow sea—but it broke over her as soon as she touched. Some two or three people only happened to be watching her; these ran out upon the nearest ledge of rock shouting to the crew, "Keep on board." They either did not hear or would not listen. Two men, a woman, and a boy, got into their boat: the first wave which reached her lifted the boat and capsized it. We were near enough to hear the cries of the poor wretches, and thought all would be drowned. But another wave or two helped in the two men who could swim, and the woman and the boy were caught hold of also, as they were washing past the rock. It was a near thing indeed, and the woman was utterly exhausted.

A few months before, one of our own ships struck under the same cliff, missing the entrance

in a ground-sea, and no wind; the crew were saved by the rocket apparatus, and the ship went to pieces the following tide.

Such being the undeniably dangerous nature of the harbour, there is no want of interest, and excitement often, at every time of high water. The most exciting case is, of course, when some vessel *must* make the attempt, on account of heavy weather outside and a gale of wind upon the coast, which prevent altogether any chance of beating out of the bay. At such times, except to mark the tide, there is no need of any signal. The cliffs are lined with people, many also on the breakwater, in spite perhaps of the seas running over it: the rockets are brought down; the life-boat ready under shelter; and every one prepared to do his best.

One such case occurred a few years ago, which few who saw it have forgotten. It was blowing very hard, dead upon the shore; and a brig, which had been watched all the morning struggling against the storm, and vainly endeavouring to beat out, so as to weather Hartland, was observed at last to be making for the entrance of the harbour. The sea was running heavily, in tumbling billows, breaking far outside the farthest reef of rocks. It was doubtful whether the captain knew the coast or not. If he did, the gale and sea were too great to leave much hope; if he did not, his chance of escape was nothing. Every signal which might direct him, however, was made, and in a very short time the brig was inside the breakers. In such a storm she seemed in half a minute to have been driven through them; the captain was at the helm, and clung to it: the vessel, as it were by a miracle, escaped the rock and passed up the little channel. As she swept by, the captain left the helm, dashed down into the cabin, and up again, holding high in the air, between his arms, his little child. It was no wonder that the shouts of the people on the breakwater could be heard far in reply, even through the storm. In another moment the ship had swung round, and run up high upon the beach; and the crew and a woman and the child were saved.

We have said that the breakwater runs half across the harbour, between the opposing cliffs. The face of the cliffs upon the south, the side to which the breakwater is joined, has a grand and noble aspect. They rise boldly, and towards the sea, nearly perpendicularly, increasing in height, with occasional dips where the land valleys approach the coast, for some miles, until they drop altogether to a low shore, extending perhaps a mile, called Widemouth Bay. After this they rise again suddenly, and are continued, abounding in scenery of matchless grandeur and beauty for ten miles on, to Boscastle and Tintagel.

At low water, the walk below these cliffs is full of interest. No doubt it is a rough one, over pebbles at the best, and by far the greatest part over broken rocks and reefs. But the labour, such as it is, is amply repaid by the beauty of the sea-face of the cliffs, the variety of light and shade, dark caverns here and there, the fantastic shapes of the disjointed rocks and jutting points, and the brilliant foam of the waves, whether rippling in under the calm of a summer's sunshine,

* The Storm Tower is a picturesque small tower (an imitation of the famous Temple of the Winds), built at the extreme edge of the top of the cliff, south of the breakwater. It is usually occupied by the coast guard as their look-out. In a great storm it is almost alarming to sit in it, and listen to the terrific gusts of wind which come against it with unbroken force. Though at so great a height, the small strong windows are often broken by the stones and pebbles driven up the side of the cliff by the power of the wind.

or rolling heavily and angrily with a ground swell from the ocean, promising a storm.

And every hollow of the reefs, every crevice of the rocks, is filled with life: in pools of water, clear and transparent as crystal, swim thousands of marine animals, amidst waving forests of seaweed, endless in colour and variety. Probably in no part of the English shores is so wide a field open to the inquiry of the naturalist as this portion of the coast of Cornwall. Rare plants, and rarer seaweeds, will reward his search; but, for the conchologist, very little. Scarcely a shell, even broken in half, will be gathered in a day, a perfect one hardly ever. We cannot have everything, and if we want fine shells, we must go to the edge of a smoother sea and by the wash of lighter waves than what we find in the full face of the great Atlantic. Yet, in justice, it must be added that very perfect specimens of one of the most fragile and uncommon of English shells, the purple *Helix*, have, twice or thrice, been picked up amongst the rocks or on the sands at Bude.

If the conchologist should be disappointed, there is ample scope for not only the student but the professor in geology. For some miles along the shores, on either side of Bude, the broken sea-face of the cliffs furnishes a constant succession of rare examples of strata, well worthy of examination. In many places these are twisted into most curious forms; in others, not only slanting at unequal angles, but even perpendicular. And, at one spot, in the beautiful little cove at Melhuach there are a contortion and mixture of various strata, which no theory (we believe) has, as yet, satisfactorily accounted for.

On either side of the harbour, whether upon that which we have been speaking of towards the south, or upon the other to the north, the tops of the cliffs are covered with admirable turf, and fine open downs stretch onward and onward to Hartland in the one direction, to Tintagel in the other.

Nothing can exceed the charm of a walk along these downs and cliffs. The immense expanse of sea, the broken headlands, the glittering surf below, and the hollow murmur filling the ear from the breaking waves; a few white sails near land or far out upon the dim horizon; a sweeping gull or soaring hawk upon the wing; the sweetness of the thyme with which the turf abounds, crushed under the tread, and filling the whole air with perfume; or the fragrance of the blossoms of the furze spread in large patches here and there, and gilding the more distant slopes; the expanse of country, often visible inland, with waving corn growing in a few spots down to the very edge of the cliff, and a white farmhouse or church-tower of some neighbouring village just showing above a cluster of low trees;—all these, bathed in an autumn sunshine, in the purest air, form a picture which, we do not hesitate to say, is unequalled upon any other part of the coast of England.

To stand upon the brow of one of the lofty cliffs near Bude, and look forward over the expanse of ocean, is suggestive of many solemn thoughts, even in our own time, when the world has been so carefully mapped out, and weighed, and measured; when we know exactly what is before us, though at the distance of a thousand

leagues, and could put our finger (as it were) upon the capes and bays of North America, or bending southwards on the Gulf of Florida and the islands of the Caribbean Sea. But, four hundred years ago, how different were the thoughts, and with what a far more curious and eager eye must the thoughtful wanderer along these shores have gazed across the sea! He must have dreamt then of Atlantis and of the glories of Cathay; he must have longed to inquire of the strange fragments of foreign woods or cane which might be found upon the beach, and of every wave which rolled in upon the sand, and of every breath which blew upon his cheek, the truth and history of the marvellous lands which he had been told of in song and fable; or the fate of some of the many ships which had sailed out into that unknown ocean, with the reckless courage of mad adventure, never to return. There was bliss in that mediæval ignorance: we are very wise and learned in our own day, and we have lost all the old imaginations and romance.

A few words must suffice for a description of the shore which lies to the north of the Breakwater. As we have already said, the cliffs on this side have at low water at their base not low rocks and reefs, but a superb range of firm sand, more than three miles in length. This gives to Bude its great variety: on the one hand you have rocks; upon the other, sand; you may choose your walk, and the whole character of the one is as different from the other as if they were fifty miles apart. A little way along these sands, during the summer months, a long, low, jutting reef of rock is appropriated as "the ladies' bathing-place." And there may be seen—of course by strange eyes, only from a very great distance and very indistinctly—numerous gleaming, moving, creatures, running in and out, and shining white garments spread upon the rocks, and a little mob of figures, in clinging robes, amidst the last ripples of the last waves. But where are the bathing-machines? Where, indeed. Such little huts on wheels are well enough perhaps on sands like those at Ryde or Weymouth: but the first tide which washed the cliffs at Bude would leave behind it but a very dismal account of them: a broken wheel, perhaps, or a few fragments of the sides.

Perhaps the most magnificent sea-sight which the world can show, is a ground-sea coming in, with an advancing spring-tide, upon these sands. There will be, probably, little if any wind; and far at sea, not a breaker, not a glimmer of white foam, is visible; only long, low, undulations, reaching miles in length. But, some mile or two from where we stand, these undulations seem, at short regular intervals, to grow out of the sea; as they roll in, nine or ten, it may be, following each other, they lift higher and higher: they begin to tip, in parts, and slightly break; but still roll in, and gather as they roll, until the horizon is completely hid; then, one after another, in succession, the whole mass thunders in upon the sands, a perfect cataract of foam. It is no exaggeration to say that these waves frequently sweep up over the sands a full mile from the place where they may first be seen to break and top their edge with white: or, to give another proof of the

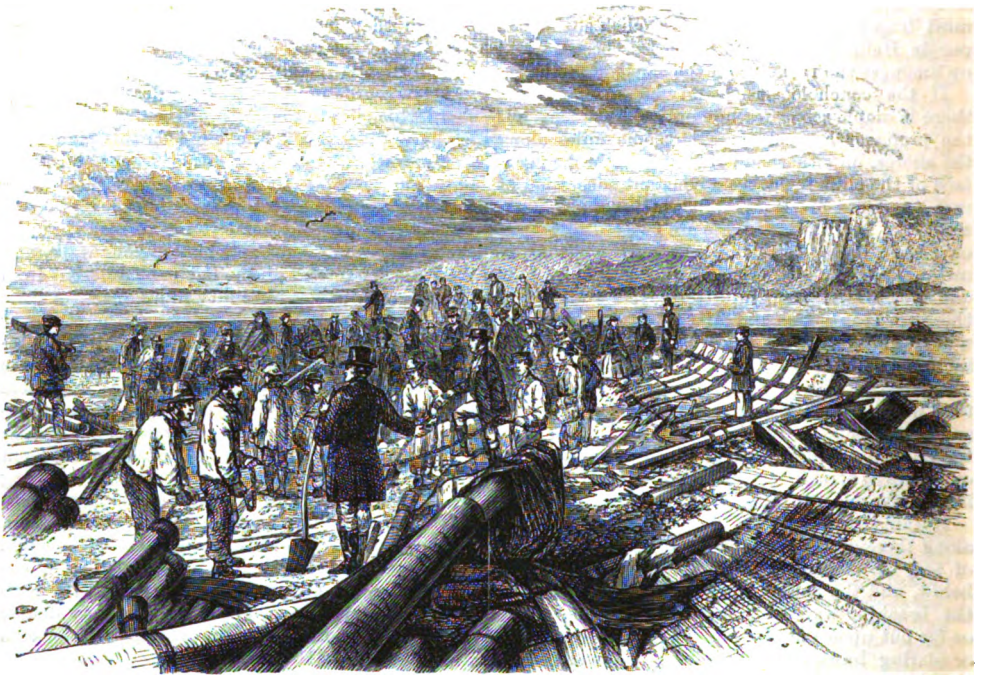
weight and power of these seas : a short time ago, a schooner of about eighty tons was lying near the lock-gates in the little channel, waiting for high-water ; her boat lay alongside her ; a heavy swell was rolling in ; and the run of one of the waves was so great that both schooner and boat were floated, and when the wave retired both were again left aground.

These ground seas never come with a north wind, or to the north of west ; but they frequently occur, in autumn, right in the teeth of a strong easterly breeze. You will then see another sight: as each wave breaks at last, the foam is tossed high up in the air, twenty or thirty feet, and blown back, a perfect arch, towards the sea again. And in the early morning, against a brilliant sun, these arches are covered in all directions

with dazzling prismatic colours ; often with a distinct spray-bow over every wave.

If our space allowed, we would speak long of the glorious sunsets which are enjoyed at Bude. There, over the great Western Ocean, as evening comes on, the clouds may be seen to gather, in long lines or fleecy strips, or rolling up in heavy masses with the threatenings of a storm, and the sun, breaking through them as he sinks, lighting up the whole sea and cliffs with the most brilliant and blazing colour.

Or, we would have given a dissertation on the healthiness of the place and the excellence of its climate ; but, on this point, it is enough to say that it may challenge comparison with any place, however famous, in the south. Not so cold as Ilfracombe or Weymouth, nor so



The Bed of the Hull of the Bencoolen (from a Photograph).

relaxing as Torquay, nor so damp as Penzance, it unites the bracing qualities of the one with the mildness of the others. With a more equal temperature than either, it is also less subject to rain. From whatever cause it may be, it is well known that the West of England may have a succession of rainy days, and yet the district which lies between Bideford, Launceston, and Tintagel may escape them. It is a large basin surrounded by lofty hills. Row Tor and Brown Willy, Dartmoor and Exmoor, these seem to attract the clouds ; and many a time when not a drop has fallen near Bude, the heavy showers may be seen hanging all day long and pouring down over the whole country in the distance towards Exeter and Plymouth. More than all, this part of the coast is, from some cause which we cannot explain, entirely free from those

depressing sea-fogs which are so common along the southern shores of England. Misty and gloomy skies must come in their due course ; but, we may truly assert, never the thick overwhelming dreary fog which continues hour after hour, sometimes day after day, as if it would never lift again and let a ray of sunshine through.

It is probably to this clearness and purity of the atmosphere upon the western coast of Cornwall that we must attribute, after all, the chief cause of the great partiality which so many visitors feel for Bude. People, utter strangers, have often been known to come there ; and for the first two or three days, the apparent sameness and solitude of the place weary them. There is no reading-room ; no public amusement of any kind ; no esplanade or mall to lounge along ; no balls, no regattas. But a few days go by, and the seeming

monotony has gone also ; the air, so to say, begins to tall, and without knowing why or wherefore, there comes a sense of increased strength and cheerfulness ; the first impressions of loneliness and sameness have turned to interest and pleasure in much of novelty and strangeness ; the freedom and freshness of the sands, the rocks, the whole country round, force by degrees a charm which cannot be resisted ; constant changes of the sea, in colour, in waves, in brilliance,—never seen two days alike,—follow one another, in quick variety ; until at last old recollections of what “ watering-places ” are, or ought to be, have passed away, and enjoyment of oneself by the seaside is found to spring from sources very different indeed from those which, for years past, we have been stupidly contented with. And the consequence of it all is, that the proposed stay of a week or two lengthens often into as many months, and Bude, out of the world and quiet and lonely though it be, is left at last with regret, and with the full purpose of return.

Pages might still be written, but our space draws shortly to its limit. We have given a true description of Bude ; and there is one side still to be presented, sad and dreadful in its aspect, yet fascinating by the very horrors which surround it. As to this a few words only.

Upon a coast so exposed shipwrecks must often happen. The term “ wrecker,” in old days, seems to have almost wanted to complete it, “ Cornish ” : and this, not because the people were more cruel or greedy than in other places, but because of the frequency of wrecks. Suffolk and Dorset, years ago, could have told tales of ships lured ashore by lights, and of men left to drown, quite as terrible and quite as true as those which tradition has handed down to us in Cornwall.

During the past autumn (of 1862), for example, there were three wrecks at Bude. One of these was so great, so fatal, that henceforth no description of Bude, or even of the county, would be complete without some account of it. It was also remarkable, especially, as having occurred in full daylight, when everything could be observed, when time was given for preparation, and when all means at hand could be tried to help. With a brief record of this wreck—of the Bencoolen, a ship of 2000 tons,—we shall end our paper.

Very shortly after mid-day on October 21st an alarm was given that a ship was in the offing “ coming ashore : ” the weather for four or five days past had been stormy, and it was still blowing very hard, dead on the coast. In a few minutes ten or a dozen people had collected at the Storm Tower ; and, about five miles off, the long black hull of a large vessel, deep in the water, was plainly visible. We could observe no signals : no sails were set, and her masts were gone. At this time it was about three hours flood ; the sea was high, rising higher every instant, and rolling in more and more heavily with the advancing tide. A flag was at once hoisted at the signal-staff by the Storm Tower ; and a tar-barrel was lighted upon the cliff on the opposite side of the harbour, so as to bring the vessel, if not deserted, upon the sands (her only chance) instead of on the rocks. Very shortly after, a small sail could be made out set upon the stump of her foremast ; her helm

was put up, and it was evident that she was making for the smoke, and she steered straight for the entrance of the harbour.

It was now past two o'clock ; the cliffs were crowded with people, and nothing to be seen upon every face but anxiety and dismay. The old sailors said, “ It will be a bad business.” In another half hour she was near enough for us to make out three or four men at the wheel, and a great number together upon the fore-castle. Slowly she rose and fell upon the waves, hidden by them as she sank between the troughs ; still rapidly drifting in with the force of the wind and the run of the tide. As yet, however, no sea broke over her.

A few minutes before three the ship struck, exactly at the entrance of the haven, broadside on ; her great length occupying and stretching more than over the whole of the small deeper channel by which the coasting vessels enter. Both the rocket apparatus and the life-boat had been brought down to the extremity of the breakwater. Unhappily, there was but one small ship lying in the harbour at the time ; it was impossible to get an efficient crew together, and the life-boat could not be of use.

The instant that the ship struck, the seas broke over her : and there was no doubt left that all on board were in the extremity of peril. The men at the helm ran forward ; and the whole of the crew were together on the fore-castle, holding on by anything to save being washed over. As she heeled towards the land when the waves struck her, a raft that had been got ready could now be seen, lying close to where the sailors were. The vessel was about 150 yards from the end of the breakwater ; in less than five minutes the first rocket was fired, and fell short ; another five minutes, and the second was fired ; it fell on board, but was swept back instantly into the sea. An interval of twenty minutes followed ; * then the third rocket flashed across the foam, and the line fell fairly over the stern of the ship. Instantly a man started from among the crowd forward, to secure the line ; half-way along the deck he stopped to clear some wreck ; he had left after one sea had broken ; stopping, he clung to the side ; the next huge wave swept in, broke over the ship from stem to stern, and the man was carried over with it, and never seen again. This was the second mate. The same sea rushed up the breakwater as high as the rocket apparatus, and made it useless. There were no possible means left by which aid could be given, and we could only stand and watch.

It was now half-past three : the last half hour had given frightful evidence of the rapidity with which all was going to destruction. The bulwarks were carried away, and the great seas, as they rolled in, poured no longer in mere sheets of foam

* This miserable delay was owing to an old and inexecutable rule of the Board of Trade, by which two lines only were supplied for twelve rockets. It was necessary therefore to haul back and recoil one of the lines already fired. This required great care. The fatal consequence, in the case of the Bencoolen, cannot be over-estimated. By a regulation since made, four lines are now supplied to each station upon the Cornish coast. But it was only after great delay and useless waste of quantities of very valuable red tape that the Board at last consented to the expense of a few shillings for additional lines, in order to increase the hope of saving men's lives.

as at first, but in masses of water, hiding everything, several feet deep over the heads of the miserable crew. It was becoming a question of minutes, and the whole distance from the wreck to the cliffs was already covered with beams, and timber, and spars floating in every direction. At this time, as we learnt afterwards, the first mate had been brought up from his cabin, where, since the masts had gone, he had been lying with a broken leg, and was lashed in that condition to the raft. The captain had been drinking for two days past; he was quite drunk when they were off the land; and just before the ship struck he went into his cabin, refused to leave it, and was drowned there.

Before four the ship parted in the middle; the fore part swung round a little, and stuck fast; five-and-twenty men were now, some lashed, some clinging, upon the raft. Two men came to the side and took off their jackets and their shoes; we could see them shake hands: the first plunged

into the water and was drowned; the second sprang after him, and though not seen again was at last washed in and saved. The next minute the bowsprit fell into the sea; and a tremendous wave, breaking over everything, swept the raft off clear of the ship. This was within one hour of the time she struck, and now not a living soul was left on board—every one was at the mercy of the raging sea. The first wave that struck the raft lifted it high in the air, covered it with water whilst ten might be slowly counted, and, reappearing, it was borne back by the reflux of the sea with scarcely half the number who were at first upon it. And so, amidst a heaving, tossing, mass of foam and masts and spars, now visible now invisible, the raft for twenty minutes more wavered backwards and forwards from the wreck to the land. Each time it sank between the breaking seas, some one or two were lost; once, it completely capsized, and all were under it for a few seconds; until at last, when it slowly, very



Iron Mast and Wire Cordage, with Wreck in the Distance (from a Photograph).

slowly, was washed in upon the rocks, only two could still be seen clinging to it in despair.

The raft came in under the point of the low cliffs on the north side of the harbour, into a little creek, perhaps fifty yards across, by this time full of great fragments of broken timber. There were several dead and the two living men lashed to it. A line was passed down the cliff, and one by one, twelve men, six dead and six living (four having been washed ashore) were drawn up as carefully as could be, rescued as they had been with difficulty from the tangled heaps of wreck below, and laid upon the grass. So fearful was the exhaustion of all who yet survived, that only one could speak; and open bleeding wounds, caused by blows from the drifting spars, made them look still more ghastly. All were carried to the village; and, by great exertions, the six who still breathed were at last recovered.

It was a terrible wreck: out of a crew of thirty-five, six men only were saved. The cargo was a valuable one; and some of it, during the next few

weeks, was saved. The day after the wreck, a very heavy ground-sea set in; and one of the iron masts, weighing perhaps nearly twenty tons, with a great mass of wire rigging, sails, and cordage, was swept up quite three hundred yards by the force of the waves. We have given an illustration of this.

The first of our two woodcuts represents the bed of the ship, taken five weeks after the wreck. By this time, owing to great exertions and employment of a hundred men between each tide, all the starboard side had been thoroughly cleared. A very large quantity still remained upon the other side, half buried in the sand. Both these illustrations are from photographs* taken at the time of low-water during very low spring-tides: at other tides the wreck could not be got at.

We have no more space left. Much that might still be said of Bude, its scenery, its wrecks, must be put off until another opportunity.

* Our illustrations are from a set of eight or ten excellent photographs, taken directly after the wreck, by Mr. H. Thoru, of Bude.

THE WRATH OF MISTRESS ELIZABETH GWYNNE.



EVERY family has its own romance. Every house of decent respectability and antiquity has its own ghost. Families possessing neither romance nor ghost rest their claims to respect on the achievements of some mysterious hero, who by battle, by duel, or by rapine, has won renown; or, better still, of some heroine, slain by a harsh husband, drowned in an ancestral moat, or immortalised by the fame of her beauty. Those who can boast neither thrilling history, nor hero, whether natural or spiritual, can scarcely be called families at all. They are merely a zoolo-

gical congeries of uninteresting individuals, and have no right to intrude themselves on public notice.

It has lately been my fortune to have been staying in the country-house of a family eminently deserving of the name. Their annals are rich in incident, and the lives of all their kith and kin would make up a (by no means contemptible) history of England. In three rooms in their old dwelling, guests are never lodged; for in each of these three rooms a white lady, or a black knight, or some other incomprehensible inhabitant, is sure

to molest a stranger. Their portrait gallery is as rich in character as in art. The Gwynnes have always prided themselves on their pictures, and I cannot but think that painters must have rejoiced over the opportunity of depicting the grim lords and beautiful ladies of their house. It is not my intention to give a list of this pedigree of paintings, for from the tawny panel of Mabuse which represents the black-bearded Gwynne who fought for the Tudor at Bosworth, down to the pink and white ivory of Cosway whereon simpers the high-girdled Gwynne who captivated the Regent, that list would be very long. I shall confine my tale to one picture and its subject. That one picture chained down my attention from the moment I saw it. I was glad to learn by my subsequent inquiries that the remarkable face that seemed to live on its surface belonged to one of the most noteworthy of the family, and one who had her own story. That story may seem very tame in comparison with the melodramatic horrors of much family romance, but such as it is, I heard it with interest. Whether I can repeat it with interest I am too modest to predict.

The story belongs to no dark ages of Smithfield fires or of bloody battles, for the picture is by Reynolds, and professes to represent the grandmother of the present Squire of Gwynne. She appears to be about thirty years old. She is standing, and seems of a stature greater than that of the mass of her sex. Her head is turned over her shoulder, and her face looks the spectator full in his own. The attitude is that of a graceful and high-bred gentlewoman, as is the attitude of all Reynolds's ladies. Nor is there anything more than Reynolds's customary success in the foliage of the background, and the arrangement of the grey drapery of the dress. It is the face alone which is remarkable. The forehead is high, and the brows are much more strongly marked, and much darker, than those which are usually found with brown hair. They are arched, and too nearly meet for mere beauty. The eyes are of that dark grey which flashes with the fiercest of all fire when it is roused. The expression of the mouth is a strange mixture of passion, of tenderness, and of resolution. The lips are firmly compressed, but they are too full for meanness, and too wavy for malice. The chin is prominent and large. The whole face beams with intelligence and life. I looked at it at one moment and said within myself, that woman must have been fearful in a rage. I looked at it again and said, that woman must have been one whose love was worth risking much to win. Two lustrous and unfathomable eyes haunted me wherever I went, and the recollection of them haunts me still.

In the days when King George III. was still a blooming young prince, not yet engaged in that romantic love affair with the well-educated Charlotte of Mecklenburg, which the biographer of the four monarchs of his name so amusingly describes, the family of the Gwynnes, after growing less and less numerous for several generations, came to be represented by two brothers. The elder ruled, as his ancestors ruled before him, in the ancestral manor. The younger adopted the traditionary career of the cadets of his house, and served in

the army. Both married very suitable helpmates. The soldier lived long enough to speed the last sigh of his wife, and welcome the first smile of his son, and was then killed by a fall from his horse. The Squire's lady presented him with an heir, and five years afterwards with a daughter, and then died. The widower was left in his home to train and teach his own children, and the child of his dead brother.

The Squire was haughty and passionate, but withal a just man. He clung to his opinions with all the tenacity of an Englishman, and, above all, of an English Tory. He hated a Whig, and he hated a Frenchman. With these exceptions, it might be said that he loved his neighbour. He was condescendingly affable to my Lord Marquess of the adjoining acres, as it became a Gwynne to be to a man who dated his rank not even from the comparatively ancient period of Hastings, but merely from the more recent invasion of Torbay. He was very friendly to the Vicar, and loved the toast of "Church and King." He was equitable in his dealings with his tenants, and "ne'er forgot the poor." He swore at his grooms, but they none of them left him. He was as fond of his nephew as of his own son and daughter, and children have rarely had a fonder father.

So matters went on quietly at Gwynne, till grey hairs began to grow on the head of the Squire (though it is almost an anachronism to talk of grey hairs in days of powder), and down to sprout on the cheeks of his boys. His own son Horace went to Christchurch, and was then sent to Paris. The young Squire was committed to the care of a great lady who had known the old Squire at St. James's. It was hoped that under the auspices of Madame la Duchesse de Hautenbas Mr. Horace Gwynne would receive that mysterious coat of French polish which could only be administered at the Court of Maria Theresa's beautiful daughter. For a time the Squire had nothing to complain of. The Duchess wrote that the young Englishman had the true air. He had been noticed at the Trianon. He had made a success. Mr. Horace himself thought Paris a charming place. He had performed in a private play as a *Milord Anglais*, in which a *Royal Personage* had appeared as a *Grisette Française*. He was very well seen. Nevertheless this was not altogether pleasant to the Squire. He had the notions of a Roman on the subject of the stage, and would never have acknowledged the celebrated comedian of his name as a kinswoman, even if she had honestly raised herself to fame by her acting, and not by—by other means. He did not like the idea of his boy's capering before an audience of grinning Frenchmen, though a Queen had capered at his side. Indeed, was it well for the Queen so to occupy her most Christian Majesty's leisure? All this was not quite satisfactory. But worse news followed. Mr. Horace was seen no more at the little Trianon. Madame de Hautenbas was compelled to ignore him. He had imbibed the strangest ideas, and was associating with the most unnoticeable people. He openly professed sympathy with the third estate. Less openly he became sceptical as to the advantages of monarchy, and, so far from preserving

the principles of the paternal toast in a strange land, he was suspected of being acquainted with men who thought as little of Church as of King. At last a letter arrived from him in which he avowed himself an Atheist. It was a bitter trial to the Squire, but he did not flinch from his duty. He forbade the name of his son to be mentioned in his hearing. The estates of Gwynne would descend to the male heir, only in default of direct testamentary disposition on the part of the head of the house. The Squire could leave the property away from his unworthy son if he so willed. No Gwynne had made a will for many generations. Whether the Squire had broken the custom no one knew.

The Squire had lost his heir, but he was not childless. He had still his nephew to ride with him to cover, and discuss the stirring history of the times over his not immoderate cups. And Harry Gwynne was a bold and merry lad, frank and outspoken, modest and true, and in all respects such as might comfort a fatherly old uncle's heart. Harry and his uncle were great friends, but not such friends as were the Squire and his daughter.

Mistress Elizabeth Gwynne, at nineteen years of age, was said to have been particularly beautiful. I have described the features of the woman, and from them may be guessed the loveliness of the girl. She was very beautiful, and very clever: but her temper was high and passionate. The visitor, who should see her unruffled and serene, might deem it impossible for so gentle a being to transcend the ordinary limits of the anger of her sex. But on the comparatively rare occasions, when her passion mastered her, her paroxysms of rage were fearful. Few cared to encounter her, and none to offer opposition. The presence of her father was the only influence which stilled her wrath. When her father approached, her love conquered her rage, and she was speedily calmed.

This untameable damsel Harry Gwynne had worshipped with an untiring constancy, ever since he had been old enough to hold any opinions at all. He was a year or two older than his mistress, but from the days when they both wore frocks, she had been, in imperial sense, the mistress, and he the slave. He had played with her, and ridden with her, and quarrelled with her, and obeyed her. He had broken-in a mare for her; he had planted an Italian garden for her; he had acted in all things as one whose existence was ordained for her convenience. All this she had received as her due. She admitted to herself, if ever she thought about the matter, that she was very fond of her cousin; but she was not, on that account, disposed to play the meek maiden, waiting modestly for the kerchief of the suit. She used her slave's services with magnificent indifference, and rewarded him sometimes with a smile, and sometimes with a fit of rage.

When no more letters came from Paris, and the Squire began to act as though he had no son, Mistress Bessie evidently deemed herself of increased importance. She had never pretended any love for the disinherited Horace. His airs and graces annoyed her. He could say prettier things

than Harry, and he danced a minuet better than—hardly, at least, better than Harry, for that more rustic gentleman could not dance at all. But he had once craned at a hedge; and, on the whole, his sister did not regret his loss. She began to esteem herself the heiress of Gwynne. Papa would do something for Harry, of course, independently of the fortune left by Harry's mother; but she would be the great lady.

The Squire said not a word of his intentions, but the greater the gulf between him and his son, the tighter appeared the bond that united him to his nephew; and the fonder he grew of his nephew, the oftener did his daughter wax wrath with her cousin, and indeed with everyone else. She was but twenty years old, but she was a notorious termagant; and the old housekeeper at the manor surmised that she would be the last of her branch of the house, for no one would woo so wild a bride—no one, that is, but Master Harry, and she seemed daily less inclined to stoop to the faithful cousin. Unless some terrible lesson should tame her, she would live a cheerless life.

The oftener this wilful lady was told to be a good child, the more pertinaciously she asserted her independence. Poor Harry still worshipped, but he received more frowns than smiles for his pains. One day when he was more than ordinarily definite and demonstrative in his professions of attachment, his mistress stamped her little foot and vowed she hated him—that her father gave too much love to the nephew and too little to his child, and that so far from having any intention of surrendering her heart, she regarded her suitor as the chief bar to her earthly happiness. Of course this was not true. Of course she loved every hair on the head of her yellow-pated cousin. But the statements of young ladies are as mysterious as the dispatches of diplomatists. They use language to conceal their thoughts, though happily their art is not always skilful enough to conceal itself. But whether it was or was not true, it made Harry very miserable. He was in a dilemma. If he was cold to his uncle, his uncle looked pained. If he was not cold to his uncle, he was accused of winning away a father's love from the personage whom, more than any other, he desired to encircle with all love. On the whole, the household was a stormy one; but now and then a patch of blue sky smiled through the clouds. Bessie forgot her grievances, and spent a merry day with her old playfellow. These intervals were, however, sorrowfully rare.

And now the Squire fell ill. The career of his son had afflicted him more than had been supposed. He was struck with paralysis, and lost the use of his lower limbs. Stretched in his bed or on a couch, he was dependant on others for his necessities and for his pleasures. Harry and his cousin vied with one another in unwearied attention, but a state of things which ought to have healed all breaches seemed to widen the gulf between them. When the Squire called for Harry to read him the Gazette, or to write a letter to the bailiff, the fair Bessie sulked over her harpsichord. And if, perchance, the Squire said, "Bessie, will you write as I dictate?" or, "Bessie, I am going to be lifted into the coach, and to be driven to Minchester,"

It was, "Papa, won't Harry do it better?" or, "Papa, Harry knows all about the crops, and will be a more amusing companion."

These observations were, unlike some others of the young lady's, perfectly true; and the Squire was gradually and unconsciously beginning to act upon them. His great affliction made it hard for him to bear with the caprices of his daughter, and day after day he became less able to endure Harry out of his sight. He was growing prematurely old and prematurely peevish, and his exactions taxed all the patience of his dutiful nephew.

Miss Bessie's temper, too, grew worse instead of better. Once she had even flown into a passion before her crippled father, and had not been calmed by his appealing look. She remembered the day when she was all in all to her parent, and now she was as nothing. Nor were there wanting those evil influences of gossip and flattery which are never wanting in a court or in a large household. There were voices which whispered, "Madam, look out for the estate, the Squire's health is fast failing. Will you like to leave the manor, or live in it as Master Harry's guest? For to Master Harry the Squire will assuredly leave it."

At this Mistress Elizabeth Gwynne quite forgot that she desired nothing better than to stay at Gwynne all her life, with this treacherous Harry, as his wife, and forgot also her firm faith that his wishes entirely agreed with her own. She only remembered that she was the daughter of the elder branch: that there was a suspicion that she was to be disinherited; that—that—indeed she was not very clear what. But enough had been said to rouse all her rage, and from that day the notion of a will never failed to raise the devil at her heart.

She and her cousin dined daily in her father's own study. It was the only occasion on which the three were long together. On a certain day, in the course of the meal, the Squire looked across the table contrived to fasten to his couch, and said:

"Harry, lad, has Griffiths gone to Minchester?"

"He went at ten o'clock, sir. He rode Brown Hanover. He wanted to have Strawberry, but I know she isn't up to his——"

"Papa, what have you sent Griffiths to Minchester for? You know I was going to ride over this afternoon."

"Something that Griffiths could do better than you, my Bessie."

There was a significant look in the invalid's eyes.

"Harry, what did he go for? Oh! very well. If you won't tell me! pray keep your secret!"

And she cooked her spleen. It was not, indeed, a very merry meal.

"Hannah, do you know why Griffiths has gone to Minchester?"

"Griffiths, ma'am? Minchester, ma'am? I think I heard him say he was going to take a letter to Mr. Deeds."

Now Deeds was the family lawyer. The plot was out. The Squire was going to make a will in Harry's favour. The despised daughter of the

house sat brooding in her own room, and her face grew very dark. The groom brought round her mare, but she said she had changed her mind. She would not ride that day.

Late in the afternoon she saw Mr. Deeds and a clerk drive up the avenue in a chaise. She heard them ushered into her father's bed-room. The Squire had felt weaker than usual, and had retired to his room immediately after his mid-day meal. The noise of the footsteps on the marble, and the shutting of the doors, was as oil on fire. Elizabeth Gwynne was all but in the last stage of passion. She chafed and fumed in her own room till suspense became unbearable. She rang a hand-bell that summoned a maid, and sent a message.

"Tell some of the people to ask Mr. Harry if he will speak with me immediately."

Presently the girl returned.

"Mr. Harry was busy with the Squire, and could not come." Had it come to this? Was she, the once-loved daughter, to remain silent in her room, while her natural father was signing away her patrimony to her cousin? Had not she a right to be with her father? He was doing something important, or he would not have sent for Deeds. It was her plain duty to be with him.

"He shall not do it!—he shall not do it!" she muttered between her teeth, and in a violent paroxysm of passion, stalked along the corridor to her father's rooms. As she crossed the hall she met Deeds and his acolyte, conducted by a lackey, on their way to their chaise. The old lawyer bowed low.

"Hypocrite!" she hissed, and passed on.

She flung open her father's door. When all motion had become irksome to him, he had taken up his quarters in what was called the state bed-room, on the ground-floor. Queen Anne had passed a night at Gwynne, and the room had been sumptuously furnished for her. On the lofty bed, rich with curious needlework, and canopied by dingy plumes, lay the old chief of his clan, helpless and wan. A fire burned louringly on the cunning smith's work that lay at the bottom of the huge fire-place, and threw a changeful light on the high-backed chairs, the black cabinets, the heavy hangings, and the painted ceiling of the great gloomy room. At the side of the bed stood a table littered with pens and writing materials. An extinguished taper still poisoned the air. At the foot of the bed stood Harry, holding in his hand a clean, new, parchment document, folded, tied, and sealed.

All her fears were then realised. She was the despised and disinherited dependant. There lay the father who had abandoned her. There stood the scheming villain who had ousted her from her own. Her cousin stood still for an instant, startled by her sudden appearance, and awed by the white passion of her face. She strode to where he stood, snatched the packet from his hand, and flung it into the glowing coals. Ere her cousin had recovered from the shock, she had thrust the vellum deep into the great fire. He started forward to rescue his charge before it was consumed, but she stood with outstretched arm before the

grate, and shrieked in a voice hoarse with rage,—“Robber! robber! robber! Would you rob me of my birthright? You have stolen my father's love! Would you steal my inheritance, too? Stand back, sir; you shall not touch it! My father never meant to do it. He does not know what you have made him do—he always loved me—he never would—” She looked up at her father as she spoke; and Harry, who had stood dumb beneath her torrent of abuse, and down whose cheeks two hot tears of gentle pity for her, and utter anguish for self, were slowly trickling,—Harry looked round at the Squire, too. He was sitting up in his bed; his arms were stretched out, and his hands were clasping and unclasping themselves in the air, while his lips mumbled in vain, and his eyes seemed to burn to speak. So he sat for a minute, his children rushing to his side and seizing his hands. It seemed as though his brow would crack in the agony of desire to speak. For a moment the eyes shone with a brighter lustre in the flickering flame of the burning packet, his mouth made a convulsive effort to form a word, and he fell heavily back on his pillow, dead.

There was an awful silence for a space, and then Elizabeth burst forth in a wail of sorrow and remorse. She had killed her father. She had better die to join him.

“Kill me, kill me, Harry!” she shrieked. But the utter desolation of grief that was expressed in her cousin's face silenced her own sobs. Kneeling down by the side of the bed she hid her head in her hands, and was still.

Then came doctors and domestics. “Another stroke!”—“Poor Squire; and only five-and-forty.”—“And how did Miss Gwynne get to her father's room?”—“Did he know her before he died?”

All these things were said as she was borne in a dull stupor to her room. Harry alone knew the truth. He saw her laid on her bed and in the custody of her women, and then retired to his own grief, and the many duties he had to perform.

In the morning the old housekeeper came to him and brought tidings of her lady. Elizabeth had slept a little in the night, and was calm now. She wished to see her cousin. She received him with great gentleness, and as one who had had her life-lesson. She knew that no apology could atone for what she had said and done. She trusted her grief would be sufficient punishment. She could not insult her cousin in his own home with her presence, after what had occurred. Immediately after the funeral she should leave Gwynne. Mrs. Griffiths had promised to go with her. She had enough to maintain her in decent respectability from what her mother had left her for pocket-money. She should not require much, for she should not live long.

“And, Harry,” she added, “when you hear that I am dead, will you let me be buried with papa in our own churchyard?” She looked him tearfully in the face.

“O Bessie, Bessie!” he broke out; “you go away!—you leave Gwynne! It is I that must go! It is yours—it is all yours! The will left it all to

you. O Bessie! How could you—how could you——?” But he stopped in the middle of his reproach. “Bessie, I am come to bid you goodbye. You would not have me stay? It is better for us to part.”

I cannot chronicle the precise words in which Miss Gwynne, as soon as she was satisfied that she was mistress, and not guest, invited her cousin to stay. But he did stay. It was perhaps undignified in him; he had surely had warning. But he did stay. He stayed some half century longer; and there is no record in the family of his wife ever having flown in a rage with her lord.

When Mr. Deeds had driven over from Minchesteer, he had brought over the draught of a will, unsigned, leaving the whole estate to Elizabeth. So he had been ordered; but he strongly deprecated the notion of the Squire's disinheriting his son for what he termed the errors of youth. He had some stormy discussion with his client, and at last left the house, leaving the will yet unsigned, and declaring that, if Mr. Gwynne was determined, some other lawyer must be employed to do the work. The Squire immediately signed the will that was afterwards burned, and Harry's was the only evidence that could secure the property to his cousin.

Before, however, any difficulty could arise as to the succession, news arrived at Gwynne that Horace had been killed in a duel. He had married a French lady, who bore him no children, and who, at his death, came to reside in London, and was said to have made a great impression at Carlton House.

After seeing the picture, and hearing the story, I was shown the state bed-room. There stood still the brodered bed, with Queen Anne's lilies and lions, and the brazen dogs on which the will had smouldered. I was strangely interested, I own, in Mistress Elizabeth Gwynne.

FOUR PASHAS OF EGYPT.

WHATEVER may be happening elsewhere, the Mediterranean will not let itself be forgotten for many days together. My last survey from my Mountain was of Greece; and now it must be Egypt.

We have seen the accession of a good many Viceroys of Egypt; but I doubt whether the present be not more important than any of the rest, or all together.

Sixteen years ago, one might see in Egypt one or other of the following personages, whichever way one turned. In the Ezbekeeyeh (the great square at Cairo) or on the road to Shoobra,—the Pasha's great garden,—the Pasha's carriage might be met, and in it might be seen the far-famed old Mehemet Ali, with his white beard resting on his breast, and his bright eyes telling of a youthful spirit under his weight of years. Here was the reigning sovereign, as he was in fact, though he bore the title of Viceroy.

Up the river, at a cotton factory in one place or a sugar refinery at another, might be met the stout figure and stern searching face of Ibrahim Pasha, the next heir, and so-called eldest sur-

living son of the old man. It was understood, however, that he was only stepson to the Pasha, having been four years old when his mother was received into the harem of Mehemet Ali. He had always been a great favourite with his stepfather; had been publicly destined to the succession from the time when Tussoun Pasha, the eldest son, had perished in an expedition into the interior; and had lately gained a high military reputation by his Syrian campaigns, though they proved unavailing to keep Syria under Egyptian rule. Ibrahim might be met in his factory, or visiting his sugar-boilers, almost before it was light, making everybody tremble by the sharpness of his observation, and the smartness of his investigations. Though he was stout, and his step was quick, there was an impression abroad that his health was bad, and his life precarious. The question which interested every human being, from one end of the Nile valley to the other, was—who would succeed if Ibrahim should die? If ever a life was devoutly prayed for in that valley, his was now. It was not so much from any popularity of his own, as from hope and fear about who should succeed Mehemet Ali if he did not. The candidates on whom hung so many fears and hopes were to be seen also.

Mehemet Ali had an unpardonable habit of giving away villages, with all the people in them, to anybody who won upon him by services or otherwise. He would bestow one or a dozen as might happen: and this want of consideration for the people—this breach of the very first condition of social advancement,—security of person and property—rendered his many boasted improvements ineffectual. Nothing could be done while the people were always running away and hiding themselves as soon as princes or officials, military or civil, approached. If, among the Pyramids near Memphis, the people ran particularly fast, or the dwellings and fields were found deserted, it was a sign that Abbas Pasha was at hand. He was the owner of this district, and the most unwelcome person who ever entered it. His father was the Tussoun Pasha who had gone up against the Arabs in the interior, and never returned. There was some mystery about his death; but the story given out is that the Arabs built up with bushes the house or tent in which he slept, and set it on fire, so that no one escaped from within. His son was watched with a fearful sort of curiosity as he grew up,—his evil tendencies being unconcealable, and the probability of his excluding the sons of Ibrahim from the succession seeming to increase as the race between the two lives of the aged Viceroy and the unhealthy Ibrahim grew more doubtful. Men and frightened women and children peeped at Abbas as he ordered his boat to shore at Masgoon, or as he sat under a palm clump awaiting the people whom he had sent for, and who were not to be found. All Cairo had its eyes on him at another time when, amidst bursts of wild music and the banging of guns, he took charge for a minute or two of the sacred camel which had brought back the Mahmil from Mecca. Abbas, as he led the camel hither and thither, and then out of the square formed by the troops, was regarded, as by

this act too probably indicated, as a future ruler of the country. He was more of a Greek in appearance than his grandfather, and the people never lost the impression of their being foreigners.

At that time there were two lads riding about Cairo and the neighbourhood who set all eyes sparkling, and all countenances smiling wherever they appeared. The popular love for those youths seemed to be a perpetual sunshine about them. These were the alternative candidates—the sons of Ibrahim Pasha. He had married a native wife, and their children were dark; and the longing of the people for rulers who should be of their blood, though also of the able and ambitious Greek family, was very striking at that time to strangers.

One element in the case was the policy of certain European governments. The whole issue might depend on whether the French or the English Consuls, or somebody else, should obtain the preponderant influence over the old pasha; and many and keen were the eyes that were bent on the transactions and the intercourses between Mehemet Ali and the foreigners in and about his court.

There was something humiliating as well as amusing in the spectacle of the time. Of course everybody boasted of particular intimacy with the Pasha, except the discreet and gentlemanly Consul-General, who, in Egypt, held the real rank of ambassador, as the Viceroy held in fact that of sovereign. Adventurers from various countries were there—English as well as others; and the most vulgar among them were wont to speak in a patronising tone of the old gentleman whom they could wind round their finger, and who liked nothing so much as to be amused by them. They played off their inventions, and puffed their schemes, and pretended that their way was clear, when the shrewd old man had been picking their brains, sounding their projects, and amusing or irritating himself with their impertinence. It was really agonising to hear a braggart Englishman telling stories of the Pasha's silly simplicity, or of his temper and manners, in the Pasha's own palace, in the presence of his attendants, some of whom seemed to us, by their countenances, to know something more of English than the low-bred gossip imagined. As for the practical evidences,—the old man let himself be surrounded by obsequious Frenchmen, accepted the most affectionate letters from the King of the French, and allowed his palaces to be filled with clocks, tables, &c., from Paris; but he could never be got to say "Yes" to the proposal of the Suez canal. He listened to English praises of a particular railway made of some very particular rails; and he did not let out that he knew that such rails were lying ready, locking up capital most inconveniently, while he was so long making up his mind. He simply kept silence on important matters while conscious of not fully understanding them; and thus he never could be got to make promises about the Suez canal, and many other artful and unsound projects. He did a few foolish things in his unconscious ignorance of some of the first principles of government; and he also showed the highest intelligence and steadiness in important affairs which he fully comprehended. His fidelity to England in the matter of transit to India is

a strong evidence of this : and we may see another in the temper and prudence with which he conducted himself after the new arrangement of his relations with the Porte which deprived him of Syria. On the whole, he was pronounced to be French in his leanings; and the French official world assumed this as an established fact. Some frightened Englishmen insisted, abroad and at home, that the French would thenceforward appropriate more and more rapidly the whole north of Africa, and bar our passage to India by Egypt. The jealousy and wrath that were raging at Alexandria and Cairo when I was there exceeded any such manifestation as I ever witnessed in the Slave States of America, or anywhere else. It must be understood that the consuls-general of England and France were far above this. They were sincerely cordial, while each aware that the interests of coming generations might hang on the decisions, the policy, and the conduct of the old Pasha and his immediate successor.

They were aware of this : but they little anticipated the changes that were close at hand. Within two years, Ibrahim Pasha was in his grave; the King of the French and his family were exiles from their country; Mehemet Ali was dead; and Abbas was the ruler of Egypt. No doubt the people mourned the overthrow of their hope that they should be ruled by a Pasha of their own colour; but they had to weep in secret. They had, to be sure, a ruler who abundantly hated foreigners. Abbas was as eager to run away from the European Consuls as his villagers had been to hide from him : but what the people of Egypt dislike is not foreign merchants, or travellers, or ambassadors, but a Greek race to reign over them. Thus, nobody seemed glad of Abbas. The Consuls could get no business done, even though they wooed him with sports, and humoured his tastes. His own officers of state were in constant perplexity, from his evasion of affairs; and, from time to time, the merchants, the townspeople, and the peasantry were thrown into panic or rage by some illicit act of power,—some trick played with corn, or duties, or with the rights of the peasants. He is probably remembered in England chiefly by his having helped us to the hippopotamus, and by the horse-races which he set up under the Pyramids. It may be remembered, too, how he latterly vanished almost entirely from sight. He had more and more frequently been found inaccessible when business was urgent, and absent in the desert when the mails were expected; and at length he vanished. There was some report put about of a valuable discovery of coal near Mount Sinai, which the Pasha was gone to see about; but he never reappeared, and we have heard no more of the coal. It is believed that he led a life of debauchery in the palace he had built for himself in the Arabian desert, and that he died in consequence. A fit of apoplexy was the alleged form of death: but it will always be said in Egypt that he was murdered. Perhaps some of us may remember his son, who had just then arrived in England. We may remember his splendid yacht, and the state which surrounded him, and the wonderful reports of his wealth, and the speculations as to

whether French influence would win him over to the scheme of the Suez canal,—the innocent supposition being that this El Hhami Pasha would succeed his father, whose life was not expected to be long. The youth knew better. We cannot have forgotten the tale of how the news of that apoplectic fit arrived on board the yacht, and how it completely overwhelmed the young prince, who was carried to his cabin in convulsions of grief. He knew his own case, if his father's career closed thus early; and so did every servant in his train. There was no more homage for him. His dream of greatness was over, after being held much more confidently than the sons of Ibrahim could ever have held theirs. We have since heard of him by his debts, his lavish waste of his vast wealth, and his early death.

He found in the seat of power when he returned his father's uncle, who had been postponed to Abbas because he was younger. Said Pasha was the youngest son of Mehemet Ali, by a Circassian mother,—and so far, not favoured by the prepossessions of his Egyptian subjects. I need not describe him or his reign,—his reign of eight years which, in Egypt, looks almost like stability. His term of power has been long enough to give a fair chance to the French for their great scheme; and Said Pasha is understood to have imperilled his private affairs by his great advances and engagements on behalf of the project. Whenever the impracticability of the enterprise should become unconcealable, it was certain that the failure would be ascribed to some accident of the time; and it is probable that the world will be asked to believe henceforth that there is no Suez canal because Said Pasha died at a critical juncture. But the real object has for some time been attained. A French military colony is established in Egypt, and French officials have acquired a great influence over the native inhabitants. The fact is, Said was less shrewd than his old father, while far more highly educated. He knew less of the soil on which the experiment was to be tried, and more of the European way of viewing the advantages of a ship-passage to India, without appreciating the difficulties. His French training exposed him to a too ready sympathy with French enthusiasm and ambition; and hence the embarrassment to his private fortune which caused some anxiety about the safety of the public revenue. We know by what we saw and heard of him last year how lavish his method of expenditure is. We remember his pleasant bearing at Liverpool and elsewhere, and are, no doubt, grateful to him for his promises about an augmented and ever-increasing supply of cotton from the Nile valley. There was a time when we should have placed first in his series of good deeds his interdict on slavery, along the whole valley of the Nile, and wherever his frontiers extended; but there was more and more evidence of hollowness in this boasted reform as time passed on; and now the last transaction of his life has cast a dense gloom of disreputableness on the whole pretension. The transportation of some hundreds of negro soldiers, by mixed fraud and force, to Mexico, for the convenience of the Emperor of the French, is a deplorable act to be the last, or the latest known,

of a man's life, even if he had not professed to be an enemy to slavery and the crimes which it necessarily involves. It may be true, as we hear on all hands, that the guilt abides chiefly with the tempter. In him it can be no surprise to anybody, after his professions and practices in regard to slavery. It would have been no surprise in Mehemet Ali, with his barbaric training, and after his annihilation of the Janissaries. In Said Pasha, whom we saw here so lately, and who seemed so like ourselves when he discoursed of free-trade and the prosperity of peasant industry in growing cotton, such an act as that of the betrayal of these negro soldiers to misery and death, to please a cajoling and exploiting patron, is one which we are glad to lose sight of by turning to a new reign.

And whose is this new reign? Who is this Ismail Pasha who has spoken the most surprising and promising address that ever came from any member of his house? It is no other than the eldest son of Ibrahim. Thus has the wheel of Fortune gone its round, (or rather the course of retribution made its circuit), so that the youth who was so beloved in Cairo sixteen years ago is now in a position to show whether he is worthy of the love and hope of the people.

His manifesto,—his reply to the Consuls,—seems to show that his sixteen years of manhood passed in privacy, till his regency of last summer, have been well spent in studying the course of public affairs at home and abroad. This is, no doubt, what is meant by the complaint on the spot that he is too English. If he is of like mind with us, what has made him so? It can be nothing but the spectacle before his eyes: for he is no pupil of ours. Moreover, the English have no projects, no speculations, no adventurers in Egypt. The French have; and thus, to be too English, can mean only that Ismail Pasha does not think well of the great French speculation. The main interest to us in the matter is that the new ruler declares his intention to put an end to forced labour,—the crowning curse of Egyptian misrule. Mehemet Ali saw 23,000 of his subjects perish in six months under the system of forced labour by which he made his canal (the Mahmoudieh). It is believed all over the world that it is labour on similar terms of compulsion which has carried on the French works so far, though there has not been the same mortality from want and hardship. If Ismail fulfils this one promise, he will have the blessings of every man who pays the tax upon a palm-tree, and every woman and child who sits under it. If he further watches, as he promises, over free trade, over education, and over the development of agriculture, promoting it by funds saved from the personal expenses of princes, he will make his subjects think that it was worth while to wait sixteen years, and to endure an Abbas, and be patient with a Said, to have at last an Ismail, born of an Egyptian mother, and able to sympathise with native subjects, while bringing to their relief the resources of European wisdom. If his will does but prove as strong as his convictions are clear, a new day may be dawning on Egypt; and this man's days will probably be long in the land. There was a time when eight mil-

lions of prosperous people lived in that valley. Now, there are at most two millions and a half. The wonder is that, without security of person and property, there are so many, even though manufactories and schools may be attempted and boasted of. Ismail will be one of the world's great rulers if he does what his people fondly hope,—if he gives Egypt to the Egyptians, and takes care that they hold their possession in peace and quiet. As I write this, I think of him as I saw him in his sprightly young days, when his father and all the people were proud of him, and the only doubt about the fate of the country was whether there would not be a war of succession if any other should be thrust before him. He has seen others preferred before him: and now his turn has come. May he so live and rule as that his name may be as great as his grandfather's, without any disgraces of barbarism, or treachery, or ferocity! In his reign may every man dare to be seen in his own field by day, and in the evening sit amidst his own melon beds and under his own palm-tree, with none to make him afraid!

FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

THE SHIP OF MAIL.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF BARON LITTON.)

THE wind roars loud, the sea in wildest surges
Is flash'd with foam, and writhes in savage glee;
The heavens are dark, not e'en one star emerges
From out the storm's black-frowning canopy.

One ship alone in distant darkness lowers,
Defying wind and wave in very might;
Like some huge phantom, which in midnight hours
O'erwhelms the dreamer with its cold affright.

Its hulk, invincible, bestrides the ocean,
As strongly mournful as the power of death;
On deck is seen no sign of life—no motion,—
Pilot nor helmsman on that ship draws breath.

No white sail floats—no masts aloft are riding—
No sound breaks from that vessel's silent side;
And yet—as though some demon force were guiding
Its sullen way—it spurns the darkening tide.

The walls of strongest iron planks are framed,
No hull of wood, but hull from iron wrought;
And never have those giant frames been strained
By aught that foeman hath against them brought.

And see! the monster's hideous throat is brighten'd
From time to time with flash of lurid fire!
Just, as of old, from dragon nostrils lighten'd
The hellish fury of demoniac ire!

Hark! from the deep a sudden voice is sounding,
Like some great captain's, clearly heard afar,
Like admiral's tones, from metal tube rebounding:
"Stay! ship! thou moorest here by Trafalgar!"

Then sudden! bursts a radiance o'er the ocean,
As tho' on far horizon broke the morn,
And o'er the water's wild and black commotion
White sails, in thronging multitude, are borne.

And lo! the squadron's now in order going,
Line after line, as though for deadly fight;
And on each mast, from slender spar down flowing,
Waves England's flag in all its wonted might.

"Thou art the 'Warrior'!" a voice speaks loudly
"The giant now by every nation fear'd—
I know thee well; yet bear thyself less proudly,
For where thy valour? hath it yet appear'd!"

"Profane it not, this holy haunt of glory,
Where England's blood once dyed the azure sea;
Where many a hero dear to England's story
In ocean-grave now rests, immortally;

"Where Albion's Titan sons once bled for honour,—
Lions in battle! and by Triumph crown'd!
Bow to the fame that Albion's children won her,
Pause at the spot where so much fame was found!

"See here around those glorious chiefs in battle,
Whose laurels hide the sparkling of the waves—
For England's sake rejoicing in war's rattle,
For England's sake now summon'd from their graves—

"See here, the 'Victory'! by morning's glory
Illumined, streaming still with England's blood!
And see ye not, *me*?—Nelson! now before ye!
And by my side, my comrade, Collingwood?

"The whole world's cause was ours, in those achievements—
The world was with us, proud of our renown—
When England's weal was bought by dread bereavements,
And with our death we paid her deathless crown!

"We all have left the grave where we were sleeping;
While midnight reigns, we break the fatal spell;
And like good seamen still our watch are keeping
On the blue sea, where we so gladly fell.

"You know that England always hath expected
That every man his duty should fulfil;
In hearts, alas! so lowly now dejected—
Ye will scarce fight as brave men always will!

"Oh, have ye lost the sailor's soul of daring,
That none will venture now the deck to tread?
Oh, were ye born in England? Thus self-caring,—
Is that old England's banner overhead?"

Still onward goes the iron giant, wheeling;
No sound is heard, no voice speaks in reply;
And, far removed from aught of envious feeling,
The ghostly voice of Nelson echoed high.

"Ye are no more the sons of Albion's rearing,
Thus barricaded behind sheathed wall:
For you the warrior-music hath no cheering
With which *we*, erst, so often led the ball!

"Lies England's lion sick, and old and weary?
Where is the spirit that in ye was born?
Have our old sailor-songs no power to cheer ye?
Is 'Rule Britannia' now a thing to scorn?

"You speak not—shame, I ween, your souls possessing
Of that huge bulk which doth your lives invest—
Shame seizes you,—in inmost hearts confessing
That e'en the name of 'Warrior' is a jest.

"Strange doves are ye of peace,—with shame be-spatter'd,—
Dead olive branch ye bear unto the earth—
For with your armour all belief is shatter'd
In manly truth, and nobleness, and worth.

"Call you it combat,—thus, all metal-plated,—
Like scaly dragon—thus the bullet's hail
To meet? By your own valour not elated,
But fortified by your safe coat of mail!

"It is no combat when, like furious cattle,
Men dash the horned front in monstrous gloom;
It is no combat where in ocean battle
No palm of glory waves above the tomb.

"Oh, call ye combat, dark extermination
Where foes smite foemen whom they cannot see!
A man was born for nobler aspiration,
And as a victim will not daring be.

"For ye prepare but sacrificial ravage
Of human hecatombs, for ocean's roar—
Combat is honour, slaughter is but savage:
Murder is yours—ye combat now no more!

"And still your soul strives on, to make perfected
New means to shiver and destroy the earth:
Yet this task shall ye never find effected—
This He alone can do, who gave it birth.

"Yet shall such warfare—with the aid of sages—
(Seeking alone to shatter and undo)—
Found, at the end, that peace of future ages
Which in Atlantis dreamers did foreshow.

"And men will love more warmly then each other
When Hate no further triumph can invent;
And men shall find the love as of a brother
The best device Hate's schemings to prevent.

"And men shall love:—he who shall love most dearly
Shall be the victor in the world's new strife;
And to a rainbow then shall change all clearly
This sulphurous smoke with which the air is rife.

"Then go your ways! Ye shall be victors truly;
Your iron prows point to man's fairer lot;
Yet neither 'Warriors' nor 'Conquerors,' duly,
Can ye be nam'd,—since *ye combat not!*

"The time is near—wherefore should we conceal it?—
When war shall live alone in poet-lore,
And for our fame each story shall reveal it,
Speaking as of the Mastodons of yore.

"As monsters of the past shall we live ever—
As giants with war's madness half-sublime;
In picture, fable, song,—all shall endeavour
To paint us thus, unto the after-time.

"A pigmy 'after-time,' we must proclaim ye!
As *war-ships*? No! we know ye, heed ye not!
For where men fight, they risk—the truth should
shame ye—
To fight with visors ever closely shut!

"Yours is, at best, a base lot, and untoward—
To be the founders of a lesser age;
Swallows of peace, and welcomed by the coward!
Peace, based on dread of battle's noblest rage!"

So spake the hero of the Nile, whose valour
Made red the waves of glorious Trafalgar;
While o'er the sea the dawn's pure radiant pallor
Made faint the brightness of the morning star.

Then onward stole the daylight's flowing motion,
Driving to shade the forms of that weird fleet:
Nought but the "Warrior's" weight upon the ocean
Is seen ahead, the watcher's eye to greet.

And then from out its sides there rises, slowly,
A cloud of smoke that hides the ship of mail:
Aha! that heroes thus should prize her lowly—
The flag of England droops behind a veil.

FRAUDULENT TRADE MARKS.

WE have all heard of the tricks of our American cousins—of their wooden hams, fictitious nutmegs, and contract boots with the soles pasted on, and many of us have come to the belief that all the rascality is to be found on the other side of the herring-pond. This doctrine is comfortable, but unhappily it is not true. We have before us now a parliamentary report on Trade Marks and Merchandise Marks, two subjects on which our own Government lawyers are essaying to legislate.

What a seething mass of roguery runs beneath the smooth surface of our so-called civilisation! If anybody doubts the truth of this remark, we recommend him to take a turn for an hour at the thin blue-book before us. Mr. Roebuck some time ago scared the nation with a recital of the manner in which foreigners were forging the Sheffield trade marks, and the evidence contained in this report fully warrants his statement. It appears that we are gradually losing our foreign cutlery and hardware trade, in consequence of pirates over the sea. We suffered of old from the Northmen and the Danes who swept our coasts, but now they penetrate into the very heart of the country, and snatch the bread from our working men. Our readers doubtless know that the excellence of our cutlery has long become famous throughout the world, and also that the seat of that trade is concentrated principally in Sheffield. The excellence of the wares there produced is guaranteed by the affixing of certain trade marks upon them by the different manufacturers of eminence belonging to the Cutlers' Company. Let us instance for example the knives of Rodgers and Son. If the reader possesses a pocket-knife of this maker, and opens it, he will see that, in addition to the name, there is a Maltese cross and a plain cross stamped upon the shoulder of the knife. This is the trade mark, the endorsement of the firm with respect to its excellence. This trade mark is very valuable; possibly the manufacturer would not sell it for 20,000*l*. There are other trade marks almost equally valuable. An adze maker will select as his mark or emblem a pipe, another will put on a hatchet, another a lion, a fourth a goat, according to the class of men whom the tool or implement is likely to reach. The reason why trade marks are stamped on this kind of "dry goods" is that they are often made for a distant market, where the peasantry can understand a simple emblem, when they would not be able to read a maker's name. The Canadian backwoodsman, for example, has found that his old adze marked with a pipe was excellent; he therefore demands a new adze with a similar mark upon it. The name of the maker he may not be able to read, any more than the savage to whom these goods are sometimes sold.

Now here a fine field for forgery was open, and some of our friends across the water have not been long in availing themselves of it. Ramscheid and Solingen, in North Prussia, it appears, are the seat of this nefarious trade. The manufacturers in these towns keep a regular assortment of forged English marks, and send them out to the order of their customers, as a matter of course. The traveller for an English house happening to be in the former town a short time since, one of the manufacturers observing the name upon his card, remarked, "That is our trade mark, too," and illustrated his position by pulling down a parcel with the spurious articles thus stamped with the forged mark. He perfectly well knew that the article was spurious; but the roguery had been perpetrated so long, that he absolutely imagined that he had a right to the mark by prescription. No sooner, we are told, does an English trade mark become famous abroad, than the agents for the

German houses immediately send word home to have it forged, and within six months a consignment of the spurious article enters the field, at a rate so low that the genuine article is driven out of the market. The roguish Prussian manufacturer not only destroys our Sheffield trade in this way, but he has the audacity to mark the rubbish he sells at a low rate with some celebrated English maker's name or emblem, and puts the name of his own firm upon a better-class article. He then goes to the customer, and says, "Here are the inferior English goods at a dear price, and here is our own make at a cheap one." In this manner many of our manufacturers who used to supply the South American market have been obliged to relinquish the trade. The shipment of these fraudulent goods is managed so adroitly, that our foreign customers are sure to fall into the trap. Thus, for instance, the goods are sent from abroad to Hull, and are there trans-shipped for some foreign market. When they have arrived, it is advertised that so many cases of Rodgers' cutlery, or of some other celebrated name, have just been landed from an English ship.

As far as Englishmen are concerned, there is now existing in Sheffield a system of trade marks which prevents piracy. These laws are, however, operative only in the county of Hallamshire, as the district including Sheffield and a radius of six miles around is called; but outside of Sheffield the only remedy against fraudulent imitations of trade marks is by an injunction and proceedings in Chancery; and we all know how very unsatisfactory such a method of obtaining justice generally is. The cutlers of London have also a law, by which the use of the word "London" is prohibited to any manufacturer of cutlery residing at a distance of ten miles from St. Paul's; but any article may be stamped with the address of any street in the metropolis, provided this word be omitted. The purchaser may therefore be certain that a knife marked "London" is "town made."

But it will be asked will not the Prussian Government—the Government which professes to rule over the best educated nation in the world—give us a remedy for this abominable system of forgery perpetrated by their manufacturers? Unfortunately no. There are excellent laws by which a Prussian can obtain redress against a Prussian for infringing his mark or forging his name, but this law does not extend to foreigners. On the other side, the Prussian can obtain justice in England against an Englishman committing the like offence; but then our process of proof is so expensive, and the result of law-suits is so uncertain, that foreigners do not care to put our laws in force. It might be otherwise if we had a treaty with the Prussians as we have with France, where we have absolute protection for the mere fee of registering, which only costs two francs; but if we hope for a treaty with Prussia, we must be able to offer them something in exchange for what we get: their Government would rightly say, if we give you the advantage of the cheap Prussian law to protect your manufactures, we must have something better than your cumbersome English law, which is practically inoperative to protect us

Prussians. This is so reasonable that we trust the Bill about to be brought into Parliament will give us some cheap method of registration of trade marks which will protect us at home, and by reciprocity abroad, from the frauds of piratical manufacturers.

But we must not grow Pharisical and thank God that we are not as other men, for the pages of this very blue-book unfortunately prove that we have just as much roguery going on in our tight little island as can be found abroad. We have all heard for instance of an operation called "shaving the ladies," yet we doubt if any lady is aware of the very clean shave she is constantly undergoing. If she is accustomed to frequent "cutting shops," where the stock is periodically thrown into a state of convulsions in its efforts to sell itself off, of course she expects to be done: but possibly she does not know that for years the trade in "small wares," as it is termed, has been losing its conscience in the most remarkable manner. There is, in short, a regular conspiracy to cheat between the manufacturers and the great wholesale dealers. If a lady, for instance, buys a reel of cotton marked a hundred yards, she imagines, possibly, that she gets that quantity. Miserable delusion! There are not more than seventy. All goods, again, that are sold in the piece, run short: "short-stick," in fact, is a slang term for insufficient lengths. Some of the wholesale middlemen will send up labels to the manufacturer indicating false lengths, and they are put on, as a matter of course, by many spinners. The Britisher is thus cheated out of 30 per cent. of his goods: but that is nothing to the way in which the Yankees plunder. Thus they will forge some well-known name, say in thread, and they will keep lowering the lengths on the reels from seventy until they touch thirty yards only, still retaining the hundred yards label. In this manner a good name is "run to death." Then a fresh one is selected, and brought into discredit in a similar manner.

Of old there used to be five hundred pins in a packet; now there are often only two hundred. Articles marked "worsted," again, often have 95 per cent. of cotton in them. The loss, it must be observed, always falls on the ultimate purchaser, as many of the articles cannot be unwound to be measured without being spoilt.

We can understand a petty tradesman perpetrating these contemptible frauds; but what shall we think of the integrity of British merchants, when we find that it is not at all an uncommon thing for them to send up to the manufacturers labels imitating those used by excellent makers, and stipulating that they shall be affixed to inferior goods of other makers? The Merchandise Marks Bill is aimed at this organised system of frauds perpetrated on our wives and daughters.

We may not be very deeply moved at the ladies being cleanly shaved, but the male Briton will not fail to feel indignant at the frauds perpetrated on his bitter beer. It will possibly be new to the public, that Bass does not bottle his own ale, but sells it in barrels, and supplies his customers with a sufficient number of labels marked with his trade mark (a red triangle) for the quantity of bottles

which the cask will fill. So far, good; but these labelled bottles henceforth become the vehicles for a series of frauds. The publican round the corner, who supplies you, good reader, with your daily pint of Bass, stipulates for the return of the empty bottles, that he may fill them again with salted, sugared, filthy Burton; and again and again it is done, as long as the famous "red triangle" will keep decently clean upon the bottles. This is a matter which touches the thirsty Briton, and he should see to it. Mr. Bass evidently is unwittingly lending himself to a most detestable cheat. Imagine, good reader, the basket from Bunkum and Pott's, at your next pic-nic, duly unpacked by the river side in the charming month of June, and the tumblers held out by thirsty souls to John in attendance, only to receive, instead of the charming sparkling pale ale, sweet and clammy public-house beer! Would transportation be sufficient punishment for the rascal who has done that thing? It seems to us that if the labels were pasted over the cork, instead of on the bottles, and if the forging of this label were made a misdemeanor, punishable with imprisonment, as the Merchandise Marks Bill proposes, we might still rest in security as to the integrity of our Bass. As it is, even your black servant in India knows that he can get one coin more for an empty labelled bottle than for a plain one, and thus the swindle circulates round the world.

If we turn to arms, again, we find fraud pursuing us. Mr. Westley Richards complains that common rifles are stamped with his name, and sent into the market as genuine articles; and but too often the purchaser gets his hand blown off. It is always the English gentleman who has to pay the penalty of the fraud. We recommend this particular instance, therefore, to the attention of the sporting members of the House of Commons, and it will doubtless go some way towards obtaining their hearty concurrence in a measure which will put down a growing system of fraud which is sapping the integrity of the working and mercantile classes of the country. A. W.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A RETIRED BUTLER.

IN my capacity of butler to two of the first County Families in England some forty years ago, I have been a party to some very pleasant and interesting dinner conversations in the manner following. I always made it a rule to have a screen placed before my sideboard as soon as dessert was put upon the table; for in the times to which I allude it was the fashion to clear the cloth, and place the decanters, finger-glasses, d'oyleys, and wines (glasses) on the well-polished mahogany. By having my screen, I could arrange my relays of glasses and decanters, my tooth-picks, my snuff-box, and many other matters too numerous to mention, besides being always at my post to keep up the festivity of the evening, and preserve our family character for hospitality. As a matter of course I heard most of the conversation which took place, though I did not join in it; and as I always had a pretty good memory, I used to write down in the morning some of the good things

I had heard over-night. Now, having retired from professional life, it is my custom of an evening, when I come up to town for my annual visit, to stay a month or two (as a boarder) with my eldest daughter and her husband, to spend my evenings at a highly respectable tavern, where there is a small parlour-company, and of which my son-in-law is a member. I have now and then told, for the amusement of the party, some of my anecdotes, and I am not ashamed to say that they have been received with great applause. One of our members (I say "our" although I am only an honorary) is clerk to a barrister in the Temple, and for a person in that line of life I consider him highly respectable and trustworthy. He is a very agreeable man indeed to talk with, and he tells me that my stories are not only capital in themselves, but are narrated by me in a manner which gives them an additional interest. He has at last persuaded me to put some of them on paper, and as there have been many changes in the mode of spelling since I went to Chelsea Free School, he has consented to modernise my language.

Before I begin my stories I wish you to understand that I do not pledge myself to furnish you with things of my own invention. They will be stories I have heard told at my master's table, and may have been printed twenty times before, although I have never seen them. Whenever I copy from any book that Sir Thomas Z— used to have brought in from the library, I shall honestly say so. Now to begin.

The other night the conversation at our tavern turned upon the present dreadful garrotting and highway robberies, and as I walked home, and afterwards when I was in bed, I could not help recalling some strange stories about highwaymen, and such like, which I had noted down on the spare leaves of one of my old "pantry-books," so I employed the next day in transcribing two or three of them, and then gave them to my legal friend to send to you, Mr. Editor.

It was at a dinner for eight in November, 1819, that Sir Thomas asked Mr. S—th,* the family lawyer, whether his father had not been once stopped on Finchley Common under rather peculiar circumstances.

"Yes, Sir Thomas," said Mr. S—th, "my grandfather was a land agent, employed by many persons of rank and quality. He had engagements in most parts of England, and it suited him better to travel in his own gig than in the dawdling, rumbling stage-coach of 1787. There were no country banks in those days, and consequently he at times carried large sums of money about him. It was not unusual at that time for young spendthrifts and gamblers occasionally to "take the road" to replenish their empty pockets, and more than one sprig of an old time-honoured trunk has been secretly lopped off and transferred to the plantations for having told a true man to stand and deliver. One night, my grandfather journeyed towards London across Finchley Common, then a wide, barren heath, with scarcely a

dwelling near it, save a roadside inn, the 'Bald-faced Stag.'

"There were a few aged hawthorn trees scattered about the common, occasionally affording shelter to the belated and storm-overtaken traveller. At a moment when the sky was at its cloudiest, two well-mounted men rode from the shadow of one of those thorns, and took their stations according to the approved mode of highwaymen, one man at my grandfather's horse's head, whilst the other curtly requested his watch and money. The clouds passed on, and the moonlight revealed the bright barrel of a pistol in close proximity to my grand-dad's head. Again, all was darkness. Now my honoured forebear was not the man to be robbed without a struggle, and calculating upon such a contingency as the present he always carried a short bludgeon under the seat of his gig, being of opinion that a pistol might hang fire, or miss its mark, and then there would be an end of his power of resistance. Under pretence of complying with the request of the robber he stooped down for his trusty bludgeon, and as he did so, the clouds passed on, and the moonlight fell full upon his face.

"'Mr. S—th!' exclaimed the man with the pistol.

"'Yes,' replied my grandfather, coolly feeling for his weapon.

"'Good night, sir,' said the highwayman, and after whispering to his companion, both men rode off at a canter, leaving my grand-dad agreeably relieved and considerably astonished. Yes, astonished, for he had recognised the voice as that of a gentleman with whom he had been on terms of the closest intimacy. As he passed the 'Bald-faced Stag,' two men well mounted were drinking at the door, the moon shining full upon them. They raised their hats as my grandfather drove past, he returned their salute, and to his dying day never mentioned their names even to my grandmother, although she had asked him in season and out of season. His only answer was:

"'They were gentlemen, and behaved to me like gentlemen, I therefore desire to return the compliment.'

"'Ah!' said Mr. N—r—th, "some of those knights of the road were civil enough at times; but, generally speaking, they were great blackguards, cowards, and brutes."

"Quite right," said Sir Thomas, "and I have in my mother's scrap-book, certain cuttings which may interest you."

The book was brought in, and Sir Thomas read as follows:

"Here's an account of two robberies more than a hundred years ago.

ON Tuesday night [Jan. 5, 1720,] two Highwaymen robb'd two Gentlemens Coaches over against the Duke of Devonshire's House in Piccadilly; and on Thursday three Foot Pads stopp'd a Chair much about the same Place, and having mastered the two Chairmen, they plunder'd the Gentleman who was in it of his Money, Watch, and Sword.

"Courage seems to have been all on the side of the highwaymen, although it was nothing unusual, I believe, for the chairmen, and even gentlemen's servants to be in league with the robbers."

* I shall never in any case give the real name of any person in full, as I consider personalities are beneath an upper servant.

I thought this remark very unjust to the body to which I belonged, and was disposed to address Sir Thomas from my screen; but, upon reflection, I concluded it was better to hold my tongue. I was glad I did so, for Sir Thomas said:

"Here's another account of the same date,

LAST Week [Feb. 1720,] a Butler belonging to his Royal Highness the Prince, was robb'd by two Highwaymen near *Hide Park Corner*; who after they had took his Money were preparing to strip him, and had taken off his Cravat; but Company coming up, they fled for it, and made their Escape.

So, I considered butlers were exonerated from Sir Thomas's injurious observations.

"The rogues had little fear of the watch it seems, by what follows:

ON Wednesday Night last [Aug. 10, 1720,] the Right Honourable the Earl of Westmoreland and his Lady were attack'd in their Coach by three Highwaymen, in *Broad St. Giles's*, who robb'd them of 9 or 10 Guineas, and other things of Value.

"The next extract is rather nearer our own time.

ON Wednesday evening, [January 17, 1759,] between the hours of five and six, Sir Richard Chase, Knt. coming to town from his seat at Hadham in Hertfordshire, was robbed between Mother Redcap's and Fig-lane, near Tottenham Court turnpike, of three guineas and a half (he had left his Watch, &c. at home) and a Gentleman of Wales that was with him of some silver, by a lusty man, dressed in a blue great coat, ruffles at his hands, supposed to have a cockade in his hat, and who rode a strong bay horse.

"Sir Richard Chase, and his friend from Wales, seem to have been prudent fellows, and to have known the feebleness of their own courage," said Sir Thomas, laughing. "I think I should have made some fight for my money, or said nothing about the adventure."

All the gentlemen agreed in Sir Thomas's opinion, and I have no doubt Sir Richard Chase would have done the same, had he been sitting there in a bright warm room, with a jug or more of very fine claret within him.

"My uncle Zachary," said Mr. N—r—th, "used to tell an adventure which occurred to him. He was very fond of racing, and was known to bet considerable sums, and to carry his money with him. On his way to Doncaster with a friend, he stopped at an inn where he was known, and invariably slept on his way down, and was annoyed to find that all the other decent rooms were occupied by persons who, like himself, were on their way to the races. So there was nothing to be done, but to yield up his own comfortable quarters to his friend, and content himself as best he could in a garret. My uncle's friend was a mild, nervous man, who would have as soon thought of visiting Doncaster races, without the protection of my uncle, as descending the crater of Vesuvius. Before he retired to rest, it was his custom to look under his bed, and in any cupboard that might be in the room. He went through this examination on the night of my story, and all being perfectly satisfactory, my uncle's friend raked the coals well together in the grate, extinguished his candle, and by the light of the fire got into bed. Many persons cannot sleep in a

strange bed, and my uncle's friend was one, so he lay awake for some time, looking at an eight-day clock in one corner of his room. The hands of the clock, he had noticed, stood at half-past eight, and it was then eleven; so, as the clock had stopped, my uncle's friend thought that he should experience no disturbance from that quarter. He was mistaken, however, for he saw by the fire-light, which played upon the polished surface of the clock-case, the door communicating with the weights and pendulum silently opened, and then a villanous face peered out, the eyes glaring at my uncle's friend; whose breath, for a moment or two, came thick and fast, to be followed by a profuse perspiration. The danger, however, was too near to admit of much deliberation; my uncle's friend jumped out of bed, rushed to the clock, and secured his enemy within, bawling at the same time:

"'Zachary — Zachary N—r—th! Murder! Thieves! Zachary N—r—th'

"The imprisoned rogue made desperate efforts to free himself, and the clock-case rocked about fearfully, but the situation was in favour of virtue for once, and vice met with its deserts. Assistance soon arrived, and from the interior of the clock-case (from which the weights and pendulum had been removed), a well-known diminutive Doncaster tout was dragged to light, the man afterwards confessing that he knew my Uncle Zachary always slept in this particular room at race-time, and that he was sure to carry a large sum of money with him. The incensed host and his household consigned the miserable little culprit to the horse-trough for nearly a quarter of an hour, and then left him to dry in the village cage. And that was the end of the story."

"By-the-bye," said Sir Thomas, "if I remember rightly, Zachary was once suspected of being a thief himself, was he not?"

"O, I remember," replied Mr. N—r—th. "He was a free-and-easy man, and soon at home wherever he found himself. Arriving at a country inn, where he had been before, and made himself very agreeable to host and hostess, he entered, expecting to find a pleasant welcome, and so he held out his hand to the buxom lady of the house, and was surprised to find his proffered courtesy coldly received. Nothing abashed, however, he walked towards the kitchen, saying:

"'Haha! I thought my nose did not deceive me. Ducks! Capital—very fond of ducks, and one of those brown beauties shall be my dinner.'

"'I fancy you'll find yourself mistaken, sir,' said the hostess, whisking about the kitchen; 'and, if you please, the parlour is in the front of the house, and we want the kitchen to ourselves just at present.'

"'Hey-day,' said my uncle, 'what is the matter, hostess? Don't you remember me?'

"'O, yes! I remember you well enough—not likely to forget such a customer as you are,' replied the hostess.

"My uncle stared at this rejoinder, and his wonder was not diminished when he saw the landlord in the garden beckoning him to come.

"My uncle went at once.

"'Well, landlord, what's this mystery?'

"'Really, sir,' said the host, 'I hardly like to

tell you, because I am sure there must be some mistake. I have told my missus so over and over again, but she is an obstinate woman, and I must own the case looks very black against you.'

"'Against me?' asked my uncle. 'What looks black? Come, speak out, man.'

"'Well, perhaps that's best,' said the host. 'So, to be plain, the last time you slept here we missed the sheets from your bed after you were gone, and my missus believes that you stole them.'

"Uncle Zachary thought for a moment, and then broke into a hearty laugh. The host, regarding him for a little while, laughed too, and said:

"'I knew there was a joke somewhere, and that you wasn't a thief! I said you didn't look one, and that it wasn't feasible, after paying your bill, as freely as you did, like a gentleman.'

"'I'm much obliged to you for your good opinion,' replied my uncle, 'and we'll drink to our continued friendship in a bottle of your best — after our dinner off those ducks, let the old lady say what she will. Now show me to the room where I slept on my last visit, bring your wife with you, and I will make confession.'

"The party soon assembled in the bed-room, and my uncle, sitting at the foot of the bed, said:

"'Landlady, did you ever have the rheumatism? Yes? Then you know what pain it is and what brings it on. I caught mine from sleeping in a damp bed, and, since that time I always take care to examine the sheets, and so I did yours. To my surprise I found they were positively damp.'

"'That lazy Susan!' exclaimed the host, 'she's left us now.'

"'So much the better,' continued my uncle. 'As a punishment for your neglect, I put the sheets up the chimney, and I have no doubt if you look there you will find them.'

"It proved to be as my uncle said, there the sheets were, and the hostess confessed she had learned a lesson she should not forget.

"Uncle Zachary dined off the ducks."

Now, Mr. Editor, the next story I heard with my own ears; it was told by a gentleman who knew the parties, and who was related to one of them. I believe part of what I am about to say has been in print, but not the entire story as I am about to tell it, and as I heard it behind my screen.

In one of the northern counties lived, about fifty years from this time, a roaring set of farmers, corn dealers, and wool buyers, and the worst of the set was a man we will call Robinson. There was no mischief that Robinson had not indulged in, and so had his father before him. They bought wool and corn, and farmed a few acres, employing some five or six men; one of whom, Job Cox, was as bad as his masters, and a great favourite with them. Robinson had a pony that for speed and endurance was unequalled in England, and he had frequently made the journey to London (over 120 miles) in two days, without distressing the gallant little animal or himself. Robinson was lightly built, but powerful, as some of those sinewy men are, and his strength was backed by courage. There is a terrible story told of him and some of his companions, almost too terrible to recalc, but it may have its use in showing to what depths unrestrained vice can descend. Robinson and a friend had

wagered a considerable sum on a game of whist at which they were engaged, and during the progress of the play, Robinson's partner was taken seriously ill, and died in the course of a few days. On the day appointed for the man's funeral, the clergyman was found to be absent, and consequently the corpse was left upon tressels in the aisle of the church. During the evening of the same day, Robinson and his companions had met, and over their drink the dead man and the game of whist became the subjects of conversation, and ultimately of dispute, as the opponents of Robinson claimed payment of the wager, although at the time of playing the score was largely in favour of the others. Robinson refused to pay, and declared with fearful oaths, that he was willing to play out the game in the church and with the dead man for his partner. As the men continued to drink, this dreadful proposal was again urged, until the reprobates proceeded to put it into execution. And there, around that table, so often covered with the most sacred of emblems, were placed three living *things* and one dead man deciding their wager, Robinson taking "dummy!"

What follows will not appear surprising with so desperate a man. Robinson had made a visit to London to execute a long conceived project to enrich himself at the expense of one of the gambling houses. The banker usually had a large sum in notes and gold before him, in wooden bowls. Over the table were lamps (gas was not then in use), covered by a large green shade which concentrated the light upon the table, leaving the rest of the room in comparative gloom. On the occasion of Robinson's visit, he was accompanied by two associates, who at a preconcerted signal dashed out the lamps, whilst Robinson seized the bank and instantly fled. At the corner of the street his gallant pony was in waiting, and as his pursuers reached the street, Robinson was mounted and away. It was about two o'clock in the morning when this daring robbery was committed, 120 miles away from Robinson's house, and as the clock struck six in the evening Robinson rode into his homestead, where his father and Job Cox were anxiously expecting him.

"I have done the trick," he said, "but not so cleverly as I intended. The hell-keepers saw me and have followed, no doubt. The only thing, however, they could swear to, would be the pony."

"Then kill her," said Job Cox.

"There will not be time to bury her," said Robinson.

"Yes there will," said his father.

Close at hand was a wheat-stack in the course of erection, a loaded waggon stood ready for the morning's work, and all jumped at once to the old man's meaning. The gallant beast was raised by some means on to the embryo stack, then destroyed and hidden beneath the contents of the laden waggon. Robinson himself made his way to the Fens, and soon after midnight, the clatter of horses' feet was heard in the farm-yard, and constables sniffed and quested about; but they never hit upon the right scent until long after old Robinson, his son, and Job Cox had left the country.

VERNER'S PRIDE.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "EAST LYNNE."



CHAPTER LXV. AT LAST.

MEANWHILE the spring was going on to summer—and in the strict order of precedence this conversation of Miss Deb with Jan ought to have been related before the departure of John Massingbird and the Roys from Deerham. But it does not signify. The Miss Wests made their arrangements and sent out their prospectuses, and the others left: it all happened in the spring-time. That time was giving place to summer when the father of Lucy Tempest, now Colonel Sir Henry Tempest, landed in England.

In some degree his arrival was sudden. He had been looked for so long, that Lucy had almost given over looking for him. She did believe he was on his road home, by the sea passage, but

precisely when he might be expected she did not know.

Since the marriage of Decima, Lucy had lived on alone with Lady Verner. Alone, and very quietly; quite uneventfully. She and Lionel met occasionally, but nothing further had passed between them. Lionel was silent: possibly he deemed it too soon after his wife's death to speak of love to another: although the speaking of it would have been news to neither. Lucy was a great deal at Lady Hautley's. Decima would have had her there constantly: but Lady Verner negatived it.

They were sitting at breakfast one morning, Lady Verner and Lucy, when the letter arrived. It was the only one by the post that morning.

Catherine laid it by Lady Verner's side, to whom it was addressed: but the quick eyes of Lucy caught the superscription.

"Lady Verner! It is papa's handwriting."

Lady Verner turned her head to look at it.

"It is not an Indian letter," she remarked.

"No. Papa must have landed."

Opening the letter, they found it to be so. Sir Henry had arrived at Southampton. Lucy turned pale with agitation. It seemed a formidable thing, now it had come so close, to meet her father, whom she had not seen for so many years.

"When is he coming here?" she breathlessly asked.

"To-morrow," replied Lady Verner; not speaking until she had glanced over the whole contents of the letter. "He purposes to remain a day and a night with us, and then he will take you with him to London."

"But a day and a night! Go away then to London! Shall I never come back?" asked Lucy, more breathlessly than before.

Lady Verner looked at her with calm surprise. "One would think, child, you wanted to remain in Deerham. Were I a young lady, I should be glad to get away from it. The London season is at its height."

Lucy laughed and blushed somewhat consciously. She thought she should not care about the London season; but she did not say so to Lady Verner. Lady Verner resumed:

"Sir Henry wishes me to accompany you, Lucy. I suppose I must do so. What a vast deal we shall have to think of to-day! We shall be able to do nothing to-morrow when Sir Henry is here."

Lucy toyed with her tea spoon, toyed with her breakfast: but the capability of eating more had left her. The suddenness of the announcement had taken away her appetite, and a hundred doubts were tormenting her. Should she never again return to Deerham?—never again see Li—"

"We must make a call or two to-day, Lucy."

The interruption, breaking in upon her busy thoughts, caused her to start. Lady Verner resumed.

"This morning must be devoted to business; to the giving directions as to clothes, packing, and such like. I can tell you, Lucy, that you will have a great deal of it to do yourself; Catherine's so incapable since she got that rheumatism in her hand. Thérèse will have enough to see to with my things."

"I can do it all," answered Lucy. "I can pack."

"What next, my dear? You pack! Though Catherine's hand is painful, she can do something."

"Oh, yes, we shall manage very well," cheerfully answered Lucy. "Did you say we should have to go out, Lady Verner?"

"This afternoon. For one place, we must go to the Bitterworths. You cannot go away without seeing them, and Mrs. Bitterworth is too ill just now to call upon you. I wonder whether Lionel will be here to-day?"

It was a "wonder" which had been crossing

Lucy's own heart. She went to her room after breakfast, and soon became deep in her preparations with old Catherine; Lucy doing the chief part of the work, in spite of Catherine's remonstrances. But her thoughts were not with her hands: they remained buried in that speculation of Lady Verner's—would Lionel be there that day?

The time went on to the afternoon, and he had not come. They stepped into the carriage (for Lady Verner could indulge in the luxury of horses again now) to depart on their calls, and he had not come. Lucy's heart palpitated strangely at the doubt of whether she should really depart without seeing him. A very improbable doubt, considering the contemplated arrival at Deerham Court of Sir Henry Tempest.

As they passed Dr. West's old house, Lady Verner ordered the carriage to turn the corner and stop at the door. "Mr. Jan Verner" was on the plate now, where "West and Verner" used to be. Master Cheese unwillingly disturbed himself to come out, for he was seated over a washhand-basin of gooseberry fool, which he had got surreptitiously made for him in the kitchen. Mr. Jan was out; he said.

So Lady Verner ordered the carriage on, leaving a message for Jan that she wanted some more "drops" made up.

They paid the visit to Mrs. Bitterworth. Mr. Bitterworth was not at home. He had gone to see Mr. Verner. A sudden beating of the heart, a rising flush in the cheeks, a mist for a moment before her eyes, and Lucy was being whirled to Verner's Pride. Lady Verner had ordered the carriage thither, as they left Mrs. Bitterworth's.

They found them both in the drawing-room. Mr. Bitterworth had just risen to leave, and was shaking hands with Lionel. Lady Verner interrupted them with the news of Lucy's departure; of her own.

"Sir Henry will be here to-morrow," she said to Lionel. "He takes Lucy to London with him the following day, and I accompany them."

Lionel, startled, looked round at Lucy. She was not looking at him. Her eyes were averted—her face was flushed.

"But you are not going for good, Miss Lucy!" cried Mr. Bitterworth.

"She is," replied Lady Verner. "And glad enough, I am sure, she must be, to get away from stupid Deerham. She little thought, when she came to it, that her sojourn in it would be so long as this. I have seen the rebellion, at her having to stop in it, rising often."

Mr. Bitterworth went out on the terrace. Lady Verner, talking to him, went also. Lionel, his face pale, his breath coming in gasps, went to Lucy.

"Need you go for good, Lucy?"

She raised her eyes to him with a shy glance, and Lionel, with a half uttered exclamation of emotion, caught her to his breast, and took his first long silent kiss of love from her lips. It was not like those snatched kisses of years ago.

"My darling! my darling! God alone knows what my love for you has been."

Another shy glance at him through her raining tears. Her heart was beating against his. Did the glance seem to ask why, then, had he not spoken? His next words would imply that he thought so.

"I am still a poor man, Lucy. I was waiting for Sir Henry's return to lay the case before him. He may refuse you to me!"

"If he should—I will tell him—that I shall never have further interest in life," was her murmured answer.

And Lionel's own face was working with agitation, as he kissed those tears away.

At last! at last!

CHAPTER LXVI. IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN JAN!

THE afternoon express-train was steaming into Deerham-station, just as Jan Verner was leaping his long legs over rails and stones and shafts, and other obstacles apt to collect round the outside of a halting-place for trains, to get to it. Jan did not want to get to the train; he had no business with it. He only wished to say a word to one of the railway-porters, whose wife he was attending. By the time he had reached the platform the train was puffing on again, and the few passengers who had descended were about to disperse.

"Can you tell me my way to Lady Verner's?"

The words were spoken close to Jan's ear. He turned and looked at the speaker. An oldish man with a bronzed countenance and upright carriage, bearing about him that indescribable military air which bespeaks the soldier of long service, in plain clothes though he may be.

"Sir Henry Tempest?" involuntarily spoke Jan, before the official addressed had time to answer the question. "I heard that my mother was expecting you."

Sir Henry Tempest ran his eyes over Jan's face and figure. An honest face, but an ungainly figure: loose clothes, that would have been all the better for a brush, and the edges of his high shirt-collar jagged out.

"Mr. Verner?" responded Sir Henry, doubtfully.

"Not Mr. Verner. I'm only Jan. You must have forgotten me long ago, Sir Henry."

Sir Henry Tempest held out his hand.

"I have not forgotten what you were as a boy; but I should not have known you as a man. And yet—it is the same face."

"Of course it is," said Jan. "Ugly faces, like mine, don't alter. I will walk with you to my mother's: it is close by. Have you any luggage?"

"Only a portmanteau. My servant is looking after it. Here he is."

A very dark man came up—an Indian—nearly as old as his master. Jan recognised him.

"I remember you!" he exclaimed. "It is Batsha."

The man laughed, hiding his dark eyes, but showing his white teeth.

"Massa Jan!" he said. "Used to call me Bat."

Without the least ceremony, Jan shook him by

the hand. He had more pleasant reminiscences of him than of his master. In fact, Jan could only remember Colonel Tempest by name. He, the Colonel, had despised and shunned the awkward and unprepossessing boy: but the boy and Bat used to be great friends.

"Do you recollect carrying me on your shoulder, Bat? You have paid for many a ride in a palanquin for me. Riding on shoulders or in palanquins, in those days, used to be my choice recreation. The shoulders and the funds both ran short at times."

Batsha remembered it all. Next to his master he had never liked anybody so well as the boy Jan.

"Stop where you are a minute or two," said uncereemonious Jan to Sir Henry. "I must find one of the porters, and then I'll walk with you."

Looking about in various directions, in holes and corners, and sheds,—inside carriages and behind trucks, Jan at length came upon a short, surly-looking man, wearing the official uniform. It was the one of whom he was in search.

"I say, Parkes, what is this I hear about your forcing your wife to get up, when I have given orders that she should lie in bed? I went in just now, and there I found her dragging herself about the damp brewhouse. I had desired that she should not get out of her bed."

"Too much bed don't do nobody much good, sir," returned the man in a semi-resentful tone. "There's the work to do—the washing: if she don't do it, who will?"

"Too much bed wouldn't do you good; or me, either: but it is necessary for your wife in her present state of illness. I have ordered her to bed again. Don't let me hear of your interfering a second time, and forcing her up. She is going to have a blister on now."

"I didn't force her, sir," answered Parkes.

"I only asked her what was to become of the work, and how I should get a clean shirt to put on."

"If I had got a sick wife, I'd wash out my shirt myself, before I'd drag her out of her bed to do it," retorted Jan. "I can tell you one thing, Parkes: that she is worse than you think for. I am not sure that she will be long with you: and you won't get such a wife again in a hurry, once you lose her. Give her a chance to get well. I'll see that she gets up fast enough, when she is fit for it."

Parkes touched his peaked cap as Jan turned away. It was very rare that Jan came out with a lecture: and when he did the sufferers did not like it. A sharp word from Jan Verner seemed to tell home.

Jan returned to Sir Henry Tempest, and they walked away in the direction of Deerham Court.

"I conclude all is well at Lady Verner's," remarked Sir Henry.

"Well enough," returned Jan. "I thought I heard you were not coming until to-morrow. They'll be surprised."

"I wrote word I should be with them to-morrow," replied Sir Henry. "But I got impatient to see my child. Since I left India and have been fairly on my way to her, the time of separation

has seemed longer to me than it did in all the previous years."

"She's a nice girl," returned Jan. "The nicest girl in Deerham."

"Is she pretty?" asked Sir Henry.

The question a little puzzled Jan.

"Well, I think so," answered he. "Girls are much alike for that, as far as I see. I like Miss Lucy's look, though: and that's the chief thing in faces."

"How is your brother, Janus?"

Jan burst out laughing.

"Don't call me Janus, Sir Henry. I am not known by that name. They wanted me to have Janus on my door-plate; but nobody would have thought it meant me, and the practice might have gone off."

"You are Jan, as you used to be, then? I remember Lucy has called you so in her letters to me."

"I shall never be anything but Jan. What does it matter? One name's as good as another. You were asking after Lionel. He has got Verner's Pride again. All in safety now."

"What a very extraordinary course of events seems to have taken place, with regard to Verner's Pride!" remarked Sir Henry. "Now your brother's, now not his; then his again, then not his! I cannot make it out."

"It was extraordinary," assented Jan. "But the uncertain tenure is at an end, and Lionel is installed there for life. There ought never to have been any question of his right to it."

"He has had the misfortune to lose his wife," observed Sir Henry.

"It was not much of a misfortune," returned Jan, always plain. "She was too sickly ever to enjoy life; and I know she must have worried Lionel nearly out of his patience."

Jan had said at the station that Deerham Court was "close by." His active legs may have found it so; but Sir Henry began to think it rather far, than close. As they reached the gates Sir Henry spoke.

"I suppose there is an inn near, where I can send my servant to lodge. There may not be accommodation for him at Lady Verner's?"

"There's accommodation enough for that," said Jan. "They have plenty of room, and old Catherine can make him up a bed."

Lady Verner and Lucy were out. They had not returned from the call on Mrs. Bitterworth—for it was the afternoon spoken of in the last chapter. Jan showed Sir Henry in; told him to ring for any refreshment he wanted; and then left.

"I can't stay," he remarked. "My day's rounds are not over yet."

But scarcely had Jan got outside the gate when he met the carriage. He put up his hand, and the coachman stopped. Jan advanced to the window, a broad smile upon his face.

"What will you give me for some news, Miss Lucy?"

Lucy's thoughts were running upon certain other news; news known but to herself and to one more. A strangely happy light shone in her soft brown eyes, as she turned them on Jan; a rich

damaask flush on the cheeks where *his* lips had so lately been.

"Does it concern me, Jan?"

"It doesn't much concern anybody else. Guess."

"I never can guess anything; you know I can't, Jan," she answered, smiling. "You must please tell me."

"Well," said Jan, "there's an arrival. Come by the train."

"Oh, Jan! Not papa?"

Jan nodded.

"You will find him in-doors. Old Bat's come with him."

Lucy never could quite remember the details of the meeting. She knew that her father held her to him fondly, and then put her from him to look at her; the tears blinding her eyes and his.

"You *are* pretty, Lucy," he said. "Very pretty. I asked Jan whether you were or not, but he could not tell me."

"Jan!" slightly spoke Lady Verner, while Lucy laughed, in spite of her tears. "It is of no use asking Jan anything of that sort, Sir Henry. I don't believe Jan knows one young lady's face from another."

It seemed to be all confusion for some time: all bustle; nothing but questions and answers. But when they had assembled in the drawing-room again, after making ready for dinner, things wore a calmer aspect.

"You must have thought I never was coming home!" remarked Sir Henry to Lady Verner, "I have contemplated it so long."

"I suppose your delays were unavoidable," she answered.

"Yes—in a measure. I should not have come now, but for the relieving you of Lucy. Your letters, for some time past, have appeared to imply that you were vexed with her; or tired of her. And in truth I have taxed your patience and goodnature unwarrantably. I do not know how I shall repay your kindness, Lady Verner."

"I have been repaid throughout, Sir Henry," was the quiet reply of Lady Verner. "The society of Lucy has been a requital in full. I rarely form an attachment, and when I do form one it is never demonstrative; but I have learned to love Lucy as I love my own daughter, and it will be a real grief to part with her. Not but what she has given me great vexation."

"Ah! In what way?"

"The years have gone on and on since she came to me; and I was in hopes of returning her to you with some prospect in view of the great end of a young lady's life—marriage. I was placed here as her mother; and I felt more responsible in regard to her establishment in life than I did to Decima's. We have been at issue upon the point, Sir Henry: Lucy and I."

Sir Henry turned his eyes on his daughter. If that is not speaking figuratively, considering that he had scarcely taken his eyes off her. A fair picture she looked, sitting there in her white evening dress and her pearl ornaments. Young, lovely, girlish she looked, as she did the first day she came to Lady Verner's and took up her modest

seat on the hearth-rug. Sir Henry Tempest had not seen many such faces as that: he had not met with many natures so innocent and charming. Lucy was made to be admired as well as loved.

"If there is one *parti* more desirable than another in the whole county, it is Lord Garle," resumed Lady Verner. "The eldest son of the Earl of Elmsley, his position naturally renders him so: but, had he neither rank nor wealth, he would not be much less desirable. His looks are prepossessing; his qualities of head and heart admirable; he enjoys the respect of all. Not a young lady for miles round but—I will use a vulgar phrase, Sir Henry, but it is expressive of the facts—would jump at him. Lucy refused him."

"Indeed," replied Sir Henry, gazing at Lucy's glowing face, at the smile that hovered round her lips. Lady Verner resumed:

"She refused him in the most decidedly positive manner that you can imagine. She has refused also one or two others. They were not so desirable in position as Lord Garle: but they were very well. And her motive I never have been able to get at. It has vexed me very much: I have pointed out to her that whenever you returned home you might think I had been neglectful of her interests."

"No, no," replied Sir Henry. "I could not fancy coming home to find Lucy married. I should not have liked it: she would have seemed to be gone from me."

"But she must marry sometime, and the years are going on," returned Lady Verner.

"Yes, I suppose she must."

"At least, I should say she would, were it anybody but Lucy," rejoined Lady Verner, qualifying her words. "After the refusal of Lord Garle, one does not know what to think. You will see him and judge for yourself."

"What was the motive of the refusal, Lucy?" inquired Sir Henry.

He spoke with a smile, in a gay, careless tone: but Lucy appeared to take the question in a serious light. Her eyelids drooped, her whole face became scarlet, her demeanour almost agitated.

"I did not care to marry, papa," she answered, in a low tone. "I did not care for Lord Garle."

"One grievous fear has been upon me ever since, haunting my rest at night, disturbing my peace by day," resumed Lady Verner. "I must speak of it to you, Sir Henry. Absurd as the notion really is, and as at times it appears to me that it must be, still it does intrude, and I should scarcely be acting an honourable part by you to conceal it, sad as the calamity would be."

Lucy looked up in surprise. Sir Henry in a sort of puzzled wonder.

"When she refused Lord Garle, whom she acknowledged she *liked*, and forbade him to entertain any future hope whatever, I naturally began to look about me for the cause. I could only come to one conclusion, I am sorry to say—that she cared too much for another."

Lucy sat in an agony: the scarlet of her face changing to whiteness.

"I arrived at the conclusion, I say," continued Lady Verner, "and I began to consider who the

object could be. I called over in my mind all the gentlemen she was in the habit of seeing; and unfortunately there was only one—only one upon whom my suspicions could fix. I recalled phrases of affection openly lavished upon him by Lucy; I remembered that there was no society she seemed to enjoy and to be so much at ease with, as his. I have done what I could since, to keep him at arm's length: and I shall never forgive myself for having been so blind. But you see I no more thought she, or any other girl, could fall in love with him, than that she could with one of my servant men."

"Lady Verner, you should not say it!" burst forth Lucy, with vehemence, as she turned her white face, her trembling lips, to Lady Verner. "Surely I might refuse to marry Lord Garle without caring unduly for another!"

Lady Verner looked quite aghast at the outburst. "My dear, does not this prove that I am right?"

"But who is it?" interrupted Sir Henry Tempest.

"Alas!—Who! I could almost faint in telling it to you," groaned Lady Verner. "My unfortunate son, Jan."

The relief was so great to Lucy; the revulsion of feeling so sudden; the idea called up altogether so comical, that she clasped her hands one within the other, and laughed out in glee.

"Oh, Lady Verner! Poor Jan! I never thought you meant him. Papa," she added, turning eagerly to Sir Henry, "Jan is downright worthy and good, but I should not like to marry him."

"Jan may be worthy; but he is not handsome," gravely remarked Sir Henry.

"He is better than handsome," returned Lucy. "I shall love Jan all my life, papa. But not in that way."

Her perfect openness, her ease of manner, gave an earnest of the truth with which she spoke: and Lady Verner was summarily relieved of the fear which had haunted her rest.

"Why could you not have told me this before, Lucy?"

"Dear Lady Verner, how could I tell it you? How was I to know anything about it?"

"True," said Lady Verner. "I *was* simple; to suppose any young lady could ever give a thought to that unfortunate Jan! You saw him, Sir Henry? Only fancy *his* being my son and his father's!"

"He is certainly not like either of you," was Sir Henry's reply. "Your other son was like both. Very like his father."

"Ah! he is a son!" spoke Lady Verner, in her enthusiasm. "A son worth having; a son that his father would be proud of, were he alive. Handsome; good; noble;—there are few like Lionel Verner. I spoke in praise of Lord Garle, but he is not like Lionel. A good husband, a good son, a good *man*. His conduct under his misfortunes was admirable."

"His misfortunes have been like a romance," remarked Sir Henry.

"More like that than reality. You will see him presently. I asked him to dine with me,

and expect him in momentarily. Ah, he has had trouble in all ways. His wife brought him nothing else."

"Jan dropped a hint of that," said Sir Henry. "I should think he would not be in a hurry to marry again!"

"I should think not, indeed. He—Lucy, where are you going?"

Lucy turned round with her crimsoned face. "Nowhere, Lady Verner."

"I thought I heard a carriage stop, my dear. See if it is Lionel."

Lucy walked to the window in the other room. Sir Henry followed her. The blue and silver carriage of Verner's Pride was at the court gates, Lionel stepping from it. He came in, looking curiously at the grey head next to Lucy's.

"A noble form, a noble face!" murmured Sir Henry Tempest.

He wore still the mourning for his wife. A handsome man never looks so well in any other attire. There was no doubt that he divined now who the stranger was, and a glad smile of welcome parted his lips. Sir Henry met him on the threshold, and grasped both his hands.

"I should have known you, Lionel, anywhere, from your likeness to your father."

Lionel could not let the evening go over without speaking of the great secret. When he and Sir Henry were left together in the dining-room, he sought the opportunity. It was afforded by a remark of Sir Henry's.

"After our sojourn in London shall be over, I must look out for a residence, and settle down. Perhaps I shall purchase one. But I must first of all ascertain what locality would be agreeable to Lucy."

"Sir Henry," said Lionel, in a low tone, "Lucy's future residence is fixed upon—if you will accord your permission."

Sir Henry Tempest, who was in the act of raising his wine-glass to his lips, set it down again and looked at Lionel.

"I want her at Verner's Pride."

It appeared that Sir Henry could not understand—did not take in the meaning of the words.

"What did you say?" he asked.

"I have loved her for years," answered Lionel, the scarlet spot of emotion rising to his cheeks. "We—we have known each other's sentiments a long while. But I did not intend to speak more openly to Lucy until I had seen you. To-day, however, in the sudden excitement of hearing of her contemplated departure, I betrayed myself. Will you give her to me, Sir Henry?"

Sir Henry Tempest looked grave.

"It cannot have been so very long an attachment," he observed. "The time since your wife's death can only be counted by months."

"True. But the time, since I loved Lucy, can be counted by years. I loved her before I married," he added in a low tone.

"Why, then, have married another?" demanded Sir Henry, after a pause.

"You may well ask it, Sir Henry," he replied, the upright line in his brow showing out just then all too deep and plain. "I engaged myself to my

first wife in an unguarded moment: as soon as the word was spoken I became aware that she was less dear to me than Lucy. I might have retracted: but the retraction would have left a stain on my honour that could never be effaced. I am not the first man who has paid by years of penitence for a word spoken in the heat of passion."

True enough! Sir Henry simply nodded his head in answer.

"Yes, I loved Lucy; I married another, loving her; I never ceased loving her all throughout my married life. And I had to beat down my feelings; to suppress and hide them in the best manner that I could."

"And Lucy?" involuntarily uttered Sir Henry.

"Lucy—may I dare to say it to you?—loved me," he answered, his breath coming fast. "I believe, from my very heart, that she loved me in that early time, as deeply perhaps as I loved her. I have never exchanged a word with her upon the point; but I cannot conceal from myself that it was the unhappy fact."

"Did you know it at the time?"

"No!" he answered, raising his hand to his brow, on which the drops were gathering. "I did not suspect it until it was too late; until I was married. She was so child-like."

Sir Henry Tempest sat in silence, probably revolving the information.

"If you had known it—what then?"

"Do not ask me," replied Lionel, his bewailing tone strangely full of pain. "I cannot tell what I should have done. It would have been Lucy—love—versus honour. And a Verner never sacrificed honour yet. And yet—it seems to me that I sacrificed honour in the course I took. Let the question drop, Sir Henry. It is a time I cannot bear to recur to."

Neither spoke for some minutes. Lionel's face was shaded by his hand. Presently he looked up.

"Do not part us, Sir Henry!" he implored, his voice quite hoarse with its emotion, its earnestness. "We could neither of us bear it. I have waited for her long."

"I will deal candidly with you," said Sir Henry. "In the old days it was a favourite project of mine and your father's that our families should become connected by the union of our children—you and Lucy. We only spoke of it to each other; saying nothing to our wives—they might have set to work, women fashion, and urged it on by plotting and planning: we were content to let events take their course, and to welcome the fruition, should it come. Nearly the last words Sir Lionel said to me when he was dying of his wound, were, that he should not live to see the marriage; but he hoped I might. Years afterwards, when Lucy was placed with Lady Verner—I knew no other friend in Europe to whom I would entrust her—her letters to me were filled with Lionel Verner. {Lionel was so kind to her!—Everybody liked Lionel!} in one shape or other, you were sure to be the theme. I heard how you lost the estate; of your coming to stay at Lady Verner's; of a long illness you had there; of your regaining the estate through the death of the Massingbirds; and—next—of your marriage to Frederick Massingbird's widow.

From that time Lucy said less: in fact, her letters were nearly silent, as to you: and, for myself, I never gave another thought to the subject. Your present communication has taken me entirely by surprise."

"But you will give her to me?"

"I had rather—forgive me if I speak candidly—that she married one who had not called another woman wife."

"I heartily wish I never had called another wife," was the response of Lionel. "But I cannot alter the past. I shall not make Lucy the less happy; and for loving her—I tell you that my love for her, throughout, has been so great, as to have put it almost beyond the power of suppression."

A servant entered, and said, my lady was waiting tea. Lionel waved his hand towards the man with an impatient movement, and they were left at peace again.

"You tell me that her heart is engaged in this, as well as yours?" resumed Sir Henry.

A half-smile flitted for a moment over Lionel's face: he was recalling Lucy's whispered words to him that very afternoon.

"Yes," he answered, "her heart is bound up in me: I may almost say her life. If ever love served out its apprenticeship, Sir Henry, ours has. It is stronger than time and change."

"Well,—I suppose you must have her," conceded Sir Henry. "But for your own marriage, I should have looked on this as a natural result. What about the revenues of Verner's Pride?"

"I am in debt," freely acknowledged Lionel.

"In my wife's time we spent too much, and outran our means. Part of my income for three or four years must be set apart to pay it off."

He might have said, "In my wife's time *she* spent too much;" said it with truth. But, as he spared her feelings, living, so he spared her memory, dead.

"Whoever takes Lucy, takes thirty thousand pounds on her wedding-day," quietly remarked Sir Henry Tempest.

The words quite startled Lionel. "Thirty thousand pounds!" he repeated mechanically.

"Thirty thousand pounds. Did you think I should waste all my best years in India, Lionel, and save up nothing for my only child?"

"I never thought about it," was Lionel's answer.

"Or, if I ever did think, I suppose I judged by my father. He saved no money."

"He had not the opportunity that I have had; and he died early. The appointment I held, out there, has been a lucrative one. That will be the amount of Lucy's fortune."

"I am glad I did not know it!" heartily affirmed Lionel.

"It might have made the winning her more difficult, I suppose you think?"

"Not the winning *her*," was Lionel's answer, the self-conscious smile again on his lips. "The winning your consent, Sir Henry."

"It has not been so hard a task, either," quaintly remarked Sir Henry, as he rose. "I am giving her to you, understand, for your father's sake. In the trust that you are the same honourably good man, standing well before the

world and Heaven, that he was. Unless your looks belie you, you are not degenerate."

Lionel stood before him, almost too agitated to speak. Sir Henry stopped him, laying his hand upon his shoulder.

"No thanks, Lionel. Gratitude? You can pay that to Lucy after she shall be your wife."

They went together into the drawing-room, arm-in-arm. Sir Henry advanced straight to his daughter.

"What am I to say to you, Lucy? He has been talking secrets."

She looked up, like a startled fawn. But a glimpse at Lionel's face reassured her, bringing the roses into her cheeks. Lady Verner, wondering, gazed at them in amazement, and Lucy hid her hot cheeks on her father's breast.

"Am I to scold you? Falling in love without my permission!"

The tone, the loving arm wound round her, brought to her confidence. She could almost afford to be saucy.

"Don't be angry, papa!" were her whispered words. "It might have been worse."

"Worse!" returned Sir Henry, trying to get a look at her face. "You independent child! How could it have been worse?"

"It might have been Jan, you know, papa."

And Sir Henry Tempest burst into an irrepressible laugh as he sat down.

CHAPTER LXVII. SUNDRY ARRIVALS.

We have had many fine days in this history, but never a finer one gladdened Deerham than the last that has to be recorded, ere its scene in these pages shall close. It was one of those rare lovely days that now and then do come to us in autumn. The air was clear, the sky bright, the sun hot as in summer, the grass green almost as in spring. It was evidently a day of rejoicing. Deerham, since the afternoon, seemed to be taking holiday, and as the sun began to get lower in the heavens, groups in their best attire were wending their way towards Verner's Pride.

There was the centre of attraction. A *fête*—or whatever you might please to call it, where a great deal of feasting is going on—was about to be held on no mean scale. Innumerable tables, some large, some small, were set out in different parts of the grounds, their white cloths intimating that they were to be laden with good cheer. Tynn and his satellites bustled about, and believed they had never had such a day of work before.

A day of pleasure also, unexampled in their lives: for their master, Lionel Verner, was about to bring home his bride.

Everybody was flocking to the spot: old and young, gentle and simple. The Elmsleys and the half-starved Hooks; the Hautleys and those ill-doing Dawsons; the Miss Wests and their pupils; Lady Verner and the Frosts; Mr. Bitterworth in a hand-chair, his gouty foot swathed up in linen; Mrs. Duff, who had shut up her shop to come; Dan, in some new clothes; Mr. Peckaby and lady; Chuff the blacksmith, with rather a rolling gait; and Master Cheese and Jan—in short, all Deerham and its neighbourhood had turned out.

This was to be Master Cheese's last appearance

on any scene—so far as Deerham was concerned. The following day he would quit Jan for good; and that gentleman's new assistant, a qualified practitioner, had arrived, and was present. Somewhat different arrangements from what had been originally contemplated were about to be entered on, as regarded Jan. The Miss Wests had found their school prosper so well during the half-year it had been established, that they were desirous of taking the house entirely on their own hands. They commanded the good will and respect of Deerham if their father did not. Possibly it was because he did not, and that their position was sympathised with and commiserated, that their scheme of doing something to place themselves independent of him, obtained so large a share of patronage. They wished to take the whole house on their own hands. Easy Jan acquiesced; Lionel thought it the best thing in all ways; and Jan began to look out for another home. But Jan seemed to waver in the fixing upon one. First, he had thought of lodgings; next he went to see a small, pretty new house that had just been built close to the Miss Wests. "It is too small for you, Mr. Jan," had observed Miss Deborah. "It will hold me and my assistant, and the boy, and a cook, and the surgery," answered Jan. "And that's all I want."

Neither the lodgings, however, nor the small house had been taken; and now it was rumoured that Jan's plans were changed again. The report was that the surgery was to remain where it was, and that the assistant, a gentleman of rather mature age, would remain with it, occupying Jan's bedroom (which had been renovated after the explosion of Master Cheese) and taking his meals with the Miss Wests. Jan meanwhile had been about that tasty mansion called Belvedere House, which was situated midway between his old residence and Deerham Court. Deerham's curiosity was uncommonly excited upon the point. What in the name of improbability could plain Jan Verner want with a fine place like that? He'd have to keep five or six servants, if he went there. The most feasible surmise that could be arrived at was, that Jan was about to establish a mad-house—as Deerham was in the habit of phrasing a receptacle for insane patients—of the private, genteel order. Deerham felt *very* curious; and Jan, being a person whom they felt at ease to question without ceremony, was besieged upon the subject. Jan's answer (all they could get from him this time) was—that he *was* thinking of taking Belvedere House, but had no intention yet of setting up an asylum. And affairs were in this stage at the present time.

Lionel and his bride were expected momentarily, and the company of all grades formed themselves into groups as they awaited them. They had been married in London some ten days ago, where Sir Henry Tempest had remained after quitting Deerham with Lucy. The twelvemonth had been allowed to go by subsequent to the death of Sibylla. Lionel liked that all things should be done seemingly and in order. Sir Henry was now on a visit to Sir Edmund Hantley and Decima: he was looking out for a suitable residence in the neighbourhood, where he meant to

settle. This gathering at Verner's Pride to welcome Lionel had been a thought of Sir Henry's and old Mr. Bitterworth's. "Why not give the poor an afternoon's holiday for once?" cried Sir Henry. "I will repay them the wages they must lose in taking it." And so—here was the gathering, and Tynn had carried out his orders for the supply of plenty to eat and drink.

They formed in groups, listening for the return of the carriage, which had gone in state to the railway station to receive them. All, save Master Cheese. He walked about somewhat disconsolately, thinking the proceedings rather slow. In his wanderings he came upon Tynn, placing good things upon one of the tables, which was laid in an alcove.

"When's the feasting going to begin?" asked he.

"Not until Mr. Verner shall have come," replied Tynn. "The people will be wanting to cheer him; and they can't do that well if they are busy round the tables, eating."

"Who's the feast intended for?" resumed Master Cheese.

"It's chiefly intended for those who don't get feasts at home," returned Tynn. "But anybody can partake of it that pleases."

"I should like just a snack," said Master Cheese, "I had such a short dinner to-day. Now that all those girls are stuck down at the dining-table, Miss Deb sometimes forgets to ask one a third time to meat," he added, in a grumbling tone. "And there was nothing but a rubbishy rice pudding after it to-day! So I'd like to take a little, Tynn. I feel quite empty."

"You can take as much as you choose," said Tynn, who had known Master Cheese's appetite before to-day. "Begin at once, if you like, without waiting for the others. Some of the tables are spread."

"I think I will," said Master Cheese, looking lovingly at a pie on the table over which they were standing. "What's inside this pie, Tynn?"

Tynn bent his head to look closely. "I think that's partridge," said he. "There are plenty of other sorts. And there's a vast quantity of cold meats: beef and ham, and that. Sir Henry Tempest said I was not to stint 'em."

"I like partridge pie," said Master Cheese, as he seated himself before it, his mouth watering. "I have not tasted one this season. Do you happen to have a drop of bottled ale, Tynn?"

"I'll fetch a bottle," answered Tynn. "Is there anything else you'd like, sir?"

"What else is there?" asked Master Cheese. "Anything in the sweets line?"

"There's about a hundred baked plum-puddings. My wife has got some custards, too, in her larder. The custards are not intended for out here, but you can have one."

Master Cheese wiped his damp face: he had gone all over into a glow of delight. "Bring a pudding and a custard or two, Tynn," said he. "There's nothing in the world half so nice as a plate of plum-pudding swimming in custard."

Tynn was in the act of supplying his wants, when a movement and a noise in the distance

came floating on the air. Tynn dashed the dish of custards on to the table, and ran like the rest. Everybody ran—except Master Cheese.

It was turning slowly into the grounds—the blue and silver carriage of the Verners, its four horses prancing under their studded harness. Lionel and his wife of a few days descended from it, when they found themselves in the midst of this unexpected crowd. They had cause, those serfs, to shout out a welcome to their lord; for never again would they live in a degrading position, if he could help it. The various improvements for their welfare, which he had so persistently and hopefully planned, were not only begun, but nearly ended.

Sir Henry clasped Lucy's sweet face to his own bronzed one, pushing back her white bonnet to take his kiss from it. Then followed Lady Verner, then Decima, then Mary Elmsley. Lucy shook herself free, and laughed.

"I don't like so many kisses all at once," said she.

Lionel was everywhere. Shaking hands with old Mr. Bitterworth, with the Miss Wests, with Sir Edmund Hautley, with Lord Garle, with the Countess of Elmsley, with all that came in his way. Next he looked round upon a poorer class; and the first hand taken in his, was Robin Frost's. By and by he encountered Jan.

"Well, Jan, old fellow!" said he, his affection shining out in his earnest, dark-blue eyes. "I am glad to be with you again. Is Cheese here?"

"He came," replied Jan. "But where he has disappeared to, I can't tell."

"Please, sir, I see'd him just now in a alcove," interposed Dan Duff, addressing Lionel.

"And how are you, Dan?" asked Lionel, with his kindly smile. "Saw Mr. Cheese in an alcove, did you?"

"It was that there one," responded Dan, extending his finger in the direction of a spot not far distant. "He was tucking in at a pie. I see'd him, please sir."

"I must go to him," said Lionel, winding his arm within Jan's, and proceeding in the direction of the alcove. Master Cheese, his hands full of pudding and his mouth covered with custard, started up when surprised at his feast.

"It's only a little bit I'm tasting," said he, apologetically, "against it's time to begin. I hope you have come back well, sir."

"Taste away, Cheese," replied Lionel, with a laugh, as he cast his eyes on some remaining fragments. "Partridge pie! do you like it?"

"Like it!" returned Master Cheese, the tears coming into his eyes with eagerness. "I wish I could be where I should have nothing else for a whole week."

"The first week's holiday you get at Bartholomew's, you must come and pay Verner's Pride a visit, and we will keep you supplied. Mrs. Verner will be glad to see you."

Master Cheese gave a great gasp. The words seemed too good to be real.

"Do you mean it, sir?" he asked.

"Of course I mean it," replied Lionel. "I owe you a debt, you know. But for your

having blown yourself and the room up, I might not now be in possession of Verner's Pride. You come and spend a week with us when you can."

"That's glorious, and I'm much obliged to you, sir," said Master Cheese, in an ecstasy. "I think I'll have just another custard on the strength of it."

Jan was imperturbable—he had seen too much of Master Cheese for any display to affect him—but Lionel laughed heartily as they left the gentleman and the alcove. How well he looked—Lionel! The indented upright line of pain had gone from his brow: he was as a man at rest within.

"Jan, I feel truly glad at the news sent to us a day or two ago!" he exclaimed, pressing his brother's arm. "I always feared you would not marry. I never thought you would marry one so desirable as Mary Elmsley."

"I don't think I'd have had anybody else," answered Jan. "I like her—always did like her, and if she has taken a fancy to me, and doesn't mind putting up with a husband that's called out at all hours, why—it's all right."

"You will not give up your profession, Jan?"

"Give up my profession?" echoed Jan, in surprise, staring with all his eyes at Lionel. "What should I do that for?"

"When Mary shall be Lady Mary Verner, she may be for wishing it."

"No she won't," answered Jan. "She knows her wishing it would be of no use. She marries my profession as much as she marries me. It is all settled. Lord Elmsley makes it a point that I take my degree, and I don't mind doing that to please him. I shall be a hard-working doctor always, and Mary knows it."

"Have you taken Belvedere House?"

"I intend to take it. Mary likes it, and I can afford it, with her income joined to mine. If she is a lady, she's not a fine one," added Jan, "and I shall be just as quiet and comfortable as I have been in the old place. She says she'll see to the housekeeping and to my shirts, and—"

Jan stopped. They had come up with Lady Verner, and Lady Mary Elmsley. Lionel spoke laughingly.

"So Jan is appreciated at last!"

Lady Verner lifted her hands with a deprecatory movement.

"It took me three whole days before I would believe it," she gravely said. "Even now, there are times when I think Mary must be playing with him."

Lady Mary shook her head with a blush and a smile. Lionel took her on his arm, and walked away with her.

"You cannot think how happy it has made me and Lucy. We never thought Jan was, or could be, appreciated."

"He was, by me. He is worth—shall I tell it you, Lionel?—more than all the rest of Deerham put together. Yourself included."

"I will indorse the assertion," answered Lionel.

"I am glad you are going to have him."

"I would have had him, had he asked me, years ago," candidly avowed Lady Mary.

"I was inquiring of Jan, whether you would not want him to give up his profession. He was half offended with me for suggesting it."

"If Jan could ever be the one to lead an idle, useless life, I think half my love for him would die out," was her warm answer. "It was Jan's practical industry, his way of always doing the right in straightforward simplicity, that I believe first won me to like him. This world was made to work in, and the next for rest—as I look upon it, Lionel. I shall be prouder of being Jan Verner the surgeon's wife, than I should be had I married a duke's eldest son."

"He is to take his degree, he says."

"I believe so: but he will practice generally all the same—just as he does now. Not that I care that he should become Dr. Verner: it is papa."

"If he— Why who can they be?"

Lionel Verner's interrupted sentence and his question of surprise were caused by the appearance of some singular-looking forms who were stealing into the grounds. Poor, stooping, miserable, travel-soiled objects, looking fit for nothing but the tramp-house. A murmur of astonishment burst from all present when they were recognised. It was Grind's lot. Grind and his family, who had gone off with the Mormons, returning now in humility, like dogs with burnt tails.

"Why, Grind, can it be you?" exclaimed Lionel, gazing with pity at the man's despairing aspect.

He, poor meek Grind, not less meek and civil than of yore, sat down upon a bench and burst into tears. They gathered round him in crowds, while he told his tale. How they had, after innumerable hardships on the road, too long to recite then, after losing some of their party by death, two of his children being amongst them—how they had at length reached the Salt Lake City, so gloriously depicted by Brother Jarrum. And what did they find? Instead of an abode of peace and plenty, of luxury, of immunity from work, they found misery and discomfort. Things were strange to them, and they were strange in turn. He'd describe it all another time, he said; but it was quite enough to tell them what it was, by saying that he resolved to come away if possible, and face the hardships of the way, though it was only to die in the old land, than he'd stop in it. Brother Jarrum was a awful impostor, so to have led 'em away!

"Wasn't there no saints?" breathlessly asked Susan Peckaby, who had elbowed herself to the front.

"Saints!" echoed Grind. "Yes, they be saints! A iniketous, bad doing, sensitive lot. I'd starve on a crust here, sooner nor I'd stop among 'em. Villains!"

Poor Grind probably substituted the word "sensitive" for another, in his narrow acquaintance with the English language. Susan Peckaby seemed to resent this new view of things. She was habited in the very plum-coloured gown which had been prepared for the start, the white paint having been got out of it by some mysterious process, perhaps by the turpentine suggested by

Chuff. It looked tumbled and crinkled, the beauty altogether gone out of it. Her husband, Peckaby, stood behind, grinning.

"Villains, them saints was, was they?"

"They was villains," emphatically answered Grind.

"And the saintesses?" continued Peckaby. "What of them?"

"The less said about 'em the better, them saintesses," responded Grind. "We should give 'em another name over here, we should. I had to leave my eldest girl behind me," he added, lifting his face in a pitying appeal to Mr. Verner's. "She warn't but fifteen, and one of them men took her, and she's his thirteenth wife."

"I say, Grind," put in the sharp voice of Mrs. Duff, "what's become of Nancy, as lived up here?"

"She died on the road," he answered. "She married Brother Jarrum in New York—"

"Married Brother Jarrum in New York!" interrupted Polly Dawson, tartly. "You are asleep, Grind. It was Mary Green as married him. Leastways, news that she did come back to us here."

"He married 'em both," answered Grind. "The consequence of which was, that the two took to quarrelling perpetual. It was nothing but snarling and fighting everlasting. Nancy again Mary, and Mary again her. We hadn't nothing else with 'em all the way to the Salt Lake city, and Nancy, she got ill. Some said 'twas pining; some said 'twas a in'ard complaint as took her; some said 'twas the hardships killed her: the cold, and the fatigue, and the bad food, and starvation. Any how, Nancy died."

"And what become of Mary?" rather more meekly inquired Mrs. Peckaby.

"She's Jarrum's wife still. He have got about six of 'em, he have. They be saints, they be!"

"They baint as bad off as the saintesses," interrupted Mrs. Grind. "They has their own way, the saints, and the saintesses don't. Regular cowed down the saintesses be; they daren't say as their right hand's their own. That poor sick lady as went with us, Miss Kitty Bayntun,—and none on us thought she'd live to get there, but she did, and one of the saints chose her. She come to us just afore we got away, and she said she wanted to write a letter to her mother to tell her how unhappy she was, fit to die with it. But she knowed the letter could never be got to her in England, cause letters ain't allowed to leave the city, and she must stop in misery for her life, she said; for she couldn't never undertake the journey back again, even if she could get clear away; it would kill her. But she'd like her mother to know how them Mormons deceived with their tales, and what sort of a place New Jerusalem was."

Grind turned again to Lionel.

"It is just blasphemy, sir, for them to say what they do: calling it the holy city, and the New Jerusalem. Couldn't they be stopped at it, and from deluding poor ignorant people here with their tales?"

"The only way of stopping it is for people to

take their tales for what they are worth," said Lionel.

Grind gave a groan.

"People is credulous, sir, when they think they are going to better themselves. Sir," he added, with a yearning, pleading look, "could I have a bit of work again upon the old estate, just to keep us from starving? I shan't hanker after much now: to live here upon the soil will be enough, after having been at that Salt Lake City. It's a day's wonder, and 'ud take a day to tell, the way we stole away from it, and how we at last got home."

"You shall have work, Grind, as much as you can do," quietly answered Lionel. "Work, and a home, and—I hope—plenty. If you will go there"—pointing to the tables—"with your wife and children, you will find something to eat and drink."

Grind clasped his hands together in an attitude of thankfulness, the tears streaming down his face. They had walked from Liverpool.

"What about the ducks, Grind?" called out one of the Dawsons. "Did you get 'em in abundance?"

Grind turned his haggard face round.

"I never see a single duck the whole time I stopped there. If ducks was there, we didn't see 'em."

"And what about the white donkeys, Grind?" added Peckaby. "Be they in plenty?"

Grind was ignorant of the white donkey story, and took the question literally.

"I never see none," he answered. "There's nothing white there but the Great Salt Lake, which strikes the eyes with blindness."

"Won't I treat you to a basting!"

The emphatic remark, coming from Mrs. Duff, caused a divertissement, especially agreeable to Susan Peckaby. The unhappy Dan, by some unexplainable cause, had torn the sleeve of his new jacket to ribbons. He sheltered himself from wrath behind Chuff the blacksmith, and the company began to pour in a stream towards the tables.

The sun had sunk in the west when Verner's Pride was left in quiet; the gratified feasters, Master Cheese included, having wended their way home. Lionel was with his wife at the window of her dressing-room, where he had formerly stood with Sibylla. The rosy hue of the sky played upon Lucy's face. Lionel watched it as he stood with his arm round her. Lifting her eyes suddenly, she saw how grave he looked, as they were bent upon her.

"What are you thinking of, Lionel?"

"Of you, my darling. Standing with you here in our own home, feeling that you are mine at last; that nothing, save the hand of death can part us, I can scarcely yet believe in my great happiness."

Lucy raised her hand, and drew his face down to hers. "I can," she whispered. "It is very real."

"Ay, yes! it is real," he said, his tone one of almost painful intensity. "God be thanked! But we waited. Lucy, how we waited for it!"

THE END.

TOURS AND METTRAY.

My dear Mrs. B——, my last letter announced my arrival at Tours. This will inform you of all I have seen and done since. After fixing myself in pretty, cheap lodgings, No. 5, Boulevard d'——, close to the comfortable Hotel de l'Univers, which was too expensive for my slender purse. I went about sight-seeing, but *not à l'Anglaise*. I see no sense in making a toil of pleasure and *doing* one place after another with the indispensable Murray in one's hand, as a duty to be got over like a schoolboy's task, that one may play and enjoy oneself afterwards. If I leave some things unseen, I have a clear distinct recollection of the places I do visit, and have derived from them some fresh ideas. Tours is a pleasant bright-looking city, the modern parts full of handsome, well-built edifices, but I do not care for the wide streets and lofty houses. I like to wander in the quaint old streets so full of picturesque nooks and corners. I never wished to be an artist so much as since I came here. What sketches Prout would have made! Here is an old house, all full of cracks and *lézardée*, to use a French term. Its three projecting garret windows each with its own roof, not merely slanting from the roof of the house, as in old English houses, but resting on two side walls, the size of the window it shelters, give an air of imposing grandeur to it still; it is faced with slates so cut as to resemble the plating of a fish's scales: a rough balcony decorates its first-floor windows, and a vine festoons the corner of the walls. Every window is full of flowers in Tours; they hang trailing from the open casement of old tumble-down patched buildings, and if you look up a narrow court you are sure to see it draped with the tender green of the vine, or adorned with blossoms of the most brilliant hue. No two houses resemble each other in form, though there is a general resemblance in style—how softly the light lies upon those projecting three-cornered bits of tiling or slating over door or window—what a full, dark shadow is thrown by that quaint old gabled house, projecting so far into the street, and how vividly the green of that vine and the hue of those nasturtiums trailing from the boxes in the open casement contrast with the sombre walls, and the dark little court beside it, and give life and colour to the whole. They are typical and characteristic of France and French people. Here there is nothing *mesquin* or vulgar about poverty. Labour is a god, and his votaries wreath themselves with flowers. They are not, as in England, ashamed of being honest workmen and workwomen; they do not ape ladies and gentlemen, or wear dirty flowers, tawdry faded dresses, and coats and trousers that have evidently had many possessors. I have seen but one dirty-looking girl, the only creature who has begged of me since I entered France. The men wear blue frocks or blouses, and trousers of the same strong kind of linen. Their shirts are always clean and white, and though they often wear no stockings, and wooden sabots, in lieu of shoes, there is a general air of *bien être* and respectability about them sadly wanting to the poor in England. As to the women, how smart and pretty they look with their

well-fitting, clean dark gowns, the aprons of all hues with their ample *poches*, and the faultlessly snowy goffered cap, set so jauntily on the head, and the trim neat shoe and stocking, or grey bottine. They are a perfect picture, and have a gentility of their own far above any cast-off airs and graces. Then they are all so polite and ready to oblige. It only needs a pleasant smile in speaking, and a cordial tone of voice to get all the civility you wish for in France.

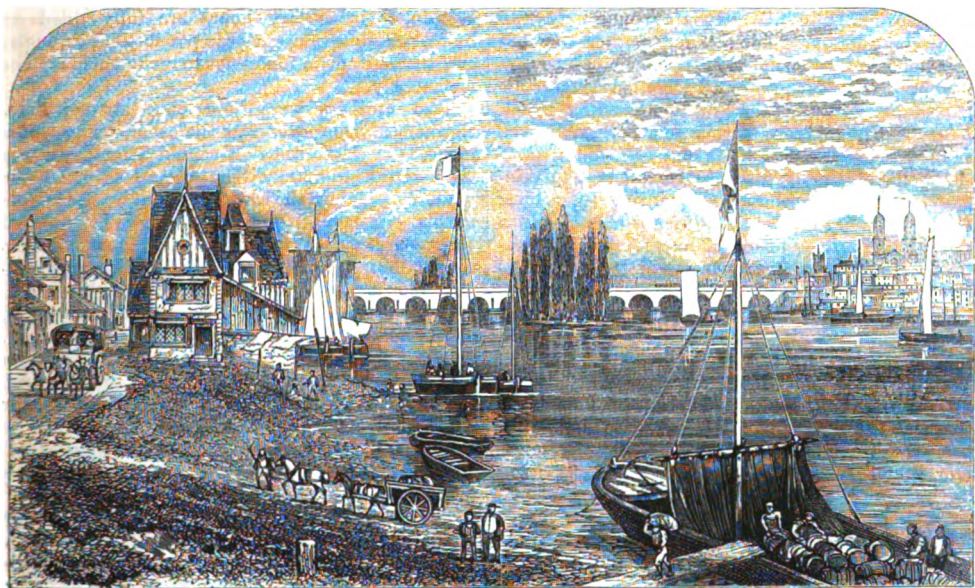
I find travelling here very pleasant. I talk to everybody I meet in railway stations and carriages, and am rewarded by obtaining a great deal of useful information as to what is worth seeing, and a great many small civilities which are very valuable at the time. I have made several excursions out of the town; not because it was *de rigueur*, but because I had a fancy to go. I was much struck in coming along the railway to Tours, by a curious village mostly built in the rock, so I set off to visit it. St. Antoine and St. Paterno, and many others round Tours are hollowed out of the rock, after the tufa stone has been quarried for building purposes. The tufa is very white, and little harder than the sandstone rock on which Nottingham Castle stands. I poked some with my umbrella, and easily made a hole, but it hardens on exposure to the air, retaining its whiteness. I had a very pleasant day at St. Paterno. A little stream ran brawling through meadows bordered with young poplars, which seem the favourite tree hereabouts—on either side the ground was slightly elevated and had been quarried for stone. Some of the caves, I was told, extend a *lieue et demi* underground, but most are only excavated so as to form dwellings or wine-cellars. Capital cool cellars they must make. I entered several of these cave houses, and talked to their occupants, meeting with all the usual French courtesy. They often contain good-sized rooms—far more comfortable than many of our cottages, and I was told they were cool in summer and not cold or damp in winter. In one of them I saw two good large four-post beds, with blue and white linen curtains. The beds are always clean and good in France. The walls and ceiling are left rough as I have seen granite roughened in England for ornament, but not whitewashed. The outside facing is generally cut so as to resemble an archway in the rock, and this is divided into squares to imitate an arch built of quarried stones. The door is always under this archway and sometimes the window of the principal room. Most of these dwellers in the rock are weavers. They work in the fields in summer, and fine weather; and in winter and bad weather at their looms. The cloth they make is coarse but excellent, and their looms seem of a most primitive and clumsy description, with very heavy treadles like stems of poplar-trees. The working them must be very laborious. The wife of one told me her “man” could earn about thirty sous a day. These cave dwellings have a very picturesque appearance, with their vines growing beside the doors, and their chimneys projecting suddenly out of a copse of young brushwood clothing the hill top that forms the roof above. I took with me a provision of apricots and *petits pains*. When I grew hungry I went into one

of the village inns to refresh myself and asked for a *demi-chopine de vin*, to wash down my dry bread. There were two or three among the stone-built houses of more consequential appearance in St. Paterno. I read *Remy loge à pied et à cheval* on one, but I chose that opposite, because I saw a woman at the door. She was very civil; and as I ate my bread and drank my *chopine*, I talked to her. She too, was getting her dinner. It consisted first of milk curds with bits of bread soaked in it. She asked her daughter, who was hemming by the window, if she would not have some too, and the girl rising, took a spoon, and seating herself at the table, “dipped in her dish.” After the bread and milk and curds were disposed of, the mother lifted up the lid of a long chest that stood against the wall, and took out therefrom some bread and cheese, which she cut with a pocket-knife; the daughter did the same, and all the while they questioned the *Anglaise* as to what could have brought her so far from home, and especially to St. Paterno, *où il n’y avait rien à voir*. There was no cloth laid—no sort of preparation for their meal, yet these people were evidently well off for their station, and beyond the kitchen in which we sat, I could see a long room full of rush-bottomed chairs, which I suppose was used on fête days by the villagers, and in the open window before me bloomed a splendid *Hibiscus*. But oh! there are unmentionable things in which the French of all classes seem as little civilised as our own Irish peasants or the Ojibbeway Indians! One can hardly conceive how such a want of decency and comforts necessary to humanity, can exist along with such natural taste and refinement in other things. It was as well I took provisions with me. “*Il n’y a rien à acheter en St. Paterno*,” said the village shoemaker’s wife, at whose house I stopped to examine some pretty little models of sabots exhibited in the window, and of whom I inquired where I could buy more fruit, as the heat had made me thirsty. It was even so. Though I saw gardens and fruit-trees all around, I could buy none, while in every little English village one can buy in this season a halfpennyworth of apples or plums. There seems no such thing as a village shop in the general line where hanks of worsted, knitting needles, sweet-stuff, and apples tempt the passer by. So far, in all my village walks, I have never been able to buy anything, except that at a *café* of some pretensions in Neuillé, where I saw, to my amazement, an excellent mahogany billiard-table, they offered me some of the dinner they had left. They had had a good one,—*veal aux carottes*, with plenty of melted butter over them, stewed peas, and soup full of bits of bread. If they had been *warm*, I dare say they would have been good, but a half-cold dinner is my aversion, and they had clearly no idea of warming them up for my convenience. A French *ménagère* is always unwilling to relight the fire when it is once extinguished. This is one of the inconveniences attending living *en garni*—i. e. in furnished lodgings—in France. You can get anything cooked or water heated, only at stated times in the day. The great mistake English people make in travelling is to expect English customs in a foreign land. The sooner a traveller puts such an expectation out of his or her

head the better. You never will get things as they are in England, but you may get different things as good, or even better. You will get, if you are polite to your landlady, a thousand little attentions. If you like flowers, the vase on your table will be constantly filled with gay flowers, and the day before *votre départ*, you will be, as I have just been, treated with *confitures à propos*. The said *confiture* being excellent, I give the receipt. A pound of sugar to one pound of fruit of four different kinds, a quarter of a pound of each, cherries stoned, gooseberries, strawberries, and raspberries.

Another expedition I made was to the famous *Colonie Agricole de Mettray*, for the reformation and instruction in useful arts of young convicts. It was a most interesting visit. The proper days for visiting the institution are Thursdays and Sundays, which are holidays. Not knowing that, I

went on Friday, so that I saw the working of the system. I went by rail to Mettray, and walked from the station to the *Colonie*, and had, as usual, pleasant fellow-travellers who gave me much information on many subjects. I was told to go to the house of the concierge and ask admittance. I found a French family from Paris there already—father, mother and daughter—signed my name after M. Dufau's, and there being no one else, we of necessity formed one party. After waiting a few moments, a gentleman came to us and said, that though that was not the day for inspecting the establishment, he would show us over it. It was dinner-time when we arrived, and he took us first into one of the *homes*, as they are called, to see the boys dine. There he made us observe how money and space were economised by the same apartment, which was lofty and well ventilated, serving at once as a class-room, refectory, and



Tours.

dormitory. The room was divided up its centre by two rows of wooden pillars; between these and the walls, the hammocks in which the boys sleep, are hung at night. Now they were tightly rolled up against the walls, and on shelves above them lay every boy's trousseau neatly folded up,—his combs and brushes. Everything is done with military precision. The boys marched in to their dinners and took their places at the word of command; at a second order they sat down and fell to. So, in the morning, they all rise at once, dress at once, roll up their hammocks at once. If any one is behind time he is punished by having to wash the vessels of the home. Each home is called a family, and a boy remains in the family in which he is placed until he leaves Mettray. There is generally among them a feeling of fraternity which the conductors seek to develope, and some boys will not play except with their family.

We went over the *rucherie*, to the pigsties, the garden, and the different workshops or *ateliers*, and saw chairs, steam-engines, ploughs, turnip-chopping machines, &c., all made by the boys, under the direction of experienced workmen. Nine hundred and forty-three persons reside at Mettray, and it is virtually a colony, producing everything within itself. It has farms; a mill where their produce is ground; a butcher's abattoir where the cattle are killed; a brewery, on whose grains the cows to be killed are fattened, when they cease to give milk. The cows are always kept in stalls, and never go out into the fields; but they look sleek and healthy, and they are never allowed to live long. There are tailors and shoemakers on the establishment, and the boys are taught agriculture or a trade at choice. There are also the masts and yards of two vessels, which those destined for the sea, who are generally of Breton parentage,

are taught to climb and name. Until they make choice of a trade, the new comers are, for the first two or three months, employed under two or three *paysannes* in washing the clothes of the inhabitants of the *Colonie*. Each boy's food costs rather less than a franc a day. There are several outlying farms where those destined for farm-labourers are taught farming. A desire to enter the army is encouraged, and in order to stimulate their young imaginations, two pictures of *Colons* who have distinguished themselves by military prowess are suspended in the principal schoolroom; but otherwise, the conductors prefer to bring them up as agriculturists, that they may not return to the towns whence they have come and be exposed to the temptations of renewing their bad acquaintance there. Upon the different homes the name of the founder was inscribed; one was founded by the city of Paris; on another I read "*Maison de Mlle. Marie Emma Hébert*." "It is a young lady who is dead," said our guide; "her mother founded this house in her memory." In the chapel we saw lists of the *fondateurs*, or all who had given *cents francs*. At the head of the English donations, which I felt glad to see were neither few nor small, was Lord Brougham's.

"Some of the boys who leave us become *fondateurs*," said our conductor, pointing to a line: "See, *Munny, Maître Menuisier à Lima, ancien Colon de Mettray*, sent out of his savings, two hundred francs, '*a ses deux mères*'—Mettray, and his real mother."

"*C'est touchant, n'est-ce pas ?*" cried the French lady, turning to me; and I replied, "Yes," with moistened eyes.

Henri Ardy was another *fondateur* who sent home, from the Crimea, his savings to the Colony that educated him. He also twice saved his colonel's life in battle, for which he received a medal, and is one of the two whose portraits hang at the head of the classes to incite other students to distinguish themselves. The other is Richard, who was made *Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur* for carrying off a flag at Paris, June, 1848.

In frames, round the schoolroom, hang tables containing the name of every *Colon* educated at Mettray, with his subsequent conduct and position after quitting it, so that there is always, before the eyes of the boys, a prospect of infamy, or the reverse. The manner in which they behave will always be known to their ancient comrades, and in their old home. The obtaining this knowledge costs the establishment a large sum yearly, but it is found useful in inciting the *Colons* to do well.

It was *l'heure de récréation* when we returned, and we saw them in their playground gathered in knots upon benches, or exhibiting wonderful agility with a pole suspended by two ropes, called here a *trapèze*. Then the clarions sounded—the boys formed, like soldiers, in single then in double file, and all marched into school. In winter, school is

kept morning and evening; in summer, only once during the hot part of the day.

After this we went to see the garden and the infirmary, which last is superintended by nine nuns from Tours. We saw them also at their prayers in their pretty little chapel and we peeped into their rooms, in each of which we saw a comfortable-looking bed with its white draperies. Above the hospital the conductor made the remark, "*a most magnificent glacine*;" and a long gallery shaded by its branches, whose windows were all but open now, but which, when closed in winter, formed a warm pleasant walk for the invalids, being almost a greenhouse. There are generally about twenty-four *enfants de famille*, gentlemen's children, who are unmanageable, at Mettray. They never see one another, and none but their preceptors ever see them. Their health is preserved by gymnastic exercises, and twice a week they are taken separately out walking. Within, their solitary hours are fully filled up by more lessons than they can possibly get through; and the solitude is found not to make them mad or melancholy.

Two brothers were here once at one time. Neither of them ever saw the other, or heard his name. At chapel they sit behind a curtain where they can hear mass without being seen. Their windows look into the court-yard, but no heads were visible. I should think they were so high placed the inmates could not look out. It must be a severe discipline, but we were told it ensured reformation. As to the *Colons*, they are all sent to Mettray after having been prosecuted and *jugés*, either for vagrancy or some small delinquency. This is not considered any disgrace, as they are not responsible for their early bad bringing up, and most of them are the children of vicious or extremely poor parents, or have been deserted by their parents. The *Judgment* is for the purpose of depriving these parents of all rights over them, and consigning them legally to the conductors of Mettray.

Since Mr. Demety founded the *Colonie*, in 1840, eighty other establishments, in different parts of France, have been founded on the same plan, as it is found the maintaining and educating them, as honest men, costs less to the Government than the retaining them hereafter in prison, and prosecuting them as criminals would do.

We finished our visit by going to a sort of bazaar, where articles of various kinds are sold for the benefit of Mettray, and where M. Dufau purchased an album of views of the Colony, which he observed, afterwards, was dear, but he should regard with pleasure as "*Sa petite contribution*" towards a "*bonne œuvre*." At the gate we all thanked our well-informed conductor, and separated; but, observing I was walking to the railway-station, M. and Madame Dufau kindly offered me the vacant seat in their carriage home, and on reaching Tours I bade adieu, with real regret, to my kind and courteous French acquaintances.

["*VERNER'S PRIDE*," which is concluded in the present Number, will be followed immediately by "*THE HAMPDENS*," an *Historiette*, by Miss HARRIET MARTINEAU; and shortly also by "*ELEANOR'S VICTORY*," a New Novel, by the Author of "*Aurora Floyd*," "*Lady Audley's Secret*," &c.]

THE OLD MAN AT D. 8.



It certainly is a very comfortable place. The cushion on my chair is luxuriously padded. The table before me is just the right height for writing. That elaborate and intricate contrivance, all pad and hinge and snap and rest, that comes down with such a startling bang and clatter, is the very thing for fat folios and unwieldy lexicons. I sit in a room of which I am sure Aladdin, had he ever seen it, would have built a duplicate in his mushroom palace, so spacious its area—so vast its cærulean dome. I enjoy all Selkirk's boundless dominion, with none of that solitary monarch's

boundless discomfort. There is wealth at my command that Croesus, though he was no fool, could never dream of. I have but to rub my lamp—I beg pardon—to sign a voucher, and one of the patient and courteous Jinns who wait to perform my behests, will deposit before me whatever portion I choose to demand of the glorious treasure that the mind of man has stored in books. This stately hall is built for me. I walk in and take my place like a master in his home. Anyone else must keep silence that I may read in peace. No one can disturb my privacy. It is really very

comfortable. Even the temperature is carefully regulated with a view to the warmth of my body. All honour to the man who founded this place for English students, say I. Out of my heart I speak—I who can have elsewhere, I am thankful to say, a quiet room and a store, though a small one, of books. If I am thus grateful, what must be the advantage of this room to the many—too many—poor Helots of the kingdom of literature, whose toil is carried on in poverty and neglect? What an unspeakable boon this room must be to—to this old man who sits on my left?

So I mused, as I sat in the library of the British Museum. It was in the autumn of the year 1861. I was engaged in work which required frequent reference to some rare old MSS., and which would probably make it necessary for me to undertake a pilgrimage to the Palace of Bloomsbury three or four days in every week for about a month. I was struck, as who is not? with the lavish completeness of the great institution, and I could not but imagine the deeper feeling of luxury and comfort which would strike one who like myself had obtained the privilege of a card of admission, but who, unlike myself, had come forth from squalor and scant food in the morning, and would return to squalor and scant food at night. It was very easy to apply all this to my neighbour.

He was an old man, bent with years. Sparse hairs straggled long and unkempt on his head, and low on his breast there wandered, as on that of Merlin:

The lists of such a beard as youth gone out
Had left in ashes.

His face was pinched, and wan, and transparent, but about the haggard features there still lingered the light of a comely youth, and from the half-buried eyes there still flashed sparks of intellectual fire. His dress was worn and mean to the last degree, but there was a certain refinement showing, like the beauty of Cophetua's queen, through an old coat whose original colour not all Houndsditch could have discovered. No one meeting that shabby figure—no one, that is, with an atom of discrimination, would ever have seen in it the ruins of a rowdy or the clever get-up of a professional impostor. Before him lay a thick MS. book, of which apparently about three-quarters were filled. He was diligently examining one of a pile of dingy folios, yellow MSS., and many books of reference, which covered his portion of table. Ever and anon he added a sentence to his work, and, without attempting to read the words, I could see that they were written in the minutest of all the "types" of chirography. The thin hands shook with a palsy of excitement whenever the searching eyes had discovered a passage which suggested or required an insertion in the progressing page. The old man was evidently an enthusiast in his work.

Not that I noticed even thus much on my first visit to the Museum; but when day after day I saw the same old man seated in the same place, filling the same MS. with extracts from the same pile of books, I could not but observe this and more. As often as the previous occupation of an

earlier visitor did not thwart me, I took the same seat. But whether I was or was not in time for mine, no one ever frustrated the old man. Only to those who have never seen the Museum library need I explain that for the convenience of the attendants, as well as that of the readers, the seats are all lettered and numbered. Whenever I could I appropriated D. 7; but whether I or another occupied D. 7, the old man was invariably to be seen in D. 8. I began to look on him as a part of the building. I should have been as much startled at his absence as by that of the statues of the pediment or the squatting lions of the railings. Always the same straggling white hair, and wandering beard; always the same threadbare coat buttoned so closely round the narrow and, I am fearful, shirtless breast; always the same timid glance over the shoulder at every passing footfall—glance eloquent of the sorrowful cowardice that is bred by poverty and debt; always the same ceaseless collation of tawny vellum and venerable folios.

I grew strangely interested in my neighbour. I even fear that he interrupted my own work. I watched him furtively as I sat by his side, and I speculated on his past and on his present, and what he had been, and what he was doing. He was always in his place before I came. He never went out at noon as did many of his fellow-students, returning in half-an-hour with crumbs upon their coats. It always happened that when the Museum was closed for the night I lost sight of my old man. So at last matters went on till one day early in the third week of my work. I had formed a resolution almost unaccountably to myself to be beforehand with D. 8, and witness his entry, as well as the direction by which he should come. I was passing through one of the streets which connect New Oxford Street with the Strand, when I saw my old man emerge from a mean street, reeking with filth and resounding with the cries of ragged children, which opened into that along which I was walking. We met suddenly, and involuntarily I bowed. It was impossible to pass without recognition one by whose side I had sat for days, and by whose side I expected to sit for days again. The old man started with surprise. He coloured for an instant, and said:

"We meet sooner than usual, sir, this morning."

After my bow, I was embarrassed. I was by no means clear that I had not committed an absurdity, in thus thrusting a salutation on a stranger. The old man's tone was precisely that which is used by one who is perfectly self-possessed, and who, seeing another in embarrassment, and feeling himself master of the occasion, desires to double his victory by showing it. It was the old man who put me at my ease, and yet I should be conveying a false impression if I were to leave the idea that his manner indicated that mysterious acquaintance with the Shibboleths of society which is usually claimed for a hero in rags. My old man was courteous and gentle, but I cannot pretend to say that he was what is conventionally meant by a "gentleman"—that most inexplicable of words! He was possibly not the less a gentleman

in one sense for not being a gentleman in another. We walked together to our destination, and exchanged a few common-place sentences by the way. My companion seemed preoccupied and abstracted. He was very cautious in attempting a crossing, but so unhappy in his choice of times and seasons, that more than once he was nearly run over. In a few minutes we were each of us in our place. Our piles of books, reserved for us from the previous day, were brought us from their nightly resting-place, and we began our work as usual.

But not quite as usual. The ice had been broken. I was determined, if I could, to learn more of the character who had so strongly affected me, and, if possible, help him in his apparently cheerless old age. When evening fell again, he evidently tried to avoid me. He succeeded in leaving the building some minutes before me, and as I came to the top of the street which had been the scene of our previous meeting, I just caught a glimpse of the well-known figure as it dived into the squalid street whence I had seen it emerge. Intent on learning something of the life and pursuits of my companion, I strove hard to win a few words of conversation with him on every day of my visits to Bloomsbury. Sometimes I succeeded, but was more often baffled. He was always polite, but always incommunicative; and from his dreamy gaze and occasional mutterings, I concluded that he was too preoccupied with his work, whatever it might be, to admit of his forming any new acquaintance. To gain access to his lodgings, as much, I hope, with the desire of finding means to help him, as from mere curiosity, I tried several ingenious expedients, and descended to more than one, I hope I may say, pardonable, pretence. I proposed to bring him a book on a subject about which we conversed. I begged to be allowed a sight of a MS., the possession of which he indiscreetly owned. On one occasion I went so far as to feel suddenly faint and indisposed as we approached the turning where he usually bade me farewell. An inopportune Hansom was rolling by unoccupied, and with unusual vigour and decision, the old man called it to my side.

The more convinced I became that all my endeavours would give me little more knowledge of my mysterious acquaintance than the infinitesimal modicum which I possessed when I first observed his outer appearance, the more strangely did he occupy my thoughts. Once I dreamed of him by night. I often dreamed of him by day. Who was he? Whence did he come? What was he doing? Had he no friends—no children to nurse his age as he had nursed their youth? The utmost that I could discover was his name. One day I followed him as he left the library, and stooped, in more senses than one, to pick up the torn fragments of a cancelled voucher for books returned to the librarian which he dropped upon the ground. The voucher was signed "James Smith." Not a name for a romance. Not a name like that which Mr. Richard Swiveller chose for the Marchioness whom he destined for his bride, as being "in-

dicative of mystery." "James Smith" indicated just nothing at all. This name I discovered, and also the fact that its owner came out of and returned into the fourth of the dingy houses of the alley whence I had first seen him emerge. With this I was compelled to be content. I noticed moreover that the old man had nearly reached the end of his MS. book, and that, on the leaves of the book, was a label bearing the number xxxvi. The nearer the writer came to the end of his work, the more excited grew his demeanor. His hands shook with a quicker palsy with every page that he turned. His eyes shone with a fiercer fire as he lighted on some apposite quotation.

On the Tuesday of the fourth week of my visits to the site of Montague House, it chanced that I was accompanied on my way by a young surgeon of my acquaintance. He had won already very favourable notice from the chiefs of his profession, and having a happy power of conversing on dry subjects, combined with rare delicacy of manipulation in difficult cases, he was an agreeable companion, as well as a skilful operator. He was beguiling the way with felicitous remarks on the origin of species and the relation of the Simian to the Human families, and for the while I had completely forgotten D. 8, his book and beard, and all belonging to him. Ere long the well-known figure drove Mr. Darwin and the gorillas from my head. I saw him slowly wending his way some two hundred yards in front of us, and I began to describe him and his habits to my friend. Five minutes more and the weak, stooping form was looking eagerly up and down Oxford Street to see if he might venture through the stream of traffic. He waited with his head turned anxiously eastward, till a huge van of Pickford's, driving rapidly from the west, was within two yards of the place where he stood, and then plunged forward. We were nearly by his side. I shut my eyes for a second in blank horror. Was he crushed and bleeding on the road? The huge waggon was far on its way. Some part of the harness of the vehicle had struck the old man as he met it, and thrown him back upon the pavement. I thrust my way through the crowd that in London rises in an instant, like the men of Pyrrha and Deucalion, from the stones. A pitiful, senseless, huddled heap, lay the poor old man. By his side was the precious MS. that he loved so well, soiled with the filth of the street. I hastily snatched it up, proclaimed that I knew the residence of the fallen man—that my companion was a surgeon—that I would take him home immediately in a cab. A policeman, who, strange to say, was on the spot, mounted the box, and we were suffered to proceed.

In two minutes it was all over. Even then I had a strange feeling that in carrying him home I was unwarrantably intruding on his privacy. He! But was he still alive? Not dead, as yet, said my friend. How he was injured it was impossible to guess without examination. There was no external mark of injury. He was stunned and senseless, and lay all nerveless and death-like in our arms.

It did not occupy a long time for us to

reach the street which I had indicated. On the step of the door of the rag-and-bone shop that formed the basement of the house whence I had seen the old man come, two white-faced children sat staring with lack-lustre eyes. Shrilly they shrieked to a slattern in the shop, that ill had befallen the "old second floor," and that he was being brought home by two gents and a bobby in a cab.

We lifted him gently into the house, and asked to be directed to his room. The slattern sent a child before us, who led us up the dirty stairs. The door of his room was locked, but I felt the key in his pocket as I held him. We committed our charitable trespass, and brought him into his own room.

It was very bare and very desolate. There was a thinly-covered bedstead in a corner, and on this we placed the helpless body. The only furniture, beyond the merest necessities, was a row of some twenty volumes on the floor. And in a corner were piled, in order, five-and-thirty MS. books, matching the one which I had rescued from the gutter, all labelled and numbered from i. to xxxv. The nearest approach to anything edible was a half-burned tallow candle in an old brass stand. I felt a thrill of pity for the misery that I might have alleviated. Did it remind me that I might relieve misery without the passing incentive of a sentimental interest in a stranger? If not, it ought to have done so.

The time that I had taken had sufficed for my friend to pass sentence on the patient. "He has received a violent shock, and probably some internal injury. There are no bones broken, but he has not many minutes to live." And, in truth, an unpractised eye would have deemed him dead already, so motionless he lay. Awed and silent we waited by the mean pallet. My friend held in his hearty brown hand the shrunken wrist. In another minute he laid it gently on the couch. "The pulse is still," he said. "His labour here is over."

And so the old man lay in state on his poor hearse. On his wan pinched face there was

No other thing expressed
Than long disquiet merged in rest.

The worn, frail body had not been strong enough to support the shock that robbed it of its soul. It was only lean and very coarsely clad, but to me it had a certain majesty as it lay palled in its old rags. I knew little of its departed tenant; but thus much I did know, that he had spent much at least of his life, in the earnest prosecution of one allotted work. So much was proved by the toil in the Museum, and the pile of MSS. in the corner. Of how many could the epitaph be said with truth that they had done any one work with all their might? Perseverance always wins respect, even when it is akin to infatuation. I had witnessed the dead man's perseverance, and had no reason to suspect him of folly. I could not but honour his memory.

And his book? Surely I might take with me that one volume of all the thirty-six—that one which I had saved from ignominy. I would return it to any one having a claim to the effects

of the deceased who might be discovered by my inquiries. I longed to learn something of that ponderous monument of patient industry—the fruit of the work of years. Was it likely to benefit mankind?

I placed it in the great pocket of my loose overcoat, determining to examine it at greater leisure. By the help of the policeman who had accompanied us the necessary communications were made to the local authorities. My friend was compelled to leave me to conclude the business by myself, but I did not depart until I had made arrangements for every necessary search to be made for the possible kinsmen of the dead man, and had promised to defray the expenses of a decent funeral in case it should appear that the old man was utterly friendless. His landlady knew nothing about him beyond the fact that he had lodged in her room for about three months, and had spent the whole day abroad. He owed her only for two days' rent. She had never known of any one having visited her tenant. He was very quiet and very harmless. Quiet and harmless enough now was his corpse, poor old man! I extracted a promise from the slattern that she would allow no one to enter his room with the exception of the servants of the parish and the coroner. She undertook that the door should be kept locked. I could not bear the idea of the inroads of the lazy loungers of the alley in the room which had all the sanctity of the grave.

I arrived late that day at the Museum, and did little when I reached it. D. 7 was vacant for me, but how changed was D. 8! A grave gentleman was studying in the original The Love-Letters of Aristænetus. (It was not always the youths of eighteen who misused their privilege of entry.) I made many a bold effort to fix my attention on my work, but it was no use. The image of the old man was perpetually before me. I read or wrote for some five minutes at a time, and then fidgetted or pondered for twenty. At last I determined to give up work for the day. I called in a cab on my way home at the house where the dead man lay, and learned the hour of the inquest on the morrow. It was to be at three in the afternoon. I had no opportunity that night to study the MS. in my pocket, for I was going out to a dinner-party. The sadness of the morning and the festivity of the evening jarred on my spirit, and the thought of the old man haunted me. I bade my host good night before his other guests, and walked to my chambers in "the dewy freshness" of the "silent air." I determined to go to my bed without delay, and, having risen, *vegetus ad munia* in the morning, to get through such a portion of my work as should make up for the deficiency of the previous day, and enable me to attend the inquest with a clear conscience.

My rest in the night was something like my labour in the day. It was disturbed by the recollection of the old man who had been run over. I saw him pause before he left the pavement. I was the driver of the van that killed him. I was eating venison and sipping white port in the room where he lay dead. I was compelled to transcribe six-and-thirty quartos in as many hours. I was

romping with squalling children in the library of the Museum. I was anything rather than a quiet sleeper. O, old man! methought, why did I not fix my quarters at K. 16? Perhaps there I might never have encountered you.

Morning dawned—or tried to dawn—through the mist of London, and I was soon on my way to Bloomsbury. I entered the Museum with a strange sense of depression, and set to work. The books I was consulting were spread without delay on the leather of D. 7. D. 8 was empty. It chanced that I had to use a foreign dictionary, whose place was on the other side of the room. I rose, leaving my papers in my place, and was absent perhaps ten minutes. To those of my readers who have never seen the Museum Library I must explain, that the double rows of seats radiate from the centre, where are the catalogues, to the circumference, where are the books of reference. These latter are under a slightly projecting gallery. It will be evident that there is less light, but more quiet, in the seats near the wall. Passers-by are most frequent in the neighbourhood of the catalogues. It will be equally evident that on approaching one's seat from the opposite side of the room it is never possible to see it from a distance. The raised circle of attendants in the centre of the circles of catalogues prevent a diametrical transit. It is not till one's own row, and one's own side of one's own row is reached, that one can see one's own seat. D. 7 is remote from the catalogues, and only separated from the wall of circumference by D. 8.

No sooner had I reached the upper end of the row D. than I perceived that D. 8 was occupied. For a moment I merely saw an occupant. A step forward and I saw more. It was occupied by the old man!

At first I was too stupefied to be horrified. Was I still dreaming? It was absurd! A spectre in the heart of Bloomsbury in 1861! The familiar room was round me, with its big dome of blue and warm walls of polychrome bindings. There were the familiar faces of the servants; and ever and anon there sounded the familiar clang of the book-rests. What a singular optical delusion! To be accounted for, no doubt, by the events of the preceding day—not forgetting the venison of the evening. So I walked on to my place, and, though a strange tremor thrilled through my bones, took my seat on my chair.

There was no doubt about the verisimilitude of the appearance. There was the picturesque grey head, tapering down to the longest hair of the long scattered beard. There was the thin, worn face, seeming like the case of some old lantern, through which blazed the two bright eyes. There were the weak, transparent fingers; and there—what new phantasmagoria did I behold?—there on the table lay the four old books that I had last seen under the temporary keeping of the old man. Spell-bound I watched, but did not dare to try to touch. There was no palsy in the hands, but they wandered over the table, uneasy and restless. They seemed to seek something, and to seek in vain. The books were open, but the old man was doing nothing. Doing nothing? How could he? In an instant the MS. in my pocket flashed across

my recollection. Was this what the spectre sought? With little reflection on what I was doing, and with my brain in a strange whirl of wonder and doubt, I pulled forth the papers, and placed them on the edge of the table of D. 8. Instantly they were seized. The face seemed to light up with a glance of satisfaction, but the eyes never turned to me. They were fixed intently on the book. Still "in amazement lost," I looked, and saw the old man rapidly and eagerly begin to write.

Then the first terror that had seized me fled, and I returned with shame to my reason. We had, doubtless, been mistaken. My friend had been too hurried in his verdict of death. The old man was only stunned, and was back again at his work. No doubt he was indignant with me for my intrusion on his privacy, and would not even thank me for the service I had done him. I began to whisper explanation and apology. Not a word did the old man answer. Not for an instant did the eyes turn from the page on which the lines of words were growing. I got up and went to inquire of the porter at the door of the inner passage if he had seen the old man enter, and if so, at what time.

"Old man? Old man in a shabby coat? Run over yesterday? Yes, I know him, and I've heard of the accident. He has been here regularly for the last six months. He'll never come again, though, poor old gentleman."

"Have you seen him come in this morning?"

"Come in this morning? He was killed, sir, yesterday. You must have missed him."

"He is in the room now."

The man grinned, and looked at me inquiringly.

"Impossible, sir. There's many like him. You must be wrong."

I went straight back to the attendant who gives out the reserved books, and never turned my head in the direction of Row D.

"Have you seen the old man this morning who generally sits at D. 8, Mr. Smith?"

"Yes, sir, he was here about a quarter of an hour ago, asking for his books."

Then I went back to Row D. There was no one sitting at No. 8. There were the musty folios, and there was the book of MS. lying wide open, and I saw that the ink upon the page was wet; but there was no old man. "Finis" was written at the bottom of the page. His work was done now, wherever he himself had gone.

I hurried back to the porter at the door.

"Be sure you stop that old man if he goes by."

The man looked at me with a meaning glance. He evidently was sceptical as to my sanity. Was I mad? I replaced the MS. in my pocket, and hurried from the building. My head was burning, my hands were trembling. I was strangely excited, and felt almost inclined to agree with the porter. I must be mad.

I hurried to my friend the surgeon.

"Nonsense, nonsense, my dear fellow; I can explain it in a moment. You are of a nervous temperament. Your mind has been full of this old man for days. You were very much excited by the accident yesterday. You ate much too good a dinner. You go to the Museum, and you

have morning-mare instead of night-mare. That's all the mystery. Sir, have some luncheon before we go to the inquest."

"Yes, that's all very well; but the books on the table—and the servants—they saw him."

"You said you had seen him, and they had no reason to suppose that Wednesday was different from Monday and Tuesday. And did you examine the books very carefully? Are there no two books bound alike in your library?"

"But the MS.—the writing—I saw him write—with my own eyes. I saw the ink wet—here, I have it in my pocket. I will swear this last page was not written yesterday. I will swear—"

"Don't swear till you get to the inquest, and trust anything rather than your own eyes. You think the ink was wet. I daresay it was greasy, and shone in the light. You didn't turn over the last page yesterday. If you have no better evidence than this for your ghost, I think you had better say nothing about it. Come,—have a sherry and soda, and come off to — Street. You will find the door of the old fellow's room has been locked since you left him yesterday."

The invincible unbelief of my friend did little to satisfy myself, although I felt that in the face of what he said I could adduce little proof to satisfy others. I drove with him to — Street. It still wanted some time of the hour fixed for the inquest. The alattern was ready to bind herself by any oath to prove that the door of the old man's room had never been unlocked since I had left him. We went up to see the corpse again. I gazed with strange interest. It seemed to me—though I did not communicate my thought—that the face expressed something more than it did on the previous day. There was content as well as rest. It might have been mere fancy, but I seemed to read in the expression of the face satisfaction at having completed a labour.

There were the preparatory ceremonies of the inquest, and the verdict of "Accidental Death," and then came the quiet funeral. No one ever answered my advertisements as to the next-of-kin of James Smith. Indeed, they would have heard of little to their advantage. No one had any claim on the little property except the landlady for an infinitesimal amount of rent. I took possession of the books and the great MS. The former were all but worthless. The latter was—shall I say it?—almost worthless too. It was a long, rambling, historical treatise, very diffuse and very unpractical. I never succeeded in reading it through, but I read enough to learn that publishers would have given little to the old man for his labour.

And was it a ghost or an hallucination? I have said what I saw. I have said what the world, through the mouth of my medical friend, said to what I saw. I believe there is one of the attendants of the Museum, who refuses to be persuaded that he was mistaken in thinking that he saw old Mr. Smith on the morning of that particular Wednesday. Is he mad as well as I?

At least I know that since that day I have never sat at D. 7, and I never see, without a strange feeling of uneasiness and a deep sense of mystery and awe, D. 8.

SEWING-MACHINES.

We are indebted to the United States for this elegant and useful invention, which is rapidly finding its way into every household,—

Pauperum tabernas, regumque turre.

Our American neighbours have been successful in producing many ingenious applications of mechanics to the details of common life, having for their end the saving of manual labour in the domestic economy. Such are wringing-machines, egg-whips, baby-jumpers, and various other inventions, not ambitious in character but neat and complete in themselves, and setting free by their use portions of time for other purposes, ordinarily consumed, as a matter of course, in the daily round of household work.

It is, however, the tendency of all processes for saving or dispensing with manual labour to produce, or to induce, other labour. The energy which perfects a time-saving machine will not be content to sit afterwards with folded hands and see it work. Attention, but of a more intellectual kind, and labour, but of a more skilled character, must be given even to the machine-work which is most automatus; and new branches of industry open out in unexpected directions as the fruits of inventive talent. Besides which, facility of production leads to a larger quantity of the particular object made being produced and used; so that if demand brings about supply as a natural consequence, abundant supply in its turn generates an increased consumption, often unexpectedly great. The facilities for travelling given by the construction of railways led to an expansion of travelling that could not have been predicted; many thousands of pounds being spent by persons who travel without object, urged by the restlessness which the constant sight of locomotion produces. It may be safely said that as a consequence of the introduction of sewing-machines in this country more work will be done, more stitches made than were done before, or appeared necessary to be done. Work is now performed in many houses for amusement, or for pleasure. A clergyman meditating his Sunday's sermon finds his ideas flow more readily whilst his foot is on the treddle of the working-machine, and his hands are running a long seam for his wife. The lawyer, wearied by head-work, finds refreshment, as he sits by the fire after dinner, in stitching himself half-a-dozen pairs of wrist-bands for his shirts; and our dolls are getting better dressed as our children are allowed the privilege of working for a few minutes at a time with mamma's sewing-machine.

From the first conception, that of seaming and stitching woven fabrics, modifications have been made, so as to render the sewing-machine capable of making boots and shoes, gloves, and doing other leather-work; and the improvement introduced of looping the stitches has very much reduced the danger which machine-work was at first subject to, of the work coming undone when a single stitch gave way. The "inexorable logic" which made every step dependent on the previous one is now provided against.

In America, steam has already been applied as an adjunct to the sewing-machine, and the increase in rapidity is immense in the processes. Whilst in stitching fine linen, twenty-three stitches can be made by a good workwoman in a minute, the treadle sewing-machine will make six hundred and forty; and the machine with steam applied will produce from fifteen hundred to two thousand!—being about eighty times the number producible with the human hand.

The following comparison of times required to do different kinds of needle-work is the result of practical experiments instituted by a sewing-machine company in the United States. The fineness of the work must be presumed to be equal in the two processes. Whereas it took fourteen hours and twenty-six minutes to complete a gentleman's shirt by hand, the same was finished by machine in one hour and sixteen minutes. A frock-coat took sixteen hours and thirty-five minutes by hand-labour, and two hours and thirty-eight minutes by machine. A lady's chemise required ten hours and a-half to be produced by hand, and one minute over an hour for its production by the machine. A satin waistcoat was made in seven hours and nineteen minutes by hand; in one hour and fourteen minutes by machine. A pair of cloth trousers required five hours and ten minutes by hand; and only fifty-one minutes by machine. A lady's silk dress, which cost the labour of eight hours and twenty-seven minutes by hand, took one hour and thirteen minutes by machine; in a merino dress the comparative gain in time was greater by nine minutes. In smaller matters, a silk apron was produced by the machine in fifteen minutes, which required four hours and sixteen minutes by ordinary workmanship: whilst a plain apron was made in nine minutes by machine, which consumed one hour and twenty-six minutes by hand.

In all the above work the machinery was driven by the treadle. In comparing the numbers of stitches producible by the two processes in different fabrics per minute, the results are equally striking. In stitching linen, we have already stated that the difference is between twenty-three stitches by hand and six hundred and forty by machine, or nearly twenty-eight times the former number. In fine stitching in patent leather the numbers are respectively seven and one hundred and seventy-five, or twenty-fivefold. In seaming fine cloth they are thirty-eight and five hundred and ninety-four stitches, or more than fifteenfold. In stitching satin the rate of increase in number per minute is twenty-two fold; in silk eighteenfold; in fitting gaiters eighteenfold; in stitching shoe-vamps it is twenty-onelfold; and in binding hats the rate is elevenfold. In those cases where steam can be applied the ratio of increased speed must be doubled or trebled.

The quantity of needlework which will henceforward be done in England as sewing-machines become more and more general is almost appalling. So much work will be done for working's sake; so many new applications of the mechanical needle will be discovered; the most recondite stitch will be imitated. The peculiar work which, for a time, set at nought machine imitation was

the kind of muslin embroidery so generally used for trimming ladies' under-clothing and children's dresses, consisting of perforations sewn round—profanely described by our boys home from school as “holes made on purpose to be darned up again.” Even this intractable problem appears now by the shop windows to have given way to the imitative genius of the machine, and all kinds of embroidery are effected by it.

What is to be the fate of needlewomen under the new dispensation is a question which has occupied the thoughts of many benevolent persons. Beyond the ill-paid class of shop-workers who make a shirt for a few pence, and to whom no change of system could apparently do any injury, there is a considerable section of our female population who have hitherto supported themselves by doing needlework at their homes, or going out to the houses of their private employers. The presence of a sewing-machine in a house will certainly deprive these persons of part of the needlework which used to be done by hand, although a larger quantity of sewing and hemming and stitching will be done now than was thought necessary before the machine was invented. Changes in trade and art-processes must always be attended by changes among the persons occupied in them. Some of these adapt themselves to the new circumstances, and at once commence a new education, and find as a consequence of the disturbance they deplored a more lucrative and more agreeable means of procuring a living. Others are left without occupation, and have to throw themselves into new lines of labour. Another and smaller section, it is feared, sink altogether into pauperism. Some of the needlewomen—those who took in work at their own homes—will succeed in obtaining a machine of their own. Many have already done so, although the price—five pounds to twenty pounds—is large. As an investment it is unquestionably a good one to those who depend on needlework for their bread.

The great number of shops in London devoted to the sale of sewing-machines is a matter of astonishment. The one or two which first opened seemed for a time quite sufficient to supply a demand which had to be created and then encouraged. Now, the best premises in the leading thoroughfares are occupied in selling these instruments; and there were lately in Cheapside three shops in succession filled with this speciality, and other shops of the same kind near them.

Thirty years ago, Mr. Babbage, writing on manufactures, showed that looking-glasses must necessarily fall in price as time went on, because the production of them would lead to a constantly increasing accumulation of them in the world, the breakage of glasses not being very excessive, and the plates broken being readily cut into smaller glasses. The theory has proved itself to be wrong—the demand, or at least the power of sale, keeping up with the production, has not affected the price of silvered glasses; any reduction in price being due to economical methods of manufacture or the substitution of an inferior kind in the place of more expensive descriptions.

Thus it may prove with sewing-machines. The world in general is now the market which each

manufacturer has to supply, and nation after nation becomes a purchaser. It will be an advantage when the particular style of advertising common to sewing-machine warehouses can be dispensed with—the highly-dressed young ladies sitting at their supposed work in elegant attitudes, framed and glazed within plate-glass windows almost extending to the pavement. A crowd of male admirers, not purchasers, clusters round the charming picture of domestic virtue, and one salesman, with a higher appreciation than others of advertising effect, divided his premises on the diocesan principle. In one window were seen refined and interesting young gentlemen,—in the other, ornately fascinating females. Outside, the effect was truly galvanic. The public instantly arranged itself like the oxygen and hydrogen at the two poles of a battery. The former window was obscured by a compression of crinolines; the other by a *queue* wearing hats. There was certainly in this case no occasion for the notice seen in many shop-fronts,—“You are requested to choose from the window.”

FROM RANGOON.

ANY Englishman, bent on visiting a Buddhist Cathedral, or desirous of seeing, in a small space, a vast mixture of races, and of hearing a vast confusion of tongues, may, with advantage, spend a day or two in Rangoon.

Leaving the comfortable little steamer of the Calcutta and Burmah Company, which has brought you thither from the metropolis of British India, and landed you on the Custom-house wharf, you will not have far to go before you will have been introduced to Burmese, Karens, Chinese, Jews, Mahometans, Hindoos, Madrassesees, and Parsees. Seeking further, you will find Europeans of all classes and creeds; English, Scotch, Irish, French, Spanish, Portuguese, Germans, Swedes, Italians, and many a mixture of one or more of all these. Of Yankées, also, there is a fair sprinkling. Rangoon is not badly situated for attracting these multifarious specimens of humanity. This town is situated on a noble river, itself one of the outlets of the great river of Burmah, about twenty-five miles from its junction with the sea, on whose blue depths the river leaves its muddy impress for many a mile,—not merely discolouring the water, but blocking up its own entrance with the mud which, free of all freight, it deposits there every hour of every day. The wary little skippers of the afore-mentioned steamers love not the entrance to the Rangoon River after sunset, and the pilots have a hard time of it in the south-west Monsoon.

But we suppose you to have passed Elephant Point, and the Hastings Sheal, and to be all safe on *terra firma*, even “the Strand” of Rangoon, along which you are now starting for a walk. It is not crowded equally with its London namesake, but still it is fairly filled just now with a motley group of pig-tailed Chinese, turbaned Moguls, tattooed Burmese, and chimney-hatted Parsees, to one and all of whom the advent of a steamer is an event, and not to be missed *coute qui coute*. Open, then, both eyes and ears:

though, undoubtedly, you must possess the gift of tongues to understand all you hear. To the unmusical Tamil succeeds the saw-sharpening sound of Chittagong Hindustani. With the vociferations of a Burmese lady, to whose remarkable dress crinoline has not yet imparted elegance, are blended the pitiless rejoinders of her Chinese help-mate. For your Chinese is a citizen of the world, and altogether ignores the Malthusian doctrines on population. He takes up with things as he finds them, and with wives also. He sees his way far more speedily than Mr. Brisket. He comes to Rangoon, and there he settles, in the full spinster acceptance of that word, without keenly regretting the love that his Chinese wife may bear to her own country. The west-end of the Strand, and China-street, are full of Chinese shop-keepers thus settled; some of them, moreover, exceedingly well to do, carrying on a brisk trade with the neighbouring ports of Moulmein, Penang, and Singapore; and most of them industrious, hard-working fellows, who, with especial reference to their intercourse with Englishmen, have invented a sort of China-English language, applying many English words in a way that would astonish the Dean of Westminster, and absolutely scare the ghost of dear old Sam Johnson.

The modern town of Rangoon extends for about two miles on the left bank of the river. It has been regularly laid out, its streets all running north, with one or two main thoroughfares, running east and west, parallel to the river, the principal thoroughfare being named after Lord Dalhousie, the founder of the town, as it at present is. Beyond the precincts of the town, and to the north, lies the Cantonment, which stretches out beyond the celebrated Pagoda to the uncleared and beautifully-wooded country beyond. The Queen's 68th Regiment, and a native Madras regiment, are now stationed there.

There is as little to be said of the modern town as of that which it succeeds. This was founded in 1753, by Alompra, king of Burmah. When this town was first taken by the British, in 1824, it was little more than a collection of wooden huts, raised on piles, and covered with leaf-thatching. Since the re-conquest of Rangoon, in 1852, and its occupation by the British, the town has been re-built more than once; as, on a fire breaking out—and fires in Rangoon have been the rule—there was positively nothing to prevent its continuance so long as any of the aforesaid wooden huts remained to be burnt. These very substantial edifices are now happily retreating more into the back-ground; the residences of European merchants, and the shops of Chinese and Moguls, are gradually rising; and, by consequence of an order, which, in the chief thoroughfares, prohibits the erection of wooden houses covered with leaf-thatch, fires are now not of weekly recurrence.

Turning from the Strand, in a northerly direction, along China-street, you soon see the Pagoda, and proceeding about a couple of miles, you find yourself at the principal entrance to the Pagoda platform, reached by a long ascent, partly of steps, and partly of well-worn earth.

Of this most curious building, one ought to know something before visiting it, though but

very little is really known: the truth, amidst the nonsense, of Burmese legends, being, as in Gratiano's speech, the two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff. There is no doubt, however, that the Shwe Dagon Pagoda, of Rangoon, is one of the most celebrated objects of worship, or veneration, in all the Indo-Chinese countries. It is simply one enormous mass of masonry, of the form of a conical pyramid, *rimmed* round, and ascending in a slightly curved line, that adds grace and lightness to the shape, to the height of 320 feet from the platform, on which its enormous base stands. It is supposed to be built, by every Buddhist, over the relics of the last Buddha, Gaudama, amongst which relics are four hairs of that sage's head. Over these invaluable relics was first erected a small Pagoda, and the date assigned to this first structure is about the year B.C. 588. But unfortunately for the accuracy of this date, one can hear nothing more of this Pagoda for about 2,000 years, as it was not till A.D. 1446, and again in A.D. 1501, that the original structure, if structure there was, appears to have been added to. Nor can we find any authentic account of it, till the reign of Her Most Gracious Majesty Sheng-teau-boo, who flourished (let us hope) at the beginning of the sixteenth century, when Henry VIII. was thinking what he should do, when he succeeded to the throne. During this queen's reign the Pagoda was enlarged by, as is probable, the addition of fresh layers, over any former structure there may have been there. But the Pagoda, as it now is, was not completed till the reign of Tshen-phyoo-sheng, the son of Alompra; as in his reign the *Htee*, or cap, was placed upon the top, A.D. 1768. To every successive stage, or story, in the building, is assigned its own peculiar name; the base, or plinth, is called the *Bhe-nat-dau*; then come three different *pits-tsaya's*; the circular frame is *Kyé-waing*; the bell-shaped portion, also divided into three parts, is called *Khaung-laung*; the umbrella-shaped cap, *Htee*; and the very highest point of the spire is *Tsein-phoo*, or Diamond bud. From *Bhe-nat-dau* up to *Tsein-phoo*, it is gilded; but the ardent sun and heavy rains of Rangoon have considerably dimmed the lustre of the outer coating; and, unfortunately, the cost of re-gilding it is no trifle.

To see this building to advantage, you should first visit it just before sunset, in order to have the full view of the surrounding country from the platform; and then stay on, either alone, or with one or two companions "slow to speak," till the moon (which had better be at the full) has risen, and lights up the countless images of the Buddhist shrines and the enormous pyramid of the Pagoda. You will not forget the sight, though you live to the age of Old Parr. On first reaching the platform, the setting sun will gild afresh for your special behoof the solid conical mass that towers up before you, at a considerably less cost than it could be done with earthly material. It will also light up the whole view stretching out east and south towards the sea, and make the very pretty Pagoda, about ten miles from where you are standing, glisten again like a diamond. North and west it will gleam over the foliage of myriads of forest trees that no living

hand planted, and that no living wight cares for, save the owners of the pine-apple plantations that here and there are spread out under the kindly shade of the trees. Of these pine-apple plantations one may observe, just while the sun is setting, that they cover hundreds of acres in the neighbourhood of Rangoon. In May the fruit is ripe, and the finest pine-apples are sold in the market for about a halfpenny. First rate, too, they are. Not perhaps equal in flavour to a Chatsworth pine; but yet not much inferior, and their extraordinary abundance and cheapness teaches you to eschew all but the finest specimens of the fruit. A plantation once made requires scarcely the slightest attention. Often they are not even enclosed by the commonest bamboo fence. The fruit is too plentiful to be worth the trouble of stealing!

But now the moon gives her full light. Moreover there is a slight sea-breeze. Listen, then, and you will hear the distant sound of bells, coming as it might come over Salisbury Plain from a distant flock of sheep. The sound is now caused by the breeze ringing the little bells that are affixed to the *Htee* of the Pagoda spire. Not unmusical are they either; and if—avoiding all companionship just now—you wander round the base of this singular structure, you may dream away an hour or two very pleasantly. What a wondrous religious system is this of Buddhism, in one of whose most sacred cathedrals you are now strolling. Coming from Ceylon, and spreading itself as it has done over so many millions of human minds: gathering into its toils Chinese, Nepaulese, Thibetans, Burmese, Arracanese: why, its sway extends over nearly one-quarter of the human race—let us say 300,000,000!

And here, in one of its chief seats, the full round moon is lighting up hundreds of images of the type so well known, representing Gaudama, the last Buddha: each image different, yet each with all the unchanging monotony of complete vacuity of expression. The artists appear to have tried to copy, in these images of Gaudama, the expressionless features of Burmese beauty; and, excuse us, ye lords of creation in Burmah, in saying, that your wives and daughters are surely not handsome; and that of all civilised woman-kind from Cairo to Peking, we are inclined to reckon your ladies as the most destitute of either beauty of form or loveliness of expression. Your admirers, in endeavouring to impart to the imaged Gaudama all your grace and perfection, have not contrived to make a very attractive idol. To say the truth, it is rather a relief to turn from your prototype to some grotesque and hideous demon-Nath, as he stands a kind of guardian at some holy threshold.

Who and what is Gaudama, whose image thus meets you at every step you take round the Dagon Pagoda—each *dzedee* harbouring scores of his statues, with the soft light of the moon bringing out his most unattractive features? Is he, in Buddhist thought, a god, a demon, or a man? Ah, you may well ask. The answer is, Gaudama is, or rather was, a mere man, who, by the practice of all virtue, attained the highest point of perfection that human being can ever reach.

But, if this be all, why this infinity of statues which the Buddhist unquestionably venerates with a deeply religious feeling? Is the honour he pays to them an act, strictly speaking, of worship, or merely the outward symbol of his gratitude that such a man ever lived on earth? Ask the Buddhist, and he will tell you that Gaudama is full of benevolence; wishes to deliver them out of their miseries, and help them to obtain the state of *Nibban*, which, if construed into English, can hardly be more literally translated than by the words "existent annihilation." Yet, in the same breath, he will tell you he expects no assistance from Gaudama, inasmuch as long since all his interference with this world's affairs ceased; that he sees no one, hears no prayer, and can afford no help, either here on earth, or in any other state of existence—in short, that he wishes them good, but is powerless to ensure it in the slightest degree whatsoever.

Yes, you may well dream away a moon-lit hour on the Pagoda platform, meditating on so barren and lifeless a creed as this, with the sage's white statues glimmering at you on all sides; now staring you boldly out of countenance; now peeping at you from under the dark shade of some noble tamarind-tree, with the distant sound of the bells from aloft; and now also, carried on the breeze from the mess-house of Her Majesty's 68th Regiment, comes the old familiar air of "God save the Queen," played as few other bands can play it, which, as it finishes their after-dinner performance, reminds you that it is time to seek your hospitium, and dream beneath the musquito curtains of the Pagoda and its saint.

In a few days after your evening visit, you will be morally certain to have a Burmese holy-day; and then, as you have seen the sun set from the Pagoda platform, go and see it rise. You will also see, rising along each thoroughfare that leads to the great centre of attraction, not tens nor hundreds only, but thousands of men, and women, and little children, clad in all hues and shades—a sort of walking tulip-bed it looks, as one watches their approach—the greater number of women and children with their baskets of offerings (offerings to *whom*, or to *what*?) composed of rice, cocoa-nut, plantains, flowers, small flags, tawdry streamers of cloth or of paper, small wax candles, incense, and such like. In a short time the enormous terrace, so dreamy and melancholy at night, will be so densely crowded, that you might walk along the heads of the worshippers, if such they may be called. But truly the Burmese appear to spell the word holy-day in the more modern English way, an *i* and a *y* instead of two *y*'s. There is a Babel sound of tongues, many a peal of honest laughter, and very little of the outward forms of worship. Were you uncharitably disposed, you might think those variegated garments, in which the younger ladies disport themselves, were not put on solely in honour of the saint whose images look down upon them. No, indeed; and were that excellent man still living, it is just possible he might not altogether approve of this gay assemblage round the base of this sacred building. For the rules enjoined upon his disciples with respect to the

female sex are somewhat stringent. When one of them asked him how the Rahan, or priestly candidate, should conduct himself, when women resorted to their monastery, the sage answered:—

"Let the Rahan keep the door fast, and never so much as look at them."

"But suppose," the disciple urged, "they come to bring food to the inmates of the monastery?" (the monastic Buddhist priests being strictly a mendicant order).

The reply is, "Even then receive their food; but not their words. Much better to converse with one who, sword in hand, threatened to cut off your head if you spoke, than to speak to them."

"But," pursued the indefatigable disciple, "what if they come for religious instruction, or spiritual counsel, must the Rahan then be silent? Will they not say that Rahan is deaf, or too well fed, and therefore he cannot, or will not, speak?"

The sage, thus driven into a corner, replied:

"When on such special occasions a Rahan must speak, let him consider as his mothers, or his sisters, the elder women, and as his children the younger women."

It is probably in accordance with these rules that the Phoonghees, or Buddhist priests, in their saffron-coloured garments and with shaven heads, are not generally seen on the Pagoda platform at these holy-day gatherings. If you would see them, you need but to walk along any street of the town in the early morning, as they go on their rounds to collect the voluntary contributions for the day's meals. Each Phoonghee is fortified with a respectably sized wooden lacquered box; empty when he starts, and well filled before his return. It must be a curious *mélange* when the box is filled—curds, spice, rice, vegetables, fruit; but the mendicants seem to thrive well on what they get, and look as though their food thoroughly agreed with them. They never vouchsafe one word of thanks when the largest dish of rice is tossed into their box. They honour the giver by their acceptance of his gift; and, what is still more to the point, the giver appreciates the honour thus conferred.

Well-knit, muscular fellows are many of our Burmese subjects; but indolent in the extreme. Never to do to-day what may be done to-morrow is their maxim; and it is a maxim which rarely answers. To the European, however, they are more attractive than the races of Hindustan: far less cringing, more open and more English in their habits. Like the native of India, the Burman, male or female, is an inveterate smoker; and cheroots are the form in which the weed is taken. A Burmese will smoke whilst he works or walks, which no native of Bengal or northern India ever dreams of doing. It does not increase the attractiveness of Burmese women, in European eyes, to see a half-consumed cheroot stuck into their ear-ornament, which is shaped something like a thimble, or a thimble with the end off, and is inserted into the lobe of the ear. Even when not used as a cheroot-holder, and even when made, as is not unfrequently the case, of gold, this remarkable kind of ear-ring, or ear-tube, is singularly unbecoming. Their dress, moreover, is neither

ornamental nor useful. It consists of a vest just covering the bosom, which article of clothing is frequently dispensed with. The skirt of the dress is a square piece of fancy-coloured cloth, or variegated silk, carried once round the body and fastened at the hips, where it is folded over so as to be double. Their heads are always bare, with the hair combed completely off the forehead to the back of the head; and all—both front and back hair—gathered into one large knot behind. The poorer classes have their feet bare whilst at work; but, when in holy-day costume, they wear sandals with the thong passing between the great toe, and its next neighbour. The women work harder than the men—a fact of which the latter are fully cognisant, and of which they fully approve.

Except the Shwe Dagon Pagoda, there are no lions at Rangoon.

The place is yet in its infancy, and, under the careful management of its Chief Commissioner, may grow into a thriving part of a province, the resources of which are, as yet, almost wholly unknown. The climate of Rangoon is unquestionably most healthy—superior to that of well nigh any town in India; and if good sanitary regulations are enforced with unswerving strictness, and the drainage of the town, which, from the lowness of the river-bank is a work of considerable difficulty, can but be thoroughly carried out, Rangoon may, at some future date, almost rival in its trade—as it will certainly surpass in its salubrity—any one of the presidency cities.

About two miles from the Custom House wharf, in a small wooden house, under a guard of Her Majesty's 68th Regiment, the last of the Mogul emperors is ending his weary, useless life. Look in as you pass the house. The old man is completely bed-ridden; but, even yet, if you can quote him a couplet or two from the "Gulistán," you will confer upon him as much pleasure as he is capable of receiving: for the best that can be said about him is, that he was once a bit of a poet. His favourite Begum shares his easy captivity, and also two of his sons, so-called, in whose features and whose bearing, you will in vain seek the slightest patent of noble birth. Is that old man, you ask, the king that the Mahometans of northern India willed should rule over them?—Are these the recognised descendants of Baber and Akbar, and Aurungzeb?—Surely there must be some mistake? No, not in the least. Here is he who sat on the Peacock throne. Here are they who once walked through marble halls. And a precious set they are! You would not fight for them; nor I, either. Still, incredulous visitor, there are thousands who would, if they had but a chance; who would be delighted with the anarchy that would inevitably follow, could that old man, or one of those precious lads, again mount that Peacock throne. Therefore, O Secretary of the Chief Commissioner, to whose too merciful care those slayers of the white faces are consigned, keep them close, and stand no nonsense.

You, the chance visitor, may well spare a sigh as you think of the strange reverses brought about by the fickle jade, called Fortune. No doubt, as you look at the old man, there will

rise up before you visions of the Delhi Palace, where once he lorded it, in a sort of way, and played his part. You see the red battlemented walls, and that vast quadrangle; that glorious Amm-i-khass, so perfect in its proportions, so faultless in its taste; those fairy-like apartments which, if their beautifully inlaid walls could speak, would have dismal tales to tell of every vice that has degraded man, and every misery that has wrung the heart of woman; those pleasant gardens with their summer-houses looking on to the lazy Jumna, and you may fancy seeing this old man, by whose bed-side you are just now moralising, strolling along those pleasant glades, watching the fire-flies as they sparkled by, and discussing with some courtier friend the last Cashmere-imported beauty or his own last Persian sonnet. Yes, they must have been rather different scenes that were spread out before this old man, at twenty years old, to those which you look on now out of his window—the Rangoon parade-ground and the iron church; or, turning towards the north, the Shwe Dagon Pagoda.

The chief attraction Rangoon presents to the families of Europeans residing there, is its beautiful jungle rides, whilst the well-known Burmah ponies—warranted, like Cambridge hacks, though fortunately with more truth, never to cease going—are the means of enjoying these pleasant rides. Think, then, Cornhill inhabitant, whose highest flight is a ride on thy hard-earned hack in Hyde Park or Clapham Common, of the delight of mounting a strong active pony, standing just thirteen and a-half hands high, and a thorough little beauty, at half-past five o'clock, A.M., just three-quarters of an hour before sunrise; and scampering—if it be your will—through ten, twenty, thirty miles of noble forest trees, many of them one vast bouquet of lilac, white, or yellow flowers. But go not alone, for it is not good for man to take the pleasantest ride in total solitude.

There are some good men at Rangoon, brave and honest, and gallant and true, whose companionship is worth your having—nay, if you would have a pleasant ride, and make a day of it, there are not a few fair specimens of your countrywomen who can ride a half score of miles, and, thanks to the healthy climate, be in no way fatigued. Invite some of them to join your party, and start, having sent forward as your couriers, two or three well-packed hampers. Then, after the ride has sharpened your appetite, investigate—under the spreading shade of some noble banyan-tree, or in some friendly *kyoun*, where the yellow-robed Phoonghes will greet you with all hospitality—what those hampers may contain. If you spend not a pleasant day you certainly ought never to have come to visit Rangoon.

THE QUALITY I COVET.

IF there is one quality more conducive to success in all the affairs of this life than another, it is—well, Cheek.

I protest that I have paced the room for a quarter of an hour like a caged hyena, and masticated my pen in a manner suited rather to a slice off the breast, than a quill out of the wing, of a

goose, in my futile effort to find a legitimate name for it—Cheek.

Pray then pardon the use of a slang term; Impudence will not do, for it may exist without shrewdness: nor Self-possession, for that is a passive rather than an active virtue; nor Courage, which is often allied with modesty; nor Boldness, which a man may have without humour.

True, you may say that a man has the *face* to say or do anything; but that is a roundabout way of expressing oneself, and you cannot speak of his *face* in an allegorical sense, or call him *facey*.

Grant me the term, then, and I will endeavour to explain it to my young-brotherless lady readers.

CHEEK, *n. s.* A rare union of fun, impudence, readiness, perseverance, and intelligence, endowing its possessor with the power of walking quietly over social obstacles, which form an impassable barrier to the majority of mankind. For examples, see below.

It was "cheek" that gave Diogenes the advantage over Alexander; that procured wives (it is great at that) for the early Romans; that got dear old Falstaff out of all his scrapes, enabling him to "make a good end," instead of a parlous bad one; that procured James Boswell admission to a club and a niche in history denied to many a better man; that enabled the great Barnum to gull his fellow creatures out of one fortune, and when he had spent that, to make a second by telling his dupes, face to face, how he had done them.

When I see one enter a drawing-room full of strange ladies, sitting bolt upright round the walls, who, quite unembarrassed about what to do with his hands, can lay himself alongside a couple of beauties, and commence firing small talk into them; when I hear a man at a public dinner composedly and smilingly talk utter nonsense, about a subject upon which he is perfectly ignorant, for an hour together; when I read of a Chancellor of the Exchequer coming forward with his budget, and telling the nation that they are to go on paying the Income Tax, aye, and *joking upon the fact*, I am filled with envy: I fear me I could sacrifice such men did I think that the Indian theory of appropriating the qualities by devouring the hearts of great braves was of practical value.

Look at the diffident man: contemporaries who have not half his abilities pass him in the race of life; his jokes, which always fall flat, excite roars of laughter when picked up by some cheek-possessor, and retailed as his own. Any suggestion he may make relative to the trifling affairs of daily life is mostly pooh-poohed, but if tried and found to answer, is accredited to someone else, generally to the person who, in the first instance, most vehemently opposed him. He is thought by his intimate friends to be utterly devoid of taste and judgment on points upon which they have, unconsciously, adopted his opinions. As for tangible and pecuniary advantages, the cheeky carry them away from under one's very nose. When poor Boxall gave up life and office together a short time ago, it occurred to me that the place he had vacated was the right place—salary high, work light—and that I was the right

man. I therefore made an early application to the patron, Lord Bumbleby, and as that nobleman was under political obligations to my family, and had on one occasion expressed the most ardent desire to forward my own personal advancement, it was not without a flutter of hope that I was ushered into his presence. And indeed his lordship received me in the most friendly manner, and was so vexed at having disposed of the place the day before, that really I felt more sorry for him than for myself.

"If you had only applied earlier!" said he. "But you see when Mr. —" and he turned to his notes, "Mr. Tryon advanced his claims there was nothing more to be said; a most deserving man, Tryon."

Tryon! Could it be my cheeky friend Tom Tryon? I called upon him that very day, and found that it was.

"Why, Tom!" I cried, "I was not aware that you knew Lord Bumbleby."

"Know him, man? I never saw him before yesterday," replied Tom.

"Then your claims must have been something considerable."

"Claims! Thank goodness, I had no claims; people with claims never get anything."

"Then how on earth did you manage to secure such a prize?"

"Simply enough. Directly I heard of poor Boxall's death, I put my credentials—I always keep credentials by me in case of accidents—in my pocket, called upon Lord Bumbleby, and made my application. 'But you have no claims upon me, and there will be a thousand applicants who have,' said his lordship, and he groaned at the prospect. 'Exactly, my lord,' said I, 'and whichever you give it to you will offend all the rest; whereas if you get rid of it at once in my favour, you will save a world of trouble, and nine hundred and ninety-nine heartburnings.'—'Upon my word I believe you are right,' said he, laughing, and he gave it me."

A few years back I was staying at a dull seaside barrack town, to see the last of a friend who was under orders for a land where human beings were much in the position of pigeons at the Red House, and their lives held in little greater estimation than those of the blue rocks, and there I made the acquaintance of a young fellow who attained my *beau ideal*. Long contact with the world, and much practice have developed the natural hardihood of most of my heroes; but Robert Murtough was born perfect. He was only nineteen, and had spent the greater part of his life in a secluded Irish district, but there was not a veteran in the British army more self-possessed than that ensign. It is true that his cheek was not so highly appreciated by others as by myself.

"That youngster must be taught his place," said Captain Gibbs. "By Jove, sir, the very first night he dined at mess he chafed the colonel!"

But Murtough did not know when he was snubbed, and could no more be kept in his place than can a monkey. I remember coming into the barrack square one morning, and seeing him at company-drill under the superintendence of Major

Kerse, a cantankerous old gentleman, whose very name was enough to spoil the appetite of any other sub, but whose sarcastic remarks, vehement denunciations, and awful threats had no effect on the cheerful countenance of his present victim.

"By Bow wow wow wow, sir, *will* you march straight to your front! Oh my wow wow wow, look there, look there! You are not fit to wow wow wow; by wow wow, I'll keep you wow wow wow. Are you drunk?" &c., &c., &c. That was how the Major's tongue wagged incessantly.

Murtough was a smart officer enough, and was really in the present instance marching as straight as possible, but the Major never cared whether he was just or unjust, so long as he was abusing some one; at last, however, the youngster found the game become monotonous, and thinking that if he were to be blamed and punished he had better do something for it, he commenced a most erratic course, and zigzagged his company diagonally across the square, amidst the tittering of the men, and of a group of officers assembled at the window of the ante-room, near which he was finally halted by Kerse, who had been at first struck speechless, but who now galloped up, and said slowly, in a dangerous tone of concentrated passion:

"Do you mean to tell me, sir, that you did what I told you *that* time?"

"Yes, sir."

"What! you chose distant and intermediate points, and marched upon their alignment?"

"Certainly, sir."

"Impossible! and what may your distant point have been?"

"*That vessel, sir,*" replied Murtough, with the innocence of a lamb, pointing to a packet out at sea, which was steaming by at the rate of about ten knots an hour.

"Go to your quarters, sir!" roared the Major; "I shall put you under arrest."

A short while afterwards the adjutant came to the ensign's room, and demanded his sword.

"Who are you?" asked the youngster.

"Who am I? Why you know me well enough. I am Brown the adjutant of your regiment."

"How am I to know that? You are like him, certainly, but as you are not in uniform—"

"Not in uniform!" cried Brown, glancing at his dress.

"No, where are your spurs?"

And he made the adjutant go back and put his spurs on before he would give up his sword.

Poor Murtough; I lost sight of him after a few days, but I heard that shortly afterwards, having had some money left him, he exchanged into a light cavalry corps, where, the first time he was on stable duty he astonished the colonel of the crackest of all crack regiments by shouting to the men:

"Now then, there; don't you see the colonel is coming? Be smarter; *one would think you were a lot of yeomanry!*" And a short time after that he narrowly escaped being tried by court-martial for charging with his troop right through a foot regiment at a review.

"Why," said he, when asked what on earth he did that for, "you see my horse ran away with me, and I should have looked such a fool if I had halted my men, and gone on alone!"

What has become of him now I know not, his name has disappeared from the Army List, but wherever or whatever he is, I'll warrant him prosperous: he had too much *Cork* about him to sink.

Such cheek as his is rarely to be met with, but I should be very well pleased if I had that of Morrison, who procured me an order for the House of Commons the other day by walking coolly into a member of parliament's offices, and announcing himself as one of his constituents: and so he was, *and had voted against him.*

Dumas in "*Le Véloce*," a book which gives an account of his travels in Algeria, tells certain anecdotes of those African penal battalions called the "*Zephirs*," which make me long to pay a visit to a set of men whose cheek must rival their bravery. Will you have a sample of these stories? A French emigrant arriving at Bougie, where a battalion of Zephirs was stationed, and looking about for a residence, had his attention arrested by a charming new house. True that the windows were guarded by iron bars and the door at once strengthened and ornamented by large-headed nails, but this was an advantage at a time when the Kabyles were in the habit of making frequent incursions into the town. As he made these reflections, wandering round the building, and eyeing it with a covetous air, a window opened, a Zephir appeared, and across the bars the following dialogue took place.

"A charming house, soldier," said the emigrant.

"Aye, none so ugly," replied the zephir.

"Whose is it?"

"Parbleu! his who lives in it, it seems to me."

"Is it yours?"

"It is mine."

"Your own property, or let on lease?"

"My own."

"Peste! you are not badly off. There are few soldiers lodged like you."

"Well, you see, I took advantage of a heritage which came to me, and had it built. Besides, labour is not dear in Algeria."

"And what did this little palace cost you?"

"Twelve thousand francs."

"Give me time, and you shall gain two thousand francs upon it."

"Eh! eh! we may do business together. It so chances that certain misfortunes have happened which force me to sell."

"Misfortunes?"

"Yes, my banker has just failed."

"How lucky!"

"Hein!"

"No, I mean to say how *unlucky*."

"Well, how much money can you give?"

"One thousand francs down, and the rest—"

"Oh, never mind the rest. I will give you as much time as you like for that."

"Five years?"

"That will do, five years, ten years. I want a thousand francs, that is all."

"Then it is a bargain. I have just the thousand francs about me."

"All right, wait for me at the wine shop."

"I'll go at once."

"Only, in passing down there, look you, at the corner of the street, send me that tall fair man, he is the armourer of my regiment. I should tell you that my comrades, for a practical joke, have shut me up here and carried off the key."

"I will send him."

The armourer came; a consultation took place between him and the Zephir, at which a neighbouring sentry was presently called to assist; and in half an hour the contract between soldier and emigrant was drawn up and signed.

Two hours after the emigrant arrived with all his goods and chattels, and wanted to take immediate possession of—the regimental prison.

But let it not be supposed that this valuable gift of "cheek" is monopolised by the ruder sex; the fair are endowed with it to at least an equal extent, and in their case it is generally combined with a *naïveté* which to my mind is peculiarly delightful. The calm way in which a lady will ask an utter stranger to give himself an infinity of trouble for her, or, more frequently, for those in whom she is interested, often excites my envious admiration. If you refuse her—whether from inability or not to grant her request does not matter a straw—she is your personal enemy from that day forth; if, on the contrary, you grant her request, do not look for gratitude, women are hardly ever grateful to strangers. But if ever you want anything for which people you know nothing about are to be canvassed, whether it be a seat in parliament, or admission into an alms-house, it is to your lady friends you must apply.

Some years ago, before the days of competitive examinations, a lady of title got a government appointment for a friend who had been petitioning and eating humble pie ineffectually for two years, by seating herself on the minister's doorstep, and declaring she would not budge until her request was granted. What could the poor man do? He could hardly give her into custody, and no one could come in or out of the house without brushing past this guardian of the threshold, dressed in the height of fashion, her parasol up, and an admiring crowd around her. I doubt if even Murtough could have done that.

Nougaret, in his collection of anecdotes, tells a story which shows that French ladies have at least as much "cheek" as their English sisters.

Madame the Vicomtesse de Laval one morning demanded a private audience of Monsieur the president of St. Fargeau, a man of most imperturbable gravity, to whom she announced herself as having come to beg a favour which was necessary to the happiness of her life.

"Madame," said the polite president, "you will always find me ready to—"

"Promise me," interrupted the lady, "that you will not refuse me."

"I am certain, Madame," he began again, "that you will only ask me for what I can grant with propriety; still you know my position. I am, more than others, required to consider the just-

ness of my actions; I *must* know first what you want."

The lady begged, prayed, wept, till the poor man, wearied out, said, "Well, I promise," and instantly regretted the words. "Monsieur," said the lady, calming down immediately, "I have seen many delicious head-dresses which are to be worn at the court *fête* next Monday; I much wish to surpass them, and have hit on the idea of a garniture of parrots' feathers: I have laid all my friends under contribution, and since you have promised not to refuse me, I will trouble you for six feathers from the tail of that remarkably fine Polly I have seen outside your balcony."

Has any fellow-sufferer from shyness and diffidence read thus far in hopes of meeting with some useful hints? Alas, alas, I can give him none; the cheeky man, like the poet, is born, not made; he springs into the world like Minerva, armed in a panoply of brass. For him are reserved the front seats and liver wings of life; he shoots the game and rides the hunters of his neighbour, and travels in cabs for the legitimate fare. For you and me, my friend, let us take the drumsticks of fowls, the back places of opera-boxes, the garrets of country houses, and the extortions of cabmen with smiling countenances. It is our Fate.

WINTER WITH THE GULF STREAM.

THE boughs, the boughs are bare enough,
But earth has not yet felt the snow.
Frost-fringed our ivies are, and rough

With spikèd rime the brambles show,
The hoarse leaves crawl on hissing ground,
What time the sighing wind is low.

But if the rain-blasts be unbound,
And from dank feathers wring the drops,
The clogg'd brook runs with choking sound,

Kneading the mounded mire that stops
His channel under clammy coats
Of foliage fallen in the copse.

A single passage of weak notes
Is all the winter bird dare try.
The moon, half-orb'd, ere sunset floats

So glassy-white about the sky,
So like a berg of hyaline,
Pencil'd with blue so daintily—

I never saw her so divine.
But thro' black branches—rarely drest
In streaming scarfs that smoothly shine,

Shot o'er with lights—the emblazon'd west,
Where yonder crimson fire-ball sets,
Trails forth a purled-silken vest.

Long beds I see of violets
In beryl lakes which they reef o'er:
A Pactolean river frets

Against its tawny-golden shore:
All ways the molten colours run:
Till, sinking ever more and more

Into an azure mist, the sun
Drops down engulf'd, his journey done.

G. M. H.

THE HAMPDENS.

AN HISTORLETTE. BY HARRIET MARTINEAU



CHAPTER I. A HONEYMOON IN MERRY ENGLAND.

"Now you have seen the sea!" said Richard Knightley to his young bride, as they stood looking abroad from a point of the Cornish coast, at sunset, one bright April evening of 1635. "Now you have seen the sea at last!"

"At last!" repeated the young bride who, at seventeen, felt as if she had been longing to see the sea for an immeasurable length of years. Aware that her husband looked to her for an opinion on the spectacle, she observed:

"It is very beautiful; but—"

"But not so grand as you had imagined. That is what I felt when my father took me to the coast, to see the company sail for the Plantations."

"That was from Plymouth."

"Yes; but my father came hither on a visit to Sir John Eliot; and we saw much of the coast as we travelled. I grew more afraid of the great ocean as I saw more of it, in winds and on cloudy days; and, being little better than a child then, I suffered under a torture of fear in hearing my father and Sir John Eliot discourse of the lot of those who went to the Plantations, and of the expediency of others following, if the times should

grow too hard for honest men. Every night, after hearing these discouragements, I made a venture to pray that my father's mind might be turned from carrying me away over the wide sea."

"I thank God that it was!" the young wife whispered. "I was but a young child then; and if you had gone away—"

"We might yet have been married," said Richard Knightley, smiling. "If Sir Richard Knightley and Sir John Eliot had emigrated, Mr. Hampden would not have been left behind. You and I should have understood each other on the voyage, and have been betrothed and married in some wild forest conventicle in Massachusetts; and we should now be looking forward to troubles from Indian chiefs, instead of our headstrong King. I should have been an office-bearer in the nearest township; and my Margaret would have had to spend her days in the dairy and at the spinning-wheel, instead of tending her flower garden at Fawsley. How would you have liked to entertain squaws, instead of the ladies of Northamptonshire squires?"

Margaret shuddered. She would have been glad to be satisfied that her father would not

even yet go to America. She knew that her husband had no such thought: but she was one of a family of nine; and the remotest hint of a family separation so complete and final always clouded her countenance and her spirits. Her husband comforted her with the assurance that such an emigration became more improbable from year to year; and that there were certain circumstances in her father's position now which made it evident that his duty would lie in England henceforth.

Margaret revived all the more rapidly for what she now saw. At that part of the horizon where the twilight and its mists seemed to have settled most darkly, a golden star rose up from the waters. It was the first spark of the moon; and as she showed her broad disk, the heaving of the sea-line against it delighted Margaret. She had never seen anything like it before.

She could have sat for hours watching the progress of the moon's trail upon the sea,—gradual as the movement of the hand on the clock-face: but Richard and she had agreed to visit the ruins of the Priory by moonlight; and Richard held out his hand to lift her from the grass on which they were sitting.

As they turned to go, Margaret said that she now understood the mournful vehemence of her father's regrets that his friend Eliot could not breathe one breath of Cornish air, when he was pining in the Tower.

"To think," she exclaimed, "that he might have been living now,—might have been playing the host to us, in health and strength, if his friends could have obtained for him either a trial or release! I well remember seeing the bitter tears that were wrung from my father, when he strove for this, and when the cold answers came which told him that all his efforts were in vain."

"He knew what such durance was," Richard observed. "My father says that Mr. Hampden has never been the same man since that he was before the bolt of the Gate House prison was shot behind him."

"I do not know," said Margaret. "I cannot remember so far back. But how he could be in any way better than he is now, who would undertake to say?"

"It is only that he is of a graver countenance than was his wont; and perhaps that his strength of eye and of limb is less eminent. Ah! Margaret, we can understand now his affection for this spot, and his plan for our coming hither when we married."

"I believe he often dreams of Port Eliot, and the Priory, and the sea," said Margaret. "And he well may," she observed, as she paused, and turned for another view of the bay, and the dim lines of the opposite coast, and the moonlit open sea. "That ship—you see it in the shadow yonder,—should be between us and the moon's trail; and then it would be like the pictures. Pictures of the sea seem always to have a ship in the middle."

"I wonder," Richard observed, "why that vessel is so deep in the shadow. It looks dangerous to hug the land in that way: but I suppose she has a reason."

"And we," said Margaret, "have a reason for

making better speed. My aunt will be sending searchers down to the sands, to see if we have fallen from the rocks."

"She thinks we are at the Priory ruins, my dear. Hark! It seems as if she had sent our whole party there, to look for us."

There were several merry voices singing about the ruins as the young couple arrived there. The travelling party had been a large one, for it included several bridesmaids,—Knightsleys and Hampdens,—and the two Eliots, youths under the guardianship of Mr. Hampden; also cousin Harry Carewe, and his mother, Lady Carewe, who had had time, since she became a widow, to keep a strict and tender watch over the children of her long dead sister, Mrs. Hampden. All the party but Lady Carewe had turned out of the house for a ramble in the grounds before supper; and most of them had met at the Priory ruins, which were indeed the principal object within the park fence.

"O Margaret!" cried her young sister Alice, running up as soon as Margaret appeared in the broad moonlight of the lawn, "did you ever see such a beautiful place as this before?"

"No, dear; I never did," her sister answered. Whereupon a booted and spurred figure emerged from the nearest arch, and made an obeisance of mock solemnity. It was John Eliot, who professed himself extremely flattered that his humble mansion was honoured with the approbation of his friends.

"It is not the mansion," Alice unceremoniously declared. She did not care for fine rooms, and great staircases, and galleries full of pictures. It was the green slope towards the sea that was so charming, and the rocks, and the bay, and those beautiful ruins, where one might play hide-and-seek all day long.

"Is Henrietta taking her turn to hide?" Margaret asked. Henrietta, the next in age to Margaret, was in nominal charge of the younger ones; but it seemed as if she had forgotten them, and they her. Nobody could tell where she was; but everybody supposed she was moping by herself somewhere.

"Pensive nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure,"

a voice said from behind.

"Who said that?" asked John Eliot.

"I myself, at your service," replied Harry Carewe, coming into the light.

"O yes, we know your voice, Master Harry. What I asked was, where you found that poetry you were making free with."

"Any body may have knowledge of that poetry who goes to my college," replied Harry. "There are fellows there who gather up every line that John Milton writes and shows to any of his friends. I repeated that farrago of sweet melancholy to Henrietta weeks ago."

"Ah! that is the way you won her ear," John Eliot observed.

"Why should her ear not be won, and by me?" Harry asked, rather hotly.

"But where is she?" her brother-in-law inquired. "Come, Margaret, we will go and seek her in the ruins."

They were just passing under the great arch when a distant cry, or tumult of cries, brought them back to the party.

"What on earth is that!" cried one and another, as a fearful shouting and screaming arose, far away in the direction of the little town. Henrietta came flying from her hidden seat, terrified by the same sounds. In another minute, the church bells were clanging, and the alarm bell in the market-place rang out half-a-dozen times, and then stopped.

"Something is the matter: let us go home," said Margaret.

The young men said they would see the damsels safe to the house, and then go and learn whether there was a fire which they could help to put out.

"No, no, Richard!" Margaret was whispering, when a footman came running up, with Lady Carewe's commands that everybody should return that instant. The house was to be shut up and barricaded; for it was too probable that a band of pirates had landed.

"Pirates! In England!" whispered Margaret to her husband. "What can the man mean?"

"He may be right, my love. Come home!" said Richard; and the whole party returned to the mansion, as if they were racing for sport.

The great door was open before they had mounted the steps. Lady Carewe met them in the hall, prepared to direct their movements.

"The defences of the house are good," she said. "One of the servants, and one of you young men, will suffice to guard us here. The others will, I am sure, hasten to the town, to learn what the mischief really is, and do their best to mend it. Here are your arms, my dear boys. A draught of wine, and then no delay!"

She handed the wine-cup to John Eliot, saying with a smile that Mr. Knightley should be served last, as he was not going forth. She claimed him to act as garrison. Margaret here seized and kissed her aunt's hand. Richard remonstrated in favour of Harry,—his mother's only son: but her mind was made up: she declared that the horses were waiting, and hurried away the three young men, with all the out and indoor-servants that could be mustered.

But for the care that the trembling children required, all who remained behind would have spent the time in looking and listening for signs from the town. Lady Carewe did not insist on even the youngest going to bed. She encouraged them to eat, she let little Lucy and Kitty hide their faces in her bosom; and she roused Nathaniel's spirit by discoursing of the honour to brave men of living in troubled times, if they found out their own proper duty, and did it well. The boy had looked half-anxious and half-frightened while in the hall; but his eyes shone in the firelight as he asked his aunt whether she and all of them were living in troubled times now.

"What think you of this night, Nathaniel? At the year's end I will ask you what you think of this very year. Yes, our country is in trouble; and it will be in days of trouble to come that every brave man will have hard things to do and to bear. Thou art like thy father, my boy, as I see thee now. Only be like thy father when it comes to

thy turn to be tried, and we shall have one happiness, whatever comes to pass."

"I wish there was something that I could do," the boy sighed, looking round him.

"There is something, at this moment," the aunt declared. "Learn for us whether anything can be seen or heard from the top of the house. Richard and Margaret are probably on the leads. Find them, and bring us the news. You know the way to the leads?"

"I will find it out," said the boy, stoutly, while his sisters trembled in the good aunt's embrace.

Richard and Margaret were silent when Nathaniel joined them. The cries from below had struck them dumb. There was not much to be heard now; the lights seemed to be all collected on the beach, and the confusion was subsiding. By the time the boy was turning to go down, the tramp of horses was heard, and Richard hailed from the sea.

"Pirates!" was the reply. "A crew of Turks, the people say. They are off. They were gone before the country could rise."

When the party were collected round the fire, it was midnight: but nobody thought of going to bed. These pirates had landed at the fishermen's place, and in the fishermen's manner; and before the poor people could collect their wits, or consult, the tawny strangers from Tunis had cowed them all. John Eliot told the news, without preface, that they had carried off twenty-six children.

A shriek from the little girls showed him how indiscreet he had been: and he tried to make up for it. He assured them that the pirates were all gone; and if they were not, he would take care of everybody that was under his roof. He was master here, the young gentleman was pleased to say; and every guest of his was as safe as the king himself. However, the ruffians were far enough off by this time. He had himself seen their boats scudding away to their ship; and the ship must be now almost out of sight.

"But they may come back!" said some one.

"This is the last place now that they will ever visit," John declared. "No devil in hell would come a second time within hearing of the agony of those mothers. I never thought..."

Lady Carewe interrupted him by rising, and saying,

"We will pray for all who are in sorrow and in fear:" and then there was silence till the servants came in for worship. A watch was afterwards appointed for the night; and all the rest went to their beds. How much anybody slept was never inquired.

In the morning, John Eliot and his groom rode away for Buckinghamshire,—to inform Mr. Hampden and his friends of the outrage. At Port Eliot all was tumult. Nothing could now be done, or could have been done from the first, in the way of rescue of the poor captives. There was no guard in the bay,—no defence along the coast. The repeated petitions of the Cornish people to Government had been utterly neglected, till they entreated to be allowed to provide for their own defence with the money claimed by the king for the purpose; and this request was treated as insolence and disobedience, if not rank treason.

There was something of what the Court would

have called treason going on in the market-place, when Richard Knightley entered it. The gentry and yeomanry from twenty miles round were there; and almost every man of them was in the utmost indignation. Where was the use of paying ship-money, they asked, if there was never a ship there to defend any part of the coast?

The new impositions on cargoes, out and in, the tonnage and poundage, was a greater burden than the commerce of the ports of England would bear; but the answer was, that commerce itself must stop without a guarding of the seas. And how were the seas guarded? Who did not remember the ferment, some months ago, when the Spaniards in the Channel insulted the English flag? And from nothing being done then, the Dutch had been emboldened to capture two rich Indiamen, almost within sight of our own shores. French ships had sailed some way up the Severn, looking out, no doubt, for a good place for their Barbary allies to land for pillage. And, now that ship-money was added to the other taxes, here were the Algerines hovering about the track of our trade. The last ship they seized was worth 260,000*l*. All that sum gone, for want of defence, just as if the owners had paid nothing for guarding the seas! And now, here was this outrage, —the seizing of twenty-six children . . .

Then burst forth the question which was stifling every heart;—what could be done about these children? Was it possible that nothing could be done?

Was anything known of the fate of former captives?

Yes; the pirates who ravaged Baltimore, in Ireland, four years ago, were Turks like these. They were allowed to land their captives, as slaves, at Rochelle; and some travellers in France had seen those victims on their march to Marseilles. They were dusty and footsore, and loaded with chains. These Port Eliot children could not wear chains, nor cross France on foot: but they would be made slaves of. Could no petition obtain from the king some ship to follow these pirates? Could not the case be set before the French court, so as to recover the children from a French port, if the Turks should stop there as usual?

Mr. Knightley gave some shadow of comfort by telling that John Eliot was on his way to inform Mr. Hampden of the case. Several voices cried, that if anybody could obtain ships for pursuit, it was Mr. Hampden. But then arose the question whether there were any ships that could go.

To this many voices replied. The sums paid for shipmoney were very large. Some London citizens had paid in one lump three or four hundred pounds; and there was no security against the call being repeated at any time. Every lodger in London was charged from ten to forty shillings: and the kingdom at large was reckoned to have yielded 700,000*l*. by this tax alone. After all, there was no sign of guarding the seas. The citizens were not allowed to fulfil the original order, to provide a ship in fair trim for this or that district. At best, this would have been an arbitrary charge: but it was insufferable that the money should be extorted, instead of the ship, and that the seas should be unguarded after all.

One after another of these quiet country squires and yeomen for the first time breathed doubts whether such things should be submitted to. The anguish of the mothers, whose wailings came upon the wind, moved not only the hearts but the tempers of the citizens. Was it possible that the King did not know what was done in his name? Some turned their eyes on Knightley, who might have been in London lately, and who was, at all events, the son-in-law of Mr. Hampden.

"Is it possible," Richard asked, "that the King should be unaware, while Mr. Hampden is withstanding him to the face about this very tax?"

The stir among the squires, and then, by degrees, among the crowd, astonished him. He observed to those next him that one might think it was news to the people that Mr. Hampden was refusing to pay shipmoney. He learned that it *was* news; and the anxiety was so great to hear the fact, and how it had happened, that Richard soon found himself addressing a crowd of several hundreds, so eager to hear that a sudden silence prevailed in the market-place. A voice called out to him from the thick of the throng, desiring him to speak freely, as there were none but friends present; and this brought out, on the other hand, several kindly cautions to beware what he said, as there might be treachery in the invitation to open his heart.

Richard replied that everybody was welcome to all he had to tell, which was known to the whole kingdom, except such by-places as this Cornish coast. His tidings were simply that his father-in-law, and several other Buckinghamshire gentlemen, had declined paying this tax half-a-year ago, and that Mr. Hampden meant to stand by his refusal, in order that one case might ascertain the law for all.

Loud cheers arose at this announcement, stopped at last only by the wish to hear the how, the when, and the why of the whole story.

"It is easily told," Richard observed, as he mounted another step of the market cross on which he was standing. "I will tell you the story in a moment, if you will take it into your hearts as I speak it. Mr. Hampden may have to suffer a great deal on account of his refusal to pay. The charge is only a few shillings; but the expenses may be thousands of pounds; and, to a man who has nine children, that must always be a matter of importance. But he is in a worse peril than that. He may have to go to prison again; and no man knows better the miseries of such an imprisonment as he may have to endure. I need not tell you Cornish men what it is to lie hidden for years in the damp and dreariness of the Tower, or the Gate House. You remember how long and vainly you waited for a sight of your own great neighbour who never more came home to the Priory, because he had stood up against the forced loan in the last parliament. Year by year you hoped to see his face again,—and when rumour said he was ill, you drew from your sorrow the hope that he would be released, and would come to be restored by his beloved Cornish air."

"Aye, we did!" exclaimed a voice; and then a hundred echoed it—"Aye, we did! we did! But we never saw him. Some people do not be-

lieve that he is dead. They think he will come down some day. Is it sure that he is dead?"

"It is too sure; but the doubt is not wonderful, seeing that his oppressors have been afraid to let his dead body out of their keeping. You have not been allowed to lay him in his family grave with honour. You did ask it—"

"Aye, we did!"

"Family, neighbours, friends, all asked it; and what was the answer? An order to the Lieutenant of the Tower to bury the body within the walls. So prison damps rest on his grave, in some corner of that dismal place, instead of this spring sunshine on the breezy hillside. Mr. Hampden was very dear to him, as you know by his being now guardian to John and Edmund Eliot. Mr. Hampden has lost some of the brightness of his own life in prison; he has felt in his heart every torment that afflicted his friend: yet he has now offered himself for the trial of this case of ship-money, which is really and truly the same cause under another name. He believes that many citizens will follow the course of refusing to enable the King to do without parliaments; but if no one but himself were to make the venture, he would still do it, for love of the liberties of England."

A hundred voices vowed that, with such a man to lead, there would be half England to follow. But how did he do it?

"When the writs came down into Buckinghamshire," Richard said, "those who disputed the King's right refused to pay. Then new sheriffs were appointed by the King's authority, and there was a general expectation of some rebuke to the late High Sheriff. Sir Peter Temple accordingly received a writ commanding him to account to his successor for the amount of the ship-money, and to deliver over the former warrant to him. Then the country gentlemen understood that the business would be followed up, and that every man who refused to pay must prepare for consequences. It was in cold weather that the parish meeting was held in which this affair was to be adventured. You may remember what the 11th of last January was on this sunny coast of yours, with mild sea airs to temper the frosts. With us on the Chiltern Hills it was bitterly cold; and the church at Kimble was not a warm place of meeting. Yet it was well filled; and there was a glow in many faces when men's eyes met, and sufficient heat from their tongues before all was done."

"And how was it done?"

"The assessors declared the rate, whereof Mr. Hampden's part was thirty-one shillings and sixpence. Mr. Hampden and the rest, including the parish constables, declined to pay the whole, or any part."

"Did the constables refuse?"

"They did,—to their honour; and they wrote down their own names in the return, without any shrinking. Before they parted off to their homes, some on and some under the hills, Mr. Hampden told them that having put his name first on the record, he was prepared to take the first place in answering for that record."

"And has any consequence ensued?" asked several voices. "Has he been called to account? Is the King offended?"

"No doubt the King is offended. He overlooks Mr. Hampden's open profession that the King and the Government should be abundantly supplied with all that they can need, or honestly desire; but that it must be on the condition that the supplies should be obtained in the safe and sacred way of a parliament, and not by putting the whole nation at the mercy of the King's or the Queen's fancy—"

"Aye! the Queen's!" observed several hearers.

"Or," continued Richard, "at the mercy of men and women of low repute who obtain monopolies from the royal favour,—the right of selling for their own profit the most necessary articles of use."

Every one present fully understood this last reference; and the tumult of voices was so great, that Richard supposed his speaking was over for the day. Gentle and simple complained of the cost of living in England now, when all articles of use that could be corrupted were bad, and all dear; and of the pretences made to screw money out of them, or money's worth. Several told of relations who had had soldiers billeted on them,—the King's hounds, as these soldiers were called, who hunted the people for their master's pleasure and interest. Some had been fined because they refused to bow to the altar, in popish fashion; and fined twice over, to escape transportation for refusing this idolatry. A tavern dinner was too costly, now that the meat dressed in taverns was taxed; and the innkeepers were ruined by this, and by the charges on every article, from tobacco pipes up to the choicest wines. The laundresses were ruined, and all families perplexed by the monopoly of soap given to a Romish corporation, who sold for soap a mixture of lime and tallow, which gave sore hands to all the washerwomen, and left the linen fouler than before; the linen also falling into tinder wherever it was touched. The assignment of the old forests of the kingdom to the Queen's creatures was one of the sorest grievances. Dean Forest had been thus made over to papists, who would take very good care that the Spaniards and French had the range of the seas; and the people of England were not only called upon to pay to the King the cost of ships instead of giving him the ships themselves, but they got no ships at all. The timber which should make them was given away to foreigners, and English children were carried off by pirates, more and more boldly because there were no ships to give chase. This topic brought upon Richard further questions as to what Mr. Hampden would advise.

"He has since been charged," Richard declared, "with twenty shillings more ship-money, on account of another property; and, from some searchings into the business which we have heard of, we expect that the trial—"

"The trial!" exclaimed some startled people.

"Surely! Of what else have we been speaking? Mr. Hampden will be brought to trial for refusing to pay those last twenty shillings. I shall give him what message you send. What shall it be?"

The messages were very various; but the general sense was the same. It was a message

of blessing. Some thanked him; some bade him keep up his heart; some begged to be summoned whenever he thought they could support him; or, as some said, rescue him. To these last Richard replied, that Mr. Hampden was standing up for law and order, and that he desired to be rescued by law only from a peril into which he entered with deliberate intent. Being asked for his opinion, Richard gave it,—that Mr. Hampden would consider those his best friends who best stood up for the law in those evil days. Let every man satisfy himself that this new way of taxing was illegal, and then oppose it. If every citizen refused to pay ship-money, it could not be levied.

"Then there would be something else instead," the people said.

"Probably, and it would be dealt with in like manner," Richard supposed.

It was a dreary prospect; but that day there was the best news that had been heard in Cornwall for many a year. The mothers at Port Eliot shut themselves up to bemoan their loss: the gentry and yeomen hastened to mount, and spurred homewards, only stopping at every hamlet to spread the news that Mr. Hampden was going to turn the ship-money into ships which would chase the Dutch and Spaniards and French, and the Barbary pirates from the English shores.

(To be continued.)

THE JACK.

In a previous paper* I have spoken of the extreme voracity of all fish, and of some freshwater species in particular, and indeed the magnitude of the subject, "fish," requires little apology for its re-introduction. I have mentioned in the paper to which I above allude that the voracity of the fish known as the pike, or jack, is something almost astounding, and as it is now the season for taking this river tyrant, it is also the fittest time for inquiring into its natural history.

The jack, pike, or *luce*, as it is sometimes termed, is common to all European and American waters (whether rivers, lakes, ponds, or other bodies of water, provided only such be *fresh*); but the largest fish of the kind ever taken are those of the American rivers and lakes. The Danube is also famous for its fine jack, as are some of our own Cumberland and Westmoreland lakes, and the Thames itself abounds in these fish, but they do not run to the size at which they are found in the lakes and rivers referred to above. Jack—for I will so term them—may be, and *are*, caught throughout the year, excepting in the "fence" or spawning months; but their proper season is from September until the end of February, when they separate into pairs for the purpose of reproducing their species. In the autumn they afford fine sport to the angler, as they will take almost any bait greedily throughout the day, whereas in the warm, sultry months they are lazy and disinclined to feed, excepting only very early and late. From September until March the angler may take his four to six brace in good waters without much difficulty; but be it understood October is the month of all others best suited to

* Vol. VII. p. 332.

the sport; indeed it is the best month throughout the year for fishing of all sorts, both in salt and fresh water, except for trout, salmon, or mackerel, although the last-mentioned (which, by-the-way, are now called "Michaelmas mackerel") are taken in considerable quantities with the herrings. October is the harvest-month for both sea and river fishermen, and in fresh water especially, now that the weeds are decaying and being carried away, there is (with the exception only of trout and salmon) no fish that is not in first-rate condition and season for sport.

The jack is taken in various ways with hook and net (the latter being unworthy of all true sportsmen, and only excusable when practised by those whose livelihood depends on the quantity of fish they take), but the methods most in use with anglers are "trolling," "spinning," "live-bait fishing," and "snap fishing." The first and second are those generally preferred, but the "live-bait" fishing is, in my opinion, the most exciting, and is consequently the one I myself practise. There is but little real *sport* in either "trolling" or "spinning," for in the former the poor jack so gorges the bait that escape is next to impossible, and in the latter so many hooks are used that it is a hundred to one no fish once hooked gets away. I prefer myself—and so I am sure do all true sportsmen—to give the animal or fish I endeavour to capture a fair chance of escape, or, in other words, *fair play*, which is the true principle of all sport. In live-bait fishing for jack the same means are used as for perch, only that your cork float must be larger, as must the hook, and this latter must be *gimp-fastened*, as the jack would make short work of gut. Of course a larger bait is used for jack than for perch, and, indeed, at this period of the year, a large bait is rather "killing" than otherwise. I have taken jack with a roach of almost half-a-pound weight, still I do not recommend so large a bait as a rule. A very fine gudgeon or a small dace is the best bait of all—the latter especially attractive. I have taken jack at the foot of Walton Bridge almost at pleasure with this bait at this time of the year. Some people have been so cruel as to use a small perch for a bait, after cutting off its back fin, the formidable spikes of which deter a jack from seizing it. This is a piece of unnecessary barbarity, for the dace, gudgeon, and roach are all more attractive baits to the jack than the perch is. I may here remark that a live-bait can be put on the hook through the upper lip or back fin without causing the little creature any more pain than we ourselves suffer from cutting our nails. The only cruelty to the bait is in the moment of suspense and terror it endures when the jack flies open-mouthed towards it, and it finds itself unable to escape. As, however, the jack takes its prey by the *head* in most cases, death immediately ensues, and the little fish's sufferings are soon ended. I remember one instance (mentioned in the number of this periodical before referred to) where a jack seized a large chub by the head without injuring the latter. That, however, was altogether a most singular and exceptional case. To describe in these pages the methods of taking the jack to which I have alluded, would be little better than to

inflict a treatise on angling on my readers, whom I must therefore refer to an "Angler's Guide" on the subject, which may be procured at any respectable tackle-shop.

The size to which this fish attains in British waters varies from half a pound to twenty-five pounds, but all fish under a pound weight should be thrown back into the water. The average size is from three to seven pounds. One was recently caught in one of our northern lakes (Windermere) weighing thirty-seven or thirty-eight pounds, and this would be esteemed an uncommonly fine fish. On the Continent forty pounds is a not extraordinary weight for a large jack. I have alluded to taking one of six pounds in a curious manner when fishing for perch in the Isis, and I may mention that the father of the writer took a jack of eleven pounds weight in Walton Deepes when angling with a single gut line and perch hook. The fish was preserved, and is in the possession of my family. The Thames, from Walton to Henley, is an especially good fishing-ground for jack, and Shepperton, Reading, Wargrave, Marlow, Medenham, Henley, Walton, and Weybridge are particularly noted.

Extraordinary instances are on record of the excessive voracity of the jack, one of which, well authenticated, is to the effect that a fish of large size seized by the head a swan, which was feeding on some aquatic plants, when the one was suffocated and the other choked. Good old Isaa Walton tells a somewhat doubtful story of a girl who, whilst washing her feet in a river in Poland, was seized by a jack; as, however, the famous "brother of the angle" was, it must be owned, somewhat addicted to "stretching the long-bow," I place little reliance on the probability of such an occurrence, although it is possible that the good man (who was also exceedingly credulous) may have implicitly believed the "tale as 'twas told to him." I have myself seen a large jack seize ducklings from a piece of water, and I have mentioned that a comparatively small fish taken by me had, amongst the other contents of its stomach, a king-fisher and a young rat or mouse. It has also been, I believe, proved that a jack caught in Bavaria contained the watch and seals of some drowned person. This I the more readily believe as I have taken buttons out of the inside of cod-fish, and I have in my possession a sailor's rusty pocket-knife, also taken from the inside of a cod-fish in my sight, and I may add that I have caught hundreds of these fish, and that the curious contents of some of them were incredible. Experienced as I am in fish and fishing, I am continually encountering some new surprise or making some fresh and astounding discovery.

One word more with regard to the jack. The *jack proper* should be under five pounds weight: over that it is termed a pike; anglers, however, usually in conversation speak of these fish of all sizes as "jack," and hence I have used that term throughout this paper. Jack are sometimes taken with night-lines, called "trimmers," baited with a small fish, which method, however, is but little better than poaching, and should never be practised unless a piece of water be overstocked with large jack, and the renter of it, to preserve his

other fish, has recourse to the "trimmer." "Trimmers" are usually set in the neighbourhood of a mill-wheel, a spot in which jack, trout, eels, and perch all delight. "Hoop" nets are also used for the taking of jack, and are so constructed as to admit fish, but not to allow them to return against the stream. They are sunk with heavy stones, and left down all night. A very fine jack, weighing nearly twenty-six pounds, was thus taken in my presence in the May of the year 1854 by Mr. Lipscombe, of Godstowe, and was afterwards exhibited in Oxford. Large perch are taken in "hoop nets," but I cannot refrain from saying that the practice is most reprehensible, and calculated to spoil the angler's amusement, as the largest fish are invariably those taken in the "hoop" nets.

Since penning the above remarks I have seen a small jack, not three pounds weight, caught near Windsor, which contained two smaller fish of its own species, an instance of the singular voracity of the jack, which curious trait I have before spoken of. The bait used for catching this particular fish was a minnow; indeed, the angler was perch-fishing at the time. With anecdotes of the voracity of many fresh-water fish I could fill a volume, as I have made notes for my own pleasure when extraordinary instances of it have come under my observation, and indeed have studied fish and their habits all my lifetime. I am sure that I could relate many facts concerning the jack alone that only a very close observer of Nature would have discovered, and can number the fish I have taken by scores of hundreds.

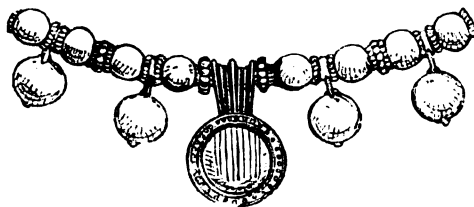
Jack mostly delight in still deep water, especially such as is to be found near a mill-pool, or under the arches of a bridge. Where the water-lily is abundant there you will find this fish to a certainty, and where the weed known as "jack-weed" (from the circumstance that it is always found where there are jacks) is plentiful, good sport for the jack-fisher is invariably the rule, rather than the exception. Jack have sometimes been found where it was known there had previously been none, that is to say, in a piece of water not before containing a single fish. This I apprehend is by water-fowl in some manner conveying the spawn from one water to another. Waterfowl all greedily devour the spawn of fish, and whilst so engaged it is not impossible some of it should adhere occasionally to their feathers, and be conveyed from one body of water to another without the bird itself being aware it was the medium of conveyance.

The jack is by no means unpalatable when properly cooked, and I subjoin an excellent recipe for attaining this desirable end. Take a jack of not less than three pounds weight, clean and scale him well, but do not leave him long in water afterwards, as some do, or the flesh will get flabby. Then stuff with sweet herbs as you would a fillet of veal, and (if you like) add onions, shredded very fine. Cover with a rich brown gravy (beef), and bake till done. When done, add more gravy, and two table-spoonsful of good port wine, and a little allspice. Serve very hot, with mashed potatoes, and slices of brown bread-and-butter. Or you may use plain melted butter, and a little parsley

or fennel, as for mackerel, of course omitting the wine. Haddocks may be similarly cooked, and a jack so dressed is a dish that need only once be tasted to secure a repetition of its appearance on the table. Many other ways of cooking the jack are made use of, but none are so successful. Having thus brought my fish from his native element to the table of my readers, I there leave him to be discussed by them at their leisure. May "good digestion wait on appetite!"

ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

ETRUSCAN JEWELLERY. NECKLACES.



No. 1.

THOSE Etruscans, of whom we catch occasional glimpses in brief passages of the early history of Rome, are so vaguely described, that a reader almost feels inclined to believe that they were merely fabulous rivals and enemies of Rome, invented by Roman historians as a canvas upon which to embroider imaginary victories. Etruria seems to be spoken of as a land of mystery to draw upon for supernatural legends when the wonderful was to be dwelt upon, or when the mystic origin of a prince was to be described. It was scarcely known whether to ascribe to this Etrurian people the superior civilisation, so vaguely ascribed to them by ancient writers, or whether to deem them merely a half barbarous tribe, like the Sabines or the Romans themselves. They had faded into a mythic kind of historical existence, which modern writers would have been rash to invest with a more virtually historical character before the palpable discoveries of recent years had revealed to us those ancient Etruscans, in their very habits, as they lived—still, though in the tomb, wearing their bronze armour, their gold jewels, and their robes of state, and surrounded by their favourite weapons, within those subterranean chambers, still perfect after the lapse of ages, even to the curious paintings on the walls and roofs; the dead being surrounded by all these tokens of affectionate regret, which seemed to betoken the near presence of the still living, so long after both life and death in that ancient race had ceased to be.

It is the revelations of these ancient Etrurian tombs that have restored the Etruscans to their place in history, and from which these exquisitely wrought jewels of gold and of silver have been recovered, which now form such attractive objects in the British Museum as well as in some of the great museums of the continent. It was from this source that the exquisite Etruscan jewellery of the Gregorian Museum of the Vatican was procured; and the Campana Museum, recently purchased by the French Government, which contains the most extensive collection of ancient Etruscan necklaces that has ever been brought together, not even ex-

cepting that of the Vatican itself, derived its riches of that class from the same source. Its original collector, whose name it bears, possessed unusual facilities for forming such a collection, as being the possessor of estates in that part of Italy, formerly within the limits of the ancient Etruria.

To an enthusiastic archaeologist these facilities were the source of great temptations, and the whole of a noble fortune was expended in the gradual acquisition of the magnificent collection which has recently been scattered in consequence of the pecuniary embarrassments of its possessor. The first portion, chiefly comprising the specimens of ancient sculpture, found its way to Russia. A smaller portion—chiefly ceramic wares—was purchased by England for the National Museum of Art at Kensington, while the bulk of the collection, containing nearly all the antique jewellery, was purchased by the Emperor of the French, and is destined to form an addition to the vast artistic and archaeological riches of the Louvre, under the title of *Musée de Napoleon III.*

In the Campana collection of ancient Etruscan jewellery, the necklaces alone form a splendid series of eighty-two nearly perfect specimens, besides a number of beautiful fragments.

The art of working in gold was one of the first steps in metallurgy. Gold was more easily worked than any metal known to the ancients; and Homer speaks of stores of it being accumulated in royal treasuries for the purpose of making jewels, &c. In the Bible also are passages, connected with some of the earliest patriarchs, in which jewels of gold are mentioned. Such as those referred to in Genesis, xxiv. 22, as given by Abraham's servant to Rebekah, "The man took a golden ear-ring of half a shekel weight, and two bracelets for her hands, of ten shekels weight of gold," &c. These ornaments being, in all probability, beautifully ornamented, as there are other passages in the Pentateuch which especially refer to ornamental work in metal.

In the earliest records concerning the mythological and heroic age of Greece, anterior to the date of authentic history, jewels are frequently referred to, especially the famous necklace presented to Harmonia as a wedding-present on her marriage with Cadmus, who is said to have received it from Aphrodite or Europa, or from Hephestus the god of fire, that is to say, so far as fire is indispensable in arts and manufactures, of which he was the originator, in the Greek mythology, (as Vulcan is in the early mythology of Italy, and as Tubal Cain is in the Bible,) teaching man the arts which adorn life. This fabulous necklace, presented by Cadmus to his bride, was said to be most richly and elaborately ornamented, inasmuch that Nonnus, in the story of Cadmus and the foundation of Thebes, which forms part of his long poem, in forty-eight books, known as the *Διονυσιακά*, devotes no less than fifty lines to its description.

Previous to the great archaeological discoveries of the last three-quarters of a century, it appeared vain to hope for any positive knowledge of the actual form and decorative details of the jewellery of the patriarchs, of the Pharaohs, or of the gold ornaments described by the poets and historians of Greece, or of the exquisitely wrought

tiaras, ear-rings, and necklaces of those vaguely mentioned Etruscan, the parents of Roman civilisation, fragments of whose history have been so recently snatched, as it were, from the obliterating darkness of the past. Modern researches have, in fact, yielded to us a rich harvest of knowledge in the shape of exquisite remains of former phases of civilisation, some of the specimens of the ancient art of the jeweller being as perfect as the day on which they were wrought in those antique workshops which, with the artificers who once made them resound with the busy clink of the hammer and of other tools, whose forms and uses have been so long forgotten.

The disinterment of the long-buried towns of Pompeii and Herculaneum, yielded the first rich spoil of relics of ancient art. The great discoveries in Egypt followed. More recently the excavations in Asia, which have brought once more to light the palaces and royal chambers of the kings of Assyria and in Italy, the discovery of the ancient tombs of the Etrurians, have been still more rich in archaeological results. In some of these Etruscan sepulchres, the dead who had lain undisturbed perhaps for thirty centuries, were found still wearing almost the aspect of life, and still clothed in the dresses they had worn when living. The bodies—that crumbled on the first rude touch—were still decorated with these gold jewels of the tomb, massive in appearance but thin as gauze, and which were manufactured expressly to replace the more solid ones, which were in some cases removed after the ceremony of interment was over. It is, however, not only these thinly beaten sepulchral jewels which have been recovered. Many of a more solid class have also been found, and gold ornaments of almost every class wrought by the hands of Etrurian workmen, from five to ten centuries before the Christian era may now be examined in all their original perfection, not only in the Campana Museum, in the fine collection of the Vatican, and several other European collections, but also in the British Museum, where there are several fine specimens of necklaces found in Etruscan tombs.

Among ancient nations, necklaces were worn not only as marriage ornaments, but also by young girls, as proved by one of very graceful workmanship in the Campana collection, which was found upon the body of a girl (apparently of about fourteen years of age) in one of the tombs of Cervetri. It is composed of several *plats* of gold wire, from the lowest range of which are suspended little gold balls, delicately ornamented, and to the upper band is attached a series of stamped ornaments, imitation tassels, and the leaves of different plants; while from the principal *plat* descend smaller chains of different lengths, to which are attached alternately elegantly stamped representations of syrens, medusa heads, and leaves of plants, the centre ornament being a Lotus flower. The next specimen is a beautiful Etruscan necklace of an entirely different character, found in excavations made on the site of the ancient Vulci; it is composed principally of Scarabæi (the mystic beetle of the Egyptians), which were evidently used by the Etrurians merely as ornaments, as they bear no hieroglyphic

characters. The undersides of those composing this necklace are carved with gracefully executed intaglio designs, such as a biga, or two-horse chariot, with its driver, a warrior armed with the Etruscan lance and buckler, &c. These Scarabæi are mounted in delicate filagree work, and fixed by a gold loop, also of filagree work, to a connecting bond, alternating with pendant gold balls, which are covered with a profusion of exquisite ornaments, that may literally be termed microscopic; sometimes they are patterns in granulated gold wire, ingeniously laid on; in other instances they are dotted with patterns formed of minute pellets of gold, or minute plaited bands of gold. The clasps for fastening it are composed of two dolphins, in stamped work of spirited design. But that M. Castellani, the celebrated artistic jeweller of Rome, possesses a similar specimen of Etruscan art, this specimen might be considered unique. The close connection of the Etruscans with Egypt is very evident from the style of some of the earliest specimens of their jewellery, which may have been executed before the foundation of Rome. Indeed, some of the leading features of their civilisation are stamped with a character which evidently belongs to a period anterior to the rise of civilisation in Greece or Rome. Among other things they evidently conducted their commercial transactions without the aid of coined money, and like many of the ancient conservative nations of the east, did not adopt it even when in daily use among their neighbours. So that in the decorative ornaments of the Etrurians we look upon a kind of art that had its origin, and had reached its perfection long before the classic eras of Greece and Rome.

This necklace is not of the sepulchral class of Etruscan jewellery: it is of the solid make of the jewels of the living, and we cannot look without emotion upon those golden leaflets, and richly matted chains that once lay upon the warm bosom of some young Etrurian girl, whose very name, and race, and language have passed away!

Amber, garnet, and opaque emeralds (the *smaragdi* and *virides gemmæ* of Roman writers) are frequently wrought into this Etruscan jewellery, either as amulets, or because certain medicinal virtues were supposed to belong to them. But the "charms" were generally composed of small pieces of polished flint, or some other common stone, such as the one forming the centre ornament of the necklace engraved above (No. 1), which is from one of the specimens in the collection of the British Museum, which were purchased of the Prince of Canino.

The centre ornament is in other cases composed of a small gold *bulia*, or locket, containing either an amulet or some cabalistic form of invocation to the protective gods. Within such a locket, now in the Campana collection, a piece of sheet silver was found, carefully rolled and folded, on which were eighteen lines of writing, in very ancient Greek characters, mixed with cabalistic signs.

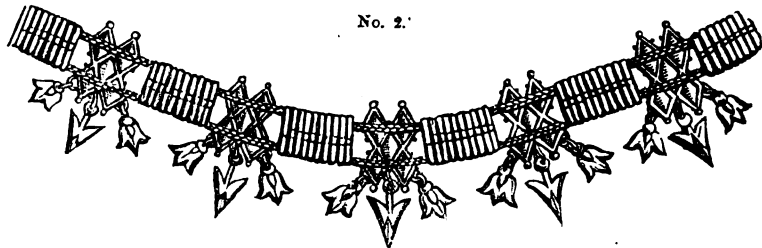
Another curious *bulia* of this kind, though not containing a cabalistic charm written on leaf silver, has a beautifully executed low relief in gold on its upper surface, representing an infant suckled by a mare, with the figure of a woman

looking at the child. This possibly illustrates the mythological legend of Hippothous suckled by a mare, while the female figure is probably his mother, Alope. Several Etruscan *bullæ*, or lockets of this kind, all of them curious, are preserved in the Museum Etruscum Gregorianum.

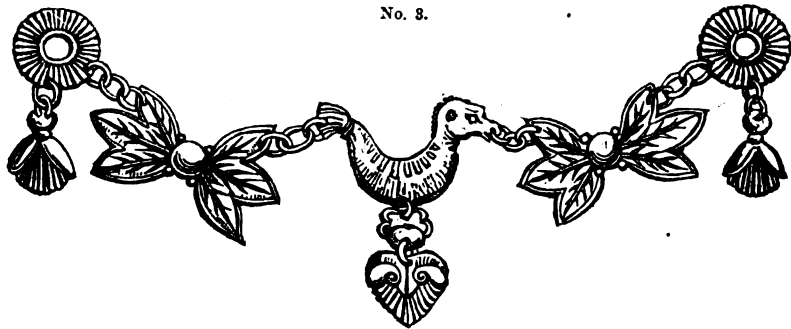
The Campana collection is particularly rich in necklaces formed of gold and emeralds, above referred to, a rich mixture of colour which appears to have found great favour with the Etrurian world of fashion; but it is the gold work itself that imparts the greatest value and interest to these exquisite remains of ancient art. One necklace, especially, in this collection is distinguished by the most exquisite workmanship of a bearded human head, with the horns of a bull; the face itself is highly finished, with careful and minute chasing, while the curling of the beard is represented by minute granules of gold, apparently soldered on to the solid in a very skilful and

laborious manner. The hair is formed by innumerable spirals of gold wire, each terminated by a little knob or pellet of bright gold. A band-let passes across the forehead, which is also enriched with a close granulation of minute gold pellets, like the beard. This rich ornament is suspended by a loop, highly enriched with filigree work, to a plaited chain of gold wire, which terminates with an enriched hook as a fastening. This jewel is of fine artistic style, and the workmanship may be pronounced truly exquisite in fineness and accuracy of finish.

The Græco-Etruscan necklaces, of somewhat different style, belonging to this collection, are equally admirable in their artistic workmanship, and scarcely less curious and interesting style; especially two which were discovered in a tomb at Vulci by MM. François et Noel des Vergers. The first of these consists of a series of the most intricate and beautiful knottings in gold wire,



No. 2.



No. 3.

alternating with solid glass beads of curious fabric, of which only seven remain. The other is formed of six groups of ornament, each group composed of a bead of amber placed between two richly-wrought balls of gold. These groups of gold balls and amber beads are separated from each other by intricate knottings of gold plaited wire, of large dimensions. The fastening is composed of an ornament in the form of a wheel, enriched with a large garnet.

Silver jewellery of Etruscan workmanship is much more rare than gold, and on this account a beautiful silver necklace in the Campana museum is more prized than some of the far richer examples in gold. This silver necklace, of quaint and singular design, is composed of a series of twenty smooth balls, separated into groups of four by curiously-wrought syrens and harpies; while from the two central balls of each group of four an amphora is suspended by a loop, which is deli-

cately enriched with a filigree pattern of twisted wire.

Enamel was frequently added to vary the effect of Etruscan jewellery, and there are several fine specimens in the Gregorian museum of Etruscan antiquities in the Vatican, and a very pretty example in the British Museum, which is represented in the annexed wood-cut (No. 2) and in which enamel was freely used.

The diamond work between which the ridged plates of gold in the above engraving (No. 2) was originally filled with what appears to have been red, grey, and green enamel, which must have produced a very pleasing effect, in contrast with rich yellow of the matt gold, of which all the rest of the necklace is composed.

As an example of the manner in which different kinds of foliage, the figure of the hippocamp, or of syrens, or harpies, &c., were introduced, I cannot give a better general example than the one

engraved above (No. 3). It is of extremely thin gold, as thin as tissue paper, and lightly stamped with the detail of form required, being doubtless one of the sepulchral decorations with which occasionally the body of the deceased was dressed, when the more solid jewels were removed, subsequently to the ceremony of the interment. So thin and delicate is the fabric of Etruscan jewellery of this class, that it appears impossible that the specimens should have been perfectly preserved for so many centuries; it is only in the undisturbed solitude of the tomb that such delicately wrought ornaments could have remained uninjured, and when discovered, after their interment of two or three thousand years, it is only by their immediate removal from the tombs to the safe keeping of our great modern museums, that their future preservation can be ensured.

Since the discovery of the Etruscan cemeteries at Vulci, Cervetri, and other places in central Italy, the opening, or as we may say, the desecration, of the ancient tombs have been carried on with amazing activity, and their contents have furnished our museums with a class of ancient art not previously known. It is true that many of the tombs were found to have been plundered before, but by ignorant marauders, who speedily reduced the beautiful jewels they found to mere lumps of gold, to facilitate their sale without raising suspicion. In some cases when the tombs were formed on the slope of a hill, the rains of successive centuries at last washed away by slow degrees the earth which covered the roof of the vault, and ultimately the roof itself, thus exposed, crumbled away during some night of unusual storm, and the next morning the shepherds, leading their sheep to browse on those lonely hills, have looked into a dark chasm, and seen with stupid amazement the warriors of 3000 years ago, lying grim and stark in their bronze armour, with the weapons they had used in life placed carefully about them; and bodies of stately women, with their funeral jewels still upon their forms, perfect for a moment, but crumbling to a handful of dust with the first touch, or the first gust of wind that blew direct upon them, and shrinking into dusty vapours, while the gold, jewels, or bronze armour remained hanging upon the bones of skeletons. To gaze for a moment in superstitious horror; and then, gaining courage in the fuller daylight, to break down the uncovered entrance and snatch the jewels from the ancient bones, was naturally the course of the fortunate shepherd, who destroyed all traces of his discovery by throwing earth into the rifled grave, which was soon overgrown with verdure like any other inequality of the neighbouring ground. It was so that these Etruscan tombs were discovered and rifled in past times, and so that they have been rediscovered in the present day, when their contents are better appreciated and more carefully preserved. The sites of the cemeteries having been once discovered by accident, frequent excavations now take place to discover fresh tombs; and though a large proportion of those discovered are found to have been robbed of their contents by previous invaders, still enough is found intact to render the works of research now carrying on full of interest,

as objects of new and unexpected character are being continually discovered.

It appears somewhat extraordinary that our English jewellers have not sought in copying some of these exquisite necklaces of Etruria the means of re-establishing the elegant fashion of highly wrought gold necklaces, which might be made to form so profitable a branch of the goldsmith's trade. M. Castellani, the celebrated Roman jeweller, has already done this, with very profitable results, and a wedding casket of jewels presented by the people of Rome to the daughter of Victor Emmanuel on her marriage to the King of Portugal, consisted of a series of exquisite copies of ancient Etruscan jewellery, in M. Castellani's own collection and the Campana museum. The whole set forms what was anciently termed a *cista*, or *mondo*, such as was the nuptial gift of a patrician maiden of ancient Rome. It consists of a diadem, rings, buttons, fibulae, decorative hair pins, necklace, &c., &c., all delicately wrought in the Etruscan fashion, just as they probably were in ancient Rome, where the fashion of Etruscan work prevailed, much as the rage for imitations of our ancient Celtic fibulae does at the present time in England. H. N. H.

THE TRANSFORMATIONS OF OUR SOUTHERN COAST.

It is a frequent complaint with geologists, that without travelling there are few opportunities of examining any great convulsions of nature. We have no volcanoes; we lie out of the region of earthquakes; even avalanches and landslips must be sought in Switzerland. In many parts of Great Britain, indeed, we may discover their effects, but then it is rarely possible to meet with any historic evidence of the convulsion. That these complaints, however, are not always well founded, we were glad to acknowledge on a late excursion to the West of England, while studying the phenomena of geological disintegration.

Few coasts are more favourable for this study than that which lies between the oolite of Portland and the granitic and trappean headlands of Cornwall. Off Portland, for instance, rolls the Chesil *travelling beach*, each pebble carrying a long history in every scratch upon its surface. Passing by the Dorset oolite, we enter upon the lias some way east of Lyme Regis. Its dark-blue flakes are falling from the cliffs with every change of temperature, disclosing wonderful saurians and ammonites, and trampled into thick slime on the beach. Then come the greensand and new red sandstone, so characteristic of the Devon coast, on to Teignmouth. Curious are the transformations visible down this coast from disintegration. Often gigantic columns and huge masses of rock and marl are left standing in the sea, like champions from whom the main line of cliff, which does battle against the waves, has retired. "The Parson and Clerk Rock," familiar to travellers on the South Devon Line, is an instance of this.

In the case of maritime cliffs, the chief agents in the work of disintegration are the sea below and atmospheric changes above. Constantly beating on their base, the waves sap them, and then their own weight brings down the overhanging masses. Again, frost, heat, and rain are

great disintegrants: the latter, insinuating itself into chinks, washes out argillaceous or calcareous veins, thus frequently dislocating large masses of rock. Sometimes these stand in fantastic forms; sometimes their *débris* raises a regular breakwater against further marine encroachments. Other and deeper causes must be sought for such phenomena as the continuous sinking of the entire continent of South America. Constant rains will frequently wash down the whole face of a cliff. Such catastrophes alter the character of the ground so completely that a stranger would often affirm what is really the work of a night to have sprung from the gradual effects of ages.

We came upon two very characteristic landlips of this kind, which we will describe as illustrative of the preceding remarks. Skirting the coast from the west the traveller passes from the Sidmouth greensand into the chalk region of Beer. The beach all at once fails him; the huge white cliff-walls trend back for a quarter of a mile, enclosing within their arms a tract of from seven to ten acres broken into hillocks and dips of every shape and size, and pierced here and there near the sea by precipitous, tower-like masses crowned with verdure. Heaps of barren flints diversify one hollow; a second is full to profusion of rare orchises, and of every other kind of flower dear to Devon skies; bushes tenanted by active colonies of rabbits close in round a third. It is a wild, lonely spot, falling away from varying heights into the sea, with huge chalk blocks glittering under the waves like the cherished hopes of a summer dream; and from the distant shelves of Beer Head you may catch the faint croaking of a raven warning you against putting too much trust in your bright visions. A path leads up the face of the cliff, conducting the sure-footed to a view unsurpassed by any other Devon headland, prodigal of grand scenery as they are.

Naturally the question arises, How came this convulsive rent in a line of coast so uniform in its high cliff beached with a narrow pebbly strand? Does it date back to unknown ages when the cave bear and elephant roamed over our land? The neighbouring villagers will tell a different tale. One fine night in March, 1789, this tract suddenly sank from 200 to 260 feet. The fishermen at sea heard crashings proceed from the site, and the impingement of such an enormous weight produced a rise of submarine rocks in front. Crab-pots, placed in the evening in 20 feet of water, were found next morning, high and dry, 15 feet above the sea level, the rocks having risen 35 feet from their old position.

Before examining the causes which led to this freak of nature, let us pass some four miles further on, hard by the commencement of the Lyme Regis lias. Here is another and more extensive landlip, which took place on Christmas Day, 1839. The whole line of cliffs at this point, instead of presenting a continuous front of sea-wall, is broken up into an undercliff extending inland more than a furlong. It is even more picturesque than the Beer landlip, partly owing to the causes which resulted in this "rougement" (as the natives call it) having been similarly at work in its neighbourhood for centuries, and partly because the ground

displaced was originally wooded. Now it is a wild scene of dingles, clumps, and terraces, covered thickly with trees and bushes.

On the morning of the 24th December, 1839, slight fissures were observed in the cliffs. That night, however, they appeared in the fields above, and on Christmas night an immense tract of a mile in length, about 80 yards in width, and between 100 and 200 feet deep, sank into a vast ravine. About 100 acres of cultivated land were thus depressed, and all broken up and dislocated into patches, with huge chinks intervening, and soil from above constantly precipitated into the abyss. At the same time the ground between this "rougement" and the sea was riven afresh with the wildest confusion. Some labourers who were dwelling on the depressed tract luckily escaped by flight. But a still more curious phenomenon occurred on that night. "One of the coast-guard men," says the pamphlet we mentioned, "whilst on duty near the Undercliff, observed the sea to be in an extraordinary state of agitation. The beach on which he stood rose and fell. Amidst the breakers near the shore something vast and dark appeared to be rising from the bottom of the sea, amidst the deafening noise of crashing rocks and flashing lights, attended with an intolerable stench. He fled to the cliffs above. These also were trembling round him, but he gained the firmer ground, almost dead with terror." In the morning a huge reef of lias and broken rock, 40 feet high and more than a mile long, covered with seaweed and shell-fish, was found extended above the sea, doubtless caused by the vast lateral pressure of the ground which had sank parallel to it. Each end terminated in a basin of deep water, and of course the natural features of the coast had undergone an entire change. Strange to say, during the ensuing January this reef gradually sank from 10 to 20 feet, and in two or three months disappeared entirely. Now there remains no trace of it.

As might be expected, thousands of visitors flocked to the spot after the convulsion, and all the wisdom of the neighbourhood was at issue upon the causes which had led to it. The advocates of the marvellous were unanimous in favour of an earthquake. It was useless to tell them that the coast lay quite out of the line of volcanic action—that there had been no tremulous motion—that no shock had been felt, even in farmhouses close at hand. They triumphantly appealed to the scared coast-guardsmen, and their depositions are given in the pamphlet to the effect that they felt the beach "rise and fall under them," heard noises like "distant thunder," while the reef was "rising out of the sea attended with flashes of fire and a strong smell of sulphur." Plutonic, certainly! As for the neighbouring farmers, they still persist, spite of the clearest evidence to the contrary (as is generally the way with farmers), in regarding it as a windfall; so that the visitor should provide himself with a ticket to view the cliffs, or they will not be very civil to him.

Those who can be satisfied, however, with reasonable causes, without calling in a needless "*deus ex machina*," will probably agree with Buckland and Conybeare. Close examination

convinced them, that as the mass which slipped (or rather sank) consisted of sandstone and cherty flint resting on more than 100 feet of loose sand (locally termed "foxmould"), which itself rested on a bed of solid lias, the heavy rains which preceded the catastrophe were the proximate causes of it. The upper strata were saturated, and the water, oozing through and finding vent from the "foxmould" in landsprings, undermined the whole tract. So the superincumbent mass slid onwards over the retentive lias into the gulf. Its pressure forced up the reef, which gradually sank into its old form on the momentum ceasing to act upon it. As to the other landlip at Beer described above, it was found that the spring of 1789 had also been unusually wet. Many other authentic cases of such "landlips" (the generic term even when the land sinks) appear to bear out this theory.

We returned from our investigation convinced that the natural forces in daily operation on the earth will be found, the more they are studied, to account for far more geological changes than are usually placed to their credit. The hypothesis of countless aeons of antiquity is one which (like the earthquake mentioned above), though a very simple and accommodating solvent, should be used as sparingly as possible in physical inquiries. It has acquired such gigantic though airy proportions, that its very bulk is fatal to it. Like "goodness driven to a plethora," it often "dies of its own too much." Reasonable men will always be ready to accept a plain in preference to a marvellous cause, in order to account for much that they see around them. M.

THE DEATH OF WINKELREID.

(BATTLE OF SEMPACH, 9TH JULY, 1386).

In July, when the bees swarmed thick upon the linden tops,
And farmers gazed with pride and joy upon their ripening crops,
The watchmen on our tall church towers, looking towards Willislow,
Saw the stacked barley in a flame, and the wheat fields in a glow.

For Archduke Leopold had come from Zurich by the lake,
With lance, and bow, and banner spread, a dire revenge to take ;
On Monday morning when the dew lay bright upon the corn,
Each man of Sempach blew alarm upon his mountain horn.

The young and old from fair Lucerne gathered to bar the way,
The reapers threw their sickles down, and ran to join the fray ;
We knelt, and prayed to Heaven for strength, crying to God aloud ;
And lo ! a rainbow rising shone against a thunder cloud.

Burghers of Berne, and lads of Schweiz and Unterwalden's best,
Warriors of Uri, strong as bulls, were there among the fest ;
The oldest of our mountain-priests had come to fight—not pray,
Our women only kept at home upon that battle day.

The shepherds, sturdy wrestlers with the grim mountain bear,
And chamois hunters, lithe and swift, mingled together there ;
Rough boatmen from the mountain lakes, and fishermen by scores,
The children only had been left to guard the nets and oars.

The herdsmen joined us from their huts on the far mountain-side,
Where cow-bells chimed among the pines, and far above in pride
The granite peaks rose soaring up in snowy pinnacles,
Past glacier's ever-gaping jaws and vulture's citadels.

The citizens of Zurich town under their banners stood,
Their burly lances bleak and bare as any winter wood,
Geneva sent her archers stout, and swordsmen not a few,
And over the brave men of Berne their great town banner blew.

How fierce we ran with partisan, and axe, and spear, and sword,
With flail, and club, and shrieking horns, upon that Austrian horde ;
But they stood silent in the sun, mocking the Switzer bear,
Their helmets crested, beaked, and fanged, like the wild beasts that they were.

Like miners digging iron ore from some great mountain heart,
We strove to hew, and rend, and cleave that hill of steel apart ;
But clamped like statues stood the knights in their spiked phalanx strong,
Though our Swiss halberds, and our swords, hewed fiercely at the throng.

Hot, sharp, and thick our arrows fell upon their helmet crests,
Keen on their vizors' glaring bars, and sharp upon their breasts ;
Fierce plied our halberds at the spears, that thicker seemed to grow :
The more we struck, more boastfully the banners seemed to blow.

The Austrians, square and close locked up, stood firm with threatening spears,
Only the sterner when our bolts flew thick about their ears ;
Our drifts of arrows blinding fell, and nailed the mail to breast,
But e'en the dead men as they dropped were ramparts to the rest.

With furnace heat the red sun shone upon that wall of steel,
And crimsoned every Austrian knight from helmet unto heel.
They slew their horses where they stood, and shortened all their spears,
Then back to back, like boars at bay, they mocked our angry cheers.

Till Winkelreid stepped forth and said, knitting his rugged brow,
"Out on ye, men of Zurich town, go back and tend your plough ;
Sluggards of Berne, go hunt and fish, when danger is not nigh.
See now how Unterwalden taught her hardy sons to die."

Then out he rushed, with head bent low ; his body,
 breast, and hands,
 Bore down a sheaf of spears, and made a pathway for
 our bands.
 Four lances splintered on his brow, six shivered in his
 side,
 But still he struggled fiercely on, and, shouting
 "Victory !" died.

Then on that broken flying rout, we Swiss, rejoicing,
 rushed,
 With sword, and mace, and partisan, that struck, and
 stabbed, and crushed ;
 Their banners beaten to the earth and all their best
 men slain,
 The Austrians threw away their shields and fled across
 the plain.



And thus our Switzerland was saved, upon that
 summer's day,
 And Sempach saw rejoicing men returning from the
 fray.

As we bore home brave Winkelreid a rainbow spanned
 our track,
 But where the Austrian rabble fled a thunder-storm
 rolled black.

[**"ELEANOR'S VICTORY,"** a New Novel, by the Author of "*Aurora Floyd*," "*Lady Audley's Secret*," &c., will be commenced immediately.]

MILLY LESLIE'S SECRET.



CHAPTER I.

THE cathedral bells of Trowchester were ringing for evening prayer. A mellow light had fallen on the west front, while shadows were creeping over the cloisters and throwing the old buildings in their rear into obscurity. No zealous hands had striven to renovate Trowchester Cathedral. The north transept alone served for the purposes of public worship, and if any visitor of antiquarian tendencies attempted to stray towards the nave or aisles, he was followed by an anxious verger, who represented to him the danger of his wanderings,

and pointed out the positive order of the Dean and Chapter that no one should penetrate beyond the given space. Ominous noises, heard in the quiet morning and evening, but perhaps more alarming in their reality when occurring at noon-day, warned the inhabitants of the neighbourhood that Time had laid no gentle hand on the massive walls; yet externally there was no sign of ruin, and now, as they stood in the last glow of the wintry sunset, it was difficult to believe in their decay.

Hurrying past the cathedral and onwards

towards the market-cross came Milly Leslie, the wife of a clergyman officiating at the only chapel of ease in Trowchester. She turned down one of the narrow streets that led to the suburbs, and knocked at the door of a small old-fashioned house with a projecting upper storey. An elderly woman who opened the door shook her head sadly as she looked at Milly and led the way upstairs, where, on her bed, a woman still young, and with the remains of a delicate and refined beauty on her features, lay dying of a painful illness which had so far yielded in the mortal struggle that a short interval of comparative peace had been granted to her last hours. "Something," said physicians, "had worn Mrs. Lane out." That something was anxiety. It was expressed in her eager eyes, and in that restlessness of body which, in some degree, seems to us to lessen the sanctity of suffering.

"Dr. Burrows does not think I shall live till morning," she said, as Milly sat down by the bedside. "Months ago I entreated him to warn me when he saw my last hours of suffering approaching, in order that I might not put off till too late what I have to say to you. Send Martha to church and come back to me."

The old servant went unwillingly, and Mrs. Lane waited for the closing of the house-door before she spoke again.

"You know I have nothing to leave you, Milly," she said at last; "my annuity dies with me. I thank God that you are loved and cared for. Had it been otherwise, my last hours would have been sadder than they now are. Milly!" she asked suddenly, "do you remember your father?"

"Sometimes, mother, I think I do; but it is so long since he died. It must be more than fourteen years ago—before we came to Trowchester."

"Milly, he is not dead."

"Not dead! Oh, mother! where is he?"

"He has been in England for more than a year."

"Why did he leave us? Mother, what mystery have you hid from me?"

"The wretched secret of my life. Your father's name—it was not Lane—is even now a reproach in men's mouths. By fraudulent means he obtained possession of property which he held in trust for others: whole families were rendered beggars by his crime—widows and children have starved from its consequences. I came here with you, Milly, fifteen years ago, resolved, if it were possible, to keep you from the knowledge of the evil he had wrought. Deceit grew upon me, I cannot tell how, unless it sprang from the love I bore my child. I called myself a widow. I made up some story of my former life that satisfied the people we have been thrown amongst, and I was thankful that its truth had never been called in question when Mr. Leslie asked you to be his wife. Think what the prejudices of his family would have been if the fact of your father being a convict had been known! Even if his attachment to you had induced him to hold to his engagement in defiance of the world's opinion, the knowledge of the fact would have destroyed your future happi-

ness. Once, indeed, I tried to tell him, but my heart failed me."

"But, oh, mother! it is so unfair, so dishonest—forgive me, it is your affection for me, I know, that blinds you to the wrong-doing."

"I have done it for the best. He could never have a better or truer wife than my Milly. Why should you suffer for your father's sin? For the sake of my sleepless nights, for the long wearying days of anxiety and care, promise me, as you hope for mercy when you too lie down to die, that you will never tell Robert Leslie what I have kept back from him. I do not ask it on the strength of my own judgment alone. Your father wrote to me a fortnight before your marriage to tell me he had returned a homeless man. My first impulse was to share with him the little I had. Then I thought of the ruin of your prospects from the degradation of his relationship and the hard sentence of the world when it should be discovered. I looked around for a friend to whom I could confide my position. Of all I knew in this place I could only ask advice in this cruel strait of Mr. Wareham."

"Mr. Wareham!"

"As a lawyer and a friend he was qualified to aid me. I wrote to your father upon his suggestion, sending him what little money I could spare, and entreating him to remain in London till after your marriage."

"And you have heard from him since, mother?"

"Never—never since. A second letter I sent to the address he gave me was returned from the post-office some time ago."

"If Mr. Wareham should betray us!"

"Mr. Wareham promised me secrecy by everything he held sacred, and I hope, I pray, that he may keep his word."

Milly's head was hid in her hands, but nothing shut out the ticking of the clock that seemed noting only her mother's breathing.

"Promise me, my Milly!" said the faint voice more feebly.

And in the deepening gloom, with her mother's head pillowed on her arm—hoping that sleep might come to the weary eyelids if she yielded—praying that she might be forgiven if in so doing she erred—Milly promised never to tell her husband her father's history, never to say or do anything in reference to it which would alter her position as Mr. Leslie's wife.

Evening prayers had been said and sung. The footsteps of the passers-by vibrated through the room. Martha had let herself in at the house-door, and Milly heard her striking a light in the room beneath. Softly she came up the creaking stairs and opened the door, shading the candle with her hand. Why heed where its rays fell? Mrs. Lane was dead.

CHAPTER II.

THE house in which the Leslies lived was in one of the principal streets of Trowchester; but it was ill-contrived, the ceilings were low, and the aspect uninviting. Dark moreen curtains hung at the parlour windows. The furniture was of mahogany, and the chairs were covered with horsehair. A large round table with a green

cloth stood in the centre of the room; a few shelves filled with controversial books had been fixed against the walls, and three obelisks of grey marble decorated the mantel-piece. Milly's housekeeping keys lay in a basket on the table: they were the sole symbols of feminine occupation visible. How was it possible for the room to look otherwise than hard and bare? It was here that Milly, pale and saddened, was receiving a visit from her mother-in-law. Mrs. Lane had been dead a fortnight, and Mrs. Leslie, who had never liked her, found it difficult to express sympathy with the daughter's grief. Mrs. Lane, from the beginning of Robert Leslie's acquaintance with Milly, had been obnoxious in her eyes. She was not a member of Mr. Leslie's congregation. She was undeniably poor; and there was aggravation of injuries in the fact that there was nothing tangible in her manner, either to Mr. Leslie or the rest of the small Trowchester world, to which she could reasonably object. No one had accused her of match-making for her daughter, and yet half-a-dozen mothers hated her as if she had entrapped Mr. Leslie into the marriage. But all women judge each other harshly; and if the softest and gentlest amongst them cannot be exempted from the accusation, how much the more heavily must it fall upon the hard and exacting! Mrs. Leslie had had many struggles with adverse circumstances before she had seen her son safely placed in his present position. She was the widow of a dissenting preacher of some eminence in his day. He had died soon after the birth of her son, who was the youngest of her children. She had lost three others in their infancy, and the interest that each had individually inspired in her heart was now centred in him. By the most pinching economy in her own expenses his education had been carried on satisfactorily. Often, as she sat through the winter days in a dreary lodging, denying herself a fire, and making a cup of tea at least twice a week do duty for dinner, she would dream of a future when his talents should be matured, and he should enter the ministry as his father had done before him. And that future was realised, though not in the way she intended; for Robert Leslie entered the Established Church, and left behind him many prejudices which had clung to his parents. She had kept her son's house for five years when his acquaintance began with Milly Lane. She did not oppose his wishes with regard to his marriage; *that* course she felt would have been a futile one; but she withdrew from his home when it was finally arranged, and settled herself down once more in solitude. Who could deny that Milly was pretty? She had large, soft brown eyes, a sweet smile, and a fitting blush that came and went on small provocations, making her face look brighter than it was in reality.

"And for this," Mrs. Leslie thought, as she turned the matter over in her mind during many a long day and longer night, "my son has married her! She can't take a class in the school: she would not know Obadiah from Hezekiah: she could not cut out a pinafore if she tried for hours: Robert might preach new-fangled doctrine for a month and she would never find it

out. What could have induced him to fall in love with a woman whose character is so utterly dissimilar to his own?"

Mrs. Leslie was sitting with her daughter-in-law: a little sterner and colder than usual, from being uncertain whether Milly was sufficiently mistress of herself to receive her observations with calmness. It had been a source of bitterness to Mrs. Leslie to find that "Milly" was not merely some pet diminutive, but a name that had been actually given in baptism; and at the commencement of their acquaintance she had suggested that she might address her daughter-in-law by a more conventional one. Somehow Mr. Leslie had fallen into the same habit, and Milly had become "Emilia" in her new home.

"Your constant attendance on your mother, Emilia—though I do not say you could have acted otherwise—has greatly interfered with your duties. You have scarcely ever been to evening chapel for the last three months; and on no less than four separate occasions I have observed that Robert's tea has not been ready on his return from the Sunday school."

All this was true, and Milly making no reply, Mrs. Leslie continued:

"You have neglected several people, too, who have every claim upon your attention. Mrs. Bowle's *Jemima* has had measles: you have never once sent to inquire after her. Mrs. Crawley's cook and housemaid left her without notice: you should have offered her the services of one of the upper girls in the school. These little civilities are expected from a person in your position. Mr. Wareham tells me he has called twice when he knew you were at home, but that he has not seen you. Why is this? He is by far the most important and the most liberal member of your husband's congregation: he ought not to be slighted. He will most probably come in with your husband from the savings bank this morning, and I beg you will not go up to your own room when they are discussing business matters. For my own part, I always found it better to take an interest in them when I lived with my son."

Well! sooner or later Milly knew she must meet Mr. Wareham again, and there might possibly be a sense of relief in the knowledge that their first interview would not be without witnesses. Not even her mother had ever known that before her engagement to Mr. Leslie was declared, Mr. Wareham had suddenly and passionately told her that he loved her—loved her in the face of all the coldness and reserve with which she treated him, and that, let her answer be what it might, he should love her so long as they both lived. She remembered that she had turned from him with something like disgust—that his eye had glared for a moment with fury, and that a vague dread of Mr. Wareham had taken possession of her mind from that period. To share her mother's secret with him, of all persons in the world! She felt there was but one line of conduct to pursue. She must endeavour to keep him in ignorance of the fact that her mother had confided to her the whole wretched history. All this, and much more in detail,—not one amongst us can put on paper the

thousand threads that form the woof of the human mind,—all this had occurred to Milly when her mother-in-law announced Mr. Wareham's intended visit. He came in with Mr. Leslie a few minutes afterwards. Never, perhaps, was there a greater contrast than that which existed between the two men. Mr. Leslie was tall and spare, with strongly marked features, and a kindly expression in his eyes which was at variance with the reserve of his manner. Mr. Wareham represented the opposite type. He was stout and tall: his face fair and handsome: his manners almost affectedly frank and open-hearted.

Poor Milly! Her eyes met Mr. Wareham's, and he knew in that one hurried glance that her mother had left the secret in her keeping. He thought he had never seen her look so pretty since she had been Mr. Leslie's wife. Some strange sort of fascination drew her eyes to his, again and again, and he felt an intense degree of triumph in the idea that he might have it in his power to revenge himself for the genuine look of dislike which had seemed to sink into his very soul when he declared his love for her. A change was working in him which he made no effort to check. He had no longer to ask her for her love or her pity. It might be soon; it might be in the years to come: some day she should feel herself in his power.

If Milly's greeting was more shy and nervous than usual, her mother-in-law atoned for it with a grim suavity which was not always the characteristic of her manner. Mrs. Leslie had one of those natures which never feel antipathies to those with whom they are brought in contact, and who are equally far from yielding to the attractions which are recognised by others. It might form a matter of speculation as to how far such people are independent of the troubles incident to a livelier sympathy, or how, in avoiding such chances, they debar themselves from some of the purest pleasures of humanity. They grow up around us, and we cease to look for signs of interest from them: like trees on which we never hope to find fruit.

Mr. Wareham had some peculiarities,—an occasional freedom of manner amongst them which passed unheeded by Mrs. Leslie. Not so with her son. It was often a subject of regret to him that his chief supporter was a man whom somehow he felt he could not respect, although he had no definite cause of complaint against him; but Mr. Leslie was of an unsuspicious nature in spite of his reserve, and Wareham was too much in earnest from this time forth to risk the betrayal of his purpose by carelessness in Leslie's presence. And so the three sat and talked of the schools, and the charities, and the savings bank, and debated whether the chapel walls would require white-washing in the following half-year, and wondered if Mr. Larkins's bequest would be free from legacy duty. And Milly sat and listened and felt as if a web were weaving round her, and that, struggle as she might, she would never be free again.

CHAPTER III.

WE can all remember some hours in our past life when the light has seemed brighter, the

shadow darker, the joy fuller, and the pain sharper than at other periods. But we have probably passed from inexperience to maturity, and we have learnt to doubt whether any repetition of the circumstances would awaken the sensations which now stand out with such terrible distinctness. In after times, when little children were playing round Milly's knees, and she thanked the Great Giver of Happiness for the full measure she enjoyed, she looked back to the months that succeeded her mother's death with a kind of wonder. Milly, perhaps, had never heard it said that nothing is ever wholly forgotten: she only felt as if she should remember to her dying day all she went through at this time, to the exclusion of the rest of her life.

Wareham was more of a Sybarite than any other man in Trowchester. He lived at the back of his house in order to avoid the din of the market-place, and rose late in the day; so that Milly contrived, when necessity carried her into his nearer neighbourhood, it should be at an hour in the morning when his most important client would have failed to rouse him from his bed. But she could not avoid meeting him at her mother-in-law's. Mrs. Leslie enjoyed nothing better in her cold deliberate way than entertaining her son and daughter, Mr. Wareham, and two or three of Mr. Leslie's congregation in the evening.

It was not a sociable meeting. The visitors clung tenaciously to their tea-cups, as if they dreaded the interval that must elapse before politeness would permit them to go away; and Mrs. Leslie's thoughts were perpetually wandering back to the early days of her marriage, when the social gatherings of her sect had been of the severest possible character, strangely contrasting with the lukewarm demonstrations of religious feeling amongst her son's friends. Mr. Leslie invariably declined to avail himself of the opportunities his mother threw in his way on these occasions of expounding the particular views she loved to hear dwelt upon. In her heart she accused him of undue tolerance of other people's tenets, and of some small amount of moral cowardice when he failed to express himself strongly in defence of the opinions of his childhood. It was on such evenings that all Milly's care and watchfulness were required to keep Mr. Wareham from her side. Gossips had begun to say that young Mrs. Leslie had grown strangely talkative with slight acquaintances, and her husband often looked round in astonishment when she seemed to be asking questions at random. Once or twice, when he heard her laugh with half a dozen people around her, he found himself wishing he had seen tears running down her cheeks instead; something in her voice so smote upon his heart. But she was trying hard to be cheerful, to take an interest in the small affairs of their community, to be on good terms with her mother-in-law, and to hold herself aloof from Mr. Wareham, without giving him cause for offence. With such weak weapons as these was she fighting off the evil day.

It came at last. One Tuesday morning,—day, week, month, year, how they clung to Milly's

memory afterwards!—she was sitting at breakfast with Mr. Leslie, when, looking up, she met his eyes fixed on her with an earnest look she had never seen in them before. He had in his hand a letter which he had just read through, and which he folded up slowly and thoughtfully, and put in his pocket-book. Had she felt less shy she would have asked him if he had had bad news; but as it was, she sat glancing timidly at his face, and waiting for him to speak to her. He did so at last.

"I must go to London by the next train," he said, "and I shall not be back till Thursday. I must ask Mr. Broughton to take the Wednesday evening service for me. Go and fetch your bonnet while I write to him, and walk down to the station with me."

She ran upstairs in a moment. He so rarely asked her to go out, excepting on those occasions when their being separate would have excited remark, that her heart beat with pleasure at the prospect of a walk with him. His preparations were soon made. Again, as they stood in the doorway, she caught his eyes intently bent upon her, and tears rose to hers, she knew not why. He took her in his arms, and kissed her again and again. He had left home for a few days at least half a dozen times before, and yet he had never done so. Well! it was a day of wonders.

On her way home she met Mrs. Leslie coming towards the station, full of curiosity to ascertain what urgent business had called her son to London. Milly did not know: she had not asked him. How often is ignorance as irritating as superior knowledge!

"Not asked him!" said Mrs. Leslie, indignantly. "You would let him preach in a surplice without inquiring whether he had taken leave of his senses. When my son lived with me, he never went anywhere without my cognizance. I really wonder at the indifference with which you see him go about his ordinary avocations without attempting to interfere; but to let him leave Trowchester, and not to know what his address is in London: to suffer him to absent himself on a Wednesday evening, too, without remonstrating with him; it is incredible!"

Milly walked on silently. She had been sunning herself in her husband's kindness, and it was like waking out of a soft, warm sleep to the reality of a winter morning to listen to Mrs. Leslie's reproaches. She did not content herself with her present grievance alone. It seemed as if her son's unaccountable absence had aroused a latent ire which she determined to expend upon his wife.

"Then, again, what is the use of a cushion in the pulpit? Robert has never touched it for the last three months. I watch him closely. The last time he struck it with any energy was on the 15th of February. He is losing all his fervour and emphasis. I certainly blame you for not constantly reminding him, as I used to do formerly, that energetic action ought always to accompany a pulpit discourse."

Milly returned to her own home, but Mrs. Leslie bent her steps to Mr. Wareham's, in search of information. She found that Mr. Wareham was unaware of any cause for her son's absence; but he was greatly abstracted and preoccupied

when he learnt her tidings, and so evidently anxious that her visit should be a short one, that she was obliged to take her departure without obtaining any clue to what she considered a mystery.

Later in the day, Mr. Wareham presented himself at Mr. Leslie's house. He saw that Milly had turned deadly pale at his entrance, and he noticed that when she rose from her seat she steadied herself by leaning on the table near her. He, too, was pale. He had caught sight of his face in a looking-glass as he was leaving his own sitting-room, and he knew that it wore an expression which was not its ordinary one. As he sat down opposite to her, he thought, as he had done many times before, if she had been in his home, what a different place that home would have been! Even now, it was not beyond the verge of possibility. Was it likely she cared so very much for Robert Leslie? Would he not shut himself up in his coldness and reserve, if he imagined there was the slightest wavering in her duty? Wareham knew that he was morbidly sensitive on many points, and had seen him quail before a gossiping tongue. He had a plan, and if that plan succeeded, Trowchester would no longer hold him. No matter. There was his brother's home in Sydney, where he would be welcome: there was a London practice which he could have at little or no sacrifice. His one object attained, the world was all before him to begin again.

"I have ventured to come, Mrs. Leslie," he said, speaking slowly, "for the purpose of discussing some private business with you. I do not know whether you are aware that shortly before your marriage your mother confided to me a very important circumstance, which she wished to remain unknown to Mr. Leslie."

Milly assented by gesture; words she could not find.

"Of course, the confidence reposed in me by Mrs. Lane—or rather Mrs. Vining, for such you are perhaps aware was her real name—has been held sacred, and I should not now put myself into communication with her daughter upon the subject, did I not think it my duty to lay before you certain facts connected with the case."

He paused, in order that his listener might speak: he was sure he heard her heart beating: an old story about a rattlesnake and a bird came into his head as he saw her sitting breathlessly waiting for what was to come.

"Shortly after, Mrs. Vining, acting upon my advice, had written to her husband; he applied to me under circumstances of great distress. He had been seized with illness: he knew his wife's inability to aid him at the time, and he felt sincere regret for the evil he had already brought upon his family. I was glad, for your mother's sake, to be able to help him in his trouble, and I have since provided him with the means of support. I did not inform your mother of Mr. Vining's application to me, because I knew, in the position in which she had placed herself with regard to Mr. Leslie, it was impossible for her to act openly in the matter, and her health was then fast failing her."

"Oh, thank you! thank you! Mr. Wareham,"

cried Milly, tears falling from her eyes unheeded. "You spared her much anxiety at the last."

"The reason of my addressing myself to you now is this," resumed Mr. Wareham: "Mr. Vining's days are numbered. He is living at Brentnor" (this was the name of a little watering-place about seven miles from Trowchester), "and I see him whenever I can find time to drive over. He has asked me to assure you of his deep repentance of his fault, and to beg your forgiveness for the past."

"Oh, my poor father!" sobbed Milly. "Forgive him! Tell him, Mr. Wareham, that I love him dearly, and if I could only see him—"

"That I had thought of," said Mr. Wareham, "and it is possible an interview might be arranged. He wishes to hear from your own lips that you do not hate him as the cause of your mother's sufferings. Of course this could only be in Mr. Leslie's absence."

"But if I could tell him, Mr. Wareham," said Milly, "if I could only tell him! He would forgive the deception, and provide for my poor father's support, if I might only kneel down at his feet and tell him what I have suffered."

"It is not to be thought of for one moment," said Mr. Wareham. "I know his character thoroughly, and do not doubt his kindness; but I say again, it must not be. What I have done, I have done, and there is, I fear, but little more to do." He rose to go. "I shall be in Brentnor to-morrow, and I will let you know, on my return, in what state I have found Mr. Vining."

Once more alone, Milly reproached herself for her ingratitude to Mr. Wareham. All the while she had been distrusting him he had been doing, without a word of thanks, what she would have given everything she possessed not to have left undone. To picture to herself her poor broken-down father, longing for a few words of kindness from her lips: to reproach herself for not having endeavoured to seek him out after her mother's death: at one moment, to long to break her promise, and tell her husband the miserable story; at the next, to try how she could hide it from him more completely:—such was the current of Milly's thoughts, and bitter and wretched and self-humiliating they were.

The night dragged slowly on, and she rose on the following day in a fever of excitement. She watched and waited, starting at the sound of every footstep, till five o'clock in the afternoon, when Mr. Wareham came in hurriedly. He said he had just returned from Brentnor: he had been there all night: Mr. Vining was evidently sinking, and he feared, unless she saw him within a few hours, in this world they could not meet at all.

"Let me go to him, Mr. Wareham!" she implored. "Let me go to him!"

"If there were a railroad to Brentnor, there would be no difficulty," he replied; "but the drive there and back will occupy at least three hours, and your mother-in-law would doubtless hear of your absence. Could you not excuse yourself from attending service at the chapel with her this evening, and, as soon as she has gone, take a fly to Brentnor?"

"Oh, yes, yes," said Milly, who had seen all

the difficulty of freeing herself from Mrs. Leslie's companionship, and was thankful for the suggestion; "but it will be dark; if I do not find a fly—"

"I will take care that one is waiting for you at the market-cross, at a quarter to seven," said Mr. Wareham, "and I will give instructions to the driver. The people of the house in which your father lives are prepared for your coming."

Milly acquiesced in the arrangement.

He calculated, he said, that it would be quite possible for her to get back to Trowchester before half-past nine, the time when Mr. Broughton's hearers would most likely be at liberty to return to their homes, and when her own coming in would probably pass unnoticed.

She tried to thank him, but her words were lost in her tears. How should she look her husband in the face when he returned? How should she ever wipe out the debt of gratitude she owed Mr. Wareham?

Ding, dong, ding. Ding, dong, ding. The cathedral bells again.

She had listened to them as evening after evening sped by in hope, in doubt, in misery. They were associated in her memory with the few eventful hours of her life. Now they rung warnings, reproaches, revivings into her ears. Whichever way she turned, there was treachery, either to her mother's memory or her husband's love.

Mrs. Leslie, calling according to her custom, saw that her daughter-in-law looked fevered and ill, and not ungraciously accepted her excuses. The door had no sooner closed upon her, than Milly ran breathlessly to her room, dressed herself in haste, and took her way to the market-cross, just as the twilight was deepening into shadow. A fly was drawn up in front of the old stone pile. Milly hesitated a moment, as the driver approached her.

"For Brentnor?" he said. "Mr. Wareham has given me my orders."

She got in. She noticed that a man hastily jumped upon the box beside the driver. She was in a state of feverish excitement, by which every nerve was sharpened. Her throat was parched: she could hardly draw her breath, and, with her face turned towards the open window to catch the cool air, she saw she was leaving the town of Trowchester behind her, and speeding out towards the open country.

CHAPTER IV.

ROBERT LESLIE had concluded the business which called him to London sooner than he expected, and, unwilling to be absent from his home an hour longer than was necessary, he had put himself into a train which was due at Trowchester at seven o'clock, and was thinking over the surprise it would be to his wife to see him back again a day earlier than she expected. The railroad passed under the road which led to Brentnor, close by the station, which was nearly a mile from the market-place of Trowchester, and this distance he resolved upon walking, leaving his bag to be sent up to the town. We all know how likely we are to fall into reverie when we are

not in the least hurried; when we have for the moment no dominant feeling; when we are walking—as Robert Leslie was—in a quiet, country road, the twilight almost gone, the stars flashing out at wide intervals, and shadows, deep and soft, settling on the surrounding landscape. But Mr. Leslie had been communing with himself for many a long hour. He had been married for nearly two years, and, somehow, during this time his ideal happiness had slipped farther and farther away from his grasp, and a negative kind of content occupied its place. Was Milly happy? He was afraid not. How seldom her eye grew lighter, or her cheek brighter, when he came! And yet it had been what people call a love-match. Do we not see our own faults? There are moments of self-examination when their presence and identity are no less clearly recognised than our features are in the looking-glass before us; and Mr. Leslie felt that his extreme reserve—the result, perhaps, only of his early training—had chilled the heart of his wife, as distinctly as if some far-seeing friend had laid his finger on the fault and pointed it out to him. There have been some few fortunate people in the world, who have been able to gather up the tangled skeins of the destinies they marred, and have woven them afresh. Mr. Leslie was doing this; thinking how Milly's should be made a brighter life; thinking, that gratefully as he had always acknowledged his mother's sacrifices in his youth, they formed no claim for a certain degree of tyranny which she had since exercised in his household; thinking how much happier Milly would be away from the dull house in Trowchester; thinking joyfully, hopefully, as he felt he had reason to do of the future: when, having reached the road that led to Brentnor, he stood for a moment, waiting for a fly, which was coming up at full speed, to pass him. Was he dreaming? Had he thought of her till his mind was leaving him? A wild cry struck his ears. "Robert! Robert!" A wild cry, as if from a voice that had no power to shriek. If indeed he were sane, it must have come from the carriage that passed him. It was almost out of sight. Utterly bewildered, he was unaware of the approach of a person on horseback from the direction of the town, a middle-aged farmer on a large-limbed grey mare, which had carried him at a lazy pace for the last ten years. He recognised Mr. Leslie, and wished him good evening.

"Did a carriage pass you just now?" asked Mr. Leslie, hastily, without attending to his greeting.

"Surely," was the reply.

"With a woman in it?"

"Surely."

"Mr. Lindsay,—you will think it an odd request,—will you lend me your mare for half an hour? I'll bring her back to you safe."

"No fear of that, Mr. Leslie," replied the farmer, good-naturedly, getting off as quickly as habitual slowness would permit him. "I'll just walk down to the station, and be here by the time you are back."

Mr. Leslie's weight was about two-thirds less than his friend's, and the mare, urged by voice and touch, started at a tolerable pace. In two or

three minutes the fly was again in sight: he could see that the man seated on the box looked back several times, and the rate at which the vehicle was moving was almost doubled. On went the mare, gathering strength and spirit from her unwonted exertions: the space between the pursuer and the pursued lessening at every step; the way becoming more and more obscure.

How often in moments of strong excitement it has seemed as if dumb animals, our dogs or our horses, have sympathised more kindly with us than our fellow creatures! Leslie was breathless with eagerness as he came within hail of the fly, and the mare could with difficulty be held in. He shouted to the driver to stop, but his voice was disregarded, and in another moment he was abreast of the vehicle. He had endeavoured to overtake it, because he was persuaded he had heard his wife's voice as it passed him; but yet he was almost stupified with astonishment when her pale face met his. To seize the driver's arm, and possess himself of the reins, in spite of his resistance, was the work of a moment, when a heavy blow with the butt-end of a whip, aimed at his head, but falling on his shoulder, caused him to look for his assailant. It was with extreme surprise that he recognised Wareham.

They were at this juncture opposite one of the little roughly-built houses faced with round stones stuck in the clay, which are everywhere to be seen on the south coast. Here was to be sold "Beer to be drunk on the premises;" and two or three persons, who seemed by their bewilderment by no means to have disregarded the injunction, ran out to see what had happened. Mr. Leslie sprang off the mare, and having thrown the bridle to the first comer, forced the terrified driver to dismount. Wareham, too, had got down, perhaps still hoping that the horse might be urged on, if he could possess himself of the reins.

"Take care, Robert Leslie," he said, as they met face to face; "you had better let me pass. This evening's work will be the worst in your life, if you persist in stopping my way."

Leslie, not heeding him, had opened the carriage door. Milly got out, with trembling steps.

"Why are you here?" he asked, impetuously.

"Mrs. Leslie is with me with her own full consent," said Wareham. "I appeal to her to say whether this is not the truth."

There was no reply. Leslie half-carried, half-dragged her into the house, and pushing open the first door, which was that of a little sanded parlour, looked in her face by the light of the solitary tallow candle which was burning there.

"I ask you," said Leslie, steadying his voice, "why you are here?"

"Robert, forgive me; don't think ill of me," she said. "I have been tied by a sacred promise to keep a secret—"

"A secret with which *he* is acquainted?" said Leslie, indignantly pointing to Wareham, who had followed them into the room. "Till this night," he said, turning to him, "I have looked upon you and treated you as a friend. In some underhand manner you have abused this trust."

"I have abused no trust," replied Mr. Wareham, with emphasis.

"You are mistaken," interrupted Mr. Leslie, contemptuously, "if you think I believe my wife to be anything but the victim of some wilful misrepresentation on your part. Your malice is harmless there."

"Possibly," replied Mr. Wareham, who felt that he had but his last card to play. "Hark you, Robert Leslie. You think I owe you an explanation of this night's proceedings. Mrs. Leslie is with me voluntarily; but ostensibly, I may say, on affairs relating to certain family antecedents with which it is not desirable that you should become acquainted."

"You may speak freely," said Mr. Leslie, looking at him coldly.

"I intend to do so—in Trowchester," replied Mr. Wareham, his face growing white. "You have won from me the only woman I ever loved. Guard yourself from the tongues of the fools who have hitherto looked up to you. Hide yourself from scoffing eyes, from your mother's reproaches, from your friends' sneers. It may be a poor revenge, and it has been long in coming, but it will be some satisfaction to me to see your position, when it is known in your small world that your wife is the daughter of a returned convict."

And with that last shaft, flung with the bitterest look of hatred, Mr. Wareham turned and left the room. Mr. Leslie closed the door, and stood thoughtfully before his wife.

"It is true, Robert," she said, the tears raining from her eyes, "but I did not know it when I married you. I did not know how much I had injured you till my mother's death. My poor father wished to see me before he died, and Mr. Wareham was taking me to him."

"My poor girl! My poor Milly!" he said, taking her in his arms. "He is dead. I stood beside his grave this morning. It was to see him carried to it that I went to London. Some day we will go and look at it together. Milly, you remember the night before our marriage? I left your mother's house later than usual. I found a wretched-looking man watching by the door. He evidently knew who and what I was. At first I could hardly believe his statements; but when I recalled many circumstances connected with your mother, I began to think that what he said might be true. It was a sad, sad story; and he was both ill and desperate. In the morning the whole affair would be known in Trowchester. I had but a few minutes to choose between giving you up, or purchasing his silence. I took him to an out-of-the-way inn, where he could rest and refresh himself, till a train started for London, and I did not lose sight of him till he was safely in it. I then wrote to an old friend in London, in whom I knew I could place confidence, directing him to provide your father with necessities, and to procure him medical advice. From time to time I have learnt that all efforts to restore his health have been unavailing, and on Tuesday morning you saw me open the letter which announced his death. How Mr. Wareham got possession of the secret, and how far he intended to abuse his knowledge of it, I shall never seek to know. I only have been to

blame, for I have acted like a coward from first to last. Forgive me, Milly!"

What more he said, and in what words she replied, is it not written in the memories of both?

"Although the day be ever so long,
At last it will ring for evening song."

Robert Leslie and his wife left Trowchester a few weeks afterwards. He had been offered a better and wider field for his ministry in London, whither his mother did not care to follow him; his successor giving her far greater satisfaction, in a doctrinal point of view, than he had ever done.

Mr. Wareham went out to Australia, having married the daughter of a farmer a few days before his departure,—a kind-hearted, cherry-cheeked girl, who had long hopelessly admired him in secret, and who accepted gratefully the small amount of affection he proffered. And if the Trowchester people repeated every story but the right one concerning them all, what did it signify? We are mistaken, if we think a wonder ever lasts out the nine days which the old saying allots to it.

STRANGE WILLS.

OF course we ought to begin with Adam's will, the father of all wills; and if we could produce that patriarchal document, we should undoubtedly find in it the germs of all the merits, faults, and eccentricities of wills to come. But, unfortunately, though a Testament of Adam does exist, it is a forgery; and nothing will convince us to the contrary,—not even the Mussulman tradition, which asserts that on the occasion of our great forefather beginning to make his bequests, seventy legions of angels brought him sheets of paper and quill pens, nicely nibbed, all the way from Paradise; and that the Archangel Gabriel set to his seal as witness. What! four hundred and twenty thousand sheets of paper!—surely a needless consumption of material, when there was nothing to be bequeathed but a view over the hedge of an impracticable garden.

If we pass to Noah's testament, we are again among the apocrypha. In it, Noah portions his landed property, the globe, into three shares, one for each son: America is not included in the division for obvious reasons. It was left for "manners" sake, and manners has never got it; though each of the three sons or their descendants has had a rubble, but Brother Japhet seems most likely to get it all, for he is bowing Brother Shem* out, and using Brother Ham as his bondsman. Sharp fellow, Japhet! especially in America.

The testament of the twelve Patriarchs must be glanced at, as it is received as canonical by the Armenian Church, and learned men have hesitated to pronounce it a forgery. Reuben speaks of sleep as having been, in Paradise, only a sweet ecstasy; whilst now, after the Fall, it has become a continually recurring image of death. Simeon bewails his former hostility to Joseph; and relates, that his brother's bones were preserved in the Royal treasury of Egypt. Levi is oracular; Judah rejoices in the sceptre left to his race; Issachar

* The Red Indian is of Semitic origin.

unfolds the future of the Jews; Zebulon relates that the brethren supplied themselves with shoes from the money which they got by the sale of Joseph. There seems to be some allusion to this tradition in the prophet Amos (ii. 6; viii. 6). Dan recommends his posterity to practise humility; Nephtali sees visions; Gad is contrite; Asser prophesies the coming of the Messiah; Joseph, the incarnation; Benjamin, the destruction of the Temple.

There exists a very curious and ancient testament of Job, which was discovered and published by Cardinal Mai, in 1839; it relates many details which we may look for in vain in the Canonical Book. In it Job's faithful wife, when reduced to the utmost poverty, sells the hair of her head to procure bread for her husband.

What a remarkable document a will is! It is the voice of a man now dead, coming back in the hush of a darkened house—from the vault, low and hoarse as an echo. It speaks, and people hearken; it commands, and people obey; law supports and enforces its wishes; no power on earth can alter it. We expect to hear the voice calm, earnest, and speaking true judgment; terrible indeed if it breaks out with a snarl of hate—more terrible still if it gibbers and laughs a hollow, ghost-like laugh. For, surely, the most solemn moment of a life is that when the will is written: that will, which is to speak for man when the voice is passed as a dream; when the heart which devises it has ceased to throb; the head which frames it has done with thinking—under the fresh mould; the hand which pens it has been pressed, thin and white, against a cold shroud, to moulder with it: surely he who, at such a moment, can write words of hate must have a black heart, but he who ventures then to gibe and jest must have no heart at all.

There is some truth in the old ghost-creed; man can return after death; he does so in his will. He comes to some, as Jupiter came to Danaë, in a shower of gold; to others, as a blighting spectre, whose promised treasures turn to dust. What excitement the reading of a will causes in a family! and what interest does the world at large take in the bequests of a person of position! The last words of great men seem always to have possessed a peculiar value in the eyes of the people.

"Live, Brutus, live!" shouts the Roman mob in "Julius Cæsar;" but on hearing what Cæsar's will promises, how

"To every Roman citizen, he gives,—

To every several man,—seventy-five drachmas . . .

His private arbours, and new planted orchards,

On this side Tiber: he hath left them you,

And to your heirs for ever;—"

then the mob changes note, and with one voice shouts, "To Brutus, to Cassius;—burn all!"

"Testamenta hominum speculum esse morum vulgo creditur."—(Plin. jun., 8 Ess. 18.)

So they are! They are the last touch of the brush in the great picture of civilisation, manners and customs, lightening it up. Would that our space permitted us to enter into the history of wills: a few curious particulars alone can we admit.

To die without having made a will was formerly regarded with horror. A very common custom in the middle ages was that of leaving considerable benefactions to the Church. This was well enough, but the clergy were not satisfied until it was made compulsory.

Ducange says that neglect of leaving to the Church indicated a profanity, which deserved punishment by a refusal of the rites of the last sacraments and burial. The clergy of Brittany, in the fourteenth century, claimed a third of the household goods; the death-bed became ecclesiastical property in the diocese of Auxère; and Clement V. settled the claims of the Church, by deciding that the parish-priest might take as his perquisite a ninth of all the movables in the house of the dead man, after the debts of the deceased had been paid off.

Here we conclude our historical notes, and proceed at once—perhaps somewhat strangely—to give the reader a specimen of a will coming decidedly under our heading. It is that of a *Pig*. The will is ancient enough. S. Jerome, in his "Proemium on Isaiah," speaks of it, saying, that in his time (fourth century) children were wont to sing it at school, amidst shouts of laughter. Alexander Brassicanus, who died in 1539, was the first to publish it; he found it in a MS. at Mayence. Later, G. Fabricius gave a corrected edition of it from another MS., found at Memel in Thuringia, and, since then, it has been in the hands of the learned. The original is in Latin; we translate, modifying slightly one expression and omitting one bequest:

"I, M. Grunnius Corocotta Porcellus, have made my testament, which, as I can't write myself, I have dictated.

"Says Magirus, the cook: 'Come along, thou who turnest the house topsy-turvy, spoiler of the pavement, O fugitive Porcellus! I am resolved to slaughter thee to-day.'

"Says Corocotta Porcellus: 'If ever I have done thee any wrong, if I have sinned in any way, if I have smashed any wee pots with my feet; O Master Cook, grant pardon to thy suppliant!'

"Says the cook Magirus: 'Halloo, boy! go, bring me a carving-knife out of the kitchen, that I may make a bloody Porcellus of him.'

"Porcellus is caught by the servants, and brought out to execution on the xvi. before the Lucernine Kalends, just when young colewort-sprouts are in plenty, Clybaratus and Piperatus being Consuls.

"Now, when he saw that he was about to die, he begged hard of the cook an hour's grace, just to write his will. He called together his relations, that he might leave to them some of his victuals; and he said:

"I will and bequeath to my papa, Verrinus Lardinus, 30 bush. of acorns.

I will and bequeath to my mamma, Veturina Scrofa, 40 bush. of Laconian corn.

I will and bequeath to my sister, Quirona, at whose nuptials I may not be present, 30 bush. of barley.

"Of my mortal remains, I will and bequeath my bristles to the cobblers, my teeth to squabblers, my ears to the deaf, my tongue to lawyers and chatter-boxes, my entrails to tripe-men, my hams to gluttons, my stomach to little boys, my tail to little girls, my muscles to effeminate parties, my heels to runners and

hunters, my claws to thieves; and, to a certain cook, whom I won't mention by name, I bequeath the cord and stick which I brought with me from my oak-grove to the sty, in hopes that he may take the cord and hang himself with it.

"I will that a monument be erected to me, inscribed with this, in golden letters:

M. GRUNNIUS COROCOTTA PORCELLUS, who lived 999 years,—six months more, and he would have been 1000 years old.

"Friends dear to me whilst I lived, I pray you to have a kindness towards my body, and embalm it well with good condiments, such as almonds, pepper, and honey, that my name may be named through ages to come.

"O my masters and my comrades, who have assisted at the drawing up of this testament, order it to be signed.

"(Signed) Lucanicus. Celsanus. Cymatus."
Pergillus. Lardio.
Mystalicus. Ofellicus.

Whilst on this subject we might say a word about the epitaph on the mule of P. Crassus; or about that written by Rapin on the ass, which, poor fellow, was eaten whilst in the flower of his age, during the siege of Paris, in 1590; or about Joachim du Bellay, who composed an epitaph on his cat; or about Justus Lipsius, who erected mausoleums for his three cats—Mopsus, Saphisus, and Mopsulus: but we are not writing on epitaphs or grave-stones.

We proceed to give a few instances of animals which have received legacies.

If it is a keen trial for a husband to leave his wife, for a young man to be taken from his pleasures, or a commercial man from his business, can we wonder at old ladies feeling the wrench sharp which tears them from the society of their dear cats—the companions of their spinster- or widowhood; or at old bachelors being distressed at having to part with their faithful dogs?—to part with them for ever, too, unless we believe in Bishop Butler's suggestion, that there is a future for beasts, and enjoy the confidence of Mr. Sewell, of Exeter College, who dedicated one of his published poems "To my Pony in Heaven."

The Count de la Mirandole, who died in 1825, left a legacy to his favourite carp, which he had nourished for twenty years in an antique fountain standing in his hall. In low life we find the same love for an animal displayed by a peasant of Toulouse, in 1781, who doted on his old chestnut horse, and left the following will:

"I declare that I institute my chestnut horse sole legatee, and I wish him to belong to my nephew N."

This testament was attacked, but, curiously enough, it received legal confirmation.

The following clause from a will was in the English papers for March, 1828:

"I leave to my monkey, my dear, amusing Jackoo, the sum of 10*l.* sterling, to be enjoyed by him during his life; it is to be expended solely in his keep. I leave to my faithful dog, Shock, and to my beloved cat, Tib, 5*l.* sterling, a-piece, as yearly pension. In the event of the death of one of the aforesaid legatees, the sum due to him shall pass to the two survivors, and on the death of one of these two, to the last, be he who he may. After the decease of all parties, the sum

left them shall belong to my daughter G——, to whom I show this preference, above all my children, because she has a large family and finds a difficulty in filling their mouths and educating them."

But a more curious case still is that of Mr. Berkey, of Knightsbridge, who died May 5th, 1805. He left a pension of 25*l.* per annum to his four dogs. This singular individual had spent the latter part of his life wrapped in the society of his curs, on whom he lavished every mark of affection. When anyone ventured to remonstrate with him for expending so much money on their maintenance, or suggested that the poor were more deserving of sympathy than these mongrel pups, he would reply: "Men assailed my life: dogs preserved it." This was a fact, for Mr. B. had been attacked by brigands in Italy, and had been rescued by his dog, whose descendants the four pets were. When he felt his end approaching, he had his four dogs placed on couches by the sides of his bed. He received their last caresses, extended to them his faltering hand, and breathed his last between their paws. According to his desire, the busts of these favoured brutes were sculptured at the corners of his tomb.

In 1677, died Madame Dupuis, who, under her maiden name of Mademoiselle Jeanne Felix, had been known as a great musician. Her will was so extraordinary and malicious, that it was nullified. To it was attached a memorandum, which is still more extraordinary. We shall not quote the passages wherein she vilifies her son-in-law, imputing to him every vice she can think of, but translate the final clause:

"I pray Mademoiselle Bluteau, my sister, and Madame Calogne, my niece, to take care of my cats. Whilst two live, they shall have thirty sous a month, that they may be well fed. They must have, twice a day, meat soup of the quality usually served on table; but they must be given it separately, each having his own saucer. The bread must not be crumbled in the soup, but cut up into pieces about the size of hazel-nuts, or they cannot eat it. When boiled beef is put into the pot with the soaked bread, some thin slices of raw meat must be put in as well, and the whole stewed till it is fit for eating. When only one cat lives, half the money will suffice. Nicole Pigeon shall take care of the cats, and cherish them. Madame Calonge may go and see them."

Certainly people show their love in different ways. Counsellor Winslow, of Copenhagen (d. June 24, 1811), ordered by will that his carriage horses should be shot, to prevent their falling into the hands of cruel masters.

We only mention the "cat and dog" money, which is yearly given to six poor weavers' widows of the names of Fabry or Ovington, at Christ Church, Spitalfields, and which, according to tradition, was left in the first instance for the support of cats and dogs; and remind our readers of the cow and bull benefactions in several English parishes, where money has been left to the parish to provide cattle whose milk may go to the poor. The poor have been often remembered by testators, as our numerous alms-houses, benefactions, and doles prove.

It were difficult to choose a better sample of a charitable bequest, which could properly come

under our title, than the following simple and touching will of a French priest, Jean Certain, curé of a little parish in the Côte-d'Or, who died in 1740, with some 1200*l.* :

"I brought with me nothing into my parish but my cassock and breviary,—these I leave to my heirs : the rest I bequeath to the poor of my parish."

This reminds us of a conversation we once had with a foreign ecclesiastic on the subject of celibacy. We dilated on the comforts of the parson's home in England,—the delectable children,—the charming wife. "But," interrupted our friend the priest, "I have a wife too,—my parish !"

Wives, poor bodies ! do not come off so well always as did the parish-wife of Jean Certain ; for a crabbed husband will sometimes control and torment his good woman after he is dead and buried, or even play a bitter jest, as did one man, who left his wife 500 *g.*—neat, but with the stipulation, that she was not to enjoy it till after her death, when the sum was to be expended on her funeral. Or, as the author of the following :

"Since I have had the misfortune of having had to wife Elizabeth M——, who, since our marriage, has tormented me in a thousand ways ; and since, not content with showing her contempt for my advice, she has done everything that lay in her power to render my life a burden to me ; so that Heaven seems only to have sent her into the world for the purpose of getting me out of it the sooner ; and since the strength of Samson, the genius of Homer, the prudence of Augustus, the skill of Pyrrhus, the patience of Job, the subtlety of Hannibal, the vigilance of Hermogenes, would not suffice to tame the perversity of her character ; and since nothing can change her, though we have lived separated for eight years, without my having gained anything by it but the loss of my son, whom she has spoiled, and whom she has persuaded to abandon me altogether ; weighing carefully and attentively all these considerations, I have bequeathed, and do bequeath, to the aforesaid Elizabeth M——, my wife, *one shilling.*"

The clause in Shakespeare's will must not be forgotten :

"I gyve unto my wief, my second-best bed, with the furniture," and nothing else.

We hope that this was not intended as a spiteful jest ; but men are irritable, and women are so trying ! The best bed would not have been a bad gift, as the grand four-poster was an expensive article in Elizabethan days ; but the second-best seems *rather* a paltry legacy. However, as we are perfectly sure to have the noble army of Shakespearean commentators down upon us, if we venture to impute other than the highest and purest of motives to their idol, for the sake of peace we are perfectly willing to believe the bed to have been the most valuable gift that could have been made,—that sovereigns, roses, and angels were stitched into the coverlets and stuffed into the pillows ; just as the miser Tolam bequeathed :

"To my sister-in-law, four old stockings which are under my bed, on the right.

Item : To my nephew, Tarles, two more old stockings.

Item : To Lieut. John Stone, a blue stocking, and my red cloak.

Item : To my cousin, an old boot, and a red flannel pocket.

Item : To Hannach, my jug without a handle."

Imagine the disgust of the legatees, till Hannach, kicking the jug, smashed it, and out rolled a quantity of sovereigns. The stockings, boot, and flannel pocket were soon seized now, and found to be as auriferous as the old pot. Now why should not the second-best bed left to Mrs. Skakespeare have been as valuable a bequest ? We suggest this to Messrs. Dyce, Knight, Collier, Halliwell, and Co.

Whilst talking about beds, let us not forget a very odd story. In the earlier part of this century, there lived in the neighbourhood of Caen, in Normandy, a Juge de Paix, M. Halloin, a great lover of tranquillity and ease ; so much so indeed, that, as bed is the article of furniture most adapted to repose, he rarely quitted it, but made his bed-chamber a hall of audience, in which he exercised his functions of Justice of Peace, pronouncing sentence, with his head resting on a pillow, and his body languidly extended on the softest of feather-beds. However, his services were dispensed with, and he devoted himself for the remaining six years of his life to still greater ease. Feeling his end approach, M. Halloin determined on remaining constant to his principle, and showing to the world to what an extent he carried his passion for bed. Consequently, his last will contained a clause expressing his desire to be buried at night, in his bed, comfortably tucked in, with pillows and coverlets as he had died. As no opposition was raised against the execution of this clause, a huge pit was sunk, and the defunct was lowered into his last resting-place, without any alteration having been made in the position in which death had overtaken him.

Boards were laid over the bed, that the falling earth might not disturb this imperturbable quietist.

Many testators leave directions for the treatment of their bodies : some are over-solicitous for their preservation, whilst others choose to show their contempt for that body, which, after all, will rise again ; Dr. Ellerby, the Quaker, for instance, who bequeathed his lungs to one friend and his brains to another, with a threat that he would haunt them if they refused to accept the legacy. Others, from motives of humility, act somewhat similarly. The Emperor, Maximilian I., willed that his hair should be shorn, and his teeth brazed in a mortar, and then burned publicly in his chapel ; also that his body should be buried in a sack with quick-lime, beneath the footpace of the altar of S. George at Neustadt, so that his heart might be beneath the celebrant's feet. His intentions were carried out at the time : but afterwards his remains were translated to Inspruck, and they now lie under that goodly monument raised by Ferdinand I., his deeds graven tenderly in white marble about him, and eight-and-twenty mighty bronze paladins and princes standing guard about the choir wherein he sleeps.

If some folk leave injunctions about their bodies, others are as particular about their names. Henry Green, for instance, by will dated 22nd

December, 1679, gave to his sister, Catharine Green, during her life, all his lands in Melbourne, Derby, and after her decease to others in trust, upon condition that the said Catharine Green should give four green waistcoats to four poor women in a green old age, every year, such green waistcoats to be lined with green galloon lace, and to be delivered to the said poor women on or before 21st December, yearly, that they might be worn on Christmas Day.

That the good men do may live after them, at least on their tombstones, has induced some to leave money as bribes to the writers of their epitaphs. The Abbé de la Rivière, son of an appraiser of wood, who became Bishop-duke of Langres, devised 100 écus for that purpose. But La Monnoye wrote the following :

"Here lies a notable personage,
Of family proud, of ancient lineage ;
His virtues unnumbered, his knowledge profound,
Remarkably humble, remarkably wise ;—
Come, come ! for twenty-five pound,
I've told enough lies !"

Another clause in the Abbé's will deserves to be recorded, from its pithiness :

"To my steward, I leave *nothing* ; because he has been in my service for eighteen years."

This reminds one of an anecdote told of the Cardinal Dubois, whose servants came to him every New Year's Day to present their congratulations, and to receive a New Year's box. When the steward came in his turn, the Cardinal said to him :

"Monsieur, I present you with all that you have stolen from me."

The pleasure of receiving a legacy must be generally mingled with pain, more or less intense, according to the nearness of relationship of the deceased, or the affection we have had for him : but, when a plump legacy drops into our laps from a totally unexpected quarter, and left by one for whom we did not care, or possibly whom we did not know,—the amount of pain must be very minute. Such a case was that of a lady who came in for a large fortune from an eccentric individual whom she had never spoken to, though she had seen him at the opera, or in the park. The wording of the will was :

"I supplicate Miss B—— to accept my whole fortune, too feeble an acknowledgment of the inexpressible sensations which the contemplation of her adorable nose has produced on me."

The following is as curious. A good citizen of Paris, who died about 1779, inserted this clause in his will :

"Item: I leave to M. l'Abbé, Thirty-thousand-men, 1,200 livres a year : I do not know him by any other name, but he is an excellent citizen, who certified me in the Luxembourg, that the English, that ferocious people which dethrones its monarchs, will soon be destroyed."

On opening the testament, the executors were sorely puzzled to know who this Abbé Thirty-thousand-men could possibly be. At last, several

people deposed that this citizen, a sworn enemy of the English and a great politician, had been wont every day to march up and down the Allée des Larmes in the Luxembourg ; there he used to meet with an Abbé, who had as great an abhorrence of the English as himself, and who was perpetually urging :—"Those English rascals aren't worth a straw. 30,000 men only are wanted,—30,000 men raised,—30,000 embarked,—30,000 landed,—and London would be in the hands of 30,000 men. A mere trifle !"

This was verified, and the legacy was delivered over to the intrepid Abbé, who had little dreamed of the spoil his 30,000 men were to bring him.

There is a question which we have been asking ourselves repeatedly, and which we now put before the reader. Is it possible to classify these wills ? We have tried to do so, and have failed in every attempt. First, we have distributed them according to the bequests contained in them ;—legacies of money, goods, animals, persons (of which latter, by the way, we have not given an example). There is no reason which can justify such an arbitrary system. Then again, when we arrange them according to the motives of the testator, as, wills indited by a perverted moral sense, or those composed under the influence of an aberration of the intellect, then we are obliged to exclude that of Corocotta Porcellus, of Jean Certain, beside many others, which can hardly be forced into position under either of these heads. And it is because the mind of man is too intricate, his motives too involved, his feelings too transient, his principles too obscure, for us to divide and subdivide the actions springing from them, as we can settle the classes of molluscs, or determine the genera of butterflies,—that in this paper we have attempted nothing of the kind. For wills are, as has been shown, as diverse as the hearts of men, of which they are the transcripts. An anatomist may dissect the heart, may name and register every muscle and fibre,—but he can tell us nothing of the motives which impelled that heart to throb faster, or chilled it to a sudden stillness. The bitterness of hate has left no poison in its cavities, in it the fleeting passion has set no seal, emotion left no trace, pity relaxed no nerve. The impulses which brought forth so full a leafage of action are lost, as the sap from the bare tree.

So surely as the berry indicates the soundness of the root, the flower of the bulb, so does man's last will tell of the goodness or foulness of the heart which conceived it. The cankered root sends up only a sickly, withered germ, which brings forth no fruit in due season ; whilst the wine that maketh glad the heart of man, the oil which maketh him a cheerful countenance, and the bread that strengthens his heart, have burst from roots which mildew has never marred, nor worm fretted.

Hitherto we have presented little but what is cramped or distorted to the reader ; the generous and good, often quite as eccentric, have only received a passing touch, for we may possibly speak of "Curious Benefactions" in a separate article.

S. BARING-GOULD, M.A.

A WALK OUT OF RAVENNA.

It requires a good treat in prospect to take one for a hot walk in the dusty, dreary road towards Rimini. Yet it is something to go the same way the first Cæsar did with his one legion, when he had decided upon "crossing the Rubicon," and to visit the spot where the second Cæsar formed his Portsmouth on the Adriatic, and where imperial fleets could ride two to three hundred strong over spots which are now covered by the pine and juniper, or offering a poor return to the agriculturist. But, for those who care more about seeing than imagining, the thrilling intimation in the Guide-book about a Basilica which forms a "finer specimen of Christian art than any which can be found even in Rome," forms the true antidote to fatigue and heat in reaching it.

So we start from the Spada d'Oro, and on our way to the Porta Nuova look once again at the remains of the palace of Theodoric, at its old windows and the assumed sarcophagus in the wall, and moralise upon the fact that, like other non-historic buildings, it bears the announcement "apartments to let," and looks as if they ought not to be expensive ones. We stand once more in the nave of the fine church the royal Goth built at the beginning of the sixth century, as a cathedral for his Arian bishops, and rejoice to find that there at least there is nothing "to let." After thirteen centuries the twenty-two virgins still offer their vows to the Virgin, and the twenty-five saints theirs to the Saviour, in the fine mosaic which lines the walls of the Clerestory almost from end to end. Other sights then gladden the eye of the antiquarian; but our purpose is a walk, and we must not stop there any longer. The Greek cross by the roadside, outside the walls, reminds us that we are walking on a broad turnpike road, over the site of what was some three hundred years ago a fine Basilica, which had descended from the times when Cæsarea spread far and near, as a sort of Portsea, over lands which are now traversed only by the labourer and the harvestman.

A mile or so farther on we enter upon a flat, marshy region, from which everything like an eminence looks quite blue in the distance, and which has but a detached building or two where once, before the fierce Lombard came, was a flourishing community of inhabitants. Country people now stand about spearing fish in ditches, where "Jack ashore" once had his "fiddle and his glass," or his other entertainment, in stately classic; the lizards look in vain for a sunny stone to scramble on out of all the edifices that used to cover the ground; the rats alone execute their advance and retreat in the banks where the Roman marines used to drill; and, where dainty figures used to glide in and out of the houses, the long snake wriggles in and out of the scanty road-grass, in and out of the poisonous-looking water. In this malarious tract, almost alone, but not yet quite forgotten, the noble old church of S. Apollinaris in Classe still rears its venerable form as proudly as when it was built and consecrated, much as it now is, in the early part of the sixth century. To be sure, a large part of its exterior

quadrapartitus is gone, and the round belfry, 120 feet high and 33 feet in diameter, is patched, cracked, and entirely hollow throughout; still the body of the building, made of the thin Roman tile, looks perfectly sound after more than 1300 years of service; and those who wish to know what the old architects could do with the round arch, and by their simple arrangement of details, may chance to come away with an alleviated mania for what is called Gothic. But we are speaking of the inside by anticipation, and have to apply first for admittance at the sort of farm-cottage by, from which we find ourselves conducted by a cicerone in the garb of a Franciscan friar, who lets us in by a side-door into the Basilica. He is aware that only a word or two of what he says is understood, still he goes on undismayed with his tale of what has been in that ancient fane, compared with what now is. More intelligible by his gestures than by the utterance of his gentle plaintive voice, he directs our attention now to the scale and proportions of the whole building, now to the fine pillars of Greek marble, now to the mosaics of the tribune coeval with the church, but almost undimmed by the succession of ages since they were first admired, then to the portraits of the 125 bishops and archbishops of the see, and then again to the large and fine sarcophagi that inclose the bones of some of them, and are now silent witnesses of the affectionate munificence of times gone by. The floor, where the Emperor Otho passed his forty days of penance, is now dank and chilly even in the heats of summer; the walls have been denuded of their marbles, carried off by Sigismund Malatesta to Rimini; mustiness broods over the less conspicuous objects; and the sated thoughts contemplate at last a reappearance outside amongst the ditches and the rushes and the pools tenanted by native races, of which frogs and toads form the more or less elegant representatives. We incur a mild rebuke from our Capuchin for offering one of his order the coin he puts for us into the alms-box, and then the rusty iron gate creaks on its hinges as we pass through what was once the well-frequented chief entrance of the Basilica. Looking around us, we see the celebrated Pine Forest, once the great resource for Roman ship-builders, apparently so close that we are easily lured onwards to seek a lounge amidst its shade and sylvan beauties, before returning to the rough streets and dull circumstantialities of the old city of the Gracchi. The road by which it is accessible proves to be much longer than we anticipated; the heat is dissolving and paralysing; the dust occasionally stifling; and the known insalubrity of the region suggests unwelcome experience of one of its fevers in an unacclimatized constitution. But our attention is attracted by a something novel and puzzling:—bundles of human clothing appear moving along mysteriously at a certain height from the ground, and the rank vegetation does not at first allow us to detect the machinery with which they are connected. First, two or three apparitions of this sort excite our curiosity, then the rising up of erect figures amongst the larger numbers of fifty to a hundred, which we gradually discover elsewhere, clearly

proves to us that the bundles have real live flesh and blood inside them, and it remains to be ascertained what in the world people can be doing so carefully under the broiling sun in what appears so unlikely a place for anything to repay their trouble. We execute a skilful flank movement along one of the less precarious looking of the little dykes which we observe dividing the land into square inclosures, and so contrive gradually to approach a party we have selected for inspection. The mystery is solved by finding that we are forming our first acquaintance with the details of "rice" cultivation; and in the scene before us we have a representation, on European principles, of the outline of slave-labour, such as we imagine it to appear elsewhere. The most prominent figure is a tall, swarthy man, generally holding a sort of tall wooden prong, and his authority seems a little rigidly exerted over the batch of female "workers" under his direction. The fields are several inches under water, as they are allowed to be in Italy during the whole period of growth of the rice plant; and men may often in Lombardy be seen mowing it up to their knees in the genial fluid, which is said to support the weakness of the stalk. The poor women, whom we reach in our walk, look at a little distance like so many monstrous human Cochinchinas,—the result of being obliged to remain perpetually in a low stooping posture, without soaking or perhaps being interfered with by their drapery. The difficulty of keeping their drapery permanently out of the water is so great, that they are obliged constantly to get upon the dykes, and there repeat what is evidently a very skilful arrangement under the circumstances, but the nature of which we need not divulge until rice comes to be extensively cultivated amongst ourselves. Hour after hour they move about on the slimy bottom of the flooded field, inhaling the marshy exhalations, baked in the noon-tide blaze, pulling up with aged or childish hands the obstructive weeds, or otherwise preparing in spring for the autumn crop of rice. Refreshed now and then with a draught of purer water than what surrounds them, old and young amongst them contrive, even in a posture not best adapted for vocalisation, to strike up a faint chorus, and suggest the idea of contentment with their lot, while it may chance to carry their thoughts for a while elsewhere, or lessen the sense of vertebral dislocation. On the whole, the sort of work is not probably so unhealthy as rice-cultivation in the swamps of America; but it is acknowledged to be dangerous in the Milanese district, and cannot well be less so at Ravenna. If it were ever so innocuous, it is difficult to suppose it over-pleasant to those who are employed in it.

As for the glades of the Pine Forest, to which we resort after our other wanderings, they have had great poets and writers to expatiate upon them, and we can only say that they are not likely to disappoint expectation. The trees are fine, the undergrowth not uncomfortably tangled, the sward is velvety, the acres of drying cones a novel item in commerce, and away from the marshy spots all combines to form an agreeable and sweet-scented retreat.

DAWN IN AN EASTERN JUNGLE.

(SUGGESTED BY A NIGHT-JOURNEY IN ORYLOW.)

AMID the forest glades we went
Before the break of day;
Pale Dian from the firmament
Shot down a trembling ray.
And, as we upwards turned and gazed,
The clustering constellations blazed,
Like blossomed thorns in May!

A lovely land, a lonely land!
Nor house nor home was nigh:
Deep forest glooms on either hand;
Above, the open sky;
The turf beneath was green and soft,
As is a daisied English croft,
Where children love to lie.

The fireflies lit their magic lamps
That wreath the boughs in flame,
And, glittering 'mid the dewy damps,
Alternate went and came;
Each tree 'mid tiny cressets shone,
Fruited as if with diamond-stone,
Or gems of rarest fame!

No tramp of elephants was heard
Emerging from the brake;
No water-bird the lotus stirred
Above the sleeping lake:
So slumbrous all, no sound there was,
Save that the insects on the grass
Trilled songs to keep awake!

The polestar gleamed, our guide afar,
A rare and radiant gem!
Recalling oft the orient star
That shone o'er Bethlehem,
When angel minstrels carolling
Proclaimed the advent of THE KING,
And shepherds listened them!

Anon, fleet Fancy winged her flight
To transatlantic plains,
Where, guided by the polestar's light,
The slave forsakes his chains,
And northward speeds with 'bated breath,
Through trackless wilds, for life or death,
To realms where freedom reigns!

O, hark! the song of chanticleer
Bursts from the leafy dells:
And, faint at first, then sharp and near,
The chime of cattle-bells!
The curling smoke uprose again:
The terraced slopes of ripened grain
Lay midst the sylvan swells.

How fair the scene! fields green and gold
Hedged in with ridgy rims:
Aloft, the tall trees, staunch and old,
Outspread their massy limbs:
The wakeful birds were all astrir,
And each ethereal chorister
Was chanting matin hymns!

A flush was in the east—a hue
Of rose athwart the gray,
With slender bands of paly blue,
A soft, commingled ray!
Behind the brake the sun upsprung,
And fast his golden censer swung
Aloft—AND IT WAS DAY!

T. STEELE

THE HAMPDENS.

AN HISTORIELLE. BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.



CHAPTER II. LOVERS' PERILS IN MERRY ENGLAND.

WHEN the young men entered the Priory gate they found a family group seated in the sunshine on the lawn. The ladies and children seemed to have assembled there in eagerness for news; and the eagerness must be great to overcome their dread of marauders from the sea. Lady Carewe related that she found there was no keeping the young people within; so she had issued forth with them, to see that no one of them passed the gate. She had placed scouts, so that no enemy could approach unobserved: but she did not seriously suppose that any pirates remained in the neighbourhood, or would appear while the country was excited with rage and terror.

"I believe there is nothing to fear," Richard began, "when his wife exclaimed that he was too hoarse to speak. He was in fact so thirsty and hoarse after his oratory,—this being his first public speech,—that he was glad to be led by Margaret to the house, for refreshment and rest. It was observed that, voiceless as he was, he was

eagerly conversing with his wife, even pausing again and again, till they disappeared within the door. Harry Carewe was inquiring of Lucy and Kitty where Henrietta was,—the only absent member of the party. The sisters looked round, had seen her not long before, supposed she had stolen away, as usual, and might probably be found in her favourite green walk among the ruins.

"Very imprudent!" Harry grumbled, as he ran towards the ruins, whence he made a sign that all was well, Henrietta appearing at the moment.

"There go two of them," Alice complained, "to tell Margaret and Henrietta everything before we have heard a word about the pirates."

"We will tell you about the whole matter," said the younger Eliot. "Only let us have a draught of yonder ale,—our throats are so dry." And he went to meet the servant who was bringing a pitcher and tankard from the house.

"Your throat dry, Edmund?"

"Yes, Miss Alice. Every throat was dry; for

you must know, such of us as were not orators had to sustain those who were. We had to cheer Knightley; and he so spoke that we could not but do it with all our hearts, and with all our strength."

Edmund related how the gentry and farmers were riding in every direction to inform the people that something was now to be done about the ship-money, and about guarding the seas. It was a proud hearing for the family when Edmund told how the very name of Mr. Hampden put spirit into every man present; or, if there were any there who took the other side, they held their peace.

"So far well," Lady Carewe observed. "But will any action follow? Will these Cornishmen take a part from this day forward? or will they only hold their voices, ready to shout for the next patriot that they may chance to see?"

"Richard says he never saw men in earnest, if these are not."

"In earnest to do what?" Alice asked. "What would they do next?"

"They will insist on a parliament."

"What is a parliament?" Nathanael wanted to know.

Lady Carewe shook her head, and sighed forth her sorrow that there should be an English boy,—a boy of such a family as the Hampdens,—that had not heard at least as much of Parliament as of the Court, and who did not even know what a parliament was.

"But what is it?" Nathanael demanded. "Is it—"

He was stopped by a pair of hands laid on his mouth from behind. It was Henrietta; and as the boy struggled, she whispered in his ear, and let him go.

"What does she say?" asked Edmund in great surprise.

"She says I must not ask that question,—about a parliament. Yes,—about a parliament," the boy repeated in a defiant way. "If Edmund speaks of a parliament here, and Richard down in the town, why may not I?"

"Because it is unlawful and wrong: the King has forbidden it," Henrietta replied.

"Aunt Carewe, is that true?" asked Lucy and Kitty.

"It is true that the King has made a proclamation that no person in the kingdom shall even speak of a parliament: but it does not follow that you may not ask what a parliament is, nor that Richard may not advise the Cornishmen to get another parliament if they can."

"But aunt, how can that be?"

"How indeed?" murmured Henrietta, as she stood with face averted.

"In the first place," Lady Carewe explained, "the King could hardly mean that any institution of the country should not be spoken of as a historical fact: and, in the next place, the King may have been led into a mistake in issuing such an order."

"There, Henrietta, what do you say to that?" asked Alice.

"I say," she replied, "that I think we have

nothing to do but to obey the King's command, whatever it means."

"And whether he has a right to issue it or not?" Harry inquired.

"Yes, Harry," she replied, looking up with heightened colour. "Who can possibly have any right to suppose the King wrong, and disobey him for that reason?"

"Who can judge?" Nathanael asked of his aunt. "Does anybody know better than the King what he should order?"

"The wisest and best men in parliament,—in the country," Lady Carewe continued, remembering that the boy did not know the significance of a citizen being in parliament,—"the wisest men now living in England consider the King to be misled. They have for years been hoping to bring him to reason by inducing him to call together the great national council,—that is, the parliament: and he is so vexed at their steadiness in asking this, that he now forbids that the subject shall be discussed by anybody."

"But who are the wise men who tease the King?"

"Your father is one of them: and some persons consider him the wisest of them all."

"But, aunt," Lucy broke in, "I am sure my papa never teases anybody."

"That is true, my dear. Your father is a gentleman of an even and sweet temper, and of such noble and gentle manners that not even the Queen, with her foreign prejudices and her foreign papists about her, can frown upon Mr. Hampden. But your father is as steady as he is gentle: he never gives up, and he never will give up the demand that the people of England shall be governed by the law: and, as the King chooses to make his own will the law, there can be no agreement between him and the wise men who think and say what your father thinks and says."

Who were these wise men? the children desired to know. John Eliot was too young, they supposed; but if his father had been alive, would he have been one?

There could be no doubt about that, as the children would see when they came to understand why their father's best friend had died in prison,—full of virtues as he was, and without any fault. Nathanael and his sisters saw that Edmund's eyes were full of tears, and they hastened from the subject. They went over the names of all their father's best-known friends. Was Dr. Giles, the rector at home, one of the wise men? Was Sir Richard Knightley? Was Mr. Pym? Was Mr. Hyde?"

Henrietta advised them to ask whether Sir Thomas Wentworth—(they remembered Sir Thomas Wentworth?)—was he one of the wise men of the nation?

Edmund replied that he had once been so; but that his backsliding was now known to all the kingdom.

"He is a dutiful subject," exclaimed Henrietta, "and a hero for his bold faithfulness to his sovereign. If ever a man was thorough, it is he."

"You have taken up his own word, Henrietta," said Harry. "He will have everything 'thorough.'"

"Just so," Henrietta agreed. He was a man whose words and character corresponded.

"But you know, Henrietta," Lucy sagely observed, "if he does not think as our papa does, he cannot be right."

Henrietta made no reply to this; and the children went on with their catalogue.

Was Cousin Oliver one of the wise men? Henrietta was smiling: but they were not considering whether Cousin Oliver was as good-looking as papa, or as merry and handsomely dressed as Mr. Pym, or as dignified and gentle as Lord Falkland, and Lord Say, and Lord Brook. He certainly wore very ugly clothes, and when he came up from the decoys, after his fowling, he might be taken for one of his own boatmen: but he was very good, for all that; and he might perhaps be very wise.

Yes, the cousins, Mr. Hampden and Mr. Oliver Cromwell, were of one mind on the state of the kingdom.

"And Uncle Oliver?" asked Henrietta, with a half-smile.

Lady Carewe thought it would have been kinder not to bring forward the name of Uncle Oliver. Sir Oliver Cromwell was old; he had made some mistakes in life which had compelled him to leave Hinchinbrooke, and retire into the Fens. It was more respectful to an old and unfortunate gentleman to pass him by in silence than to make inquiry about his wisdom.

"O aunt!" Henrietta exclaimed, "you mistake me utterly. I honour Uncle Oliver more, I believe, than all of you together. He has made no mistake in the main point. He is devoted to his sovereign; and, in my eyes, that virtue atones for mistakes which more thrifty men never make."

"I am sure that is enough about Uncle Oliver, considering that we never saw him," Lucy declared. "Why cannot the King and Queen, and so many wise men, settle matters so that there may not be all this quarrelling? I am sure, Henrietta, that you and Harry have been quarrelling again. Ah! you may pretend what you like,—and so may Harry; but we know very well when you have been disputing. Kitty will tell you so. Harry's face is red, and you look—"

"Lucy, I think you are talking very unkindly," said Lady Carewe, who had been listening in another direction till her son's name caught her ear. Lucy was duly abashed.

"I will tell you," said Henrietta, panting with emotion of some sort, "why the King and these wonderfully wise men cannot settle their quarrel. It is because the wise men will not. They cry out for a parliament—"

"There now, Henrietta! you are speaking of a parliament!"

"I am speaking on behalf of the King," Henrietta said, with dignity, as if this gave her a right to a topic which all others must avoid. "Those who cry out for a parliament choose to forget that when there was one, it refused the King the money he wanted; and that, if there were to be another, it would be obstinate in its own way, and disoblige and check its sovereign in every possible case."

"That would be very rude and very wicked,"

Nathanael sagely declared. This much support animated Henrietta.

"All this talk about the ship-money, and about the soap, and the beer and wine, and the saltpetre and sedan-chairs, and all the rest of the monopolies, is disgusting," she declared, "when we all know that the King must have money, like any other gentleman, and more of it—"

"Yes, certainly," said Nathanael, nodding assent.

"And that if the nation will not give him the means of living, he must take them as he can. There is as much stir about the salt, as if the King was doing something wicked on purpose—"

"So he is," said Edmund. "You should have heard what the fishermen below were saying about that this morning. When the salt becomes as bad as the soap is now, there will be an end of their trade."

"Then they should ask themselves how the King can call a parliament which would only contradict and vex him. For my part, I think he is only consulting his own dignity, and what is due to the Queen and her family, in making himself independent of his undutiful people, and showing them how he can do without them."

"That is a point which remains to be proved," Edmund Eliot observed. Harry was no longer present, to hear or to reply. When Henrietta began to speak her mind, he had pushed his hat from his brow, and slowly walked away from the party.

"I know I am saying what no one else here will believe," Henrietta declared, with a slight trembling in her voice. Nathanael came round to her and held her hand; and she kissed his forehead, addressing her remaining words to him.

"When everybody is harsh with a sovereign who is above human judgment," she said, "it is the right and the duty of even the humblest of his subjects to declare for right and duty. It might be easier to be silent—"

"Not to you surely, Henrietta," said Alice.

"I think it is easier to Henrietta to speak than to be silent," Lady Carewe observed with a smile.

"But I trust we are all willing that every one should think and speak his or her own thoughts and feelings. When we are strong for the freedom of the whole country, we must see to it that every one has liberty at home."

"Thank you, aunt," Henrietta sighed.

"But that there may be liberty on either part, I must observe that everything that Henrietta has taken for granted in what she has said is the very subject-matter of the controversy between the King and his people. Your father, and Cousin Oliver, and Mr. Pym, Henrietta, are strong in one common conviction as they consult together round the lamp at Hampden, or at St. Ives, or in London: and you are confident of the direct contrary, on the lawn here at sunset, by the sea-side. Be faithful to what you believe; but can you really be displeased with those who differ from you? I do not seek an answer, my love—"

"But, aunt, I must answer. If it is right that kings should be obeyed—"

"That is the very question under the circumstances," Edmund observed. He would have

explained the "circumstances," but that Henrietta covered her face with her hands in horror. She could not reason with any one who could make a question of obedience to God's vicegerent upon earth. As she ran towards the house, Nathanael sped after her. She waited for him, put her arm round his neck, and was evidently talking caressingly with him.

"Do look at Harry!" Edmund whispered to Alice. "One would think he was jealous of her own young brother."

Harry was gazing after her from the shadow of an arch in the ruins. His mother was of opinion that it was growing too late to sit out of doors—not for fear of the pirates, but of the dews. She rose from her seat, and all followed her into the house.

It was not a happy evening for anybody. The young men went out at dark to see the watch set, and visit the stations on the rocks for a mile or two on either hand. The servants came in, every half-hour, with painful accounts of the increasing anguish of the bereaved parents, who had been assured by some Job's comforters that their children were gone into a slavery, the horrors of which were indescribable. Lady Carewe saw enough this night of the effect of such a calamity on the young people to determine her to remove them homewards as soon as the journey could be arranged. It was little like a bridal-party, from the bride herself, who wept afresh at every detail of the grief below, to the frightened Kitty, who would not leave hold of her aunt's hand. That kind aunt moved about the room, speaking a word of comfort to one and another. Leaning over Margaret, she whispered:

"These are dark early days, my child, for you: but you have a special blessing in a husband who does what he can to protect and console."

Margaret looked up, smiling through her tears, and promised to try to do her part worthily. Richard thought there might be darker days coming: but he would never be found faltering, she was sure, in the very darkest.

"There is a light for the people of God, to guide their feet, amidst the snares of a false church," said Lady Carewe.

"God's light is the crown of the King," Henrietta said. "In disobeying the King, the people choose darkness rather than light."

"Let us take refuge in the Word, and in prayer," said Lady Carewe. And she summoned the servants to worship. She read from the Old Testament of the wars and the promises of the chosen people, and prayed for a share in the promises for all who were under chastisement through the sins of rulers. When the household rose from their knees, she dismissed them to their rest. She and one or two of the servants would sit up for the young men's return.

The young men returned before Margaret and Henrietta were in bed, and the sisters listened from the stair-head for the news. Nothing had happened to cause any fresh alarm. Yet Henrietta could not sleep. She believed that her aunt and Harry were still below when all the house was quiet; and it was late when she heard Harry's step

softly mounting the stairs, and saw her aunt's light under the door as she passed. Lady Carewe was the last up, though she had invited Henrietta to an early walk down to the fishermen's cottages, where she wished to visit the unhappy mothers betimes, before the neighbours should crowd in with their rough and wounding sympathy. Henrietta hoped that she herself was the last awake, for her mind was too troubled for rest. She did sleep, however, for the sun shining in suddenly showed her that a new day was come.

CHAPTER III. LOVERS' PENITENCE IN MERRY ENGLAND.

LADY CAREWE was in no haste to reach the cottages. They were not her only object. She led the way through the flower-garden, and gathered the violets, and lingered over the hyacinths while they were sparkling with dew; and she described the Fawsley gardens in which Margaret was to take her delight. There was no trace of displeasure in her manner, and Henrietta was relieved and softened. When they had passed out upon the cliff, they sauntered in the morning sun, and dazzled their eyes with the glitter on the sea. When they had reached a recess, carpeted with grass, Lady Carewe proposed to sit awhile, and see the boats go out from the beach below.

"Now my child," said she, "I wish you would open your heart to me as if I were your mother. You are as a daughter to me; and you always will be; and I wish to know of every care which troubles your mind."

"Oh! Aunt! Indeed I cannot speak of that," replied Henrietta. "To you of all persons I can least say what I feel."

"I hope to prove to you that that is a mistake, my love. I do not ask what trouble has come between you and Harry, because I know it."

"I was sure he and you were consulting together last night," Henrietta said.

"We were. My son has told me all. He sees where he was wrong. I see where you were both wrong; and I trust to see you both right when you begin to discover how great a thing your mutual love is; how much too great a thing to be made the sport of passion—"

"Passion, Aunt!"

"Yes, passion in you, exciting passion in him. What but passion could make young creatures like you forget your ignorance of affairs which strain the best faculties of the best men in the nation? What but passion could make either of you turn away from the path of pleasantness and peace which God has opened to you in marriage, to stake your happiness on the chances of public affairs with which neither of you has any call to meddle?"

"Surely we have a duty, aunt, to those whom God has placed in authority over us—"

"No doubt, my dear; and who is more devoted to that duty than the father and the friends whom you lightly condemn,—whose experience you slight, whose public virtue you do not even understand? What duty can you have in comparison with that which weighs upon your father? And if you and he take different views

of the same duty, which is the more likely to be right?"

"Have I not warrant for loyalty to our King and Queen?" Henrietta asked. "Can I help it if, when we read in God's Word of submission to those who are in authority, of obedience to be rendered as we would render it to God, my heart glows with the longing to comfort and serve the sovereigns who are insulted by rude men, and presumptuous boys, and pert women? I must tell you, aunt, my whole soul is full of reverence when I think of the king's countenance, so divinely melancholy, and—"

"And of the Queen's?" asked Lady Carewe, smiling.

"The Queen's sorrow does not show as melancholy," said Henrietta. "She is too great to weep. She has a noble spirit, possessed of a natural right to inflict rebuke. Lady Carlisle says that when she recounts to her ladies any new outrage on the king's authority, any check to his purposes by wilful men, she has the air of one inspired. It is impossible to meet her eye at such a moment, it flashes so gloriously. Her consort is twice a king when she is by his side. Can I help honouring such a queen, and insisting on her being honoured, when her meanest subjects are encouraged by those who should be patterns of loyalty, to watch her conduct and revile her name?—Consider, aunt, I bear her name! Should that not bind me to her?"

"Not more than we are all bound by God having placed her on the throne. To say that she is Queen is to express our duty to her. Of that duty there is no question, my dear. The question is, how most faithfully to fulfil that duty, together with the duty of the King's subjects to one another, and to generations to come. But this is not the question for you and me at this moment. The burden lies, not on us, but on men who have understanding, and knowledge, and conscience equal to such a charge. You and I have a more humble task."

"I know all you would say about that, aunt, but if Harry and I cannot agree—"

"Well, my child, what then?"

"O! I do not know what I would say! I cannot settle my mind about what we ought to do. I only know I am very miserable."

And Henrietta laid her head on her aunt's shoulder, and wept bitter tears.

"Harry is miserable too," said Lady Carewe. "It was my wish to ascertain what you thought, and not to give you advice in a case in which you must judge for yourselves. But the one thing that I can do is to set before you both the choice you have to make."

"O, do so!" cried Henrietta.

"There is no doubt of your love for each other?"

A convulsive pressure of the hand gave Lady Carewe an instant confirmation on this point.

"You are both certain at this moment that you can never be happy apart?"

Another confirmation.

"Whether or not it might prove to be so, such is the present conviction of both of you. The question then is, whether differences of judgment, and strong prejudice or conviction on any matter

of controversy, should make you part, at the entire sacrifice of the happiness of both. If you think that duty commands this sacrifice, I have no more to say;—no one ought to have a word to say."

There was a pause; but Henrietta did not speak, or lift her head.

"In such a case you must immediately part, and meet no more for some years at least."

"I could go to Uncle Oliver's," Henrietta murmured; but her aunt felt that her heart was throbbing as if it would burst.

"Or Harry must depart." Struggling with the trembling of her own voice, Lady Carewe related how Harry recoiled from the idea of remaining in England, except in Henrietta's company; and how he would hasten to the American settlements, if he must indeed lose all he cared for in life.

Henrietta saw now how serious a question it was whether her particular notion of loyalty ought to impose all this misery. She did not say so; but she told as much by her question.

"But how can we live together if we wrangle as we did yesterday?"

"That is indeed the question, my child. I would ask whether you could not agree either to humble your young minds to learn from wiser folk about these great affairs of the Church and the State, or to refrain from disputing upon them. I should say that you must either agree to this or part: and I am quite sure that the one thing which you must eschew, as you would eschew sin and sorrow, is such dispute as each of you at this moment rues."

Henrietta sighed. She was not yet ready to promise anything.

"Youthful enthusiasm will account for almost any marvel," Lady Carewe proceeded; "or else it would be incomprehensible to me that the daughter of John Hampden should, with such significance as she can, cast reproach on her father's loyalty to the King, while the King himself declares, in the most public manner, his trust in that loyalty."

Henrietta sprang to her feet, exclaiming—

"The King says so!"

"He more than says it," replied Lady Carewe, suppressing a remark on the actual value of the King's word. "As there must be some notice taken in the courts of refusals to pay this ship-money, it is rumoured that your father will be the first put upon his trial. Men say that he is chosen because the King declares that, such is Mr. Hampden's honour, and virtue, and devotedness to the crown of England that, if he shall be found to be in error, all others will repent of their recusancy."

This account, which Lady Carewe had from a sure source, was to Henrietta's mind like a breeze which sweeps the heaven clear of clouds. She saw at once that where the King suspended his judgment, she well might. In a few moments, she was laughing at her own conceit, and ready to cry again with remorse for the wilfulness which had made three persons at least so miserable. It was settled that Harry and she should abstain from dispute till it appeared whether they could agree. Lady Carewe wished she had not requested Harry to leave them uninterrupted during

their walk : but she would abridge his suspense as much as she might. She and Henrietta hastened to the cottages ; and there they found their task shortened. Most of the dwellings were empty. Some agents of the King's—two Royal Commissioners—were in the town ; and the women had run thither to tell their tale, and implore the King to send after the pirates, and recover the children. Some of the fishermen on the sands were talking, with scowling brows. Nothing good, they said, would be got out of these gentry, for their errand was a bad one. They were more like pirates themselves than the avengers of piracy. It had lately been said that the King was about to claim, or to authorise claims of, the soil which lay between high and low water, all round Great Britain, and up the tidal rivers. It had been supposed impossible that such a trespass could really be proposed for a moment ; but there was no doubt that the Commissioners had been setting surveyors to work to ascertain the tidal limits, and measure and calculate the soil between. A seizure of that soil would affect the rights of so many old inhabitants, and the customs of the river and the shore, that signs of tumult began to appear. It was best to his home, Lady Carewe thought. Henrietta could not help thinking how much more dutiful it would be to give the King what he asked in the way of supplies than to force him to such methods of obtaining money ; but she did not now say this. She had said it very often without convincing anybody,—unless it were Nathanael ; and at this moment she saw what reminded her of her new resolution to keep silence on matters of state which were in controversy.

She had seen the crown of a hat above the park-fence as they approached the gate. Harry was among the trees, watching their entrance. A smile from his mother, and the blush on Henrietta's face, showed him that he might join them.

"Forgive me !" he and Henrietta whispered to each other at the same moment. He drew her arm within his own ; and they reached the house in a state of spirits which relieved the heavy anxiety of the brothers and sisters who were on the lookout for them. As Lady Carewe was taking her seat at the breakfast-table, she heard the music she loved best,—the hearty laugh which was natural to Harry, under all but the most dreary circumstances. Henrietta looked mirthful too, when she entered the breakfast-room. She frankly owned afterwards that her folly in making a quarrel about matters which did not offend the King himself, was fair game for any who chose to laugh at it. Harry and she had laughed at themselves and one another, and they must try not to make one another cry any more.

Some of the party, however, looked very grave before breakfast was over. A horseman, well armed, spurred up the lawn, and arrived in a foam at the great door, as the family rushed out upon the steps. It was Simon, Mr. Hampden's own groom. All was well at home ; but Mr. Hampden desired the whole party to return without delay. The coast was not safe, Mr. Hampden's letter to Lady Carewe declared. He was grieved to spoil the pleasure of the young people : but these were

times in which pain and trouble abounded over pleasure ; and even the youngest—even his pets, Lucy and Kitty—must learn to bear disappointment with good humour. As for Nathanael, he was as well aware as some older persons that the true manly spirit is cheerful under vexations.

This was admitted to be true ; and the children behaved heroically about leaving the sea and the ruins almost before they had begun to enjoy them : but they told one another privately that they thought it very hard that they should have this particular disappointment to bear. They were always willing, or tried to be so, to endure affliction : but then they could not have imagined such a thing as being obliged to leave the beach and the rocks before they had had any play there. If it had but been any other trial !

(To be continued.)

OUR RAW RECRUITS.

THE proportion of men who actually fall in battle is inconsiderable compared with the number of those who sink under the toil of drill and the fatigues of forced marches. The mortality amongst our raw recruits—the one or two year old soldiers, if we may so term them—is enormous. Even of that vast multitude which passes muster under the surgeon's hands, hundreds break down during the process of seasoning, and are obliged at the end of twelve months or so to be dismissed the service. Those who are a little hardier bear up manfully, and by dint of painful patience and perseverance, become firm and sprightly-looking soldiers, the pride of the paternal colour-sergeant, and on parade and at a review they look wonderfully fine fellows.

But send these men away on foreign service, let them encounter a campaign or two, and be brought face to face with harassing marches, with the toil of actual warfare, with the fury of the elements, heat and cold, frost and sun, and the muster roll shows a rapid diminution, even before a shot has been fired or bayonet crossed bayonet. Why is this ? It is simply that the *physique* of the majority of the men is incapable of bearing up against the insidious and lethal attacks of fatigue ;—the trials to which their strength is put are overpowering for them. With all the courage and ardour in the world, they are stricken down like children by exhaustion and disease.

The cause of this unsound state of things, however, is well ascertained : our regiments are composed too extensively of immature youths. "Wanted, a few fine growing young men, about eighteen years of age and five feet ten inches in height !" How often may such a notice be seen any day placarded on the walls of the Horse Guards, or outside the tavern which the recruiting sergeant has converted into his head-quarters. Eighteen years of age and five feet ten in height ! What do these figures represent ? Taken together they can refer only to a raw lad run up like a bean stalk, whose frame is as yet undeveloped, and who must be deficient in that stamina which is requisite to bear even the minor fatigues of even a monotonous and incessant drill. In time of war the ranks composed of such feeble material

become quickly decimated. They melt away like snow. "I must have grown men," said Napoleon after the Battle of Leipsic; "boys only serve to fill the hospitals and cumber the road sides."

Now to Englishmen this is a subject of no slight interest. We pay millions every year for the maintenance of our armies. Each soldier costs this country 100*l.* a year. Therefore, financially considered, this is a matter which ought to be looked into and seriously discussed. Let us adduce a few facts with a view to show how far the physical training of the young soldier now in vogue conduces towards the evils of which we have spoken. According to the statistical report of the Army Medical Department for 1859, it appears that there were 16,553 soldiers under twenty years of age, and 30,389 men under twenty-five years of age. Now if we look into the returns of the military hospitals for any one year, it will be seen that sixteen per cent. of the patients are recruits under two years' service. The diseases under which they labour are those peculiar to physical weakness intensified by excess of labour.

In order to appreciate some of the causes which may be producing and extending this loss of strength in our army, it should be recollected that *physical growth* and development are in the greatest perfection when age, weight, and stature correspond according to a regular natural scale. The due relation between these three conditions is the best test of the normal and healthy physical development and growth of a young man which we possess, and it is unnecessary to observe that physical maturity is of unquestionable importance when considered with reference to the military strength of a nation. So essential, indeed, is it, that the subject is commanding the attention of physiologists, of medical men, and of the military authorities in various parts of Europe. Those who attended the International Exhibition last year might have seen in one of the departments of the Austrian court, the curious collection of Dr. Leharzik. This collection consisted of models of the human figure, male and female, from babyhood up to mature age, moulded with a view to illustrate this concurrence of age, weight, and height. A little examination would have revealed some interesting facts. As, however, it is probable many of our readers may not have had the leisure to investigate closely in the crush and hurry of that great tide which was ever surging through the labyrinthine avenues of that forbidding structure, we will supply them with a few figures relative to this subject. A lad of eighteen whose height is 5 feet 4·34 inches, ought to weigh about 8 stone 10 lbs.; if he be a healthy, and what the recruiting officer likes so much, a "growing lad," on his next birthday he ought to measure 5 feet 4·94 inches, and weigh about 9 stone 5 lbs. At twenty-five he will have attained in stature 5 feet 6·3 inches, and weigh 10 stone 5 lbs. These statistics, of course, are only an average struck from the maximum and minimum of height, weight, and age of a large body of men. However, they are trustworthy, and will serve to indicate the importance of paying due attention to these particulars in the selection of our future heroes. It may also be observed, that a young

man who has reached the average height at eighteen years of age, may still be expected to grow more than two inches before he is fully developed. Our farmers, and the trainers of racing horses, have begun to understand and appreciate the importance of this truth; for experience has long since pointed out to them the injudiciousness of putting a young colt too early to the plough or into harness. But Science is gradually opening the eyes of the present generation, and Wisdom enforces the truths of her handmaiden with irresistible eloquence.

Still, though the voice of Wisdom speaketh so loud, her precepts are not always devoutly attended to. How does the case stand with regard to our own military authorities? Are they on the alert to avail themselves of new knowledge? According to the existing army regulations, soldiers are not entitled to reckon service under eighteen years of age, and to claim for a pension. What is the consequence of this? Why, that recruits are frequently induced to represent themselves of the standard age, when in fact they are many years younger. Provided a young fellow has attained the minimum height, seems to be a "growing lad,"—provided, in fact, he *promises* well, the recruiting sergeant lays hold of him as a valuable prize: he is for the future a veritable soldier. When there is a dearth of recruits this evil is still greater; the ordinary standard height is either lowered, or if dwarfed Boeotians are enlisted under the regulation stature, the fact is winked at by the authorities. At one time, I think in the year 1804, a premium of two guineas was even offered to parents who brought a boy under sixteen years of age, provided only he was five feet two inches in height. These were "raw lads" indeed; and, according to the advanced notions of the present day, hardly worth their premium. The hospital was more likely to see the first and last of them, than the field of battle.

There are, then, three essential requisites—age, height, and stature; and it cannot be too frequently repeated that age is only one of the three most important elements. Age, weight, development, and strength are closely co-related, and their due proportions are absolutely necessary to qualify a soldier, or any other living being, to endure the hardships incident to a military life. The anatomist well knows that the skeleton framework of the body is still growing up to thirty years of age, and that the whole man is only then arriving at maturity. What is true in this instance, with regard to a civil life, is also true with regard to the soldier. Excessive labour up to this epoch of man's existence is sure to impair the strength and lay the seeds of future disease.

Young lads from sixteen to two or three and twenty, who are so fond of exhibiting their feats of strength, should be warned in time. From the over-straining of their muscles at this immature age, general debility is too frequently generated; they pine off before they have crossed even the very threshold of manhood, and consumption lays them low in a green grave. The early bloom of the fruit was not a sign of ripeness, but a symptom of decay.

Let us examine briefly, as physiologists, the condition of the bones—in the recruit and young soldier under twenty years of age. At this period the embryo soldier has still ten years to pass, before the framework of his body has arrived at maturity. In the early state of the long bones—such as those which compose the arm and leg—the bone commences to grow in the middle of the shaft, and progresses towards either end. The shaft of the bone is thus formed. Large portions at either end of this shaft remain for variable periods of time in a soft cartilaginous growing state, till at last separate and distinct points of bony growth appear in them also. They become gradually converted into bone, and as bony processes, they remain separated for a time from the principal piece, by an intervening soft substance, which for the time being glues them to the shaft of the long bone. There are portions also on the ribs, where they hinge upon the spine, which at the age of eighteen have only commenced to develop from soft material into bone, and their mysterious transformation is not completed till the twentieth year of life. The ribs, therefore, are not fully grown till that age. The shaft of the arm-bone continues to increase in length till the twenty-fifth year of life; and so long as this change continues, a portion of soft vesicular and growing tissue intervenes between the shaft and the head of the bone. It is not till about the twentieth year of life that this soft substance is converted into bone, and the principal bone of the arm becomes consolidated. The lower end of the bone of the fore-arm, to which the hand is mainly fixed at the wrist-joint, is also at the age of eighteen still incomplete, but it is finished at about twenty years of age. The lower end of the other bone of the fore-arm also unites about the same time. Shortly after the twentieth year the head of the thigh bone, which forms part of the hip-joint, unites to the shaft, and the end which forms the knee-joint becomes united to the principal piece also. The lower ends of the two bones of the leg at the ankle-joint, likewise coalesce with the shafts between the eighteenth and twenty-fifth year. Again, the breast-bone is composed of five pieces; the fifth coalesces with the fourth soon after puberty, and the fourth with the third between twenty and twenty-five years of age, whilst the body, or greater piece of the breast-bone is usually not completed by the junction of the third to the second before the thirty-fifth or fortieth year. In fact, the process of ossification is constantly going on in various important joints, and until that work of nature is settled, the full strength of manhood has not been attained; to say nothing of another fact to be taken into account, the growth of the bones and the *muscles* in a due relation to each other.

We must now go a step further, and examine into the effects produced by excess of training upon other portions of the body. Take, for example, the frame-work of the chest, in the cavity of which are situated those organs which seem especially to suffer whenever the recruit and the young soldier are subjected to over-exertion. Next to the inspiration of bad air, the imper-

fect, or continuously obstructed inspiration of the chest, tends more than any other cause known to bring about disease of the lungs and heart. The influence of pressure in the unfinished condition of the bones is, therefore, of vital importance, and demands the most anxious and incessant consideration. As the twig is bent so will the branch grow. We have seen that till the twentieth year of life some ribs are still imperfect, being soft at their joint-ends where resistance and motion occur. They are still growing. The breast-bone in front is in a similar condition. The slightest reflection, therefore, will make it evident that a perpetual pressure upon these parts from before and from behind must exercise a material influence in moulding the future form of the chest. The cartilages of the ribs in front of the breast-bone ought to have full freedom to rise upward and advance forward at every inspiration, the diameter of the chest being naturally increased by every act of breathing. Any weight upon this portion of the human frame exerted when the bones are still growing, must necessarily tend to set the bones themselves in an unnatural direction. To maintain the vital capacity of the lungs, the capacity of the chest cavity from side to side must necessarily be increased; and at what cost? At the cost of the mal-formation of the chest. The capacity of the lungs goes on increasing with age and height, so that men from five feet to six feet high inspire from 174 to 262 cubic inches in a progressively ascending scale. Moreover, the growth of the heart goes on relatively to the growth of the body.

From all that has been said, the reader must have been convinced of one fact—the importance of attending to the co-relative conditions in a recruit of—age, height, and weight. If eighteen years of age is to be the minimum fixed for the enlistment of growing lads, then the height should be as near as possible five feet four inches, and the weight 112 pounds. A height below this average will prove to have been as a rule the result of defective feeding in early life, tending to the diminution of the normal rate of increase of the body. Under such circumstances, stunted development and diseased vital processes are the inevitable consequences. Constitutional tendencies of the future man are thus more or less certainly fixed at an early age; and although at eighteen the recruit may have no evident disease, yet a minimum height and weight will indicate a constitutional defect which requires only extraneous circumstances to develop. On the other hand, again, the excessive growth of the body generally, compared with the expansion and vital capacity of the lungs, becomes sufficiently obvious by the contrast of the tall body with the narrow and flat chest, in which the apices of the lungs approach close to each other. Generally in such cases the reparative organs are out of proportion to the body which has to be sustained. If the *height* of the soldier is the main qualification to be regarded in selecting men, age should be considered in accordance. If men five feet eleven inches or six feet are in request, they should not be less than twenty to twenty-five years old, and the weight should be about 160 to 180 lbs. The Romans understood

this necessity well. Vagacius, who wrote in the fourth century, declared that an army raised without regard to the proper choice of its recruits, was never yet made a good army by length of service, and he warns us against the error of looking for great height among young soldiers. From his statement it would appear that the minimum height of the young Roman soldier was not more than 62.9939 inches, and in our own day the height of the young French soldier for general infantry service is only 61.41855 inches. In the Roman army, too, other conditions were respected. The military authorities of those days proportioned the period of probation for recruits to their physical capacities. Before a Roman conscript was finally approved, he underwent a probation of four months' duration. When at the end of that period it was proved he had activity and strength to enable him to surmount the hardships of a soldier's life, and that he appeared possessed of the requisite mental capacity, and a due degree of courage, the military mark was indelibly imprinted on his hand. But with us, as we have already shown, such precautions have not hitherto been taken. The result of an improper selection of "growing lads," and the injudicious exercise through which they are put,—as they have not been trained according to true physiological principles,—have rendered them in the first instance incumbrances to the military hospitals, and, if the system has not led to the premature death of the young recruit, he is sooner or later thrown upon the civil population with one or more of his vital organs injured for the remainder of his life. The service of such young men, observes Dr. Aitken, in his valuable lectures on the subject, who are no sooner out of the hospital than they are in again, can only be regarded as merely "nominal" service, and the "strength" of an army, if composed of such material, can never constitute a very formidable phalanx.

Happily this subject is attaining some degree of consideration amongst the authorities at the Horse Guards—and not before it is time, nor before it has been thrust upon them from various quarters, and especially from their own generals. Lord Hardinge complained that many of the men who were sent to the East as a reserve were young recruits, and that instead of being composed of bones and muscle, they were almost all muscle. However, his was not a bitter complaint, for he felt satisfied that he could make very good soldiers of them in two months. He imagined, however, that fixing the age at nineteen would give him the requisite "bone and muscle." He overlooked the fact that in sixty days the young recruit may break down so completely under the exertion, that before two years pass over his head he may be a dead man, or, having spent most of his time in hospital, he may be discharged from the service for heart or pulmonary disease, and thus become a permanent burden upon the civil population during the remainder of his life. There is, fortunately, a growing conviction both at home and abroad—and this, it must be observed, is the hard lesson of experience—that men are in general unable to surmount the fatigue of a military life under twenty years of age. Recruits of eighteen years

of age, says M. Coche, are commonly unfitted for the duties of an army; if they do not possess unusual strength, they pass two or three, or even four years out of service in the hospital, if they are not discharged the service before that time. Sir James McGrigor records, that the corps which arrived for service in the Peninsula were always ineffective and sickly in proportion as they were made up of men who had recently joined the ranks; and he made a calculation in the field that 350 men who had served in the field four or five years were more effective than 1000 who had just arrived, unused to the harassing duties of service. Many examples are also to be found in the records of our Russian experience in 1854, which proves that young and growing lads are much less able to endure the fatigue of marching than mature men. When the Duke of Newcastle informed Lord Raglan that he had 2000 recruits ready to send him, he replied that "those last sent were so young and unformed that they fell victims to disease, and were swept away like flies; he preferred to wait." The Duke of Cambridge tells us that the young men suffered two or three times as much as the men who had been there all the time, and Sir De Lacy Evans also states in the fifth report on the army before Sebastopol, that the drafts sent to him were composed of men too young.

Such is the testimony borne against the evil practice of selecting men who have not the necessary physical strength. As Napoleon said, they are only fit to encumber the road-side. In countries where the conscription drags into the military net any number, and where the population have no choice when they have drawn the *numero noir*, but to follow the career of a soldier, this question is of comparatively slight importance; but in this country, where "soldiering" is purely gratuitous, it is altogether another matter. We have to pay a high premium for our men; they have to be induced by a pecuniary bribe to enter the service, and when they are enrolled they each cost us, as we have already stated, 100*l.* per annum. If then it is a matter of urgent importance that the health of the soldier should be carefully looked after when he has been enlisted, much more essential is it that he should be free from flaw when he enters. It behoves, therefore, the authorities at the Horse Guards, now that they are cognisant of the principles on which recruits ought to be selected, to see that none are admitted but such as can answer faithfully to these scientific requisitions.

SECOND SIGHT.

STRONG of limb, and fleet of foot, with crisp, auburn curls, with cheeks like hard red apples, and eyes glowing like stars, Angus McLean was surely not likely to be the victim of nervous disease. His family said he had the gift of second sight. But we have been accustomed to consider these "children of the mist," even when they happen to belong to the stronger sex, to be weak, even as hysterical women. Their bodies we suppose to be emaciated, their nerves without tone, and if they see into the next world, we judge it is because the veil of flesh is fretted so thin by

disease, that it becomes as it were transparent. But Angus McLean was no hysterical, nervous, or nerveless being, bearing about the misery of unmanliness and seeing ghosts in every graveyard. He was a man of few words, and never told aught that he had seen that common eyes could never see, unless it were to do some good, or avert some evil. And he would have been a brave friend or foe who dared ask Angus aught respecting ghostology. What Angus chose to reveal, was told simply, truthfully, and with no seeming sense of the marvellous. I remember a night in Edinburgh when I was young and inexperienced, with hot blood in my heart and my head, that a singular adventure befel me. I had been sent by my father to the Horns public-house to meet a drover, who was to pay him some money. I had received the money, and should have gone directly home, for the sum was very considerable, and I was not one to venture on my own strength. Then this house, to which I was sent, had fallen under suspicion as a place where our national morality was not respected as it should be. But I troubled myself little about rumours. I was young and full of enthusiasm, and pleased to be trusted by my father with so important a matter. My father was so much an invalid, that he used to call me his hands and feet. We had been in pecuniary difficulties which it had taken all our fortitude to bear, but this money was to set us free, and make my father as much at ease as a man with moderate wants and enough to supply them, can be. I went then with an excellent heart to receive this money, which was duly paid me. I put it safely in my pocket, and was about to return at once to my home, when a tall, pale man, who sat apart in the coffee-room, interested me, and I lingered for one moment, thinking what might the book be that he was reading. As I looked at him he raised his eyes to mine with a glance of quick intelligence and closed his book, keeping his place with his thumb between the leaves. Then he addressed me as if by the feeling of a common sympathy, and said: "Young gentleman, do you happen to be familiar with 'The Cotter's Saturday Night'?"

Now Burns was my idol, and that home scene, with its piety, purity, and poetry, was sacred to me. I expressed my feeling with the enthusiasm of youth, and the stranger seemed delighted with my sentiments, but he sighed heavily.

"Far from home," said he, "this exquisite word painting brings all I love dearest before me so clearly, that I am saddened in spite of myself."

I pitied the stranger.

The stranger's heart, O wound it not,
A yearning anguish is its lot.

These words thrilled through my heart, and I kept beside the gentleman when I ought to have been on my way home. At length I spoke of going.

"My young friend," said the lover of Burns, "you will not go till you have drunk to the memory of Scotia's bard."

He spoke gravely and tenderly, and I joined him over a bowl of punch made of the "Dew off Ben Nevis," meaning to leave my fascinating friend after a single glass. But I was fated not to do this. I listened to his musical voice, as he quoted

liberally from Burns, and lauded him as liberally. I had never a strong head, and the national beverage and the national poetry, I suspect, were too much for me pretty soon. I remember that the gentleman remarked that "the higher sentiments should not be exposed before the vulgar," and in illustration of the remark he proposed that we should go into his own private room, which adjoined the coffee-room, but was fitted up much more elegantly. Then he opened a backgammon board and said with indifference:

"Do you ever play?"

At home I had never been allowed to play at backgammon, and probably for this reason I was very fond of the game. I said I liked no game better; and we began to play. I was very much excited by the punch, and by all the circumstances of the evening, and after a time I found we were betting largely. This seemed only natural, and I went on staking my father's money and winning the stranger's. I remember having a confused notion that if I took the gentleman's money when I had won it, the play would be gaming; and no longer the innocent game I had consented to play. Therefore, though winning largely the stranger's money, I refused to take it. He urged the gold upon me, telling me that he should take my money without scruple, if he won it. A pile of gold lay at my elbow that I had won and refused to take, when he began to win from me.

"Win your own money in welcome," said I; "I will stake it all, and twenty guineas beside, on this throw."

As I said these words, a heavy hand was laid upon my shoulder, but I was too much under the influence of the punch and the game to notice it.

"Won, by all the Gods," said the gentleman. "Hand over your twenty guineas."

"Won—but with loaded dice, and from a boy who stakes his father's money with a professional gamster who has made him drunk," said the deep voice of Angus McLean, who had come unannounced and at midnight into this room, which had a semi-public character, and as we afterwards learned was often used for the nefarious work of the professional blackleg. Angus knew the house well, but such had been the accuracy of his information this night, that he would have found me, if he had known nothing before of the house or its character.

As Angus spoke of loaded dice, the gambler cried out "A base falsehood." At the same time he attempted to sweep them from the table. But Angus was too quick for him. He coolly put them in his pocket, saying, "I will just save this wee bit of evidence, and you, sir, may call me to account whenever you like."

The discomfited gambler scraped up his gold, and slunk out of the room. Angus drew my arm through his own, and essayed to take me away.

I was weak from the effects of the liquor, and violently affected by the opportune appearance of Angus. The thought that I had been within a hair's breadth of ruining my poor father came upon me, and sobered me, like a deluge of cold water.

Now Angus McLean always spoke Scotch when excited, though in the main he was only an English-speaking cosmopolitan, having spent

several years in London, and having no pride in his Scottish idiom.

"Ye puir callant," said he to me, as we emerged into the open air. "I did na ken ye at a'. To think of your bein' clean wud the night, just real daft, and thrawing awa' your puir auld father's last bawbee."

I heard him, and yet I seemed not to hear him. I was in a dream-like state, and suffered myself to be led home and put to bed by Angus, as if I had been a child of two years led by the hand.

When I awoke next morning Angus was beside me. He brought me a bottle of soda-water, which somewhat cured the confusion in my head, besides quenching a burning thirst.

"My poor boy," said Angus, "do you remember?"

The rush of recollection, though confused, the shame of my conduct, the ruin, the misery that I had so narrowly escaped bringing upon my poor father and our family, overcame me entirely. I nearly fainted. I believe I felt in that moment all the agony that would have been my father's portion, if Angus had not interposed his strong arm between me and that most accomplished knave and hypocrite, who had me wholly in his power. After a few moments of keen remorse I revived, and replied "I have but a confused recollection." As I reflected, the incidents of the first part of the evening came out one by one on the background of memory with much clearness. "But how came you to think of coming to the Horns, Angus, and at 12 o'clock at night?" I asked.

"I will tell you," said he, very seriously, "that you may know how Providence watches over you; but I trust you will not therefore ever tempt Providence again. Last night I retired at ten, and, as is my custom, I was asleep the minute after my head touched the pillow. At eleven, I awoke with a violent palpitation of the heart, and I saw that gaming room at the Horns, and you and that gamster at the table. I saw him ply you with spirits. I saw that you played at dice, and I saw, too, that his were loaded. I watched you both as he allowed you to win, and I thought of your poor father, and the ruin that was being wrought for him. I saw all this in a moment, as one sees a landscape, and takes in its features of houses, hill, and vale, in a single flash of lightning, and I sprang from my bed, dressed me as rapidly as my agitation and trembling would allow, and laid my hand on your shoulder at the Horns as soon as my limbs would bear me there. And if your life had depended on my speed, I would have trusted myself sooner than any horse I ever saw."

"You saved me from life-long remorse, and my dear father from ruin, my good Angus," said I. My heart was too full for adequate expression.

"Give God thanks," said Angus. "It was my gift. It was the second sight, Allan, and all our gifts are from God. Therefore we should use them wisely. Keep my secret, Allan, and I will keep yours, and we will both be thankful all our days, to the good Providence that had us in keeping."

Though this occurred many years since, I have never before communicated the facts to any person. I would like to have this and other strange ex-

periences of my friend explained. When I have spoken with him on the subject, he has always said, "It is my gift, Allan. It never comes at call, and I am glad it does not, but it always comes for good. I thank God for it, and I am sure you do, Allan, for had you not cause?"

METEOROLOGY—ITS PRESENT CONDITION.

In these days of new theories we must not be astonished at the rise of new sciences. One or two of them, at least, are yearly born of hypothesis and experience. Social Science is still a babe in arms; Ethnology, Comparative Philology, and several more are hardly released from the nursery. Meteorology, however, is growing like a young giant. Many writers have dabbled in it from Aristotle to Lord Bacon; but from its very nature, composed as it is of numerous observations, time and opportunities of comparison were needed before it could be elevated to more than a piece of empiricism. Hear, however, Admiral FitzRoy's cheering language. It is contained in the last Blue Book issued by the Meteorological Department of the Board of Trade, which we purpose to examine in this article. Speaking of the air currents of these latitudes, he says:

"Knowing these circumstances, and having accurate statical observations of these various currents at selected outlying stations—showing pressure (or tension), temperature, and relative dryness, with the direction and estimated horizontal force of wind at each place simultaneously, the dynamical consequences are already measured approximately on geometrical principles; and, judging by the past, there appears to be reasonable ground for expectation that soon meteorological dynamics will be subjected to mathematical analysis and accurate formulas." This means, simply, that meteorology will soon rank among the exact sciences. The climate of any place in the world, even if no observations have been as yet taken there, can even now be approximately defined.

Many domestic philosophers of the past and present century have amused themselves in the spirit of White of Selbourne, by registering rainfall; but their statistics seldom had more than a local interest. Observations, however, are now taken officially at several home and colonial ports. All Her Majesty's ships are required to register a large number of practical facts bearing on the weather. Not less than 5500 months of good meteorological observations have been collected from about 800 merchant vessels, and thus a large library of log-books and other statistical documents is now in existence at the Admiralty. The subtle agencies over which meteorology reigns have been tracked and seized upon with the utmost perseverance. The amount of fog is measured by the lighthouse-keepers round our shores. The direction of the wind is registered in many places by self-acting anemometers, and a few easy calculations show its force. The amount of dew is daily collected at our great observatories; the degrees of heat and cold carefully ascertained; the quantity of ozone in the atmosphere determined; electricity and magnetism duly taken into account.

These statistics are the food of our youthful science. It grows apace when they are administered by such nursing fathers as Dové, Humboldt, and Herschel. Even Titans, however, must not be crammed, or unfortunate results will follow; and Meteorology has already been almost killed by kindness. The quantity of observations which have been made without any definite object in view, and with a vague hope that eventually they would be found useful, almost exceed the power of its digestive organs.

Meteorology, however, is most interesting considered as an applied science. In proportion as it is practical (or "fruitful," to use the Baconian metaphor), it commands popular favour. The Meteorological Department of the Board of Trade has been most useful in promoting this desirable result. Seven years ago Mr. Cardwell experimentally organised it, and in the history of these few years lie the chief claims of meteorology—at all events on public grounds, to be practical. But it is in Admiral FitzRoy that the mythical personage, "the Clerk of the Weather," has at length found "a local habitation and a name." He arranges and works that system of "weather-forecasts," as he calls them, which is so useful to mariners. Even plain men by glancing at the published weather reports, consulting their thermometers and barometers, and keeping an eye on the aspect of the heavens, may now with a little practice easily foretell the weather at least a day in advance, with every probability of being right. In many cases, however, violent storms can be predicted several days in advance. Here is a wide field for conjecture. The "Report" above mentioned relates that at a recent meeting of the shareholders of the Plymouth Docks, a deficiency in revenue was accounted for by the absence of vessels requiring the use of the graving docks for the purpose of repairing the damage done by storms. This may reasonably be attributed, in part, to their benefiting by the storm-signals. So as meteorology grows, we may speculate on hail and lightning risks being so much at a discount with farmers that they will not care to insure. Nay, those familiar articles, umbrellas and goloshes, may thus gradually lose their occupation, and even macintoshes have to retire into private life.

But it is on public grounds that applied meteorology is immeasurably more important. Saving of life and property at sea is far more to be thought of than saving a man from a wet coat. The possibility of giving telegraphic notice of storms formed part of the deliberations of the British Association at Aberdeen in September, 1859. The subject was brought home to every one's thoughts in the next month by the loss of the Royal Charter. Accordingly the Board of Trade commenced telegraphic communication in September, 1860, and on February 5, 1861, the first cautionary or storm signals were made. The first published "forecasts" of weather were tried in August, 1861, and in another half-year the present system of forecasts two days in advance was established, and the full tables on which they depend sent regularly to several of the newspapers.

Such is a brief account of the rise of applied meteorology. Too much must not be expected of it at present. The storm warnings it gives are essentially tentative. They are general, and require correction by local instruments and observation of the skies. Even the satisfaction of knowing there is no bad weather impending is valuable as a negative gain. Remembering, too, that these storm warnings are only cautionary, that no seafaring man is bound to go by them, but has time thus given him to make all snug for bad weather if he chooses to go out in spite of them, we think that these drum and cone signals seaside visitors must be familiar with, cannot but be valuable to our great marine commerce. As a matter of fact it is gratifying to hear that out of fifty-six circulars of inquiries respecting the system which Admiral FitzRoy addressed to the chief ports of the United Kingdom, seven expressed no decided opinion, forty-six were favourable, and only three decidedly adverse to it.

All weather-wisdom depends upon the principle that Nature never gives false signals, that her laws are invariably true; we cannot interpret them, or we interpret them wrongly. Averages, statistics, observation, instruments, &c., are all helps to a surer interpretation. In proportion as our knowledge of Nature increases, and our instruments are better understood, so will meteorology extend her sway. Thus it has been proposed to give storm warnings to ships in the offing by means of coloured lights. This would go far to stop those calamities on a lee-shore which swell our wreck chart. Again, most of the British storms are cyclones: a zone of storm revolves round a comparatively smooth centre, and the whole storm passes on with a definite track,—generally in Great Britain from S.W. to N.E. Thus, while the Royal Charter, though a steamer, was smitten with the full fury of the great storm of October 25 and 26, 1859, a sailing vessel, differently handled a few miles off, rode it out in safety; while no further off than the west coast of Ireland fine weather and light winds prevailed. Now, Sir J. Herschel states that the most important meteorological information that could be given, would be telegraphic information of such a cyclone's advance; and with the requisite light-house machinery, &c., this could be given.

It must not be forgotten, however, that the present system is expensive to the country. Salaries, printing, and telegraphy cost the Meteorological Department of the Board of Trade 2800*l.* in 1860; in 1861 it rose to 3700*l.*; while this financial year 1862-3 is estimated at 4600*l.* Significant figures are these that our Titan has not done growing.

In conclusion, we will add from the Report a few data to assist Paterfamilias in "forecasting" weather for his household. He must be scientific now; poor man, he is not even allowed that old fashioned belief of change in the weather at the moon's quartering. Remorseless science assures him it is "a mere illusory deduction from coincidences, many of which must occur within a day or two of limits bounding only one week." We may tell him, however, by way of consolation, that science has quite come round to his opinion

that meteors are a sign of foul weather. By remembering a few simple rules, and inspecting the published reports, everyone may be his own weather prophet. A man who possesses a barometer and a thermometer, and knows how to read them, can beat all prophets out of the field. Change of weather is gradual, and great storms or changes are usually shown by falls of the barometer exceeding an inch, and by differences of temperature exceeding fifteen degrees. The more rapidly such changes occur, the more risk is there of severe weather. The normal height of the barometer in these latitudes is 29.24 to 30.00, though 27.45 has been registered in the Orkneys. A tenth of an inch an hour is a fall indicating a storm or very heavy rain.

The thermometer is also valuable for foretelling wind and weather. Shaded, and in the open air, when much higher than the following averages between eight and nine o'clock, A.M., it indicates southerly or westerly wind; when considerably lower the reverse. The table is calculated for Greenwich, but, allowing for differences of mean temperature, can of course be used elsewhere for weather prognostication.

January	37°	July	62°
February	39°	August	61°
March	41°	September	57°
April	46°	October	50°
May	53°	November	43°
June	59°	December	39°
			M.

ENGLAND'S SUTTEE.

Ho, Scava—deck the chamber !
Ho, flash the red wine up !
Whilst the fiery goblet sparkles;
And fury crowns the cup :
Wreath the fast the bridal chaplet,
And shout the loud acclaim—
To-night another victim
Shall come to thee in flame !

* * * *

Where eyes with love are lighting,
And tender glances meet,
And the dizzy valse flies faster
To the sweep of silken feet ;
In the flush of airy triumph,
She comes, supreme, elect,
A gleam of gauzy splendour,
A sacrifice, full deckt.

And lo ! the pile awaiting—
Already round her crowd
The ministers of torture,
The weavers of her shroud ;
They press . . . Ah, God, the fire !
Too late they shriek her name ;
Wild thro' the frenzied tumult
She flies a living flame ! . . .

Enough. The curtain closes,
The trembling guests are fled ;
A mother seeks her daughter—
The living clasps the dead :
Slain, in the first sweet promise
Of life, and love untried,—
In the blossom of her beauty—
To-morrow's noon, a bride.

A bride ! ay—for thee, lovely,
A bridegroom truly comes,
With pomp of stately pageant,
In pride of sable plumes ;
The solemn priest stands ready,
The wedding-guests are there,
But hearts with grief are breaking,
And one shall wed despair.

And long for thee shall Sorrow
Sit mute at hearth and hall ;
For thee the lip shall tremble,
The blinding tear shall fall ;
And the fresh spring shall come over,
And the flowers with summer's breath,—
But thou shalt know no spring-time
Whose bridal fere was DEATH.

H. CHOLMONDELEY PENNELL

INIGO JONES AND HIS WORK.

YORK GATE.

INIGO JONES, the English Palladio and father of English architecture of the 17th century, was one of the few of our eminent artists who have been born citizens of London. He saw the light in the neighbourhood of old St. Paul's, that glorious fabric which he lived to disfigure with King James's Gothic,* and which the great fire of 1666 happily graced with an act of oblivion as a *per contra* to the vast disaster which it involved. The feeling and sentiment of the painted style of architecture had ceased to exist in Inigo's time as in that of his great successor, Christopher Wren : witness the towers of Westminster Abbey. Had Inigo been left to his original employment as a carpenter, doubtless he would have made a first-rate hand : but the patronage of the Earl of Arundel, or the Earl of Pembroke, it is not quite clear which—but probably the former—paved the way to a higher destination. Under the auspices of one of these noblemen, he was sent to Italy to study landscape painting. A specimen of his performance in this art is mentioned by Horace Walpole with some faint commendation, not unmixed with censure of his attainment as a colourist.

In Italy Jones studied the works of Palladio, and is said, but upon doubtful authority, to have designed the front of a church in Leghorn. To this his celebrated barn, the church of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, bears a general resemblance, and it possibly may have procured him the credit of the former. Of his church at Covent Garden we have the following story. Jones was instructed by his patron, the Earl, to build as plain and convenient a church as possible, and but little better than a barn : to which the architect replied he would build a barn, but that it should be the best in England. A fire in 1795 destroyed this specimen of noble simplicity in style ; but the Earl of Burlington's re-edification preserves a general resemblance.

* "James, both for empire and for arts unfit,
His sense a quibble and a pun his wit,
Whatever works he patronised, debased,
But haply left the pencil undisgraced."
HAYLEY. "Epistle to Romney."

Inigo Jones had an opportunity of displaying his genius on a commensurate scale in the erection of the Banqueting House at Whitehall, which he began in 1619, and which was part only of a design for a palace of vast dimensions. Under the Court patronage he likewise had scope for the exercise of his versatile mind in the decorative accompaniments to Ben Jonson's Whitehall Pageants, so much in vogue in the dissipated Court of King James. Ashburnham House, and the houses on the west side of Lincoln's Inn Fields, together with the Banqueting House and St. Paul's, Covent Garden, have been instanced in evidence of Inigo's emancipation from the Mesquin style which succeeded the decadence of the Tudor style of architecture, which ensued upon his second visit to Italy in 1612.

But without further enumeration of works which perhaps have been somewhat over-rated, a few words of hearty commendation may be

bestowed upon the smallest but most perfect of his productions—the Water Gate of Buckingham Palace at York Stairs, soon to be demolished in furtherance of the great work of the new Thames Embankment. The site of York Place is now encumbered by several streets and alleys, which are known under the denominations of George Street, Villiers Street, Duke Street, and Buckingham Street, so designated in remembrance of the brilliant but eccentric and profligate George Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham of that family. It was originally the London residence of the Bishops of Norwich: but afterwards it passed to Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk. Next it became the residence of Nicholas Heath, Archbishop of York, from whom it acquired the title of York House. It then lapsed to the Crown, and was successively tenanted by Lord Chancellor Egerton and Lord Chancellor Bacon. Charles the First



Water Gate, Buckingham Street, Strand.

bestowed the place upon his favourite, Villiers, who turned it into a magnificent palace. In 1648 the Parliament granted it to Lord Fairfax, whose daughter marrying George Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham, it reverted to his possession. Under the influence of schemers, and induced by necessitous circumstances, its demolition was commenced by the Duke with a view to a building experiment; but when the animus of his caprice had evaporated, the place remained in ruin, with its superb gardens a wilderness of dilapidation and a monument of the fickleness of their unsteady lord.

Of all this once sumptuous display the Water Gate is now the only relic. It is designed according to the Tuscan order of architecture, and it

would be difficult to find a building with more harmony of parts, or one which displays the beauty of fitness in greater perfection, or with more propriety of decoration. The simplicity of the entablature is characteristic; and the rock rustic, an ornament that can be used only in peculiar situations, has here an admirable effect. This fine edifice must shortly succumb to the spirit of improvement; but it is to be desired that a site may be devised for its re-erection somewhere on the Thames bank. At Hampton Court or Twickenham a suitable place might be found for it, only let it be made the approach to some building worthy of such a preface, and it will not fail to do honour to its locality.

J. WYKHAM ARCHER.

"ELEANOR'S VICTORY," a New Novel, by the Author of "*Aurora Floyd*," "*Lady Audley's Secret*," &c., will be commenced immediately.]

THE COUNTESS GABRIELLE.



IN the year 1800, I was staying in a small village in France, taking a short holiday after the numerous occupations of my busy life. My time was chiefly spent in walking excursions about the neighbourhood. My hostess at the village auberge fully entered into my wish of exploring the curiosities of the surrounding country, and when I returned from one expedition, was always sure to have another to propose for my amusement.

"Monsieur devra aller voir l'église de A. ou le château de Monseigneur le Marquis au pied de la montagne," she would say, as she was laying the cloth for my supper. Then she would tell me the

best way of getting to the spot in question, and all so clearly pointed out, that I soon found that my best chance of success in the way of enjoyment lay in following her directions implicitly. One evening when I came in, she laughingly told me that she was now come nearly to the end of her list, but had kept the best for the last, and that to-morrow I must go to the Château des Carlans, which she was sure would please me better than all the places I had yet seen. It was a long way, and difficult to find; so, would Monsieur have the *cheval brun* (he would find him a very pleasant horse to ride), and little Pierre could go with him as a

guide? I was quite content, and the next morning saw me mounted on the *cheval brun*, a thick-set, steady-going little hack, while bare-footed Pierre ran by my side. It was a long way, and owing to my steed losing a shoe, and no smith appearing within reach, and the three hours' search after that worthy which ensued, I soon saw that I had better make up my mind to spend the night at Carlan, or the nearest village, and send Pierre back to give notice of my proceedings.

"The road was quite straight now," he said, and so we parted, and I went on my way. I had questioned my little guide as we came along about the Carlans, whose château we were going to visit, but he was not able to enlighten me much.

"C'était une grande famille que les Carlans, mais il n'y en a plus," was all he knew, and so I waited to satisfy my curiosity till I should meet some one better able to instruct me.

As the evening came on, the sky began to darken, and the clouds to scud about in rather an alarming way. There seemed to be no habitations in the immediate neighbourhood; so I pressed on my horse as fast as I could, in the direction which had been pointed out to me. At last I came in sight of the Château des Carlans, which I had no difficulty in recognising from the descriptions I had heard of it. It stood in the centre of a grove of trees with a thickly-set avenue leading from one side of it down to the road, and was built in red brick with a number of turrets rising round one tall square tower. As far as I could see, it presented a confused mass of irregular buildings. Huge and gloomy enough it looked, and this appearance increased as I rode along the avenue. I had entered the park through a large arched gateway, which was in better repair than anything else seemed to be; except that one side of the massive iron-studded gate hung on by one hinge, while the other stood wide open, it might have still been the entrance to some lordly and well-kept demesne. The park was gloomy in the extreme: huge trees with moss-covered trunks threw their giant branches down to the very ground. On one side a large piece of water, looking still, and dark, and deep, without one living thing to enliven its surface, joined by a narrow rivulet the moat round the castle. On the other side were wide expanses of lawn and forest ground, while right before me rose the great sombre castle itself. A sort of modern terrace in the Louis XIV. style lay in front of it, strangely out of keeping with the grim feudal appearance of the building itself. There was certainly not much prospect of a night's lodging here; but I remembered that my good hostess's directions had never proved wrong yet, so I rode boldly along the avenue, across the terrace, and up to the great door. It was firmly closed, but I pulled violently at a rude sort of bell, evidently put up to suit the modern ideas of the porter, and swung away lustily at the huge iron knocker.

For a long time I heard no answer but the echo proceeding from my own efforts, which went rumbling off through long corridors and wide vacant spaces. I was almost beginning to despair, when I fancied I heard a sound in

the distance, at first faint, and then nearer and nearer. The noise of shuffling feet came along the passage, then a rattling of keys. At last, one turned gratingly in the rusty lock, and slowly swinging open the door, a little, quaint-looking dame stood before me. With her snow-white hair, and wrinkled face, her strange dress, and high-heeled, steel-buckled shoes, the old woman might have served as a pendant to some of the pictures of the deceased ladies, whose portraits, doubtless, still hung in the picture-gallery.

She first looked surprised, and then pleased to see me; and, after asking whether I wished to see the castle, directed me to ride along the terrace, to a smaller door, where I should find some one to take my horse. A young man in a peasant's dress made his appearance, and I then came back to the great door where she still stood, and entered the hall with her. It was a large, long hall, with doors opening on to it from every side, and a fine wide staircase with carved oak balustrade leading from the lower end to the apartments above. One of these doors my conductress opened, and we found ourselves in a low vaulted corridor which led to the rooms she occupied. Here she introduced me to her husband, apparently more ancient than herself; who, notwithstanding the time of year, sat before a blazing wood fire. The sight of it was anything but unpleasant on this chill, damp evening. Setting a chair before it, she courteously begged me to be seated. In a few minutes we were in full chat, and I felt that I was on the high road to learning as much of the history of the Seigneurs de Carlan as could be retained in the memory of living man. However, I did not forget to inquire about a lodging for the night, and the old dame, who seemed to have taken a considerable fancy to me, told me she would give me a room in the castle itself.

"Quoique," as she said with a sigh, "il y a bien des années que personne y a logé que Jean et moi."

So we passed the evening, and comfortably supped together at a small table by the fire, while the young man I had seen before, and a buxom peasant girl of about sixteen, took theirs at a sort of dresser, near the door. Soon after supper, the old lady with her attendant rose to prepare my room, and after many comings and goings, rattling of keys, and opening of cupboards, she pronounced it ready.

Following her, with Marie bringing up the rear, I crossed the hall, walked up the broad staircase, and found myself in a vast open corridor, corresponding to the hall below. Doors, staircases, and passages opened on to it in bewildering confusion. One of these last my hostess followed, and opening a door at the end of it, ushered me into my apartment. It looked bright enough at first, with its blazing fire and plentiful supply of *bon-grès*; but a second look showed me that it would take much more to enlighten all the depths and corners of that vast old chamber. The huge bed, with its deep crimson hangings, the walls of similar colour, the carved ebony chest, the cupboards, the closet in the corner, looked deep and mysterious enough for anything. However, as my hostess

and her attendant never seemed even to suspect that I should dislike sleeping so far from all companionship, I was ashamed to confess my superstitious feelings, and called out a careless "Good night" to them down the passage, just as if I were quite at my ease. And, yet, when I saw their light disappear down the stairs, I shut my door with a nervous thrill I could not account for, and cast an apprehensive glance at the great oriel window near my door.

It was a fearful night. The wind and rain were beating heavily against the windows, and the storm rolling noisily round the old house, filling its echoes with strange rumbling sounds, and then moaning away along the passages to beat back with redoubled force against the clattering shutters and windows. I do not know what I feared, but strange influences were at work within me, and as I drew back the curtains to enter my bed, I think no apparition staring from behind them would have surprised me much. Having made up the fire, till it blazed brightly and strong, and went roaring lustily up the chimney, despite the wind and rain, I lay down to rest, and happily being well tired with my day's exertions, soon fell fast asleep. How long I slept, I do not know, but I woke to find my fire slumbering in ashes, and a noise of voices and steps in the passage next my room.

Trembling in every limb with the strange sensations moving round me, I rose in my bed and listened. There were children in the passage! Yes, I heard their little pattering feet running up and down; and though I could distinguish no words, there was a sound of infantine voices. It was not real, that sound, not loud nor strong, but more in the air, about me, and yet moving in the passage! What children could they be, I thought, playing at this hour in this dark, stormy night, in the passages of this abandoned castle? There they run again past my door; one little hand touches it as they pass; now a burst of childish laughter rings out—but stop—up the stairs I hear, or rather feel, some one coming, a rustling of silks, a shuffling of feet, and the little unearthly footsteps pass on to meet it. On it comes, I hear the little ones join it, and the rustling of the silks and the sweeping of the train stop before my door. I hear mutterings and sounds, and the laugh of a child high up, as if the presence that had joined them had raised the little one in its arms. Then follows a kiss quite audible in the midnight air, and the window shaken by the wind seems to open, and I hear a scream and a plunge and wild waters rising, and a woman's cry in the depths of the moat below, mingling with the moans of a child. And screams are in the passage, and steps in the distance, and a man's voice, and a young girl's, and a child's, rise in one weird concert loud and strong, and mingle with the sound of the wind, and the howling of the storm.

And now all is still, and on beats the wind, and the rain, and the storm, but the spell of that dark hour seems passed! I throw myself out of bed, and making up my fire, and lighting my candles, dress with trembling hands, and so sitting dressed before the hearth, I await the day. It came at last, bright and fresh, and as I threw open my

window to court the morning air, I saw that the whole country seemed renovated beneath the influence of the plentiful rain. The old park bore traces of the ravages of the wind. Several trees torn up by the roots lay scattered beneath the walls of the castle, close to which I could see, by leaning far over the parapet of my window, the cold, dark waters of the old moat. About six o'clock I went down, and found my hostess up and dressed, and evidently much astonished at my early appearance. She was, however, more surprised at my paleness.

"Monsieur n'a pas bien dormi, peut-être?" she asked.

I replied "yes;" but my hesitation and evident fatigue awoke her curiosity, and she questioned me till I told her the whole story of my nightly visitants. Her face visibly changed as I told her of the strange sounds and voices which had disturbed my slumbers, and turning from me to continue her preparations for our morning meal, I heard her murmur: "Pauvre dame, après tant d'années ne peut-elle dormir en paix?" I had caught her words, but no entreaties of mine could draw more from her then; she promised, however, that later she would tell me all she knew.

After breakfast my hostess proposed a visit to the rest of the castle, and we set off together. First she led me through a long suite of saloons, furnished with rare taste and magnificence, though the furniture was of ancient shape, and they had the cold, solemn aspect of uninhabited rooms. The last of these saloons opened into a small crimson-hung boudoir, with a lovely prospect from its low balconied windows, of a wide expanse of park and woodland across the moat. The clump of trees on the opposite side had evidently been cut in former times to give the fair occupants of the room the best advantages of the view; but now they were wild, untrimmed, and uncut; and the traces of former flower-beds were almost hidden beneath the moss, rank grass, and fallen branches of the trees and shrubs. The room itself might have been in constant use, for any appearance of neglect or decay there was about it. The mirror in its silver frame, the silver sconces, the glittering ornaments of the mantelpiece, the floor with its beautiful inlaid designs, the brass and ebony cabinet, were as bright and well-polished as if the lady of the castle was hourly expected to visit her sanctuary. The illusion of the minute was complete. I suddenly found myself transported to the retreat of the high-born Countess of sixty years ago. I almost fancied I heard the rustling of silks, and the tripping of a dainty high-heeled foot along the empty saloons beyond, and that in another second the hanging draperies would be drawn aside to let the Lady of Carlan pass in.

My hostess seemed to enjoy my surprise, and for some minutes looked on in silence. At last, beckoning me across the room, she drew aside a curtain, and pointed to a picture on the wall. It was the portrait of a lady, and underneath the escutcheon on the gilded frame was written, "Gabrielle de Plessis, Comtesse de Carlan." Very beautiful and very haughty was the young Countess, with her fair hair and flashing eyes, and short curling lip. On her head, thrown back with an

almost defiant air, she wore a velvet hat, such as one sees in portraits of Marie Antoinette; one hand toyed with the balls of her countess's coronet, which lay on a cushion by her; the other held the leash of a tall greyhound which stood at her feet. The face was very fair; but so unquiet, so wildly passionate was its expression, that involuntarily I found myself repeating the strange words of the old housekeeper, "Pauvre dame, après tant d'années ne peut-elle dormir en paix?" On the other side of the room was another portrait; it was that of a man in the prime of life, with happiness written in every line of a handsome, open countenance. At the bottom of the frame was written Henri de Carlan. One other picture yet remained. It was smaller than either of the other two, and hung between the windows in a simple oval frame. Less brilliant than the one, less happy than the other, it possessed perhaps more real and lasting beauty than either. There was a touching and mournful simplicity in the dark eyes that gazed so frankly into yours, in the small hands clasped so tightly over the slender chain that hung from her neck and was the sole attempt at ornament. The portrait bore the name of Alix de Carlan.

"Sister of the last?" I asked, pointing to the portrait of the gentleman.

The old woman sighed.

"No, cousin," she said. "She was an orphan and brought up here."

Opening a door, we passed up a narrow staircase to a large bed-room which was probably that of the lady of the house. The hangings and ornaments were similar to those in the boudoir below, and the same care was visible in its arrangements. Three doors opened into it. One communicated with the ante-room through which we had entered, one with a room containing several little beds, doubtless the nursery of the children of the household; the third opened upon the wide passage above the great staircase. We passed on again through a suite of rooms, none of which presented any particular interest, save that of antique furniture, and strange quaint closets and corners. At last my hostess drew from her pocket a key, and putting it into the lock of a door near the staircase, showed me into a pleasant, cheerful room, overlooking the moat and park, and remarkable for its freshness and air of constant use. It was hung with blue, much simpler in its arrangements than the boudoir or state bed-room. I could not help connecting it with the dark-eyed portrait below. On the walls were two or three portraits, and by the bed a statue of the Madonna; at its feet was a bunch of withered flowers.

An involuntary shudder passed over me as we came to the door of my last night's room.

"I have not forgotten my promise," the old housekeeper said; "you have seen all now, except the chapel, which we will visit later: now come down again to the room below."

In a few minutes I found myself seated in the boudoir hearing from her the strange story of the Lady Gabrielle de Plessis.

"My mother was *femme de chambre* to the mother of Count Henri de Carlan," the old lady said. "I was born in the house. When I first remember the young Count, he was a fine, merry

boy of about twelve; Lady Alix, his orphan cousin, was a little, dark-eyed girl of nine or ten. I was destined to be her attendant, but now my intercourse with my little mistress was limited to an occasional game of play with her and my young master. They were a charming pair, so full of life and fun, of love for each other, and devotion to my Lady Countess. I remember even then the significant looks and signs that followed them everywhere, and how people counted confidently on what must take place when they grew up. It was not so, however; by the time they were old enough to think of such things, I was of age to take my place in my young lady's room, and I am pretty sure she never thought of her cousin but as a very dear brother. The Countess herself soon saw how it was, and was the first to give up the idea of their marrying: and so they went on with their old childish intercourse, so full of affection and confidence. The Count Henri was very proud of my young lady's beauty, and would often come to her room while her toilette was going on, to see that her dress was to his taste. I fancy I see him now, putting her wreaths of roses on his powdered curls, sticking patches on his cheeks, unfolding her fans, and rouging his healthy red cheeks, and then racing off in a hurry to wash it off in time to hand her and his mother into the coach.

"They were merry times: such parties and dancing and hunts, and so many beaux for my Lady Alix. It was well known that my young lady's fortune was one of the largest in France, so she had many offers. She was not to be taken in, however, by all the fortune-hunters, and she never seemed to care for one of the gentlemen she met except the young Baron de Lisle, who was a soldier and came very seldom to Carlan. Before long we all saw that there was some chance of my young lord bringing us home a mistress, and then I became really anxious that Mademoiselle Alix should find a home of her own. She did not seem to feel it herself, sweet lady, but prepared to love her new cousin with all her heart. The Countess, however, did not feel so, I am sure. She would have been ready enough to give up her place to her niece, but she could not brook the idea of a stranger stepping into her shoes. I think that my young master saw this, too; for he never told his mother of his hopes and wishes, but used to pour them all out to his cousin. Many an evening they walked together, talking earnestly, on some subject or other interesting to both; and one evening, as she said Good Night to him at the foot of the staircase, I heard her whisper something about "la belle Gabrielle," and he blushed crimson in his young, honest way, while she ran laughing to her room. So it went on for a short time, until one day we heard that our young lord was to marry the Countess and heiress of de Plessis. The wedding took place there, and our ladies were to have been present, but my lady Countess was ailing, so we did not see our new mistress till she came here.

"There were great rejoicings in the place when they returned, and the leader of all the fêtes was Lady Alix. Our new lady was very beautiful. I shall never forget the day I saw her walk up the

terrace by her husband's side to greet the Countess, who stood at the hall-door to receive her. I thought, even then, she bowed very haughtily to the people assembled to receive her, and received her new mother's kiss with cold constraint. Indeed the Countess herself was rather more ceremonious, I thought, than the occasion required. Lady Alix stood by her aunt, and threw her arms round her new cousin's neck with sweet innocent joy and greeting; then she turned to Count Henry and kissed him too, as she always did. I thought then, and I am sure of it now, that there was a peculiar look in Lady Gabrielle's face when she first saw her cousin Alix. That look haunted me long afterwards. The dominion of the two ladies did not last long together, however; before very long my lady Countess died. God only knows why He did not take the younger lady! Even before her mother-in-law died, she had shown much of her real character—enough to make us fear for the future, at least. Certainly nothing more haughty, more wildly proud and overbearing than the young Countess ever trod the earth, and in jealousy she surpassed anything I ever heard of. My lord was completely under her dominion. He both loved and admired her, though her passions terrified him. His brave but gentle nature shrank back appalled at the storms which opposition to her will was sure to arouse. One of her first caprices had been to request my services instead of those of her own maid. It was the act of a spoilt child, and the first sacrifice my gentle lady had to make for peace sake. I say a *sacrifice*, because she told me it was one. She came to me herself, put her pretty hand on my shoulder, and said:

"For my sake, Justine, do as you are asked. I shall never have anyone about me that I shall like half as well, but you know I would do a great deal to content my cousin."

"There were tears in her eyes as she spoke, so I could only sob out 'Yes,' and do as she wished, for love of her. After the old Countess's death troubles began to gather round us. The jealousy of her cousin, which I had seen coming so long in Lady Gabrielle, became at last a perfect frenzy. All her haughtiness, all her pride, were absorbed in one senseless sentiment of jealousy. If my young lady left the house for a walk in the park the Countess would creep stealthily after her, and follow her behind the trees and bushes. At every sound in the corridor of an evening she would creep out, and stand watching the door of her cousin's room. My lord began to grow restless and miserable. He loved his cousin so dearly, that to feel his intercourse with her restricted was a perfect torture to him. Added to this, the little children—there were two now, a boy and girl—receiving no care or attention from their mother, gave all their baby love and caresses to their cousin, or *petite mère* Alix as they called her. At last, however, came a little respite. The Baron de Lisle came back, and when Lady Gabrielle saw how well he and the young lady agreed, she began to imagine she might have been mistaken. One day, to my dismay, when all seemed going on for the best, the baron left in a hurry; he had evidently had a misunderstanding

with Lady Alix. I cannot help thinking that he had told her what he and everyone must have noticed in the Countess's conduct towards her, and that she, sweet generous creature, had indignantly denied it and defended her cousin. Let that be as it may, he went, and from that moment things grew worse; Lady Alix was pale and worn, my lord anxious and distressed, and my mistress frantic with her jealousy. My lord was never even able to speak to his cousin without raising a storm, but I think he often used to meet her in her walks and pour out all his sorrows to her. I was sitting one day in this very room, working at my lady's embroidery, and she herself was standing at that window, when suddenly I heard her utter a faint cry, and looking across the water I saw my lord and Lady Alix pacing up and down under the trees. I felt at once that they must be much occupied with their conversation, or they could never have forgotten the watch my lady always kept over them. There was such a fierce expression in her face that, with a feeling of terror, I waited for what would follow. We could see that Lady Alix was crying bitterly. My lord held a letter in his hand, which he gave her at last, and then left her alone while she read it. This she did slowly, turning it over and over, and then she threw herself on the bench and buried her face in her hands. My lord returned in a few minutes: when she saw him she sprang up from her seat, and threw herself into his arms. He held her tenderly, with one arm round her waist, and, stooping down, kissed her sweet, upturned face again and again.

"My lady put her hand to her heart, as if she had been stabbed, and then turned to leave the room. She looked so strange, that I followed her across the hall and up-stairs. She went very slowly, almost like one in a dream, never moving her hand from her heart. In the passage opposite the top of the stairs, my little Lord was playing with his sister. He was nearly four then, and as beautiful as an angel. When they saw their mother coming, they ran towards her. She took one hand of each, and passed on. At the large open window near the door of your last night's chamber she stopped, and stooping, raised the little girl in her arms, and kissed her in such a strange, passionate way, that the child gave a cry of fear. Then she turned to her son. He wore round his neck a golden medallion, with his father's hair and portrait. She snapped the slender chain with her angry fingers, and then taking him up in her arms, pressed his bright curly head against her breast. On a sudden she turned to the attendant of her children and to me, as if to bid us be gone; but at that instant there was a sound of voices below, and then, with a wild, savage cry, she leapt on the broad sill of the window, and flung herself with the child into the deep waters below. There was a splash and a scream! We rushed to the window, and saw her struggling in the water with the boy in her arms. At this instant my Lord and Lady Alix appeared in the passage. One glance sufficed; and then their wild cries of agony mingled with those rising from the moat. Every means of saving them was tried, in vain: many hours

elapsed before the bodies could be even found. When they were, the little boy was still clasped as in a vice in the arms of his dead mother. Her face was terrible to look at. I wish I had never seen it, for it haunts me to this hour. The great hall, into which the bodies were brought, was hung with black, and there for two days they lay in state.

"The accident (as it was supposed to be) made much noise. Crowds of people came to see the beautiful young Countess, as she lay with her little son in the last sleep of death, and to show their sympathy with her bereaved husband. I and the children's attendant were, besides my master and Lady Alix, the only people who ever knew the truth; and I knew what none could know besides, though they probably guessed it. After the body was found, however, they questioned me, and I told them all I knew. They listened with sad scared faces; and then my young lady called me in, and told me how, about a month ago, she had quarrelled with her affianced lover; that my lord, her cousin, had tried to reconcile them, and yesterday had brought her a letter from the Baron de Lisle, and made her promise to forgive him and become his wife; that she was hastening back to the castle to tell her cousin of her happiness, when she saw the dreadful sight. Then she led me on to the children's room, and there showed me the little motherless Jeanne, as she lay on her bed, and made me promise never to leave her. I did so; but before many weeks the child lay by her dead mother's side in the tomb of the Carlans. She died of fits brought on by fright. Soon after the old Baroness de Lisle came, and took my sweet lady to her future home. The Count went abroad, and the castle was shut up. I married a young man who had been my *fiancé* for some months, and they gave us the place in charge. My lord was a broken-hearted man; he never held up his head again, and died, I believe, in Italy. Carlan then belonged to the Lady Alix, but she never came here.

"I had lived in hopes of seeing her again, but one day a youth came here with an old attendant. He needed not have told me his name, for he had every line of his dear mother's face. He said he was Henri de Lisle; that he came to me with his mother's greeting, to beg I would go to see her, for she was very ill. I was ill too, and could not go, and before I was well enough to travel, my sweet lady was dead! I have seen none of the young people since, but I love the place still, in memory of those that are gone. My only pleasure is to keep these rooms as if my lady were expected here every moment. If the young ladies ever come here, they will find their mother's rooms just as they were when she last left them. I was born here, and shall die here too, I hope, for I am used to the place, and even its nightly visitants do not frighten me, for they never harm me."

"Then what I heard last night was real?"

"Real! No. But sure it is that every night the old scene that passed so long ago is acted here again by some strange forms bearing the likeness of the honoured dead. We have heard the sounds for years, but I thought they were meant for

us alone, or I should never have chosen that room for your lodging last night."

At this moment a loud tap at the door and the pleasant accents of the little French maid's voice recalled us from these old remembrances to the fact of dinner being ready. We rose accordingly, with a last look at the old portraits on the walls. During the meal I learned much more of the old legends of the place, and did not rise to leave till the sun was sinking low beneath the distant hills. As I rode through the deserted park, I could almost fancy I saw the haughty Countess and her beautiful children pacing the broad terrace, or a gleam of the white robe of the Lady Alix as she swept round the garden walks by the side of her cousin.

I know not what has become of the Château des Carlans now, or of the old dame who guided me through it; she is doubtless long since in her grave, for these are the remembrances of an old man. This I can tell you. Never does a dark, stormy night come by, never do the rain and wind beat round the house, but I fancy that I hear the pattering of little weird feet by my door, the gushing of angry waters, the moans of a little child, and the death-screams of the last Countess of Carlan.

THE RESTORATION OF OUR SOIL.

PART I.

THE "Times" startled its readers the other day by stating, on the authority of some great names in the domain of chemistry, that the vegetable mould of Europe was gradually becoming exhausted—that our system of farming was, in fact, drying up the source of our daily bread, and that our over-stimulated fields required to revert to their primal condition of wood, and forest, and bog, to bring them back to a wholesome state of fertility. This was tantamount to saying that civilisation was at an end, and that we must look up our old books of costume to see how we should look once more tattooed in wood and draped with skins.

We do not happen to know whether Dr. Cumming has attempted to improve the occasion, by launching forth another of his prophetic visions—possibly not, as the evidence tends to show that man must begin afresh, instead of finally closing his account with nature: be that as it may, the statement was somewhat calculated to attract attention, and one not in the usual run of penny-a-lining.

Fortunately, it happened that not long before this communication was made to the "Times," the Queen's printers were issuing what we venture to predict will prove one of the most important Blue Books ever published, to wit, the "Second Report of the Select Committee on Sewage of Towns." It must have struck every thinking mind with wonder, that while our farmers were depending upon the refuse of flocks of birds in the islands of the South Pacific, and upon the bleaching bones gathered from distant battle-fields,—the refuse of man himself lay decomposing beneath his feet in great cities, and giving forth exhalations which poisoned him in his own household. "Surely," the reflecting man

must have said, "the excreta of birds which feed upon a limited range of food cannot be so rich in manurial qualities as that of the human race within whose alimentary range all the edible products of earth are brought." The thought was so simple, and withal so true, that he felt almost inclined to place it among the class of grand principles which are very well to enunciate, but which are difficult to reduce to practice. At all events, for years the public mind has done little more than dwell upon the problem, whilst those interested in our imported and manufactured manures have been active in throwing discredit upon the idea, whilst they have been equally active in despatching fleets to the other side of the globe to fetch guano, and factories have been arising on every hand to mix composts infinitely inferior to that mixed for us in our house drains, and which Lord Palmerston has truly designated as only matter in the wrong place. Whilst vested interests, however, have to a certain extent smothered the general idea floating in the public mind, and while, indeed, some public experiments, such as those at Rugby and Croydon, conducted on false principles, tended to discourage the belief in the new-found treasure, the efforts of individual minds have restored the problem to its original position.

With Englishmen an ounce of fact is worth a ton of theory; and when men began to see, here and there throughout the island, fields producing four and five crops of grass a year of astounding weight and quality, and when the land itself became quadrupled in value, it was natural to inquire how the thing was done. Inquiry once stimulated, the battle was won; and now that a Parliamentary Committee have reported highly favourably of the agricultural value of the excreta of man in great cities, we think we may safely predict that in England, at all events, the time is near at hand when we shall no longer trouble the booby and other sea-fowl in the South Pacific Ocean. It is certainly a most remarkable fact, that when we have to announce any new discovery, or to refer to any ancient one which has greatly affected mankind, we have to acknowledge the Chinese as the earliest originators. Printing, gunpowder, the mariner's compass, and half a dozen other great inventions were well known in the flowery land long before this island had emerged from barbarism. But it seems stranger still to add that the simple expedient by which one of the largest empires—counting upwards of 400,000,000 inhabitants—possesses, and has possessed for hundreds of generations, the most productive soil in the world, should only just now be known amongst our sharper-witted farmers. If, according to a new theory, a slow exhaustion of the vegetable mould were really going on, we ought certainly to look to China for the strongest evidence of the fact; but mother earth is as strong there, possibly stronger, than she has been for a couple of thousand years, and the secret of this eternal vigour lies in this, that the inhabitants never fail to return to the soil those materials that they have taken out of it. Every morning the market gardener, who brings the day's supply of vegetables, takes away the sewage of the house. It may not seem very savoury to our ideas to find

the produce and the producer thus nakedly and perpetually brought into contact before our eyes; but it is in this rapid circulation of the fertilising agent that the whole secret of the wonderful productions of this vast empire is based. The western nations build magnificent cities which they undermine with a vast swamp of filth;—hence the plagues of the middle ages, which, like sudden floods, depopulated cities, and the slow fevers, which at the present day make their constant lairs in our crowded courts and alleys.

We have had constant intercourse with China for upwards of a hundred years, but it is only lately that travellers have made us acquainted with this one great feature in their industrial life, which doubtless lies at the foundation of a civilisation which reaches without intermission long before the so-called Historic period.

But we must not be surprised at our blindness to foreign example, when we find that we have equally shut our eyes to an experiment that has been going on for upwards of two hundred years in our own island. When the advantage of sewage manure is referred to, the Craigintenny meadows, near Edinburgh, are named as the exemplar. At present, there are upwards of two hundred acres irrigated with the flow of the sewage of about 80,000 of the population. This land receives the sewage from the western part of the city, and after flowing over the meadows it falls into the sea. Some portion of this pasture, being in fact little better than a prolongation of the sea-beach, was originally worth five shillings an acre—it is now worth 30*l.* an acre. This transmutation of desert land into pasture, off which as many as five crops have been taken in a year, yielding on some extraordinary occasions upwards of sixty tons per acre at one cutting, but averaging say twenty-five tons, is accomplished at an expense to the proprietor of not more than one pound per acre for the labour in irrigating. This process is very simple; the sewage flows by its own gravity over the whole surface, not continuously, but at certain seasons, and in certain conditions of the Italian rye grass crops, each acre receiving about 9000 tons at each watering, which takes place about ten or twelve times a year. It must be admitted that the extraordinary success of these meadows is owing to the favourable lie of the land, which prevents the necessity for pumping arrangements; but there are scores of towns in England as favourably situated as Edinburgh for delivering their sewage at a mere nominal expense. Yet this extraordinary example has been in some unaccountable manner overlooked. It is just possible that the vast amount of sewage per acre here employed has tended to make agriculturists doubt the possibility of applying this kind of manure profitably in other places; but there is no necessity for these heavy dressings, they are employed on these meadows as a matter of necessity rather than of choice, for the sewage must be got rid of, and this can only be done by passing it over the land into the sea. The great value of the present Report is the conclusion it comes to, that light dressings at infrequent intervals succeed admirably. The importance of this fact cannot be too highly esti-

mated, for the whole value of the sewage of towns, when it has to be carried any distance, depends upon the cost of distribution, especially in those cases where there is a necessity for pumping, in order to raise it to a high level, that it may flow by its own gravity to distant parts. It must be evident that to distribute superfluous water is to clog the experiment with destructive charges. How to get rid of this superfluous water, which so deteriorates the value of town sewage, is the great question of the day. Sir Joseph Paxton, in his valuable evidence, believes the time will come when every house will have its hermetically sealed tank, into which all the sewage proper of the house will flow. This tank he would ventilate by carrying an half-inch pipe from it up the chimney. That by this means all the unpleasant odour would be got rid of, he proves by the fact, new perhaps to our readers, that in this manner, all the sewage of the Crystal Palace now deposited in tanks at the ends of the south transepts is ventilated through the pillars of the building, without the slightest odour being discovered, whilst the splendid bloom of the geraniums is the result of the sewage itself. As to the method of emptying these house-sewage tanks, he says :

I can see a time, and I believe I could scheme it, if I could turn my entire attention to it, by which you would have in your cellar a glazed iron tank, and a small half-inch pipe running up the chimney for the ventilation of this tank ; and you would have a pipe going to the outside with a top screwed on, and a locomotive engine with a large tank would go down your street, and they would hook on this, and they would draw out in three minutes all that you had got in the tank, without your even knowing anything about it, or having the slightest possible smell in the house.

With all due deference to Sir Joseph Paxton, we think it will be a very distant day before we shall scent his odorous locomotive at our doors, for the simple reason, that to employ a pump at every door, whilst one pump in the suburbs would answer every purpose, would be economically absurd. Sir Joseph, however, was right in recognising the fact that we are destroying the sewage of our great towns by mixing it in our underground culverts with the rainfall.

To one of the members of the late Commission of Sewers the credit is principally due of pointing out this initial error, whilst battling manfully against Mr. Bazalgette's monstrous sewers, so constructed as to swamp the excreta of the town in the drainage of the rainfall of metropolitan area, which extends over fifty-nine and a half square miles, and pours into the sewers from 80,000,000 to 90,000,000 of tons of water annually—a scheme which threatens to starve the river, and undoubtedly spoils the excreta of 3,000,000 of people. As far as we can see, there can be no denying the truth of his formula—

*The whole of the rainfall is due to the river, the whole of the sewage to the soil.**

This proposition he proposed to carry out by maintaining the then existing sewers for their original purpose, the carrying off the surface drainage to the river ; whilst the pipe water,

enriched by the cleansing of our dwellings, he would collect in pipes, carry out of town, and apply to the land. The millions that have been spent in constructing the colossal system of drainage now being carried out in the metropolis may seem to preclude the construction of this double system, and to destroy the possibility of saving the untold wealth it is planned to throw into the sea ; but it is just possible that the metropolitan sewage may be intercepted at the mouth of each house drain, and carried, by means of earthenware pipes, through the great drains themselves. The house sewage and the refuse surface water flowing, like the vein and the artery in the human body, in the same enveloping sheath,—the one to afford splendid crops from exhausted fields, the other to supply a full flow to the Thames.

At all events, if such a scheme is impossible of accomplishment, we trust that the much-vaunted metropolitan drainage scheme will serve as an example to be avoided, rather than followed, by other towns, now that the value of sewage, not too much diluted, is placed beyond all dispute.

It certainly does seem extraordinary that in England, where economy of carriage is so well understood, persons should fall into the fatal mistake of carrying that which can be made to carry itself. Thus, at Manchester, upwards of 100,000 tons of night-soil, mixed with 36,000 tons of ashes—the deodorising agent used in that town—are taken away annually by railroad into Yorkshire, Nottinghamshire, and Lincolnshire, at a great expense, and in a very objectionable form, for this solid manure is for ever giving off its most valuable constituent, the ammonia. But why trouble the wheels of the locomotive, when an iron pipe, at a slight incline, will carry the sewage in a far less objectionable manner ? Again, at Chatham, the farmers, notwithstanding their familiarity with the cheapness of hydraulic power, send to the town, and buy the night-soil of the contractors, which the latter carry for them in waggons. At Ryde, in Lancashire, a company is formed for conveying the sewage in a solid state, and has erected spacious premises for converting it into *poudrette*,—a process which nature has to undo before the manure is available for the use of the plant, as water is essential to carry it to the roots. A field, however thickly dressed with the best guano, whether home-made or Peruvian, can only obtain the advantage of it after a shower of rain, without which, indeed, the plants would be starved, just as a man would be in the best-stocked larder, provided he were chained by the leg out of reach of the tempting food hung around him.

These clumsy and needless methods of carrying and manufacturing an article which is already manufactured to hand in the best possible form, are not only conclusive of the ignorance which obtains with respect to the proper method of using it, but of its inherent worth. If town sewage can be made a paying commodity after thus being converted into a manufactured article, how much more profit could be made out of it by allowing it to flow immediately it is produced, when rich with all its volatile constituents, from our houses on to our fields.

* "Purification of the Thames : " a Letter, by F. O. Ward Esq., addressed to William Coningham, M.P.

CHARADE.

For half an evening he had bent
 O'er the sweet bands of golden hair,
 A flower-screened lamp its lustre blent
 With eyes and gems that sparkled there,
 And choice exotic perfumes lent
 A witchery to the air.
 Through maiden groups, with look askance,
 Float wondering words scarce envy-freee,
 Shrewd chaperones cast a furtive glance
 And whisper of a fate they see;
 'Ere August stifle fête and dance,
My first there's sure to be.

But August empties square and street,
 Less frequent whirl the wheels along,
 No longer gleam the sandalled feet,
 Nor murmurs now the silken throng !
 On jaded beauty's ear falls sweet
 The country's matin-song ;
 The breeze alas ! o'er saddened brow
 Lifts the light tress of sunny hue ;
 False was the lip that breathed the vow
 And thrilled the soul with feelings new :
My second is his love grown now
 Whose utterance seemed so true.

And so the long days wane. Ah me !
 How soon young hearts grow worldly-cold !
 How deftly learns the gallant's knee
 To bend but at the shrine of gold,
 Where faith and trust may bartered be,
 Aye, bargained, bought, and sold !
 Poor Alice had but soul and grace,
 But Laura dowers a lover more.
 A wife with fortune and a place !
 What wonder if his dream be o'er ?
 If alighted be the tender face
 He deemed *my whole* before ?

RALPH A. BENSON.

A RETURN FROM THE THRESHOLD.

"DOCTOR DAMPIER'S compliments, and he will be obliged if you will send him word whether you will give him what he has written to ask you for."

In the dull light which was reflected from the staircase on the landing at the entrance to my chambers it was not possible for me to see the speaker's face ; but there was something in the sound of his voice which struck me with a kind of terror ; it was as though I was listening to a voice from another world. So forcible was the shock that I drew back with a kind of fear from the speaker, and even hesitated for an instant to take the letter from his hand, although the person he named was one well known to me. Thinking that this feeling could only arise from the excited state of my mind, I took the letter from his hand, and, unlooking the door, I told him to come in. There was a fire burning in the grate, which lighted the room a little, and as a heavy rain was falling, and had been falling for some time, I said, "How long have you been waiting? Are you wet?"

"Nearly an hour," was the reply ; "but I don't mind the wet."

It was the same slow, even voice which seemed to come to me from the darkness of the grave, and I felt the same creeping sensation of horror

which had attacked me when he spoke to me outside my door. Snatching up a piece of paper from my table, I took the lamp from the mantel-piece and hastily lighted it, keeping my back towards the speaker that he might not perceive my agitation. With a sudden determination I turned and held the lamp at arm's length, so that it threw its light full on the messenger's face. Apart from the expression of the countenance, which was stern, and as firmly set as though it were carved in stone, and of itself calculated to make a profound impression on all who looked at it, there was that in the eyes which no human being could fathom. They might belong to a man who had at one time committed a murder, and who was continually on the watch to see if any person who spoke to him suspected the crime of which he had been guilty. Such I have seen ; but these to me shone from the deep hollows of the bloodless countenance with a far more appalling intelligence. There was in them an expression of recognition of myself ; and in my own mind I recognised him, but always as one who had passed into another stage of existence. By a strong effort I said :

"You say you bring this from Doctor Dampier. Do you know me? Where have I seen you before?"

Without answering my question he pointed to the note I held in my hand. I felt that I could not read the note with any understanding of its contents ; so, motioning towards the door, I told him to tell Dr. Dampier I felt too unwell to answer his note that evening, but that I would send an answer the following day. I held the door open, and listened to him as he descended the staircase with a step which sounded slow, even, and solemn as his voice. I waited two or three minutes till I thought he had reached a distance which would prevent me from overtaking him ; then thrusting the letter into my pocket I turned out the lamp, shut the door, and left for a friend's house, resolved not to enter my chambers again that night.

As soon as I found myself seated beside my friend at his fireside I recovered my spirits, and taking out the letter, read as follows :

"MY DEAR MR. HENSMAN,

"Will you have the kindness to furnish me, at your leisure, with a full report of the case of Samuel Calcraft, in which you were engaged. I prefer making this request to you rather than to the attorney who prepared the case for his defence, because, as you prosecuted him in your official capacity, no person will be able or likely to wish to throw doubt on your statement.

"I do not require your statement for present use, but eventually I shall do so in the interests of humanity ; I shall, however, have no objection to reveal the reason to you on receiving your promise that you will not divulge what I tell you till the occurrence of an event which may be still distant.

"Very truly yours,

"J. DAMPIER."

I had scarcely run my eye over this note before I understood the cause of my emotion on hearing

and seeing his messenger ; and to make this understood, I will relate the case of the Samuel Calcraft referred to in his letter.

In April of the year 1833, the town and neighbourhood of Hystos, U.S., was the scene of one of the worst crimes which it is in the power of a human being to perpetrate. The person murdered was named Exton, a man well-stricken in years, of a most estimable character, the principal leader, and most frequently the pastor, of the religious congregation to which he belonged. Respected by all, whether members of the same sect or not, on account of his thorough conscientiousness, his store was the source from which the greater part of the population of the town and country for miles round derived their supply of articles of all kinds. On the 27th of May, 1832, he was guilty of a weakness which somewhat lowered the respect in which he had been hitherto held by the female members of his congregation : he married the daughter of a settler who used generally to come with her father to his store when he had occasion to renew his supplies of tea, sugar, and so forth. Nothing was known in the town to the detriment of or in favour of the girl ; it was her extreme youth which was the ground of objection to her. Shortly after their marriage it began to be rumoured about that Exton was not happy in his married life ; and this, in consequence of the violence of his wife's character, soon became so notorious that the strongest of his admirers among the women did not hesitate to express their sympathy in his affliction by low groans and other ejaculations whenever, in the course of his praying or preaching, he made any allusion which could be twisted into a reference to the thorn in his flesh. Manifestations of this kind were perfectly understood by his wife, who thenceforth entirely absented herself from any place of worship, and expressed her hatred of her husband on several occasions. The reason of this enmity was a mystery to everybody, Exton being a man of an uncomplaining disposition, who never spoke of his domestic troubles, or encouraged even his oldest friends to allude to them in his presence.

On the 5th of April, 1833, he presided at the meeting of his co-religionists, and at its conclusion received a pressing invitation to drive to a farm belonging to a man named Joynson, about three miles from the town, and remain there till the morning ; there being a party there to celebrate the birth of the farmer's first son. Refusing the invitation, Exton shook hands with those about him, and walked away in the direction of his house. This was the last time he was seen alive by them. Early the following morning a rumour flew through the town with the speed of electricity that Isaiah Exton had been found murdered on the floor of his bedroom. The houses were soon emptied of their inhabitants, all of whom proceeded towards Exton's store to satisfy themselves of the truth of the rumour, and to gratify that mysterious inclination of humanity to look upon a place which has been the scene on which a human soul has been violently expelled from its earthly sanctuary. The rumour proved true enough ; the unfortunate Exton had

no doubt been killed, and that, too, only after a struggle of more than ordinary persistency, as was shown by the state of the body and the condition of the room.

There was no proof that the unfortunate man had been robbed, though his wife asserted that a bag containing a large sum in gold had been taken from a drawer in his bedroom. The regard in which he was held by his fellow-citizens made them positive that he had no enemy among them, and the person generally suspected of having had a share in his destruction was his wife ; from suspicion they very soon passed to an assumption of her guilt ; but as they could not believe her capable of committing the deed with her own hand, they supposed she had an accomplice ; and who this could be was a mystery they were never tired of discussing. In due course an inquest was held on the body, at which Jane Burton, one of the servants, stated that she had for some time past noticed a great intimacy between her mistress and a porter named Samuel Calcraft employed in the store, that on several occasions she had seen him coming from the room in which his mistress was, and where he had no business to be, and that on these occasions he had always been much confused on seeing her, and had induced her to promise that she would say nothing about it, promising that he would tell her some day why he went there, which he never had done.

Suspicion having been thus directed towards the porter, the desire for a victim was so great that the discovery of a knife belonging to him covered with rust, assumed to be caused by blood, was considered sufficient evidence on which to commit him to take his trial for the murder of his master. In the interval between his committal and his trial other suspicious circumstances were discovered affecting him, namely, a purse which was found in his chest, and identified as his master's, in which was a considerable sum for a man in his position ; also a watch which had been seen in Exton's possession on the eve of his death by several persons, and a miniature portrait of his mother enclosed in a silver case curiously chased, which the deceased was known to value very highly. People being thus satisfied that he was the actual murderer, were unremitting in their endeavours to get him to criminate his mistress. Every inducement it was in their power to offer him they offered. Promises to exert the influence of the whole town in saving his life on the ground that by reason of his youth he had fallen a victim to her wiles were made, but all were of no avail in bringing about the result they desired ; the most he could be induced to say was that she had once or twice spoken of her husband in a way which he had told her was not right, and that for some time she had not uttered a word to him on the subject, though he knew from the women-servants they lived apart. His assertions were disbelieved by all ; but as there was not a tittle of evidence against Mrs. Exton, she was allowed to remain at large, though she might almost as well have been in prison in solitary confinement, seeing that nobody would associate with her, or even speak to her. As for the store, that had to be shut up, not a customer having entered it

to make a purchase since the murder of its proprietor.

On the day of the trial of Samuel Calcraft the town was thoroughly emptied of its inhabitants. The prisoner, when placed in the dock, became terribly agitated, and looked as though he would fall to the ground, and whispers reached me which showed that this was taken as further evidence of his guilt, though it did not appear to me at all surprising, considering his youth and the consciousness that most, if not all, of those present knew him, and believed him guilty of the murder.

It was my duty to put the case before the jury in the strongest light which the evidence appeared to me capable of sustaining. I had no personal feeling against the prisoner, of course, and it was rather from habit than design that I wove the evidence against him into my address in such a manner that even a jury altogether unprejudiced might have been induced to convict him. I looked at him as I finished my speech, and I shall never forget the expression of utter despair and horror with which he was regarding me, and which awoke in me a keener sense of the responsibility attaching to my office than I had ever felt before. His counsel had little to say in his defence. The only explanation he had to offer was that Calcraft had certainly had interviews, apparently mysterious, with his mistress, but that this was only for the purpose of conveying spirits to her, which she drank in large quantities without wishing anybody to know that she did so, and that this was the reason why he had made Jane Burton promise not to speak about having seen him. The knife he admitted was his, but asserted that it had grown rusty merely from want of use. The miniature he averred had been given to the prisoner by his master in order that he might clean the case, on the day preceding the murder, and he had put it in his room for safety's sake. The purse he said had been given him by his master, and the money contained in it was his own savings. As for the watch, he denied most solemnly that he had put it where it had been found, or that he knew anything about it; and asserted that somebody must have put it in his chest after he was locked up.

I will not venture to say that the judge had formed a preconceived opinion of the prisoner's guilt, or that he was influenced by the general desire to avenge the death of a man so deservedly esteemed as Exton, but he certainly summed up the case in a manner which I could not think impartial; I was not therefore surprised, knowing what I did of the public feeling respecting the case, when the jury returned a verdict of *Guilty*.

Sentence of death having been pronounced, the prisoner was carried out of court senseless.

It was in conducting this case that I first became acquainted with Dr. Dampier. We spent the evening together after the trial at his house, and I was very deeply interested in his discourse, especially in some of his theories touching life and death. The criminal trials and civil causes were so unusually numerous, that I had not left the town when the day arrived for the execution of the convicted murderer of Mr. Exton. On the morning of his execution he sent for me, and

though I would have made any reasonable sacrifice to have avoided complying with his request, I could not under the circumstances refuse to go to him. I found that all he wanted of me was to beseech me to save his life. I told him I had no power whatever in the matter, that it was not to me he should appeal. He declared, in language which made those who heard it shudder, that he was innocent; and when they began urging him towards the scaffold, he turned towards me, and with a countenance stern in its expression and deadly pale, said: "You are my murderer, and if a murdered man can haunt you, I will." And so he passed away to his death, and I into the official apartments to hear a case and give a gratuitous opinion concerning it. When I left about three quarters of an hour afterwards I looked up and saw the body still hanging.

The man who brought me the note from Dr. Dampier was Samuel Calcraft.

Having written for Dr. Dampier the statement for which he asked, I sent it to his house, and in return requested he would call upon me and give me the explanation he had promised. It was not long before he did so, and having received from me a promise that I would not divulge what he told me, I received from him the following statement:—

"You will, perhaps, remember that in the course of the conversation we had on the evening you dined at my house I mentioned some opinions concerning the length of time during which vitality might still remain in the human body after it had ceased to give any outward sign of its existence, and the result of some experiments I made with animals which had to all appearance been suffocated. As the opportunity of making such experiments with human beings seldom occurs, I determined to spare no pains to get possession of the body of Samuel Calcraft, and by means it is not necessary to describe, his body came to me, and his coffin with its substitute went the ordinary course, so that within two hours of his being strangled, his inanimate body was drawn from a sack which had been placed among a wagonload of faggots, driven by myself from the vicinity of the prison, while the owner of the vehicle was gone to get me change for a note with which to pay for the wood.

"I had a fire ready lighted beneath a large sand bath I had contrived in my laboratory, and having locked the door, I laid the to all appearance dead body in it, and carefully covered it with sand, the thermometer on being plunged in it marking 80°. There was not the slightest sign of life, the skin was cold, and the members already rigid. As soon as I had thus prepared the body, I inserted two small tubes in the nostrils connected with a large bladder of ammoniacal gas, of which I had several in readiness, and pressing gently on the bladder, I gradually forced the gas it contained into the lungs, from which I as gently expelled it. I had previously buried the wires from a galvanic battery of moderate power in the sand, the points lying beneath the base of the skull and the lower part of the spine. For upwards of an hour I continued to force the gas into the lungs and expel it by pressure without discovering any returning

signs of life on which I could rely : the very slight warmth I could detect in the forehead on laying my cheek against it being as likely to arise from the transmission of heat from the sand as from the returning vital force ; nevertheless, I determined to persevere till there was no room left for hope. By-and-by I imagined I could detect a slight clamminess on the skin, the sand no longer slipped away from it as from a piece of marble. Hardly daring to hope that this indicated that life was not yet extinct, and yet almost trembling with excitement, I controlled myself, and continued my efforts with the same steadiness. After many minutes of that intense anxiety which few beside the experimental chemist ever experience, I had no longer any doubt—a faint, a very faint, but distinctly perceptible movement of the heart was evident. By slow degrees it increased in force, and I thought it prudent to abandon the use of the ammoniacal gas for a time and substitute for it atmospheric air. The immediate result was a diminution in the strength of the pulsation, but by assisting the action of the lungs mechanically, this was restored again, and henceforward I only resorted to the gas occasionally, and then only for a few instants at a time. I no longer regarded the time ; I continued my efforts ; my whole mind was so absorbed in what I was doing that I felt no bodily sensation, neither fatigue, hunger, nor thirst ; it must however have been several hours before there was the least sign that the patient had recovered consciousness. The first symptom was a twitching of the nostrils, followed by a similar movement of the corners of the mouth. The next indication I perceived was an attempt to raise the eyelids, and after many ineffectual efforts he succeeded. The instant he raised the lids I looked eagerly into his eyes to see their expression, and note his sensations on returning to life from death, as far as it was possible to read them therein. You have seen him, and have probably remarked the extraordinary depth and mystery of his look. Well, that same unfathomable look met mine then ; it never changes, never varies.

"As soon as he was able to move his tongue, I raised his head slightly and dropped a little brandy and water on it. After a prolonged administration of this stimulant, other symptoms of a return to life were exhibited, the relation of which can only be interesting to medical men ; let it suffice to say, that I had no longer any doubt of the ultimate recovery of my patient.

"My first questions, when he had slept and eaten, had reference to his bodily sensations at the instant of and after his suspension. He describes them as merely a sharp pricking over his body from head to foot, which was the last thing of which he was conscious : his return to life was like a long nightmare. But beyond this, I am convinced he was conscious of something which has no earthly connection. I am not influenced in this opinion by anything he has said, for whenever I have questioned him, he is as silent as a statue : it is from that unearthly, never-changing look of his, accompanied by an absence of animation, and apparently utter insensibility to everything we regard as painful or annoying.

"His execution took place eleven months ago, as you no doubt remember. For several weeks afterwards he remained locked up in my laboratory, till I thought it safe to send him here, to New Orleans, to my brother, who is as thoroughly satisfied of his innocence of the murder as I am ; for I am convinced that he would not have denied his guilt to me on his restoration to life, if he had committed the deed."

I did not see the doctor again after this, but I presume he returned to the place whence he had come. You know how men whose time is fully occupied go on year after year without seeing an acquaintance living in the same city, unless they meet by accident. This was my case and that of Mr. Dampier, the doctor's brother. About five or six years ago he called on me, to ask me to take proceedings to enforce payment of an insurance on his brother's life ; not the doctor's, but another brother who was a travelling preacher, or something of that kind. The mention of his brother's name, caused me to ask if Samuel Calcraft was with him still, when he told me that his innocence had been established years before ; "but," he added, "it was such an extraordinary business altogether, that I will, if you wish it, write to my brother, and ask him to send you a full account of the affair !" Here is the letter I received, you can read it. It relates one of those remarkable cases which have given rise to the saying that murder will out ; one of the greatest fallacies ever uttered, as I can testify from my own experience.

"MY DEAR MR. HENSMAN,

"At my brother's desire I send you an account of my discovery of the actual murderer of poor Exton, indeed I should have done so at the time, if I had not supposed that you would see an account of it in the newspapers.

"Shortly after I saw you last, I had occasion to visit a friend named Penton, who, it turned out, occupied a considerable extent of land joining that belonging to old Sangster, Mary Exton's father, though I was not aware of it till afterwards. One day, while strolling about, I got on this man's estate at no great distance from his house. You are aware of my habit of studying every manifestation of life. Well, on this day, I was looking for objects near a ditch, when I chanced to see some pieces of charred bone lying about among the grass. Without the most distant idea of the discovery this was destined to lead to, I picked up one piece, then another, and another ; in short, I became satisfied that the bones were fragments of a human being. I now got interested in the matter, and jumped into the ditch, which happened to be dry just then, and stirring up the dry dirt at the bottom with my heel, I found other things which had passed through the fire, viz. : teeth, buttons, and, most important of all, a belt clasp of a very peculiar design, which said more for the maker's mythological knowledge, than for the delicacy or purity of his taste. Putting the latter in my pocket, with as many of the teeth, and buttons, and charred bones as I thought necessary to establish the fact of their having formed part of a human

being, I returned to my friend Penton. On showing him the buckle, and asking him if he had ever seen it before, he immediately said: 'To be sure I have. It belonged to Joel Singleton.'—'And who was Joel Singleton?' I asked.—'Joel Singleton,' he replied, 'was a fellow of no very good repute. He was a horse-dealer on his own account sometimes, besides working for the worthy Mr. Sangster as a woodman, an occupation which some said he engaged in for the sake of being with Mary Sangster, the young woman poor Exton married.'—'Then, I suppose, when she married Exton he went away?'—'Not at all, he was with Exton for at least a year afterwards; and there were rumours about, that if Mary could have had her way, she would have preferred him to Exton for her husband, in spite of his loose habits.'—'Do you know where he went to when he did leave?'—'No, he went away very suddenly, and Sangster said he had gone to—California or Texas, I don't exactly remember which.'—'Well,' said I, 'it strikes me that he went to neither place. Look here! these bones are human bones, they have been in the fire, and so has this buckle, and as I found them all together, it is only reasonable to imagine that the bones belonged to the owner of the buckle, rather than to anybody else.'—'Why, you surely don't suppose that the fellow was burnt?'—'Seeing that somebody has been burnt, it seems to me only rational to suppose that he was the person. At all events, the matter must be inquired into,' I answered.

"The next day I went to the district judge, and told him of the affair. I need not go into details with you, as you will understand all that was done in the way of search, and so forth. The upshot of the whole was that Sangster, now a very old man, was taken into custody, and lodged in prison. The evidence was so purely circumstantial, that I do not think he would have been convicted if he had been tried, but he never was, for nature stepped in, and placed him beyond the reach of the law. When he was convinced that he could not live many hours, he sent for me, and made the following confession in my presence:—

"Joel Singleton was the murderer of Mr. Exton. I am not going to tell you anything more about that affair, and so it is of no use to ask me any questions. I knew that he was the murderer, and he knew that I knew it, and if I had not killed him, he would have killed me; and, besides that there was the temptation of a bag of gold he stole at the same time. I had only one man about the place, and I picked a quarrel with him, and kicked him out there and then. That night Joel's chance of disposing of me was lost.

* * * * *

"I got rid of his body and clothes in the way you imagine, and threw the ashes into the ditch where you found them. May God forgive us all!"

"This settled the question of poor Calcraft's innocence, and I went directly to New Orleans, to consult him as to what he wished should be done. He did not appear at all interested, and left it to me to do what I thought proper. As one instance does not establish a rule, I have not mentioned the restoration of Calcraft to anybody

beside you and my brother, and I have not had an opportunity of repeating the experiment; but as there have been several cases of horse-stealing about here lately, and Judge Lynch has been using threatening language, there is a possibility that I may be able to renew it, and I have no doubt with equal success.

"Yours, &c.,

"J. DAMPIER."

Such was the narrative which occupied an evening on board the Great Eastern.

FOOTSTEPS OF SPRING.

As soon as the shortest day is past, most people look out for spring. There is a certain gratification in computing from the almanack how many more minutes of daylight each morning brings, though our eyes, even if we scan the east as critically as the new weather prophets look for a "high" or "low" dawn, can discern no difference. Most men would also plead guilty to catching at the faintest gleam of sunshine, when the year has once turned, as the earliest smile of spring. These delights are at the best short lived. Soon February lays his iron grasp upon the earth; and March, if he goes out as a lamb, comes in like a lion, with bluster and storm and the snow that used to fall at Christmas. Then people find out how fallacious have been their anticipations. The weather is once more roundly abused, and the theory that our seasons are changing their cycle comes into general favour.

It is very pleasant, however, in the soft, mild weather that so often marks the beginning of the year, in that deceitful lull between winter's preludes and the display of his full strength, to watch the earliest reliable signs of spring. Amongst these in town are the budding of the trees, commencing in renewed hope their annual struggle against smoke and dust, and the activity of the sparrows in seizing upon every coign of vantage on our roofs, and filling the rain pipes with straws. Even without visiting Covent Garden more spring sights obtrude themselves in gaunt eager-eyed boys offering for sale primrose plants or ferns, with their curious circinate veneration resembling hairy caterpillars. These were growing on some dewy hedgerow last night, but in the grey dawn hungry hands tore them up and wearily carried them off to the fashionable squares so as to gladden your eyes with them at midday, and procure themselves a meal. You know well enough that their tender hues will shortly fade and die; but who can resist buying them? They transport us in a moment to far-off fields, swept with waves of sunlight and flecked with butter-cups and cuckoo-flowers, where the wild bird flits to the mossy tufts, and his mate sings clearly from the hawthorn sprays. The lazy kine stand knee deep in the rich pasturage, and—"There, boy, take, oh take thy sixpence!" The poor lad has fairly earned it, if only for the glimpse of spring's delights his primrose tuft has given us. We have passed a few seconds in fairy land, and may well pay thrice his fee to the imp who yoked Queen Mab's steeds to our fancy.

But it is in the country that Spring leaves her

footsteps most. By lonely woodland ways, adown dingles daily soothed by the queest's soft notes, where the woodcock and the owl resort at night, flits her airy presence. There Lent lilies blow, and timid snowdrops cluster round violet beds for protection, and children, as they gather them, run round some tangled maze of budding shoots to catch winter's ghost, and haply fall into the last snowdrift. Do you not remember such a spot dear to your childhood, where you gazed through the screen of willow-herbs at the patriarchal trout sunning himself below, or watched the water-rat busily nibbling the arrow-head; and even as you looked a flash of blue and gold darted past you—the kingfisher seeking his ancient nest in the hollow bank?

Those were indeed halcyon days. But let us consider what are amongst the earliest signs of spring in the country. To begin nearest home, even if we do not possess a garden “royally ordered,” as my Lord Bacon would lay it down, crocuses and snowdrops, mezerion and laurustinus bloom everywhere. Birds begin their love labours in the shrubbery, gnats play in the midday sunshine. Those who, like White of Selborne, keep a tortoise, find “Timothy” at this time emerging from his winter quarters. Toads and hedgehogs (both capital garden pets) now reappear in their old haunts. Earthworms and slugs show themselves earlier in the year, though snails do not leave their hiding-places till March, or (as it was last year) even the 2nd of April.

There is much to notice in the various hues, &c., of the opening buds. In the ash, for instance, they are black, bright red in the lime, pink in the elder, faintly white and green in roses, reddish brown and glutinous in the horse-chestnut, slender, long, and delicate in the beech, as befits that elegant woodland queen.

Indications of spring are most commonly sought in the leafing of shrubs and trees. The elder and gooseberry are amongst the earliest. We noticed the former in tender leaf, in a bleak locality too, on January 13th of this year. The elm and ash may be taken as representatives of April. Towards the end of that month or the beginning of May, the foliage of the beech generally shows itself; the walnut and oak come later in the same month. The honeysuckle is the earliest of all our native shrubs to put forth its trustful leaves. We noticed one in leaf on January 11th of this year, 1863, which however is so far an exceptionally early spring. Amongst our fruit-trees pears are earliest in blossom. The natural history calendars give from March 30th to May 29th as its extreme periods; but last year we had one in full flower on March 26th.

Several plants anticipate the new year by their flowering. The polyanthus, red and white dead nettle, periwinkle, and creeping crowfoot do so frequently. The furze displays its golden blossoms simultaneously with the year's beginning. These are like the earliest footsteps of spring. In the next group may be classed, of the garden flowers, the winter aconite, snowdrop, and crocus, in the order we have placed them; in the fields come the field speedwell, wild strawberry, coltsfoot, primrose, and lesser celandine. Then, towards

the end of March, sweet violets, wood anemones, the moschatel, and gorgeous marsh marigolds usher in the full wealth of spring, represented by such flowers as the cowslip, wood-sorrel, early spotted orchis, and above all the wild hyacinth. And so at length Spring comes upon us in all her beauty, garlanded with white star flowers, and with sprays of dewy roses hanging round her; “setting the jewelled print of her feet in violets blue as her eyes,” round hedgerows where magpies chatter, and lambs gambol beneath, amongst our peaceful fields and homesteads.

Surely spring is nowhere so lovely as in our own England! And yet it is just at that time London lays down its season shall commence, by laws remorseless as those of the Medes and Persians. There is a story of an eminent judge, retiring after a long and honourable public life to one of the most lovely spots of England's most lovely county, and remarking with wonder on the beauty of his native wild flowers in spring. He could not well have seen spring flowers since he was a boy. In some such mood does the poet sigh for his English spring from a foreign land—

Oh, to be in England
Now that April's there,
And whoever wakes in England
Sees some morning unaware,

That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England now!

So we may literally conclude our “swallow-song,” as the old Rhodians termed their praises of spring, by a few ornithological notices of that season. Even before the new year in damp dawns and evenings, the redbreast sings. Though no great songster at any time, he makes a pleasant interlude till the thrush takes up his strains. The blue titmouse becomes very active, and chirps his monotonous note as he flutters round the larches during January. Early in February rooks will return to their trees, and nest-building be very general with them by the 15th. Our winter visitors will begin to return to their breeding places at that time. To make up for the departure of the main body of wild fowl from our shores, March brings us a few migratory birds, such as the chiff-chaff and wheat-eat. The rest of our summer visitors come in numbers during April, and are then easily recognised by their peculiar notes. The cuckoo, the bird of spring more than all others, will “tell his name to all the hills” from the middle to the end of this month. Those universal favourites, the members of the swallow family, come in the following order:—First, the sand-martin, towards the end of March; the chimney-swallow, from then to the middle of April; the house-martin, from that date to the beginning of May. Last of all his congeners the swift returns to church towers and lofty castles not often before the first fortnight in May. With his arrival spring is in the full flush of beauty. His stay is commensurate with summer, and his departure, first of all the swallow family (which is never delayed beyond the first ten days of August), becomes the earliest herald of autumn.

M.

THE HAMPDENS.

AN HISTORiette. BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.



CHAPTER IV. TRAVELLING FOR PLEASURE IN MERRY ENGLAND.

THERE was much beauty in the country through which the travellers passed; but there were sights by the way-side which made them grieve that the malice of man could so spoil the life that might have been so happy. Where the blue sea lay open on the horizon, the country people were looking out for a strange sail, doubtful whether the coast-boats might venture out or not. When the party turned more inland, the vales and lanes through which they rode seemed to them like a paradise: but they found that trouble had entered there as everywhere else. A mansion looked from a distance as fair an abode as could be seen, with its shrubberies around it, and its meadows stretching to the foot of the hills; but, on drawing near, such confusion was evident that Richard and a servant rode in among the throng on the lawn to hear whether such an abode could be for sale. It was not for sale; but a high royalist of the county had begged the estate for a relation of his, in

case of its being forfeited. Such forfeiture was threatened, and was believed to be probable, because the owner had disobliged the King's Commissioners, who had demanded of him a behaviour towards his neighbours, about the ship money, which he refused as illegal. In order to alarm and punish him, his tenants were compelled to pay their rents to the King instead of their landlord,—some who refused being now in prison. In the fields and meadows there were armed men, compelling the labourers to take off the gates and pile them up for firewood, and to root up the hedges, and level the banks; and as this work proceeded, the cattle were driven into the ploughed fields, to feed upon the young wheat and oats. Where this devastation did not proceed fast enough, there were brutal fellows throwing the soil into heaps, and spoiling the surface with rubbish, and bricks and stones. As Richard turned to ride away, some rude people mocked at his grieved countenance, and invited him to stay till dark, when he might chance to see a grand bonfire. The owner was

not visible. He was gone to seek for protection and justice under the law: and hence the haste to levy his rents and impair his property during his absence. The under-valued estate would be given away to some partizan who would pay ship-money, or a fine, or would lend a sum of money to the King; and such grants once made were never known to be revoked. Richard Knightley took note of the name and position of the gentleman who seemed to be so wronged, and doubted not that in him would be found an eager champion for law and a constitutional parliament, whenever the hour should come for reinstating both.

Further on, there was a rare old church standing on the green, near a village where the pride of the people was in the church, with its range of fine monuments of the ancient family of the Reresbys, the last of whose male heirs had died ten years before. There was a monument to him in the church, put up by his daughters in love and reverence, and preserved by all the neighbours from their pride in him, and gratitude for his deeds in the parish. From this church shouts of merriment came, and as Lady Carewe's coach passed by, men were throwing out to the children in the churchyard bits of stone to play with. The pieces were carved. One was the curl of a periwig, one was a nose, and another a finger. A labourer gave information of what this meant. Some messengers had arrived to demand certain plate and arms from the ladies at the Grange. There was little plate and no arms; and the strangers forced the keys of the church from the sexton, and proceeded to search the monuments for concealed treasure and weapons.

"It is pure malice," said a yeoman, who had ridden in on the first alarm, but too late. His countenance was very dark as he said that the monument of his old landlord had cost six hundred pounds; but that this was a trifle compared with the cost of breaking it up.

"You mean the grief to the ladies, his daughters?" Richard inquired.

"Why, yes," the man replied. "It may, as like as not, break their hearts to see their father's effigy so insulted; and their hearts are too good to break in such a way. But the wrong-doers may have to pay, too. Such a day's work as this will help the score that the Malignants are running up in account with Old England."

"How do you know but that you are speaking to Malignants?" Harry asked; to which the farmer replied that he knew God-fearing gentry from Malignants, and the whole country was learning the distinction fast enough.

"Will you seek redress for this outrage, for the sake of these harassed daughters?" Richard inquired.

"No," replied the yeoman, decidedly. "Neither I, nor any one under the rule of our sheriff will seek redress, in the ladies' names, nor any other. To do so is only to draw on further loss and insult. We may see about taking satisfaction,—a full satisfaction,—when the fitting time comes: but we shall not ask it. At least, one will not," he said, checking his rash speech. "I ought to speak only for myself and my household."

Henrietta, who rode with Harry, prompted him to ask whether it was possible that the King could know of such doings, and whether messengers would not be sent to give him the information.

The yeoman had no doubt of the King's general knowledge—that his own will about ship-money, and the Archbishop's about church matters, was enforced with strong severity; and if he did not know much more than this, he ought to know it, and it would be the worse for him if he did not.

"Do stop him!" said Henrietta to her cavalier. "I cannot bear to listen to such an undutiful way of talking."

Harry created a diversion by asking what the Archbishop had been doing; but the answer did not console Henrietta. The farmer told them that they would see, in a village seven miles forward on their road, the tokens of Archbishop Laud's strong will in the ruined and deserted appearance of the place. In consequence of a priest having been sent there who was as bad as a papist, if not one outright, the people, rich and poor, provided for their own worship, while paying the church dues as readily as they had ever done. The Archbishop would be satisfied with nothing less than every man, woman and child attending every service in the church; whereas no man or woman could think it right to attend upon popish forms, or to let their children do so. When their own magistrates were unwilling to fine and imprison them for absenting themselves from church, other magistrates were found willing to go any lengths: and thus the people were all ruined, and scarcely any remained. The yeoman requested the party to look round, and take note of the state of things in that village, and they would see that he had not spoken anything but the truth. Seeing in Harry's face a look of interest about his open zeal, he observed that he had been born in that village; but that his interest in it was from his wife's having come from thence in the midst of the troubles.

"She, for one, has found a happy refuge," Harry observed. His new acquaintance thanked him, but without a smile. Her parents were in a distant churchyard. Their hearts were broken in their own home; but they could not be buried there. As the church had become damp and dreary during the people's lives, so the churchyard was all weedy and desolate now they were dead. There being nothing more to spoil there, the King's messengers were beginning on the monuments of another church, where there was no complaint of neglect of the services.

Henrietta turned her horse when her companions had gone on, to assure the yeoman that the King certainly could not know all that was done in his name. Whenever he did, the country would see a noble redress. The farmer made his obeisance; but Henrietta began to dislike him, because he evidently put no faith in her promises on behalf of the royal power.

She was lost in thought all the way to the nettle-grown churchyard; and Harry respected her silence. He was rewarded for this by some confidence on her part.

"There is nothing that I would not do,—

nothing that I would not risk," she said, "to bring all this to his knowledge."

"I wish I could help you," said Harry, in all sincerity.

"Would you? Then surely it might be done! O! Harry! it must be done! It is too terrible that such disorders should go on; and that the gentlest of kings should be charged with them! You see," she proceeded, drawing her horse close to Harry's, and leaning over to him, that no word might be picked up,—“Lady Carlisle has always been indulgent to me; and she can do anything with the Queen; and the Queen can do anything with the King.”

“Hardly, in such grave affairs as these of the levies of money. In the church matter she might; but—”

“Well, then; Lady Carlisle can do anything with Lord Wentworth, and he is all-powerful with the King.”

“He is; but his temper is hard and inhuman. The people tremble when the Archbishop goes by, doubting whether he be not Satan in actual presence; but, for my part, I think Wentworth is the real devil, for pride and hardness, and banishment from that part of grace which is called repentance.”

“But Lady Carlisle,—she makes his black brows relax, and puts music into his voice in the very moment of wrath. If I could tell Lady Carlisle what we have seen—”

“It can do nothing but good,” Harry agreed; and Henrietta became more thoughtful than ever.

After the desolate village, the evil signs and tokens seemed to multiply. A very painful scene was in full view from the windows of the inn where they stopped for the night. A gem of a garden stretched between the parsonage and the inn; and it was the delight of the widow of the last clergyman. There were strangers here too, pretending to search for something hidden. By dusk they had buried all the lovely spring flowers, and turned up the velvet turf. In the morning, when Henrietta looked out, the fountain in the centre was a heap of ruin, and the fruit-trees, white with blossom, were prostrate. The landlord shook his head when Lady Carewe inquired kindly for the widow; and the tears filled his eyes when he said that she had neither husband nor child, so that everyone was glad to see the pleasure she could take in her garden. She would pine now more than before; and neither King nor Church was likely to do her any good. Most people thought that times were much changed in Merry England.

So thought the travelling party the more painfully the further they went. In the course of that day they witnessed several disturbances, from the peremptoriness of the tax-gatherers, and the discontent of the people. One of the strangest spectacles was in a country-place, where four roads met, and where, on that account, the pound was placed. There was nothing unusual in the array of soldiers who were about the pound; nor in the exclamations of the people; for such incidents occurred at every turn. The strangeness was in the aspect of the squire of the neighbourhood and his lady, who was on a pillion behind her husband. The squire in a loud voice, heard

by all present, but by no means in a passionate manner, demanded that the cattle in the pound should be fed till some arrangement should be arrived at. The tax-gatherer declared that he had his orders to permit no access to the animals till the owner or owners should have paid the amount of ship-money due. While the listeners kept quiet to hear what was said, the feeble low of the starving cattle reached the lady's ear. These were her cows,—her whole dairy,—her pets, and the great amusement and interest of her leisure: they were dying of hunger, and no one could get near them, by day or night. She laid her head against her husband's shoulder, and the sight of her grief stimulated the rage of the people. There could be no rescue, however, for there was a double ring of soldiers round the enclosure.

“She has not asked me to give way,” the squire observed, as Richard rode up to offer his sympathy.

“I honour her devotion to a great cause,” Richard replied. “My wife and I shall remember this act of fortitude when our turn comes.”

“You mean to refuse the payment of ship-money?” the squire quickly asked.

“Assuredly. As the son-in-law of Mr. Hampden—”

The squire took off his hat, and bowed to his saddle, in homage to the young couple. Richard went on:

“All Mr. Hampden's children must expect to suffer from the malice of the time, as his case is to be pursued to extremity; and when the trial presses hardest, we shall remember this moment.”

The lady looked up, observing that her husband's conscience being engaged in the matter, she could not say a word; but she did not think the King or his servants could be so cruel to innocent cows and their little calves. She had come herself, in the middle of the night, with only a servant or two, bringing hay. She did not want to release the cattle, because it was impossible: she never saw such a bar and padlock as had been put upon the gate: she only wanted to feed the poor things; but there were the soldiers,—all awake, and enjoying themselves over a fire in the road, singing songs, and frightening the cows. While she was telling her story, her husband privately informed Richard that he should remove her from the neighbourhood before night, so that she should hear no more before the cattle were all dead, and would not be fancying all night that she heard them lowing and moaning. The gentlemen agreed that there must come an end to such tyranny, and that the end could be nothing but rebellion, unless some arrangement could be presently made. They were of one mind, too, about the importance of Mr. Hampden's resistance. It would put the right spirit into half the country gentlemen of England. When the squire had again made his lowest bow to the family of Mr. Hampden, the tax-gatherer was further than ever from any hope of handling any ship-money in that parish. He would make an example, he resolved, by seizing all the cows of all the recusants, and starving them every one.

After the pains and troubles of the journey, the aspect of home was full of comfort. It was not many days since the travellers had left it; but it was as charming in their eyes as if a year had

gone over their heads. Those few days had made a real change. The turf on the slopes of the Chiltern Hills was greener. The children said they had never seen anything so green. Where the clefts of the hills were darkest with a growth of juniper and scattered firs, the light green sprays of the beech began to show in brilliant contrast. The rounded chalk ridges were dotted over with box, and there were clumps of box in the hollows; but there was there also an intermixture of the bright verdure of spring; and where the hanging woods followed the undulations of the hills, the winter barrenness was almost gone. As the cloud shadows and sunbeams sped over the uplands, the verdure seemed to go and come. There were deer on the slope above Hampden House, and large flocks of sheep were on the down. In the meadows below the kine were grazing, or ruminating, or pacing down to the water. The church stood up in the sun out of its beech-grove, on a spur of the hill. As the party approached the mansion, several horses in the paddock came rushing to the fence to see the arrival of their brethren in the cavalcade. Margaret remarked on this. There were several strange horses, and she thought there must be guests, though there had been no expectation of any.

There were guests. When the master came out to greet sister and children, he was followed, not only by Dr. Giles, but by Cousin Oliver. John Eliot's first information to Edmund was that there were other guests within,—Lord Brook and Mr. Petherick, and Mr. Pym, Sir Samuel Luke and Mr. Urry, their near neighbour. There must be serious business in hand to cause such a gathering; and very serious indeed the business was.

Before John Eliot had arrived with his news of the pirate attack in Cornwall, these friends of Mr. Hampden's had arranged to meet at his house, in the absence of his family, to consider the course to be pursued if the prosecution of Mr. Hampden should be rigorously proceeded with. The proved defencelessness of the Cornish coast was a strong and appropriate grievance, and John Eliot had been summoned to the library to relate the story and answer inquiries upon it. His guardian had not recommended his longer stay, not having confidence in his judgment or discretion. It was otherwise with Richard Knightley. While the travellers were refreshing themselves with an early supper, one after another of the councillors dropped in to hear about the adventures of the way.

As one story of oppression after another was told, Cousin Oliver's face grew gloomy. He started up, and paced the room at the further end, bringing up text after text of condemnation of those who spoil widows' houses, and neglect dumb beasts, and care more for the King's house than the fulfilling of promises to the poor. Neighbour Urry stormed, and spoke treason, so that Henrietta looked up in her father's face, in a way which showed him that she could not bear it. Mr. Hampden and Lord Brook gently urged moderation in the presence of women and children who were as yet untrained to the troubles of the time.

"I may add," said the fond father, "that these children of mine have been reared in duty, as well as shielded from troubles of public concern. Here is one," he continued, drawing Henrietta towards him, and seating her by his side, "who would be an attendant spirit, if it were possible, to gratify every wish and every fancy of the Queen her namesake—to say nothing of the King. This child of mine is our young romancist, our muse of loyalty, who meditates on the sacredness of kings, and searches her mother-tongue for golden words which may express the claims of monarchs and the duty of subjects. Is it not so, my child?"

Cousin Oliver had drawn near, and was now behind her chair. He echoed the words, saying:

"Is it so, child?"

At the same moment, he laid his strong hand on her head, and turned her face up till their eyes met.

"Is it so, child?"

"It is true," said she, "that there is nothing I would not do or suffer to heal this quarrel,—to persuade angry people that nothing that is cruel can come from the King. He must have money, I suppose: the people will not give him any—"

"Tush!" cried Cousin Oliver. "The child is puffed up with vanity."

Her father held up a warning finger; and Henrietta, blushing, said she had gone further than became her in such a presence; but she only intended to say that merciful kings sometimes had cruel servants; and then they were blamed for severities of which they knew nothing. Cousin Oliver intimated that this was not a discovery left for young damsels to make; and neighbour Urry laughed insultingly. On this Dr. Giles remarked that it was, in his eyes, more seemly to see an over-tenderness towards the royal family than an over-readiness to judge them. If he knew the young members of this family, they were on the side of grace and devotion, rather than rude censure of those in high places.

"How is it with you, my child?" Mr. Hampden asked, when Henrietta was presently lost in thought.

"I was considering," she answered, in a confidential whisper, "how all might be healed if I could be, as you said, an attendant spirit. If I had the fairy gift of a purse of treasure, always full, how soon I might appease all this trouble, and give the King all he wants, so that the people might take no heed to parliaments."

"That would be no sacrifice," her father objected. "I thought your desire was for self-sacrifice. Am I right? Well, then, there is something better in your grasp than fairy gifts. Could you give up the fortune you have been promised? Could you dress and work like a woman of a lower station? Could you leave this house and park, and pass your days in a street of a town? I ask you this seriously, Henrietta."

"I would try," she answered. "But this saving would be but little to present to the King."

"There is another way of serving him, besides giving him presents," her father whispered. He was himself about to ascertain the law and right

in a way which must convince the King or the people, and put them in the right way. But so much of his estate and fortune might be lost in the trial, that his children would have either to forgive him or to work and endure with him. Henrietta was the one of all his children for whom he felt the most sorrow and the strongest compassion, if ruin should come to pass. She was about to reply, but he counselled her to make no pledge till she had reflected. Then he blessed her, and rose to lead the way once more to the library, where his councillors followed him. Richard was beckoned in by Mr. Hampden.

The consultation was long and most grave. Mr. Pym cheerfully told how strong was the resentment in Somersetshire. Cousin Oliver Cromwell showed that in the Fens, and he believed in the whole range of the Eastern Counties, public opinion needed only direction; and he charged himself with organising an Eastern Counties Association: and though he had left Huntingdon, his influence there remained, to be put to use. Lord Brook answered for Northamptonshire, where, with the aid of the Knightleys, a strong opposition could be set up to the aggressions of the King's party. Each gentleman present had information which showed that the Scotch were disposed to go any lengths in repudiating the imposition of episcopacy, and the tyranny of the English Pope, Archbishop Laud. If war were necessary for this end, the people of Scotland were ready for war. Neighbour Urrey declared himself ashamed that the mention of war should have come first from beyond Berwick. If the English were as brave, they would, ere this, have marched upon London, and dictated terms to the King, and sent the Queen's popish followers packing to the Continent. No one present approved of such haste and violence. It was indispensable to the cause of the nation that every breach of the laws should come from the King's side; and it ought to be supposed to the latest moment that the King would at length call a parliament when the Courts should have declared the law in Mr. Hampden's case, and when the King should be convinced that the ship-money could not be levied, and that further grants of monopolies would not be tolerated. Urrey's scorn of this patience could be well endured when the whole council were against him; and no one cared to resent his declaration that he believed that every one of them would, in a few months, be won over by the false promises of the King, and the blandishments and popish arts of the Queen. He was silenced at length by the rebuke of Dr. Giles, who reminded him that the resistance now to be organised was a religious work, into which no passion, and no disloyalty might enter: and Oliver plainly told him that he, for one, would walk by the guidance of the Spirit, and not by the wrath of the flesh. It was decided, finally, that each should work in his own province while awaiting the action against Mr. Hampden; and that, whenever notice was received of the trial being definitively ordered, the present Council should meet again at Sir Richard Knightley's, at Fawsley. Richard engaged to proceed homewards without delay, and prepare his father for the part he was known to be willing to act in the

struggle which seemed to be now inevitable. Late as the hour was, Dr. Giles strengthened their hearts and calmed their spirits by reading the Word and by prayer: and, late as the hour was, Mr. Hampden requested Richard to remain in the library when the neighbours, Dr. Giles and Mr. Urrey, had gone home, and the other guests had retired to their chambers.

Mr. Hampden wrote for a few moments at his desk, and then summoned Richard to his side. He put into his hand a bill for four thousand pounds; and when his son-in-law looked in his face for an explanation, he said:

"This sum is the amount which I designed that Margaret should receive at my death. In the present peril of my fortunes, it will be a relief to my mind that your reasonable expectations should be fulfilled, and Margaret's portion put beyond the reach of any enemy. Yes," he continued, in reply to Richard's remonstrance at his thus reducing his income during his life, "I have not overlooked the inconvenience of my income being reduced by this endowment of my elder daughters (for Henrietta's portion shall be secured in like manner), but if my property is left to me, it will be a small misfortune that it is somewhat impaired; and if I am to be beggared, it will be an ease to my mind that you and Harry Carewe have received your due."

"Beggared, my dear father!" exclaimed Richard.

"It may not be so, Richard: but it also may. You heard Mr. Pym relate how the Lord Deputy Wentworth has accomplished the ruin of Lord Mountnorris, and with what favour he is treated at Court in consequence. If the King made him relate the whole process twice over, to himself first, and then before the Council, and if this policy is favoured as being thorough, it is plain that the same course will be followed with every man who is prosecuted for more reason than Lord Mountnorris ever gave."

"It is said, however, that the King himself selected your name, sir, when the list of recusants was put before him, on account of the respect he bears you. Is not this a sign that the King intends the trial to be a fair challenge before the law?"

"If the King had shown in any one particular a deference towards the law, I should gladly interpret his choice as you and some others do: but there are reasons which seem to me weightier for believing that he selects a man of some influence, in order to bring his prerogative to bear with a more crushing weight."

"It is a dreadful thought!" exclaimed Richard.

"These are times in which no dread can be admitted into the minds of honest men," Mr. Hampden replied, cheerfully. "If my friend Eliot die, the first great martyr in the cause which will have many martyrs, his friend Hampden may well be willing to be a confessor, in the mere sacrifice of money and lands,—and of this home, if need be. Henrietta told me that the place never looked so lovely as she saw it this evening. It seemed so to me as I gazed down upon it from the hills yesterday: but I looked

upon it as lent for our present use and our present joy; and if we must soon—my children and I—live close, and in a mean style, in some street or cottage, we can be content while we live in the brightness of love and a quiet conscience. I do not doubt my children, Richard."

As Richard was silent, his father-in-law looked in his face.

Richard had no doubt of the dutifulness, on any hand, nor of the affection of the whole family towards their father. But, of the domestic harmony and the quiet conscience he could not be sure when he thought of Henrietta. He told all that had passed at Port Eliot; and a great gravity passed over the calm and benign countenance of Mr. Hampden as he listened. His remark at the close was that there was always something to fear when a lively and jesting spirit in a man was married to a lively and romantic spirit in a woman: but the peril was in themselves; and whether their temptation seemed to come from a public conflict between liberty and prerogative, or from the trifling incidents of every-day life, was of less consequence than might appear. The young couple loved each other, so that no parent could think of separating them. If they should at length find their two modes of loyalty irreconcilable, they must preserve their loyalty to each other by withdrawing from the scene of strife. This had been in his mind, Mr. Hampden said, when he entered so largely into the scheme of Lord Say and Sele, and Lord Brook, of a settlement in the Isle of Providence. At Saybrook, which would have become a town in another year, Harry and his wife would find scope for their great energies, without excuse for domestic disagreement when so far from the war of tyranny on the one hand, and discontent on the other. He thanked Richard for his warning, which he accepted, he said, as an injunction to watch over his noble-hearted child as father and mother in one. When he dismissed his son-in-law to his short rest (for the dawn was already in the sky), he hinted to him, with a smile, that if Henrietta seemed to engross a large share of his anxiety and tenderness, it was because of the need in her case. In Margaret he had a friend, on whom his heart and mind might repose. Unbroken contentment was the blessing which she conferred. Her father and her husband might speak of this together, though the privilege was too sacred to be easily discussed with others.

Thus, with full but tranquil hearts, they parted for the short remainder of the night.

Margaret was not to be persuaded to stay behind her husband. She preferred the fatigue to separation; and by the time the household assembled for worship, she and Richard were some miles on their way to Fawsley.

(To be continued.)

DEACONESS LIFE IN GERMANY.

I HAVE been for some years past interested in the work of the Sisters of Charity, in connection with the Church of Rome, and admired their zeal and activity, their devotion to the poor and sick, their unflagging patience, and self-denying exertions under all circumstances. I could not but

regret that so much that was really good and useful had died out of the churches, calling themselves Reformed. But I was at that time ignorant of the order of Deaconesses, now so widely diffused through Germany, and indeed through almost every country of the Continent.

These Deaconesses consider that they belong to the primitive arrangements of the early church, and date their commencement from the apostolic age. Very soon, however, the state of war and disturbance in the Western Empire prevented women from exercising any duty, even of charity, without the protection of closed doors and walls; so the Deaconesses became cloistered sisters, and their distinctive characteristics were lost.

An attempt was made at the Reformation to revive the order of Deaconesses; but again the wars in Germany, and the lawless state of society, made it impossible. It was only thirty years ago that Professor Fliehn drew together at Kaiserwerth a few women for charitable works; and from this small beginning revived this most useful order, which from such an insignificant commencement has now spread itself all over Europe.

My first acquaintance with the practical life of the Deaconesses was in the autumn of 1859, when I passed a short time in one of their houses in the Grand Duchy of Baden. Their little establishment was not then of very long standing, but it had passed through the infancy of its existence, and was at that time in full vigour and great activity. The house stands outside the town of K——, in a garden, so as to secure fresh air for the sick, and greater liberty for the sisters. It was then quite new, and every arrangement for the comfort of the patients had been most carefully attended to.

The elevation of the Deaconess House is not very tasteful, but the outward impression is effaced on opening the door, the inside view presents an aspect of such order, cleanliness, and comfort. A peaceful atmosphere pervades the whole house, and seems to impress itself not only upon the inhabitants but on all who enter it. Its internal arrangements resemble much those in all conventual houses of charity among the Roman Catholics; but neither mystery nor concealment exists among the Deaconesses; all is fair and open, well fitted to stand the test of daylight and inspection.

On one side of the entrance is the Sister Superior's room, a very neat apartment, where visitors are received, and where the meetings of their committee to settle the financial affairs of the establishment are held. Opposite to this room is the refectory, or common room, where the sisters sit and work if they are not otherwise occupied, and where meals are served. It is a long, large room, with a bay window at one end; according to our ideas very badly furnished. There is no carpet on the floor: a long table runs down the middle, and there are a few others of various sizes in the windows; the Sister Superior's writing desk, and the necessary number of chairs, complete the furniture. The first impression on entering the room is admiration of its delicate and, if one may use the expression, its tasteful neatness. One adornment it does possess: every

ray of the sun seems to fall into it, and gives it a perpetual warmth and brightness. At the time of my visit there were upwards of twenty sisters in the establishment, but there were barely half that number at home.

The great object of the sisterhood is to train and provide nurses for the sick of all classes, and they are equally ready to attend to the poor as to the rich. The Superior sends her best-trained sisters into other hospitals or families as they may be required, and educates the younger probationers, in the mother house, under her own eye, which necessitates constant supervision and activity. The younger sisters at that time belonged almost exclusively to the peasant class, or the position held in society by small tradesmen's families and domestic servants. They were all very active, cheerful, and anxious to be of use. They had entered upon this life from serious motives and after much consideration, and with an earnest desire to do good. There are no worldly inducements to attract them; no exalted display of wonderful self-denial or extraordinary austerity, which has a strange attraction to some natures; the life is completely unobtrusive in its simplicity, so that even the enthusiastic and overstrained feeling of being set apart in some special way does not exist among them, as they are bound by no vows, merely promising strict obedience to the rules of the house. If the life does not suit any individual, or if family reasons make it a more manifest duty that any one of the members should return to her own home, no objection is made.

The dress worn by the sisters adds much to the appearance of refinement, as it prevents all display of bad taste, and from its extreme neatness is very pleasing. Economy being one of the necessities of the institution, nothing is spent on the toilette which can be foregone, though all attention is given to neatness. Their dress is arranged for convenience; for work in the house they wear a dark-coloured cotton gown, made quite plainly, with a round cape, the sleeves close at the wrists, and a clean linen collar: the sisters in the sick-room have long white aprons with bibs and large pockets. The others wear striped blue and white cotton, made in the same fashion, and close-fitting little caps trimmed round the face with narrow lace. The Deaconesses wear caps differently cut from the Probationers, the former having a curtain or frill at the back, and broader strings. The dress for Sunday and going out is black stuff; a black cloak and very plain black bonnet complete the costume.

The unsophisticated ideas of these young women were amusing. A stranger, above all a foreigner, coming among them, excited them much. England was a long distance off, and they were as curious to learn about its inhabitants as we should be about the moon; above all, that in a Christian country there should be no Deaconesses, seemed to them most extraordinary. "But, now that you have seen us, you will persuade the English-women to lose no time in beginning," they used constantly to say to me. "Sister Caroline will send some of us to help you to begin. You will easily find young women anxious to assist in such a good work."

The Sister Superior during my visit was Sister Caroline. She was a well-educated woman, clever and energetic, with a calm, determined manner, which tended much to keep the younger sisters in order. She was an excellent nurse, and had acquired a small amount of medical knowledge—enough, as she said, to feel how ignorant she was, which is a great step, and one not attained by many nurses. She lamented much her want of knowledge of any language but her own, as they often had foreigners to visit the establishment, and even patients from other countries. Doubtless the mixing of various classes adds greatly to the vigour of any institution—a principle well understood and acted on by the Jesuits.

The house surrounds a quadrangle; the wards are upstairs, and open on to a corridor which runs round the building, thus affording means for constant ventilation. Half of the square is for men, half for women. The wards are large and airy, and can contain each ten beds. Adjoining each ward is a sister's sleeping-room, so that the sister in attendance on the ward may have a little rest without leaving her patients. On each side of the square is a small kitchen, and a laboratory containing bandages, lint, medicines, and all the needful appliances, all carefully and methodically arranged, so that no time may be wasted in looking for what is required. Every day the sisters in charge of the different wards receive what they may require from the general store. The order and arrangement of the medical store-room rival that of a chemist's shop.

As the Deaconesses' Hospital is chiefly intended as a training-school for the sisters, there is a small amount of form requisite for admittance. Each patient must come provided with certain certificates of worthiness and general good behaviour, and pay one florin a week, which includes all charges. This is done purposely, as the town hospital, managed also by the sisters, receives indiscriminately all who require assistance. Notwithstanding, many poor persons are received, and attended with the greatest care, who have only their thanks and heartfelt blessings to bestow in return.

I was placed in the men's department under the orders of Sister Joanna, an active, lively little woman. The men under her care were mostly working artisans—young men making the tour, necessitated by the laws of trades in Germany—the *Wanderburschen* as they are called, who, far from home and friends, are too thankful to avail themselves of such an institution. The greater proportion of the patients were shoemakers, whose ailments were chiefly attacks on the chest. In illness the character of each individual comes out undisguised, and it was curious to observe the different temperaments. There was the cheerful and merry patient, easily satisfied, always obliged, and making jokes good, bad, and indifferent on all subjects. The bed, the usual subject of discontent, is, in his case, always right. Such a patient is of immense benefit in a ward, and his spirits enliven the rest of the small community. The merry patient, in this instance, was a carpenter, recovering from a rheumatic fever: he was a fine-tempered creature, anxious to save the sisters any unnecessary trouble.

He had learned a few words of French, which he constantly addressed to me, as, being a stranger, he concluded it must be my native tongue. Regularly every morning his "Pon jour, Mamselle, vous êtes bien ce matin?" elicited the admiration of his comrades, and even the Sister Joanna treated him with increased deference on account of his acquirements.

Many of the patients were not such pleasant subjects. A poor shoemaker, of a morose turn of mind, not improved by a severe illness of two months, was never satisfied or contented; he received all attention in surly silence, or with a discontented growl: his bed was never comfortable, in spite of all efforts to shake it up; the patient sister had to make and re-make this vexatious bed many times, before the exacting Hans would be satisfied, and then he would turn in, too sulky even to thank her for her trouble.

Early hours are considered beneficial for the community. By half-past five o'clock the sister is astir in the wards, ventilating it and attending to the comforts of her patients; the sisters then have breakfast, which always includes coffee and milk-rolls, known as milk-bread in Germany. After this the sister in each ward reads a short meditation and prayer. Then she begins the work of getting all in order preparatory to the doctor's visit; making the beds, &c. &c. All is generally in good order by ten o'clock, when the medical visit is expected. The Sister Superior accompanies the doctor, and writes down his directions for each patient, which are then given to the sisters of the different wards. Great care is taken to prevent confusion, the Sister Superior keeping all the directions in a ledger, and inquiring in the evening if they have been properly carried out.

The dinner-hour is twelve o'clock, and in the well-kept, clean kitchen, the Sister Superior appears ready to cut and apportion the meat for the different wards, and the sisters with their trays stand ready to carry it up-stairs.

The food is plain and well cooked; great care is taken where attention to diet is ordered; everything by being done regularly is done quickly, and it is astonishing with what rapidity the many dinners are sent up-stairs and distributed. The sisters then dine together, if the cases of illness are not very imminent; the patients are left alone, but there is a bell in the room which quickly summons the attendant in case of emergency. The dinner for the sisters is simple; the best of everything being reserved for the sick.

The usual soup for the sisters is a vegetable soup, into the composition of which no meat has entered. The favourite soup is composed of rolls rebaked put into water, with a certain amount of sour cream stirred into it before it boils. Though this may not sound well, it is, nevertheless, very good, especially if those who eat it are hungry. The diet, though homely and apparently meagre, is much what the sisters are used to in their own homes, and they thrive upon it. The simplicity is not intended as a mortification of the flesh; but only because the sisters do not think needless indulgences desirable; and they prefer, by careful

economy on their own account, to have more means at their command for assisting those who require their help. In accordance with the old rules in religious houses, silence is enjoined during dinner, and a short meditation and prayer is read after it is finished. The sisters then visit their patients, and if all is going well, and they can leave them, they take a short turn in the garden, in which their beloved vegetables and a pet pig are no small attractions. A few flowers are gathered to please their patients, and to offer to the convalescents, who sit about under the trees; and the lively laugh when the sisters pass, or enter into conversation, shows that many a little repartee and joke slip behind the gates of the Deaconess House, and that a little harmless fun is not considered sinful.

The afternoon is varied by a four-o'clock refec-tion of coffee; and, on festive occasions, a peculiar white bread, which is much approved of by all who taste it. A considerable amount of needle-work is done by the sisters; all their own raiment is made in the mother house, and a constant supply is always kept ready for their poorer patients, who often come very badly provided.

By half-past seven o'clock, the sick have had their supper, and the wards are arranged for the night. The sisters then have their last meal, and all those who are not necessarily engaged in nursing bad cases sit and work for an hour, the Sister Superior again reading something aloud for their improvement. Prayers conclude the day, and soon after nine o'clock all is quiet, and most of the little community fast asleep. If watching is required, the night is divided into two watches, one sister taking charge until one hour after midnight, when she is relieved, and is thus able to resume her usual occupations during the day, without suffering from fatigue.

Sunday is the great day in the Deaconess House. After two o'clock not only the friends and relations of the patients, but all who are in any way interested in the little Institution are welcome to come as visitors; and those who come display much sympathy in the occupations and proceedings of the sisters. The Deaconess House attracts the best feelings of all classes, from the Grand Duchess to the peasant.

At the time of which I speak, Sister Mina, who had nursed one of the Grand Ducal family, was dying of consumption, and countless were the little attentions paid to her case by the Grand Duchess, who almost daily sent fruit and various delicacies to the sufferer. The poorer visitors gave also of their small means. Often, on opening the door, a peasant-woman, dressed in her peculiar costume, would enter, weary and wayworn, and yet determined not to return home without bringing her present of plums, apples, or sometimes a loaf of home-made bread, and have a little talk over all her own family history, her troubles and her joys, to which most affectionate and ready ear was always lent by the sisters. While I was there one poor old lady brought a letter from her son, who had been nursed at the hospital, and was, at the time I speak of, a missionary in America. This was the first letter received by her since he left home, and the first visit

which the precious document paid was to the Deaconess House.

The sisters are much consulted by the poorer women on household matters, as they are acknowledged to be thoroughly practical in all affairs relating to domestic economy. They retain a great hold over their patients, who return whenever they have an opportunity to thank them for all their care.

In the House there are smaller rooms for patients of a superior class; these are constantly occupied; clerks in government offices often take advantage of this accommodation, and even young officers have been nursed in the Deaconess House. The sum paid in these cases is larger than what is paid in the wards, but it is very moderate.

The affectionate regard of these sisters for the sick, is only rivalled by their continued interest in the departed.

The expression—"our dear dead"—is constantly to be heard. On the occasion of a death in the little establishment, I spoke of it with sorrow and regret. Sister Caroline listened and then said quietly:

"It is a thing to rejoice over, not to grieve at; he is gone to his rest."

The sisters strive as much as possible to banish all gloom in connection with death and burial; the chapel is hung with flowers, as if for some happy ceremony.

The Superiors in the different houses are elected by the majority of votes, and retain their position for four years. This system has a very beneficial effect, as it effectually checks any undue exercise of power, which is so apt to spring up in conventional systems—absolute government—where such checks are unknown.

A Sister Superior, after her election, pays a lengthened visit to some Deaconess House in the neighbourhood for the purpose of acquiring information and experience for her new duties; and in this way a community of interests is kept up, and a friendly interchange of ideas, which is very beneficial to the whole community.

There were other visitors at times during my stay; for instance, the Sisters' Hospital was visited by a meeting of medical men, who were making a tour of inspection through the hospitals, and who paid many compliments to the arrangements of the place. One of them, a Russian gentleman, who had served in the army of his country against the English at Bomarsund, was so much struck with what he saw of the Deaconesses and their work, that I heard him express a hope of being able to establish similar houses in Russia.

My short visit to the Institution made me most desirous to see this system adopted in our own country. We have many excellent and energetic women who require a more extensive sphere of action than is afforded to them in a small family circle, and yet whose sensitive natures and retiring dispositions prevent them from bringing themselves forward in individual action: their various characters would find suitable work and constant occupation in an establishment of this kind, free from useless austerities and unfettered by oppressive observances.

ONE WAY OF LOOKING AT IT.

I THOUGHT you always knew it well
(Although indeed you never said so)—
I thought you knew I dared not tell.
And that was why you toss'd your head so:

For I have often heard you say
You hate to see a fellow sighing,
To hear him stammer all the day,
And hint mysteriously at dying.

And if I have adored you so,
I thought you knew I couldn't help it;
I could no more escape my woe
Than Joseph could his empty well-pit.

It wasn't fair of you at all:
You moved so light and play'd so neatly,
And set your foot upon the ball,
And croquet'd me, I know, completely!

Why did you let me look such things,
And whisper o'er our melting ices,
If converse with you only brings
This most objectionable crisis?

I wish I had not loved, for then
Perhaps you would not be offended,
Nor fling me back my heart again,
Nor tell me thus that all is ended!

Oh yes! Sir John's a charming catch—
His stad, his balance at his banker's,
Unlike himself, are hard to match;
And I have but one horse at Spanker's!

He will not house you in some den,
Served by a footman single-handed—
He has such store of maids and men
As your position, love, demanded:

And so, I quite approve your choice;
I won't regret my wasted wooing;
I'll think your sweet soprano voice
Has warn'd me from my own undoing:

And yet I know, that when too late—
Just as the spectre came to Priam—
You'll learn to rue your splendid fate,
And wish yourself as free as I am.

ARTHUR J. MUNBY.

UP THE MOSELLE.

PART I.

THE following inscription is to be seen on the Red House Hotel, the old Council House of Trèves:—

Ante Romam Treviris stetit annis mille trecentis
Perstet, et æternâ pace fruatur. Amen.

As Punch's artist once delineated an invading Frenchman in London shaking his fist at the inscription "Waterloo Place," so we can imagine the standard-bearer of Caesar's tenth legion shaking his eagle with indignation at this most impudent legend, if he ever entered the capital of the Treviri, and if it was there when he entered it. It was bad enough to assert that Trèves existed thirteen hundred years before Rome, without insulting the mistress of the world by abbreviating the first syllable of her name. However, the sanctimonious "Amen" at the end stamps the inscription with the era of dog-latin at once. Probably the monks did not make it, or they would have known better than to make a false quantity, but some burgomaster, who wished to

show off his latin verse-writing, and had not been sufficiently birched at school to enable him to write it correctly. We cannot believe this legend on its own merits, though it may be true; for Trèves is without doubt one of the most ancient towns in Europe: so ancient in fact that its foundation has been attributed to one Trebeta, the step-son of Semiramis, the Assyrian empress, whose story resembles that of Bellerophon in the Greek legend. But nothing is historically known of Trèves till the Roman times. Then the chief city of the Treviri became under the empire the metropolis of the north. It is said to have contained more than 100,000 inhabitants, and this is by no means incredible, when the extent of the old Roman wall is taken into consideration.

The fate of Trèves is the exact reverse of that of many large modern cities. They have outgrown two or more enclosures of walls, as population and prosperity increased. Trèves has on the contrary shrunk into itself. First it fell in from the proportions of the large square Roman wall, which was built after the constant model of a winter camp to about half the area, and was enclosed in its mediæval wall, two sides of which coincide with its north-western angle. Even this diminished area grew depopulated internally; houses fell to ruin, and gardens took their places, so that at the present day when the tide may have turned a little, it contains about 17,000 inhabitants. The houses have shrunk to the sides of the principal streets. The depopulation of Trèves is easily accounted for by its annals. Scarcely any town in Europe has been taken and retaken so often, or been so often given up to plunder and devastation. This is owing to its position on the frontier of France, and its natural accessibility and weakness. That so many of its old monuments still remain is due to the religious character of Trèves in the middle ages; and its many ecclesiastical foundations, which even the thoroughest of mankind respected then. But in the French Revolution, which spared nothing human or divine, even the shrines were violated, and the privilege of sanctuary which was once able to screen malefactors, became unavailing to save the sanctuaries themselves.

A new hope, however, has dawned for Trèves with the epoch of railroads. At present it is accessible by rail, but it is out of all the great lines of traffic; and those whose business or pleasure takes them thither, must go out of their way. If a line of rail should be completed to Cologne, there would doubtless be a great increase in the commerce of the town, which consists principally now as it always did, in wine. Those golden days of prosperity might return when, under the imperial government of Rome, a wine canal was found necessary to transport the produce to Cologne. But at present if the grass does not absolutely grow in the main streets of the town, their quietness would suggest the idea that the population are careful to weed it out, to prevent the disgrace. Grass grows, and also blue and yellow flowers, and small shrubs too, in the chinks of that glory of Trèves the Porta Nigra, a circumstance which adds greatly to the picturesque quality of its appearance, and the fact that some radical townsmen have proposed the up-

rooting of these seems to confirm the suspicion that the old deserted streets might be periodically weeded, like the White Horse on the side of the Berkshire Downs.

We will suppose ourselves put down at the station after being whirled along the wonderfully pretty banks of the Saar, and diving through a multitude of tunnels on our way from France, then driven to the Red House Hotel, on which stands the conceited legend referred to above. The Red House is an Inn like the Ritter at Heidelberg, which ought to command custom from its antique beauty alone, if its entertainment were not so good as it is. We enter it through an old archway with an ornamented roof. In the midst is a court that reminds one of Italy, with a balustraded gallery above it, and on the ground a large group of orange trees, guelder roses, &c., in pots, mingled with bright coloured flowers, which charmingly contrast with the antiquity of the place. The rest is in keeping. At the table-d'hôte, along with a bottle of the delicate Thiergärtner, the head waiter hands us a folded paper having on the one side a plan of Trèves, an engraving of the Red House, and a list of trains; on the other, a panorama of the Moselle from Trèves to Coblenz, with representations of eight of the principal lions of Trèves. The post of honour among these belongs to the Porta Nigra. This splendid old Roman gate is built of red sandstone, which has become of so dark a colour by age as to justify the name of the Black Gate, especially as contrasted with the light buildings around. This building has a spectral grandeur in the moonlight, which is in fact the light in which to see all the grim and grand monuments of the conquerors of the world, from the Coliseum downwards. Second only to the monuments of Egypt in massiveness, they disdain the delicate filigree work of the Greek chisel, the beauty of which must be seen in full sunlight, and imagination connects them all with that boast of Virgil, that while the cunning of sculpture was more suited to other hands, Rome's mission was the subjugation of the world, and her mercy was only to be bought at the price of unconditional submission. This aspect of the Porta Nigra might suggest an illustration to Dante's Inferno, when the gate of the Land of the Lost is described.

Per me si va nella città dolente
Per me si va nell' eterno dolore
Per me si va tra la perduta gente.

Lasciate ogni speranza voi, che'ntrate.

As the great Roman city of the Treviri was probably built after the model of a winter camp, this Porta Nigra would stand in the place of the Porta Prætoriana, whilst the gate corresponding to the Decumana would have been at the other end of the long street, by the present church of St. Matthias; the Porta Principalis dextra would have stood by the site of the Amphitheatre, and the Porta Principalis sinistra would have opened on the Moselle bridge. The Porta Prætoriana was always turned towards the enemy. The permanent enemy to the permanent camp was the still unsubdued German. The Roman may have thought that the barbarian, who had no archi-

tectural glories but the rocks of his forests, might be overawed by the aspect of such a symbol of power. To the fact that he was so for a time the prosperity of Trèves in the Roman times is owing; but when Rome became weak in the centre, her boundaries were broken in upon, the wild spirits outside rushed through the magic circle which she had drawn round her conquests, and very soon tore her to pieces. Her monuments were left to attest her ambitious aspirations and their vanity, like the remains of that tower of Shinaar with which the mighty masons of old thought to scale heaven. The Porta Nigra is a double gateway with two towers on each side, one of which possesses still its entire four storeys, while the other is shorter by one storey. There are two storeys above the archways containing halls, which were doubtless in former times used for municipal purposes, but have now become repositories for antiquities. On the right side from the Simeon's Strasse is to be seen what remains of a mediæval addition, dating from the time when the Black Gate was turned into the church of St. Simeon. This adaptation, which probably, as in so many cases of the antiquities of Rome, tended to the preservation of the ancient monument, though by a parasitical addition, was made by Archbishop Poppo in the eleventh century. Napoleon in 1804 ordered all later additions to the Porta Nigra to be destroyed, but the work was neglected till carried out by Prussia in 1816. Still a portion of the Christian building remains on the right of the gate as we look at it from the town. Some believe the Porta Nigra to have been older than the Romans, but it appears without sufficient data. Those who have seen the aqueduct at Jouy aux Arcs near Metz, and the Pont du Gard in Provence, must be struck by the similarity of the conception. There is a stern, simple grandeur about the Black Gate of Trèves which tells of the most palmy and secure days of the Roman dominion. We should rather be inclined to ascribe it to the age of Hadrian than that of Constantine, when the taste of the day would probably have treated the subject with more adventitious ornamentation. As it stands it is a model of sublime symmetry: arches on arches, pillars on pillars. The capitals of the pillars have no curling ears like those of the Ionic order, no leafy elegance like the Corinthian. They are simply bevelled blocks or dice, and the neatly adapted stones rest in their places by their own weight, in scorn of mortar, as the Roman legionaries kept their ranks by weight of armament and martial will. Time has beautified the dark red sandstone here and there with shrubs and flowers, and married ancient art to ever-young nature. Vegetation gives to ruins the venerable character that grey hair gives to man.

If we return from the Porta Nigra to the market-place, we shall see in front of our head-quarters at the Red House an ancient cross, resting on a pillar, with steps at the base. It is some 800 years old, and bears this inscription, in Latin:

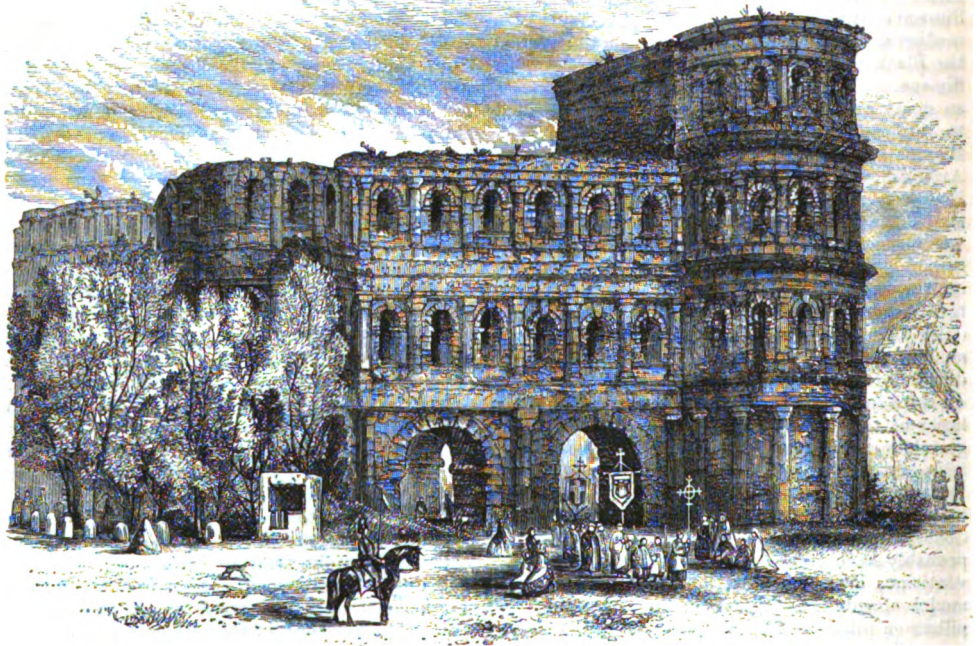
In memory of signs of the cross which came down from heaven upon men, in the year of our Lord's incarnation, MCCCVIII., and in the second year of his bishopric, Heinrich the archbishop set me up.

It is more than doubtful whether the cross itself is the original one, while the pillar on which it stands is apparently Roman. This prodigy of bloody signs of the cross falling from heaven on people's clothes, suggests the prodigies we read of in Livy; to avert the consequences portended the cross was erected as a *piaculum*. It is not unlikely that some natural phenomenon such as a peculiar sort of red blight-rain was at the bottom of this story, as of all others of the same kind. In heathen times it would have been said to have rained blood. It is but a step from the market-place to the cathedral, which constitutes with the Liebfrauenkirche a single block of buildings. The whole structure is more historically curious from the varieties of styles, than beautiful. The original building of the cathedral was a palace of the empress Helena, mother of Constantine the Great, resting on four great granite pillars; a fragment of one of these, seven feet in diameter, lies before the north door of the church. It was found in 1614, when the Elector Lothar von Metternich had a vault prepared in the church. The building was restored in the eleventh century by Archbishop Poppo, who surrounded with pilasters the old pillars, whose Corinthian capitals are still to be seen, and supported the original arches with new ones. This restoration enlarged the church by one-third, and so zealous was he in the work, that he was killed by a sunstroke while contemplating its progress. Archbishop Hillin, in the latter half of the twelfth century, was also surprised by death when building the part to the east. The cathedral was burnt a second time in 1717, having suffered previously in the same way towards the end of the Roman dominion. It was restored in 1723 by the Elector Franz Ludwig, and received its present cruciform shape. It is 132 paces long by 52 broad. It has three naves and a double choir, and no less than sixteen altars. The chief dome, which rested on the four great granite pillars, is still ninety feet high. What is the history of these pillars? It is impossible to say precisely. But there are some facts which might tend to solve the problem of their origin. In a wood not far from the station of Bensheim on the Bergstrasse, situated on the side of the Felsberg, in the Odenwald, is a round basin in the midst of the forest, bare of vegetation, and filled with huge boulders of different shapes, more or less rounded, which may be easily traversed by stepping from one to the other. A hidden stream gurgles below them. How they came there is a question. They might have been dropt from some huge eddy, or have sunk together from the subsidence of some primæval glacier. The whole phenomenon is called now the Sea of rocks, which from its limited extent is a misnomer. A little way above this are some rocks hewn by human hands, amongst them one called the Altar-stone, and another near it called the Giant Column. This is an unfinished pillar of granite, lying along in the wood. It is possible that the Romans, finding here such blocks as suited their vast works at Trèves, may have used this hill as a quarry, and that this very column was being shaped with the intention of sending it down the Rhine, and up the Moselle to Trèves, when the

barbarians from Swabia drove off the workmen, and interrupted the work. The Giant Column is thirty-two feet long, and at top three and-a-half feet, and at bottom four and-a-half feet, in diameter.

Most of the treasures of the cathedral of Trèves were dispersed in the chaos of 1792, but the great relic of all, the Holy Coat without seam, is there still. This was said to have been brought from the east by the sainted empress Helena. It was found in an old altar at the end of the twelfth century, when Archbishop Johann was engaged in altering the church, and shut up in the newly erected altar of St. Peter. When the Emperor Maximilian I. came to Trèves to hold a diet in 1512, the coat was found, on opening St. Peter's altar by Archbishop Richard, in an old wooden chest, with one of the dice which the Roman

soldiers used, and a rusty knife. In 1514 the same archbishop and elector obtained leave from Pope Leo to exhibit the coat once in every seven years, with full absolution to all those who might undertake a pilgrimage to see it. This period, however, was not more accurately kept than the septennium of English parliaments, for favour was shown to visitors of unusual distinction. In the storm of the French revolution the coat was saved to Augsburg, then the residence of the last elector of Trèves, Clement Wenceslaus, and brought thence with great pomp in 1810, and exhibited in the cathedral to the sight of 250,000 people. Its last exhibition was, if we mistake not, in 1847. There is no seam, or sign of needle-work, to be seen in the coat. Tradition says, it was woven by St. Mary for our Saviour in his childhood, and grew larger with his growth. It



Porta Nigra, at Trèves.

consists of a reddish-coloured stuff. One of the nails of the cross was said to have been with it at first, but has been lost or subtracted.

The Liebfrauenkirche clings to the side of the cathedral: it was begun somewhat earlier than the cathedral at Cologne—in the thirteenth century, the best period of early gothic. It is seventy-five paces long by sixty-two broad. The two churches together form a contrast; the round arches and general Romanesque style of the cathedral being joined to the gothic body of the lesser church, but there is a correspondence between the tower of the church and the lesser tower of the cathedral: both appear either to have at one time supported handsome spires, or to have been interrupted and plainly finished for want of leisure or money.

The spires, including the central one, which belongs to the cathedral, consist but of high gables

carried to a point. From the cathedral with its satellite church (an arrangement also to be seen at Eurfurt in Thuringia), we pass on to the Basilica. This ancient hall is a fine specimen of the noble monotony of Roman architecture. It was probably older than Constantine, having been built for the same purposes for which town halls are used now. It has been made use of in different ways in the course of centuries, but Frederick William IV., of Prussia, restored it to its ancient form, and of late years it has been used as a Protestant Church. It is a simple hall 220 feet long by 98 broad, and 97 feet high, lighted by a double row of windows, and the roof and walls are painted internally. From the Basilica we have a large open space to cross which is now used as a parade-ground for the Prussian troops. This is called the Pallast-platz or palace-square. It was formerly

said to be haunted by a Roman ghost of peculiar ghastliness—either the spirit of Rictiovarus, who, under Diocletian, was a notorious persecutor of the Christians, or of Catholdus, who built the amphitheatre which lies beyond, and is said to have thrown his unfaithful wife from the top of it. In the first years after the French Revolution it was able to terrify even the sceptical French sentries, as it stalked across the parade-ground and vanished in the ruins of the Roman baths. Orders, however, having been given to the soldiers to fire upon it, if it came again, the apparition discreetly disappeared for good. Passing over this haunted ground along the remains of the mediæval walls, we come to those beautiful ruins called the Roman baths. We are glad to see that the Prussian government has taken measures for purchasing some of the surrounding land, so that the excavations may be continued, and it is probable that valuable discoveries will be made. Nothing can be fairer than the aspect of these ruins in their summer dress; they show to perfection how beautiful an effect may be gained by variegated courses of bricks and tiles. The colours doubtless are, in a great measure, due to time, and exposure to sun and rain. The site of the ruins, when we saw them at the beginning of July, was a perfect botanical garden of every species of wild flower, whose bright coloured blossoms sparkled like gems on the worn edges and in the interstices of the masonry. Through the broken arches an exquisite vignette of the cathedral and other buildings of the town may be seen.

These baths are constructed on a vast scale, with every convenience known to the Romans,—hot-air chambers, flues and cooling-halls. The round swimming-bath is of remarkable size, and suggests the idea that the baths must have been built for accommodation of the Trèves public in general, rather than have formed part of a buried palace. More will be known when the ground has been further explored. Their neighbourhood to the site of the amphitheatre suggests the idea that it was there that the “swells” of Trèves adorned themselves for the savage spectacle, against the moral pollutions of which their physical cleanliness was a very insufficient safeguard.

The remains of the amphitheatre are seen at the foot of a hill to the south-east of the town, in the midst of vineyards and gardens. Unlike the Colosseum at Rome and the amphitheatre at Verona, very little remains of the stonework of these buildings, whose fate it was, like that of the Colosseum, to be used as a quarry in the middle ages. In the grass-covered hollow which now represents the Trèves arena, besides the imposing remains of the main entrances, there is little to tell its story but the two openings in the walls which led from the dens where the wild beasts were kept. From north to south the diameter is 225 feet, from east to west 157. The oval building accommodated 57,000 persons, while the arena at Verona could hold 70,000, and the Colosseum at Rome 87,000.

In this now quiet spot, grass grown and flowery, used as a safe play-ground for the rising generation of Trèves, as we saw it, Constantine, the first Christian emperor of Rome (if he was so), caused several thousands of Franks, taken in war,

with their leaders—Ascarich and Ragail—to be torn to pieces by wild beasts “to make a Roman holiday.” This monster butchery of men by beasts took place in 306 A.D., and was repeated in 313 on many thousands of captured Bructeri.

The history of Trèves, lying as it did on the outskirts of the Roman dominion, shows the short-sightedness of these savage proceedings. A warning had been given in 261 A.D., when the Trèves territory was devastated by the Alemanni. In 388 the Franks, now grown the stronger, inflicted a signal defeat on the Roman generals Quintinus and Heraclius. In 447, Trèves was harried by the Huns, and finally passed from the Romans to the Franks in 464.

We may be sure that pretty summary vengeance was exacted on account of the blood-baths of the amphitheatre, which were more worthy of his present Majesty of Dahomey than of the great Constantine, whose panegyrist (!) says that, in 313, the beasts lost all their fierceness in consequence of the number of victims they had devoured. As it gets dark, the broken sides of the entrance to the amphitheatre might be imagined in the uncertain light to be two profiles of huge ghosts, holding up their hands in defiance of each other.

The ruin of this great Roman work was consummated by Archbishop Johann, in 1211, giving up the materials to build a house in Trèves, with the quaint remark in the deed of gift, that “these walls had never been of any use yet, and were never likely to be of any for the future.” These are the principal sights of Trèves. A walk in and about the town will discover a multitude of others, such as portions of old monasteries (one of which has turned into the present theatre), and fragments of Roman houses and fortifications. The bridge itself, which spans the Moselle, is of undoubted Roman origin, and led up to what was probably the *Porta Principalis sinistra* of the Roman winter camp.

As we return to our quarters at the Red House we observe the fountain of St. Peter standing in the market-place, with the image of the saint at the top. It received its present form under an Elector Johann von Schonenburg. It is surrounded by images of four virtues, with caricatures of their opposite vices. Of the older fountain which stood in its place the story is told that the Elector Jacob von Etz, when he entered into Trèves, caused his cook to ride through the streets with a ladle as long as a lance, and when he came to the fountain to skim the water, to show how he meant to deal with the liberties of the people.

Our Red House must not be supposed to have derived its name from the red colour with which it is now washed, which probably was given it on account of the name. As it was, the old Council House or Rath Haus, the corruption into Roth Haus would be natural, especially with the thick pronunciation of the people in these parts. The character of the Trèves people in the middle ages was that of great jollity and philosophic indifference to the sieges, sacks and military occupations which they had to endure so repeatedly.

When the Landgrave Albert of Brandenburg took Trèves in 1552, he was long looking for the municipal authorities, in order to make a requisi-

tion upon them for provisions for his soldiers. Hearing at last that they were all carousing and playing at dice in the Rath Haus, he had a few shots fired into the windows, by which method he succeeded in placing their services immediately at his disposal. It appears that the citizens possessed that kind of courage of which Aristotle quotes, as an example, the ass, which even by the best applied blows cannot be deterred from finishing his dinner of thistles.

At about five miles from Trèves, on the former consular road which led to Rheims, near the junction of the Moselle and Saar, there is a most remarkable monument of the Roman times. This is the pillar of Igel. The Emperor Caligula was said to have been born there, and some think it was put up to commemorate this event, but most authorities look upon it as a family monument of the Secundini. The stone of which it is composed is a firm whitey gray sandstone. The governor of Luxembourg, to his shame, once tried to carry away the monument piecemeal, but only partially succeeded. Amongst the sculptures subtracted was one of a beautiful nymph resting on an urn. The stones were subsequently made over to a tradesman in Luxembourg, who made them into steps for his house. Goethe speaks of this monument in terms of high approbation as a work of art.

The principal members of the Secundini family appear to have been *agentes in rebus*, that is, officers appointed to provide for the commissariat of troops, general intendants and postmasters. The monument is covered with sculptures, part of which denote the pleasant lives of the persons commemorated,—part record the employments in which they were engaged. They represent incidents of the navigation of the Moselle, and of the hall of business, with the Secundini at work, while the three large figures are supposed to portray the ceremony of betrothal, and there is added to them the picture of a family banquet. Nothing is more remarkable, as connected with Roman monuments, than the absence of the mournful element. The skull and cross-bones belong to a period of corrupted taste. The dead are thought of by the classics as *those who have ceased to labour*, as Death is symbolised on a Pompeian monument by a ship entering the port. With a beautiful simplicity Christian Germany still speaks of the departed as “those who have gone home.” This elegant pillar of Igel is more than seventy feet high, and sixteen feet broad at the base. It is square, and brought to a point above swelling into a crest, so that the whole might be compared to a square bottle of cut-glass with a highly ornamented stopper. One who has time to spend in and about Trèves has much more to see. At Ruver are the remains of an aqueduct which lead to the amphitheatre, and there is a votive monument to Diana in a wood between Echternach and Bollendorf. This goddess appears to have been as popular with the Treviri as the corresponding Greek divinity Artemis was with the Ephesians. In the year 72, we find St. Eucharius stirring up the people to break certain

statues of Diana which stood on the site of the present fantastic church of St. Matthias. We can easily believe the huntress-goddess to have been worshipped in the neighbourhood of the Ardennes and Eifel, which still glory in real wild beasts. A dip into the history of Trèves would at once explain the present shrunk state of the city. Storms of Franks, Alemans, Huns, Normans, and in later times of Spaniards and French, and the two contending parties in the Thirty Years' war, have swept over it; and it appears to have had its share of mediæval pestilences, the drainage which was, no doubt, perfect under the Romans, having fallen most probably into neglect under the auspices of its Archbishop Electors. Not that the government of these could be compared to a mere priestly government of the present day, for such men as the Johanns, Cunos and Baldwins of Trèves could wield the sword and mace with as much effect as the crozier, and it is more likely that the physical well-being of their subjects suffered more from temporal than spiritual distractions. Trèves has been honoured or disgraced by the residence of several Roman Emperors, since the time when Julius Caesar was brought in, A.D. 54, to mediate in the quarrel between Cingetorix and Induciomarus, which was ultimately settled in the manner usual with the Romans, by taking possession themselves of the disputed territory.

In the rebellion of Civilis, recorded by Tacitus, Trèves joined the insurgents, and was consequently taken by Petilius Cerealis. As allies and enemies of the Romans the Treviri were chiefly distinguished in the arm of cavalry.

As time went on, and Trèves acquired more and more of an ecclesiastical character, many holy men took up their residence or sought asylum there. Amongst them was the famous Athanasius, who lived here in exile for more than two years in the reign of Constantine. Trèves was visited in his rambles by the erratic St. Martin, in the fourth century, who worked miracles long remembered, and in the twelfth by the more authentic St. Bernhard of Clairvaux, who came preaching a crusade, and attesting his mission by the usual signs and wonders.

If the projected railroad is completed between Trèves and Cologne, the old town will probably enter on a new lease of life; but the present is the time for those who are curious in history and antiquities to pursue their investigations, as modern improvements have a tendency to choke antiquity. At present, Nature holds her own in Trèves. The remains of ancient art have become part of Nature, and the memorials of the mighty dead are mellowed in tint by the same sunshine which glorifies the living vineyards and flower-gardens. To Trèves applies, even better than to Paris, that expression of Mrs. Barrett Browning in “Aurora Leigh,”—

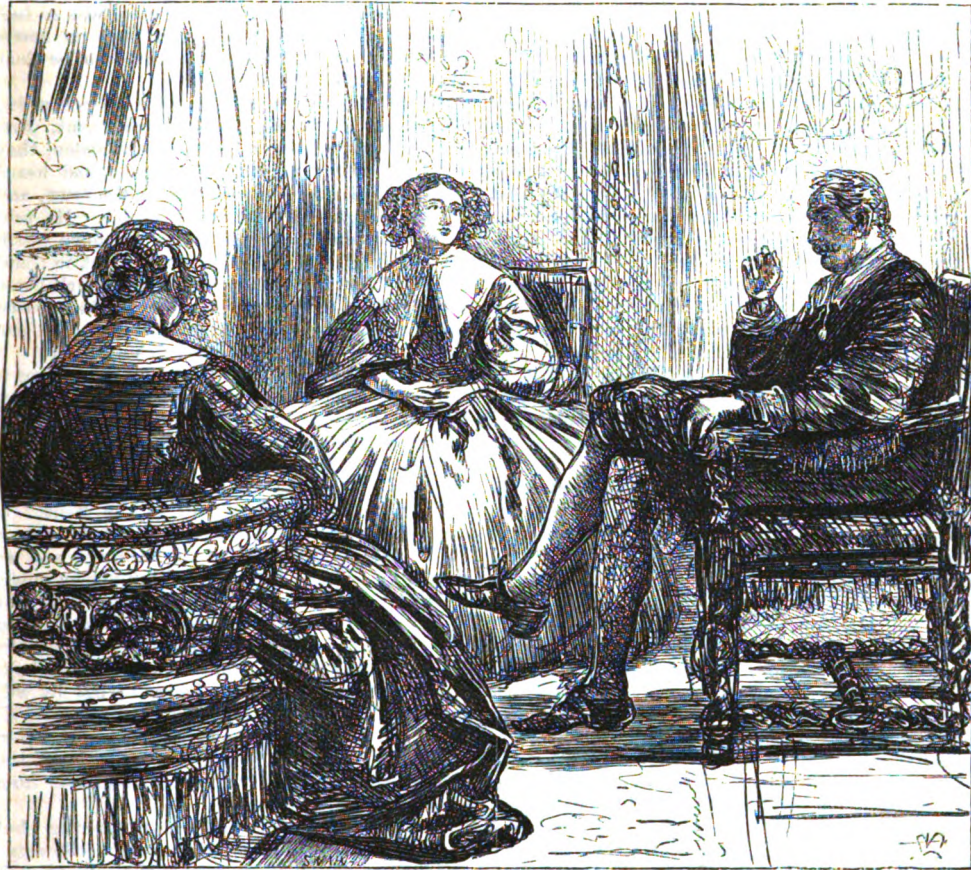
The city swims in verdure.

Its site is as perfect as can be conceived, standing as it does by a lovely river, in the midst of an amphitheatre of pleasant and finely-broken hills.

[“**ELEANOR'S VICTORY**,” a New Novel, by the Author of “Aurora Floyd,” “Lady Audley's Secret,” &c., will be commenced in the next Number of ONCE A WEEK.]

THE HAMPDENS.

AN HISTORiette. BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.



CHAPTER V. A CERTAIN NOVEMBER IN MERRY ENGLAND.

The fifth of November 1637 was as noisy a day all over England as any fifth of November since 1605. Perhaps it was the most tumultuous of all the anniversaries of the Gunpowder Treason, for reasons which belonged to the year. The main roads leading to London were thronged, and in London, lodgings were scarce and dear. It was something new that a case in the law-courts should so largely increase the population of London in the dampest and dreariest month of the year; but, as some people asked, had there ever been a law case of such public importance before? The trial of Mr. Hampden, for refusing to pay ship-money to the amount of twenty shillings, was to come on in the Exchequer Court on the 6th of November: and the expectation was, that if Mr. Hampden should chance to win his cause, he would be tried again for refusing to pay thirty shillings, in respect of his property in another district. All England was in waiting for the

judgment that should be passed; and all England and Scotland were waiting to see what would follow from the punishments in Palace-Yard, which were quite as vehemently talked of as the ship-money. Some gentlemen of character, education, and ability as authors, had been pilloried and mutilated, in accordance with a Star-chamber sentence, procured by Archbishop Laud; and the restraint thus put upon men's tongues, and the cruelty which showed itself in the temper of the leading Gospel minister of the kingdom, thrilled through the whole heart of the nation. Thus, many as were the travellers from all parts going up to attend Mr. Hampden's trial, or to learn all particulars on the spot, there were nearly as many more who used that cause as a pretext for meeting and consulting with others who were no more reconciled to the tyranny of Churchmen under a Stuart, than their fathers had been under a Tudor. The occasion was too good not to be seized by Scotch leaders for coming to an understanding with English Puritans; and by men who had not

forgotten what a parliament was, to consult with newly risen patriots about obtaining another; and by the country members of the King's party, to parade their loyalty in the eyes of the Court and the judges. Added to these, there were ladies and gallant gentlemen who relished the prospect of a gay season in London at the beginning of the winter, and cared more for assemblies, and banquets, and balls, than for the honour of the Crown and the safety of the country. Some of all these orders of persons made up the throng which kept the inns busy, and the roads in their worst condition, on the fifth of that November. In former years, the innkeepers had driven a good trade on that day by pretending to suppose that every traveller who did not desire to toast the King at every stage was a Papist. This time, there was perhaps more ale and good wine asked for than in any former year; but the increase was in no proportion to the numbers; and it was agreed by all the hosts along the road, that the Papists had grown audacious. Whether it was the favour of the Queen towards the Papists, or their trust in the protection of the High Church, with Laud at the summit of it, they certainly did not, through meekness and fear, drink more on that day than they had a mind to.

While the stream of travellers thus set strongly towards London, a small party was riding eastwards which fixed the attention of the innkeepers on the road by their crossing the route of all the rest, by their having no questions to ask on the great affair of the day, and by the livery of the servant who was in attendance on the lady of the party. The groom in green livery put on grand airs of mystery wherever he stopped, and let it be known that he could give, instead of needing, information about the gentleman who was to be tried in London. He drew attention to his livery, and when asked about it, said that the inquirers might find out whose service he was in, it not being his business to tell. Thus challenged, curious people did find out that the livery was Mr. Hampden's, and consequently that the lady was Mr. Hampden's daughter. It was indeed Henrietta: and the news spread before the party, so that all hope of passing unobserved was at an end, and so much attention was offered at every stage, that Henrietta's desire to finish her journey as soon as possible made her regardless of all fatigue. Her eldest brother Philip and her maid were her companions; and Philip was well pleased to push on, as he was anxious to be in London as soon as possible after the opening of the trial. A hindrance occurred which vexed him for a moment; but it was the cause of his release a day sooner than he had expected.

He was escorting his sister to the mansion of old Sir Oliver Cromwell in the Fens. Old Sir Oliver was their great-uncle; and of all his relations, Henrietta was his favourite. He had made overtures towards adopting her, when the troubles of the time were dividing families, and when relatives and friends grouped themselves by their sympathies, rather than by the nearness of their family ties. From the time of Margaret's marriage Henrietta had never entertained the idea of leaving her father, who could ill-spare the solace

of an elder daughter's presence: but Henrietta was now in trouble; and for the sake of the whole family she found it best to hide herself and her griefs in her old uncle's house far away. At Huntingdon, she was within an easy ride of Biggin House, Sir Oliver's mansion: but there she was obliged to stop. The place was so full, and in such a state of agitation, that no horses could be had. There was nothing to be done but to stay there for the night.

While the brother and sister were consulting whether or not to disturb their great-aunt, Mrs. Cromwell, who lived retired at Huntingdon, they were joined by Cousin Oliver, who had heard that Mr. Hampden's livery was in the town, and at once sought out the young people. He told them that there was no inn in the town which was fit for Henrietta to pass the night in; and he bade them be thankful that his mother's house was open to them as a refuge. He insisted on their accompanying him there without delay; and they were as glad to do so as he could desire. It was a drawback that they could not appear in the street without having a crowd for an escort, but the distance was inconsiderable. As they issued from the inn yard, the crowd raised a cheer for the Lord of the Fens. Cousin Oliver lifted his hand; and there was silence in a moment.

"I will not be called Lord of the Fens," he declared, in a voice which was heard to the end of the street, "I am lord of nothing; and no man is Lord of the Fens. I will tell you in public meeting this day what Lord you shall praise for the great work which has been done in our Fen land, and what other Lord you shall withstand in his pride about those doings. Come, one and all, and hear what shall then be said; but my will now is to pass quietly whither I am going. Fall back, and be silent till I return among you within one hour;—perhaps," and he pointed to the church clock at hand, "within half-an-hour from the striking of the clock."

The people fell back, and ceased cheering; but there was no preventing them from following; and when the party reached the old dame's modest house, she was seen at the window, brought there by the hum of many voices, and the tramp of many feet. When she saw her son at the entrance, the door flew open, and Henrietta was glad to rush into the quiet of a private house.

She was kindly welcomed, in consideration of the hand that brought her. In a few minutes she was alone with her hostess. Cousin Oliver engaged to forward her to Biggin House the next day; and Philip Hampden was thus free to make his way to London as soon as his horse was sufficiently rested to proceed.

"Shall I bear your greeting to our father?" he asked his sister, as he bade her farewell. "Do not look reproachfully at me. I do not doubt your love: but may I tell him that he has your prayers for his release from the persecution of the wicked?"

"Tell him, with my humble duty," she replied, "that I pray daily for his health and peaceful deliverance from all trouble. He knows how I pray that right may prevail."

"That is his prayer; that is the prayer of every one on his side," Philip replied. "Beseech the Lord, Henrietta, that the wicked may be confounded, and that the kingdom may have peace."

"But how shall we learn from day to day," asked Henrietta, "how the trial proceeds? You say it may be many days. Cannot a messenger bring us tidings? And how often?"

Philip smiled and told her that there would be no part of the country,—no village, however remote, to which the news of each day's proceedings would not spread as fast as man and horse could carry the tidings. He reminded her of the great number of poor men who were in prison for the same cause, besides the richer citizens whose estates were threatened for their opposition to the ship-money. Among others, the owners of the new properties in the Fens were almost to a man against the King's demands: and they had swift messengers ready to pass to and fro day and night.

Dame Cromwell, overhearing this, said that the swiftest messengers of all were engaged. Pigeons abounded among the granaries all along the Ouse; and numbers of them had been carried to London, after having been trained for weeks past. She added that no household was more sure of daily tidings than Sir Oliver's. If Henrietta did not know why, she would surely and speedily learn.

Henrietta so well knew why, that she was glad, when left alone with the old lady, to find the discourse turn on other subjects.

The old lady stood hearkening till her son, and the crowd which followed him, had left the street. Then she said:

"My son will not permit himself to be called Lord of the Fens; but it is not for him to choose how men shall consider him, any more than what the Lord shall appoint him to do."

"Is this recovery of the Fens his work then?" Henrietta asked.

"Not more than it is Sir Oliver's, and many another man's. The adventurers as a body, with the Earl of Bedford at their head, have, and deserve to have, the credit of reclaiming the land. My son has his share of that honour; but it is for a more perilous work that the country—his own eastern country—gives him that title. Have you not heard of it, my dear?"

"I heard of some trouble, as one hears of trouble on every hand," said Henrietta, sighing.

"Trouble everywhere from wickedness in high places," the dame observed. "The adventurers have spent out of their fortunes more money than you would believe;—more money than some of them could have raised but for the prospect of profitable estates which should pay for everything. Among them they were to possess, according to their Charter, ninety-five thousand acres of the new land; and, now that their money is spent, and they should be entering into possession, the King . . ."

Henrietta turned away her head impatiently, and her hostess stopped short.

"Pardon me!" said Henrietta. "I was dismayed for the moment,—dismayed that, whatever happens, men's minds take hold of it, to turn it to complaint against the King."

"Let the King keep his royal word, my young cousin, and men's complaints would be as the idle wind. But with the adventurers in the Levels he has broken faith by so heavily taxing their estates that, if he carries his measures against them, many of them will be ruined men. While the dispute lasts, due care of the new works is neglected; and if it be not speedily settled, the waters will encroach again; and the fair fields which you will see to-morrow will be mere swamp, more muddy and unwholesome than before."

"It will be only like the rest of the country," sighed Henrietta. "The whole kingdom seems to be in the way to become—"

"To become what?" the dame inquired, with evident curiosity.

"No place for dutiful men to live in," Henrietta replied.

"Too true!" the dame agreed. "Dutiful men and women are making up their minds to suffer and die, because of the wickedness in high places: but good citizens will struggle manfully for the right. My son has the whole eastern country with him in this matter of the Levels; and the cause is so clear, and the people are so resolved that a handful of courtiers shall not ruin such a work, that they will sustain my son against all trespassers, even if the King himself be one. It would be well that the King should hear whom they call the Lord of the Fens."

Henrietta trusted that the King would hear at the same time that Cousin Oliver refused the title.

The old lady perceived that the subject was in some way unwelcome, and from a sense of hospitality she dropped it. In the course of the evening, however, it became clear that no topic could interest her long which did not lead round to her son Oliver. When Henrietta spoke of her father's belief that his cousin Oliver would be a great man in the country, as he already was in the eyes of the family, the Puritan mother's godly jealousy was aroused by the awakening of old associations. Her mind was carried back to the days when the cousins were boys and under her rule. She observed, with some sternness—

"I do not know why Oliver's friends beset him with flatteries. I am sure he required the rod as much as any of his six sisters. There was no end to my trouble with him."

"And now see your reward!" Henrietta observed. "I have heard my father say how noble and brave a nature was always struggling under—"

"Under what?" sharply asked the dame.

"Under what appeared to require the rod. Nay, aunt Cromwell, I refer only to what you yourself have just said. No one honours his standing now more than my father."

"Of course; all the world honours it," replied the dame; "all whose respect is true honour. As for the King and the Court, how should they know how to honour a God-fearing man and a soldier of liberty! Ah! if such a man as Oliver could be king—"

"Such as Cousin Oliver be king!" exclaimed Henrietta, amused.

"Yes, my young cousin. If worldlings and perjured Papists could give place, but for five

years, to a servant of the Lord, like my Oliver, this land might be redeemed in its swift course to perdition. I do not speak as of anything probable, and by your countenance one might see that I was speaking folly. But there have been times when kings have been of the Lord's appointing,—by the head and shoulders taller than other men, as Saul, when the Lord gave a king first to His people. There have been things more strange than that a man who obtains a natural obedience as Lord of the Fens, while living in the fens, should be the ruler of the country when he shows his strength through the whole country."

Henrietta was in fact smiling. She smiled again at the idea when Cousin Oliver appeared at the supper table in time to say the long grace, and when he returned thanks, in the evening prayer, for the power which the Word had had through his poor utterance, in strengthening the people to stand for their liberties. He prayed for the King, however; for his long life, and his rescue from the snares which would make him an enemy to the pure reformed Church. Henrietta could only hope that aunt Cromwell could join in this prayer as sincerely as her son evidently offered it.

Henrietta, heavy at heart as she was, smiled again at the same image when Cousin Oliver put her on her horse early the next morning. She had been to the old lady's bedside to bid her farewell, and had received her well-meant injunctions not to be ensnared by the graces of old Sir Oliver, or by the conversation of any Royalists she might meet at his house. If she should hear a word in defence of ship-money, or of the late meddling with the religion of Scotland, she had only to ride over to Huntingdon, and take refuge with her old aunt. She would know when to flee to this refuge, by hearing her own father disrespectfully spoken of—

"That will never happen in my presence, in any one of the family houses," Henrietta declared.

"Perhaps not," the dame said. "But there is the other case. You have heard of Jenny Geddes, and what she did about the collects—"

"Took the collect to be colic; and administered her joint-stool as a cure?"

"It is an over-serious case for a jest," the dame remarked. "I was about to say that if Jenny Geddes is made a mock of in your presence, you will find a refuge here for your wounded feelings. While your father stands up against them that trouble the Lord's people, every child of his may look upon my house as a home."

Henrietta kissed the old lady's hand, thanked her, and was departing, when she was recalled for one more exhortation. Her hostess had not been insensible to the depression which had appeared in her countenance and manner. It was dutiful to grieve for a parent's troubles; but such grief should be swallowed up in joy that a father should be honoured by being made a confessor in a great cause; so that if John Hampden should be this day consigned to prison, to die there like his friend Eliot, a dutiful daughter ought to give thanks on that very account every day of her life.

Henrietta could not bear this,—her heart knowing its own bitterness, and her dutifulness being by no means of the supposed quality. When she

appeared in the court, her colour was high, and her eyes were full of tears; but again she smiled at the thought of Cousin Oliver enacting royalty. His grim face, his yeoman's suit, and his abrupt manner, were as opposite as possible to all the notions she had gathered from Lady Carlisle, and her aunt Carewe, and from her own fancy as to the bearing of a king.

Yet there was something kingly in Cousin Oliver's position in his own district. Without apology to his companions, he stopped where it pleased him, and diverged from the road where it suited him. He examined the embankments; he dismounted to measure the depth of the water; he tried the firmness of the soil wherever it looked suspicious. As if by magic, people collected wherever he halted for a moment. On casting a glance over the wide plain, so lately under water, and still glistening here and there with meres and full watercourses, it seemed as if the whole area was uninhabited, except where a farmstead or a group of cottages stood forth conspicuously. Yet men and women collected by scores and by hundreds. They came up from the decoys; they came out from behind the embankments; they sprang ashore from the boats on the Ouse;—there were men from the ploughtail; there were women from the dairies and poultry yards; there were boys with their birding-traps, and their dogs from hunting vermin. Little children with rushen helmets and bows and arrows ran along to keep up with the horses, in hope of a word or a look from the Lord of the Fens. For everybody who, as Cousin Oliver said, had ears to hear, he had one exhortation to give—to pay no penny of the new taxes till the case was settled; but to stand fast in refusal, even as Mr. Hampden who was tried to-day in London for refusing to pay ship-money.

The journey became slower from mile to mile; and by mid-day Cousin Oliver declared that this would not do. He commissioned some of the people to spread the tidings along the road, and back among the farms, that he would return before night, and hear those who had aught to say to him, at certain stations. He must now ride straight for Biggin House. This settled, the party set forward at a good pace.

Cousin Oliver was not to reach Biggin House to-day. From a cross road, five miles short of it, he saw a party approaching, and presently distinguished the livery of the Mashams, who were cousins of his. The servants who bore it were escorting their young mistress, Helen Masham, who was on her way to Biggin House, where she was to be Henrietta's companion. The damsels, formerly playmates, were delighted to meet; and Cousin Oliver perceived that he was no longer wanted. He sent a dutiful message to his uncle, gave his blessing very devoutly to his young kinswomen, turned his horse's head, and rode away at speed.

Biggin House did not look very tempting from the outside, on this foggy November day. The grass in the park was coarse and dank; the dead leaves lay thick in what had been the avenue; the trees stood irregularly, as the best of them had been felled: some were lying on their sides,

overgrown with fungus and moss; and those which were standing were bare, and many of them half dead. The moat was overfull of turbid water; and some of the woodwork of the draw-bridge had fallen into it. The house had a mouldy appearance on the open side; and where the trees sheltered the other walls, the blackened old bricks and stone mullions were streaked with green moss from breaches in the rotting spouts above. Things were better inside, however; and, besides a blazing fire in the great hall, there was abundance of warmth in the welcome the old gentleman had ready for his kinswomen.

"On my life, a pretty brace of Puritans as ever I saw," said he, giving each of them a hearty hug: "and as good as you are pretty, to come and be company to your solitary old uncle in fog-time. We must have a bargain. You find all the duty; and I must see whether I cannot find some pleasure without waiting for Christmas. We do contrive to brighten up the old place at Christmas: but we will have a dance between this day and that. Hey, Henrietta! You have not grown too starched for a dance, I hope."

"My dear uncle, no!" Henrietta replied. "We dance every evening at home in cold weather."

"Who dances? Not your grim father?"

"My father is never grim, uncle. How can you fancy it? He is our favourite partner; and he favours us all round."

"Right good, my dear! And Aunt Carewe?"

"Yes, she dances, when she is not playing for us. We are so many at home that we can make out a country dance without guests, when by chance no guests are there."

"On my life, I am glad to hear it. By John Hampden's surliness about the King's affairs I was afraid he had gone gospel-mad, like his cousin Oliver. You never see him dance, I will warrant."

The girls laughed.

"If you got him to stand up, he would break out into praying, instead of making the figure. He would twang out a grace before dancing, loud enough to drown the music. Now tell me, Henrietta, were not you ashamed to be seen riding with such a cavalier? You, Helen; were you not glad that he turned whence he came? Why, you would have seen your grooms laughing behind his back."

Helen hastened to explain that all the servants of all the Mashams revered Cousin Oliver, and would on no account jest at his expense. Henrietta, being questioned, admitted that his boots were muddy, and his coat rusty, and his beaver battered; but, so far from being ashamed of him, she had felt as if in a great man's train, all the way from Huntingdon. Sir Oliver listened courteously while she related the incidents of the journey, and then observed:

"Ay! they do call him the Lord of the Fens, the disloyal wretches! When the fogs are gone, and the land is in its spring green, we must get the real Lord of the Fens to come."

"The Earl of Bedford?" Helen asked.

"Bless my soul, no! We will give the people something better than an Earl to look at. No,

child, I mean the King. And why not? His father came to me at Hinchinbrooke, once upon a time, to hunt; and he, and the Queen too, may come here to hawk. Our fowling here is sport for a king, I can tell you; and it is a rare country for the Queen's hawks, if she will come and try."

The girls looked at each other in some dismay at the thought of having to play hostess to such a party.

"I agree with you," said Sir Oliver, looking round upon the somewhat dingy walls and shabby furniture of the great dining-room in which they sat. "This is no proper banqueting-hall for princes. But I lost a fortune twice over in entertaining the Court all day, and in gaming with them at night: and the King knows that poor old Sir Oliver is a wrecked man. He would take kindly what I have to offer, and excuse shortcomings. Times are altered with him too, as with his friends. He finds shortcomings everywhere, and no offers. But I must not forget that I am talking to little Puritans. If I trouble them with an old man's loyalty, they will be running away, and telling all I say to the crop-ears."

"Uncle Oliver, you do not know me," Henrietta said, very emphatically, and with a flushing cheek.

Helen observed that there was nobody of her acquaintance, she believed, who did not wish to serve and please the King within the limits of an Englishman's duty.

If so, Sir Oliver replied, all was well. They would drink His Majesty's health, with one voice, every day. Meanwhile his young cousins must make themselves at home in their own apartments; and he summoned servants to show them the way.

As they were leaving the room, Henrietta's turn came last to make her curtesy at the door; and she was beckoned back with such caution as to show her she was to return alone. The old man took her in his arms, seated her on his knee, and said in her ear:

"This is the way we used to tell each other our secrets when you were just high enough to peep into this pocket. Come! tell me your little secret now. What is this between you and Harry Carewe? There! you can hide your face against my shoulder, as you did when I told you ghost stories. And now tell me what is the matter about Harry Carewe."

"I thought you knew, uncle. I thought—"

"I have heard something; but I want to hear your account of it. Is Harry a disloyal rascal?"

"O, no, no! Do not blame Harry. I dare say I am more to blame than Harry. I know Aunt Carewe thinks so."

"Likely enough!"

"But my father thinks so too; and I believe it is true. But, uncle, we cannot live together. So we have parted."

"If Harry is not a disloyal rascal, why have you parted? I don't understand."

"I know I am to blame; but my temper will not stand the things he says. And he thinks the same of his temper.—What things? O! I cannot tell you about them. I cannot bear to think of

them. He thinks that things are right which I think wrong; and—"

"And he is hard upon the King?—No! Then he is hard upon the Queen?"

"Not so much that as— In short, uncle, we think so differently about all these quarrels, in which everybody that belongs to us has some share, that we were always losing patience with each other. That was it."

"If that was all, my darling, everybody that belongs to you will lose patience with you both. I suppose you love each other. Well, well! there is nothing to say about that, I see. Two young creatures in love, and quarrelling, not for any jealousy."

"Only jealousy about their Majesties, uncle. I cannot bear to hear such things as they all say—"

"Ay, ay! I knew how it was: and so you come for refuge to your old uncle as a true Loyalist. Your uncle is proud of you, my love. As for Master Harry, he shall know—"

"O, uncle! let Harry alone! Do not say a word to him! He thinks he is right; and I know I have tried him. And we can never meet again. Let me live quietly with you here. However this trial in London may end, my father will not be often at Hampden this winter. If he gains his cause, he will have business in Scotland—"

"Ha! what takes him there? Is he going to make his bow to Jenny Geddes? If he does, that stool of hers shall be his stool of repentance."

"There is some public business which will detain him there," Henrietta went on: "and Aunt Carewe will not leave the children; and I could not bear—"

"I see; you could neither keep up your friendship with her nor deprive her of Harry's presence. This is clearly the home for you at present, my love; and I rejoice to have you here. But, Henrietta, you must cheer up. When His Majesty has brought his perverse children back to their duty, Harry will come back to his. I may not put it so? Well, then, I will put it the other way: you and Harry will come back to each other."

"Never! never!" Henrietta insisted. "Never! never!" she repeated to herself as she went to her chamber, and while she was settling herself there as in her permanent home. She did not see how she could ever return to Hampden till Harry should be married to some one more worthy of him than herself. Dear Hampden! she should never see it more till she should be old and grave, and past feeling things so strongly. Her youth would be spent here in the Fens; and when Uncle Oliver was in his grave, and she should have ceased to have cares because she would have ceased to have feelings, she should return to Hampden, to watch over Aunt Carewe in her old age, and be a daughter to her, though Harry would have long had another wife.

"Never! never!" she said again to Helen as at night, when they should have been asleep, they were sitting together by the fire in Henrietta's chamber. It struck her that she had to repeat this assurance very often. Her family seemed all

of one mind about her affairs,—all confident that Harry and she would come together again. But perhaps she would never have to contradict Helen upon it after this night. When she had relieved her mind of the whole story to this friend of her whole life,—when she had related all that had been said by Harry and by herself, and what bitter things she was conscious of having uttered, and how desperate Harry's feelings had become under her sarcasms,—Helen did not repeat her belief that such evils could disappear and leave no trace. Henrietta said that passion might be mutually forgiven; but how could she be sure that passion would not be roused again,—that there would not be more sarcasms, and more misery from them, Helen fervently agreed. The present pain was the least, great as it was. Henrietta was quite right in stopping in time: and all the rest were quite wrong in trying to persuade two young people, who could not be happy for a month at a time now, to run the risk of spending their lives together.

"They say," suggested Henrietta, "that public affairs must be settled very soon; and then the danger will be over. When the King has taught the people their duty, and established his right . . ."

"Who says that?" asked Helen. "Not your father,—not Lady Carewe?"

"Uncle Oliver said so to-day; and I know Lord Wentworth thinks so. Lady Carlisle gives it out everywhere."

"On the other hand," said Helen, "your father and mine, and every public man they have confidence in, are no less confident that the victory will be the other way. When the King is humbled so far as to summon his parliament . . . What is the matter? O! in this part of the country we do not regard the proclamation against naming the parliament. My father says we might as well leave off speaking of the Bible by order of the Pope. As I was saying . . ."

"No matter!" Henrietta interrupted. "I know what you would say."

Helen persevered so far as to ask whether it was not too serious a risk to commit the happiness of a marriage to the chances of a political strife,—some called it a rebellion, and some a revolution,—on the issue of which no two wise men were agreed. She considered Henrietta right in her decision,—noble-minded, generous, and prudent.

"I am so glad . . ." sobbed Henrietta, as her head lay on Helen's shoulder. "I am so glad . . ." And the sobs came thicker, and the tears in floods.

Puritans as the Mashams were, they had read certain stage plays of a writer who was much thought of at the time; and one line of a tragedy of that player's now darted across Helen's memory; "Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much!" and her heart smote her.

"I cannot bear to grieve you," she said. "But you have done so nobly and so wisely, that it is due to you to say that I agree with you."

"Of course you must say what you think," replied Henrietta; "I am so glad . . ."

Still she was unable to express the cause of her

satisfaction. She was obliged to let Helen lay her in her bed; and then she was soothed by Helen's singing a hymn familiar in the household worship at home, and apt to operate like a spell in reducing passion to a calm.

(To be continued.)

THE WILFUL MURDER CASE.

PLEAS FOR THE DEFENCE.

A FEW weeks ago I gave in *ONCE A WEEK* an account of the cases of death by crinoline, or hoop, which had come before coroners' juries in the course of a few months, and I called the persistence of my countrywomen in that mode of dress, in the face of such facts, a new sort of wilful murder. That collection of facts has produced the sensation that might naturally be expected; but some of the incidents of the case could hardly, I think, have been anticipated by anybody. There has been no dispute about the facts, for the sufficient reason that they are indisputable; and almost every woman who has remarked to me on the statement has used the same word about it—that it is “appalling.” After going thus far together, the commentators on my appeal part off in various directions.

The fervent thankfulness of not a few women—ladies who dress well—has satisfied me that in the case in question there is no exaggeration in speaking of the tyranny of the leaders of fashion, and of the slavery which compliance with the mode imposes upon women. I am satisfied that the suffering undergone by many of my countrywomen, whether they wear hoops or decline to do so, is real and serious. Either way, they have much pain of mind to bear, and constant inconvenience. Those certainly suffer least who have resolution to refuse a compliance which they know to be wrong in every point of view: they have not to reproach themselves with helping to generate sin and death, and they must be conscious that they preserve for themselves that respect and confidence from men which the present generation of Englishwomen has so rashly forfeited; but they have their troubles too. The weaker majority use in regard to them the tyranny of majorities, and make them suffer for their refusal to follow the multitude in causing the evil which all admit to be “appalling.” My purpose, however, in speaking of these rational and conscientious women, was to say that I have been surprised at the number which has become known to me within a few weeks. They afford a sufficient foundation for a strong hope of present resistance, and of a not distant change of fashion. “Remember,” said a friend of mine to some little girls who were looking wistfully at other people's hoops; “Remember, when you grow old, and hear this fashion spoken of as it will be spoken of hereafter, that neither your mamma, nor grandmamma, nor aunt, ever wore a crinoline or a hoop.” Such ladies as these naturally hail any such exposure of the mischief as my collection of coroners' cases afforded; but there are others who are more grateful still,—the women who have sense enough to see and understand the evil, but who have not courage to discountenance it in their own practice. They trust that their chain will be broken for

them, lacking as they do the spirit to break it themselves. I do not feel disposed or able to blame such women. It does require a calm and sustained courage to dress unlike other people; and all one can do in regard to the well-disposed who are weak is to pity their trouble, and help to extinguish the cause of it.

These are the two classes of commentators who are pleased and thankful. All the rest are, as far as I know, more or less displeased and vexed. Some express their feelings more, and some less, graciously; some are very amiable and cheerful: some are insolent: and all agree in offering such a defence as they can of the fashion which they admit to have murdered scores of women in the course of last year. Two or three of their pleas are urged by them all: but there are other grounds of defence remarkably characteristic of their proposers. My object now is to state these grounds of defence, in order to see what can be said on that side of the question, and to ascertain what it amounts to.

I. “The hoop carries the clothes lightly and easily. It relieves the waist and the loins of the weight of the skirts and their flounces.”

This plea appears in every one of the array of letters before me. I am told that the weight of clothes which a young growing girl puts off at night is something fearful. If such a weight were all borne by tightening the dress round the waist or haunches, the girl's health and figure would be injured, and probably her spine would suffer. The hoop carries off the chief part of the weight; and thus, wearing it is actually a sanitary measure.

The obvious solution of such a difficulty seems to be,—not to wear heavy skirts; and to suspend such weight as there is from the shoulders, which were made to bear the burden.

This brings me to an item of the defence which is not ventured upon by many. It appears, however, in more than one letter, viz.:

II. “Medical men approve the fashion as favourable to health. It is cool and airy.”

Who these approving medical men are I do not know. I know several who disapprove the mode as heartily and as openly as I do. “Cool and airy.” Yes! One of the first physicians in London was seen, the other day, more disturbed and vexed than some of his friends ever saw him before. He was in great pain of mind at witnessing the havoc made by “this detestable fashion” in a home in which he was interested. The life of the lady depends on her being clothed as no woman who wears a hoop can be clothed; and she positively and obstinately refuses to leave off her hoop. What this physician thinks is conceivable enough.

On every hand, the doctors are telling us of the diseases which prevail among children, and older girls, from the deficiency of warmth under the skirts.

Country surgeons say that women and girls in every village take advantage of the hoop to hide the scantiness of their clothing. The “coolness” and “airiness” of the hooped dress is the cause of the fevers in which hundreds of sufferers are now tossing on their beds, and of some of the

funeral processions which pass to the cemeteries of England day by day.

As to physicians, or men of any other calling, approving or liking the fashion, I think it is well that my countrywomen should hear the truth. To the best of my knowledge, no man approves or likes the fashion. One of these same often-quoted medical men observed to me lately that he had never met, or heard of, any man who likes the crinoline or hoop dress. Some few light young men profess that they like to see pretty girls sailing about in the way which is now "the go;" but, of men whose opinion is worth hearing, my friend had never known one whose view differed from his own.

There is something piteous, I can assure the ladies who "go sailing about" in comfortable complacency about their dress, in hearing the accounts given by their fathers, husbands, and brothers, of the defensive measures they take against the mischiefs of the prevalent fashion. Though they suppress more than they tell, they relate enough to excite an old man's wonder at what the heads of English households will submit to in these days. They say nothing of the difficulty of finding money for the increased cost of female dress; nor, perhaps, of the grief of being subjected to hourly annoyance and inconvenience by wife, daughter, or sister, who is supposed to be bound to consider the comfort of the head of the family: but they speak out about the dangers to life and property. They have bought high fenders and fireguards for every room in the house; and they put forth their full authority on the subject of keeping the fireguards locked. As for the property endangered by skirts too large for the dwelling,—the china, the flower-stands, light tables, and whatever stands upon them,—some gentlemen are vexed, and others take it easily, when these things are smashed; but all regret the days when such property was safe from one generation to another, and when we could all walk about our own houses without thought or care. On the whole, the impression, after an hour's conversation in the absence of ladies, is one of no little pain. Cynics may find amusement in the helplessness of husbands and fathers who would lose more than they could gain by opposition to the fashion: but men of heart,—men who have been accustomed to respect the domestic sex,—cannot but regret the levity or perverseness, or mere weakness, by which that respect, and the mutual confidence and affection of home are put to too severe a proof.

To continue the list of ladies' reasons,—here is another of the universal pleas:

III. "I do not like to have my clothes cling about my limbs, or my skirts dragged with mud. The hoop is convenient and pleasant in saving me from this."

As for the dragging, —it does not appear to be a law of Nature that if clothes are not lifted up, they must sweep the ground. There has been such a thing known as a dress which was light, and which neither touched the ground nor showed more than it ought. That such a thing should be said is another evidence of the skill of mortals

in creating their own troubles; as if life had not natural woes enough without artificial ones of our own devising. If women had no other choice than between a dress too heavy to carry and too long to be endured, we could only pity them, and leave them to their choice of evils. As it is,—the present century having afforded specimens of every width and every length of gown and petticoat,—the defence goes for nothing, while compelling a remark which must not be suppressed, but which I will defer for the present.

As for the clinging of the clothes,—there is, under the existing fashion, only the choice between insufficient under-clothing, and that which must sit close to be of any use. In proportion to the expansion of the upper skirts must be the quantity or close fitting, or both, of the under garments.

IV. "The mode is a graceful one,—for ladies who have only to sit, stand, or move gently. They cannot be expected to order their dress by the conditions which affect the working-classes."

Whether balloon-skirts are graceful is a matter of opinion. I know a good many persons of taste who regard them as the grossest violation of all the principles of grace and beauty exhibited in any mode of dress in our time. To say nothing of the necessity of some recognition of Use to the existence of Beauty in dress, as in furniture, the lines formed by the hoop-skirt and the upper part of the figure are pronounced by artists and other persons of educated taste ungraceful to the point of absurdity. The multiplying caricatures of the ladies of the day as extinguishers, haycocks, &c., could not have grown out of any reasonable or graceful fashion. This is, however, a matter of taste, as I said. But there is a view of it about which there can be no mistake, and no difference of opinion, viz., the outrageous selfishness involved in the two last pleas.

In answer to proof of deaths by the score, and to remonstrance about the embarrassment and inconvenience caused to almost every husband and father in the kingdom, these ladies whose letters are before me, think it enough to say that they find the hoop-skirt comfortable, and think it pretty! If their convenience is suited, no matter for the rest! I regret to say that this defence is to be found in almost every letter of the whole array on my table.

V. "The fashion is agreeable to female modesty as it conceals the state of pregnancy. For the same reason that the Empress of the French introduced it, all the young mothers in the kingdom will sustain it."

It would be useless to preach here on false modesty, because women who are ashamed of their function of maternity, or who have any sympathy with that shame, cannot be reached by any appeal of mine. But I must not pass by the occasion of appealing to true modesty by a reference to facts which are unquestionable.

An eminent London physician writes as follows:—"I cannot express myself sufficiently strongly of this abhorrent custom,—not only dangerous as regards crinoline, but, since the introduction of hoops, positively indecent. As a friend of mine said the other day, 'Ladies might have been

proud of showing their ankles when they had a good one: now every woman seems proud of showing her knees." An anonymous vindicator of the hoop writes to me about the indecency of the dress in a way which reads strangely on the same page with her laudation of the fashion. She tells of housemaids making beds and filling ewers with such a display of the person as makes any lady who passes shut the door in a hurry. She tells of seeing a servant washing the door-steps with her hoop actually lying flat on her back as she stoops to her work. The highest authority that can be quoted on such a question as the one before us,—Florence Nightingale,—says in her "Notes on Nursing" (enlarged edition, p. 68).

"I wish, too, that people who wear crinolines could see the indecency of their own dress as other people see it. A respectable elderly woman stooping forward, invested in crinoline, exposes quite as much of her own person to the patient lying in the room as any opera-dancer does on the stage. But no one will tell her this unpleasant truth." Nor will any one tell young ladies the unpleasant truth of the remarks which their dress provokes everywhere behind their backs, wherever they move—whether in the breeze of the seashore, or on the deck of the steamer, or entering a railway carriage, or climbing hills, or walking in Exhibition galleries,—or doing anything but sitting still. It was but the other day that an omnibus full of young ladies, on their way to a country ball, was upset; and the perplexity how to get them out was simply and seriously described by the first person who arrived to help. He said that the ladies were tumbled so inextricably together that they could not rise or free themselves; and that there was nothing to be seen but a crowd of legs sticking up, so that how to get hold of any one, in order to make a way for the others, was the difficulty. Some may treat this as a joke, though the man himself did not; but there is another view of this defence on the ground of modesty which it is impossible for anybody with a heart and a conscience to make a jest of.

The increase of seduction, of illegitimate births, and of infanticide has been so marked since this fashion of balloon-skirts became prevalent, that it is engaging the most serious attention of our clergy, our physicians and country surgeons, our poor-law guardians, coroners, and everybody who is interested in observing the life of the working-classes. If the ladies who set, or weakly follow, the fashion would give the same attention to the fact, it would be well for their countrywomen; but women who are so squeamish about the honourable state of maternity in married life are not exactly those who can be expected to consider the natural dangers of their sisters of the working-class amidst the realities of life. If they would attend, however, they would find that the present mode does but too effectually conceal pregnancy, and that the domestic misery and shame consequent on a wide spread of sin, and on its sudden disclosure at the last moment, have spread all over the land, in town and country, till those who know most are agast. It was but the other day that one of the Metropolitan coroners spoke publicly of the increase of infanticide, and of pos-

sible means of meeting the calamity. Other coroners everywhere are remarking on the same state of things; but it is to be hoped that none of them will propose the remedy suggested by the East London functionary,—a Foundling Hospital. For my own part, I trust we do not need to be taught the operation of Foundling Hospitals, in encouraging vice, and causing a vast increase of sin and shame. It is disgrace enough to our generation that the ladyhood of the kingdom has spread a new snare before the whole sex, and done more by a vain fashion in dress to corrupt the morals of society than all educational and sanitary effort can do to mend them.

It is not only an alarmed coroner here and there who would, in despair, turn to retrograde methods for a chance of relief. The champions of the hoop ask for a retrograde policy, not in alarm, but in a wantonness of insolence which is astonishing in our day. Several of my correspondents say—

VI. "The real evil is that the working-classes are free to imitate the dress of the non-working order. I, who have no work to do, decline to be influenced by the consideration of what suits the condition of women of the labouring classes."

I need not comment at any length on this kind of defence. It ignores the fact that, thus far, more ladies have been burnt than working-women. It admits the bondage that "gentlewomen" are living in, under a fashion which compels them to be idle on peril of their lives. It takes no account of the mothers of the opulent class who nurse their babes, play with their children, and tend their husbands or parents in illness: or of the large middle-class, in which the wives share the household work;—of any women, in short, who do something useful in life. As soon as they stir to do something useful, these multitudes incur the risks of the domestic servant and the cottage mother. This defence does not show how or where the line is to be drawn between the industrial and idle classes. All this tells itself. The point which most moves wonder and indignation is, that there should be educated persons in England (if only the few who have written the letters on my desk) who propose to restore the caste distinctions of the Middle Ages, for the gratification of an exclusive wilfulness in dress. After a long course of effort to elevate the mind and spirit of the labouring class,—after congratulating ourselves on the success of this effort, as evidenced by the temper and conduct of the Lancashire population in this period of trial,—it is astonishing to meet the demand that the labouring classes shall have a costume which their superiors shall decide to be fitting and convenient for them! But there is no danger of such a proposal being countenanced for a moment by enlightened men,—or women either. The open career which is the true English privilege,—the absence of all arbitrary distinctions which can prevent the fusion of the intelligence and virtue of all classes,—will never be given up, or in the slightest degree interfered with, for any consideration: and certainly not for that of impunity to English women of any order in wearing a perilous and objectionable sort of petticoat.

One of my anonymous correspondents takes strong ground in first denying that there has been any more death by burning of late than usual; and next by assuring me that if I had known what it is to wear petticoats, I should be thankful for the invention of the hoop: after which she proceeds to insist that no women shall use the blessing but the few of the upper ranks who have nothing useful to do. She fully agrees with me about the mischief to the vulgar; but she does not perceive what the privileged class have to do with that, beyond reprobating the ambition which causes the servant girl to emulate the gentlewoman's way of dressing, as the gentlewomen emulate that of *their* superiors. The coroners' inquests of the last year are the best answer to one point: the testimony of Englishwomen by the score, whose judgment and feelings I respect, satisfy me on the second: and I need no aid in pronouncing on the character of the third item in the statement. I have no complacency in regarding as my countrywomen any persons who think that working women are served right by being burned to death in imitating gentlefolks, instead of submitting to be badged by a costume like the peasantry of France. Our country and time are so far advanced that these insolent critics of our social state must make up their minds to follow the progress of the rest of our world, instead of hoping to drag society back to the arrangements of the dark ages.

This reminds me of a suggestion offered in the same spirit.

VII. "Would it not be a good thing to impose a tax on crinoline and hoops, by which the use of them would be confined to the opulent classes?"

The slightest glance into the history of sumptuary legislation anywhere, and especially in England, would show how ineffectual it has always been: and the suggestion at this time of day is truly extraordinary. The shortest course, however, is to see whether, if the thing could be done, it would prevent "poor people" wearing any imitation they please of the dress of the gentry. One Saturday evening a country lady had business at the cottage of a labourer, whose family lived on ten shillings a week. One of the girls was pushing something into the lowest of a hierarchy of tucks in a white petticoat: and that something is not exactly an article which the legislature could tax. The girl was preparing for church, next morning; and she was doing it by thrusting a long blackberry switch into the tuck of her petticoat,—that bramble, stripped of its thorns, being the next best material for a hoop after the steel apparatus of the tax-paying gentlewomen.

What remains, in the form of defence, is mere matter of amusement. For instance—

VIII. "It should be considered that the balloon-skirt saves life as well as destroys it. A young woman was thrown down a coal-pit by her lover; and she descended alive, as on a parachute. It is not fair to conceal this quality of crinoline or the hoop."

No doubt it will be duly considered when women of all ranks and ages hover about the mouths of coalpits every day, and all day long, as

they do about the household fire and candle. Till then we may leave it.

IX. "It is not fair to condemn this custom more than others which have occasioned loss of life. If balloon-skirts are to be denounced, we must condemn, for instance, false teeth, and thus sentence old people to a period of indigestion at the close of life; because inquests have been held on persons who died by swallowing false teeth."

Here, again, the discussion may be deferred. When people of all ages and conditions take to wearing false teeth as a fashion, and for reasons of fashion alone, it will be time enough to think of discountenancing false teeth. I am not aware that there is any such existing taste for them as leads anybody to adopt them without some inducement of individual need.

All the champions of the fashion, except one or two, insist on my understanding that they approve of it only "in moderation." I do not see that any standard is proposed by which the meaning of "moderation" may be ascertained; and I suspect no two of the letter-writers would agree as to the proper dimensions of their skirts. Yet, under this head of their remonstrance, if they do not resort to science for measurement, they do to morality and religion for a sanction.

X. "It is a mere indulgence of vanity to refuse to wear a hoop,—a seeking of notice by singularity."—"It shows a temper of cruelty to endeavour to make anybody uneasy in doing as others do, and especially to trouble young girls with scruples or restrictions."—"As much weakness is shown by going into one extreme as another,—by condemning hoops of any size as by wearing the largest kind. Total abstinence is an unchristian principle, as we learn by the history of celibacy, and the spectacle of teetotalism: why not therefore in this case?"

I will only say that I do not look among the vain women of my acquaintance for those who resist the fashion of the hoop: that it seems to me kinder to warn one's neighbours against causing violent death than to let them slide unwarned into a liability which may destroy the peace of their whole lives, and that I rather imagine that the unchristian character of total abstinence depends on what is abstained from. The appeal is to St. Paul; and I can only say that I do not think St. Paul would have condemned total abstinence from Wilful Murder. If I remember right, too, he recommends abstinence from things otherwise innocent when they may lead weak brethren into danger or offence.

Enough! I must assure my readers that these defences are, to the best of my belief, offered in simple good faith by my various correspondents. For my own part, I have written in a sufficiently serious mood—in truth, in a very sad one. I have only to leave my readers to judge for themselves of the pleas offered to me. Some will perhaps think that it would have been wiser in the ladies to have proposed,—if any defence,—the unanswerable one—"I choose to wear the hoop because I choose it." That is a point with which I am not concerned. But there is another which concerns us all.

What is all this perturbation about? Why are coroners' inquests multiplied, and young women ruined, and infants murdered, and heads of households pressed for money till they think they have fallen on evil days? Why are we living under a perpetual sense of danger,—guarding against death by anxious precautions at the ironing-board, and by locking up every fire in the house? Why all these proposals of return to a system of caste, and to sumptuary taxation? Why all this arguing and disputing, and remonstrance,—this frail footing of peace at home, this sudden dislike of the freedom of the press and the independence of the working-classes,—this flagrant display of shameless selfishness and perilous self-will on the part of a class which bore a very different character twenty, and even ten, years ago? What is all this for? To enable a few of the women of England to wear, and to compel others to wear, skirts too heavy and large for use or beauty.

Will a future generation believe it? Is it credible to ourselves? Yet, I must say, from my own experience, it is too true. Here is a crowd of Englishwomen spontaneously speaking their minds: they all declare themselves "appalled" by the amount of murder committed by this fashion; and—they all avow their intention of adhering to and sustaining it! Heaven comfort them when they come to see what they have done!

FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

MARRIAGES OF PRINCES OF WALES.

JUST now, when the royal marriage is so much the topic of the day, a little gossip, gathered in the byways of history, concerning some other "auspicious events" of the same kind, may not be out of place. These events, however, have been by no means so frequent as one might naturally suppose. The Registrar-General, whose matter-of-fact eye looks upon matrimony as one of the exact sciences, tells us that, when a man is in receipt of a comfortable income, he is pretty sure to marry. But this rule, which is sound enough in regard to Brown, Jones, and Robinson, does not seem to apply to princes of the blood. Of the fourteen Princes of Wales, known to English history, only five married while holding that title. The others, excepting, of course, those who died at a tender age, disported freely in *l'école buissonnière*, and only consented to range themselves, as a duty to society, when they came to the throne.

The most famous of all the Princes of Wales, Edward the Black Prince, the third of the order, was the first who married as a prince; and few events in English history have taken such a hold on the mind of the people. For centuries it was one of the most attractive tales that could be told at our English fire-sides; and there was no chap-book with which the pedlars drove a better trade than that which commemorated the loves of Edward and Joan. The popularity of the story was no doubt attributable to the fame of the hero, the nationality of the heroine, and, above all, to the union having been a genuine love-match.

When the Prince was "a hopeful young gentleman" of fourteen years of age, there had been

some talk of a marriage between him and Margaret of Brabant, an innocent little prattler only four years old. But, somehow or other, the proposal came to nought, probably on account of some question of dower; certainly, we may presume, not because the affections of the lady were pre-engaged.

Afterwards, when the Prince had distinguished himself by his valour and prowess in the field, the daughters of the kings of France and Portugal were successively suggested as suitable brides. But these schemes fell through, too, and when Edward came home, in 1361, from vanquishing the French, and proving what wonders a gallant leader can achieve with a handful of trusty men, he was still a bachelor. It is a question, however, how far his heart was free.

Joan of Kent, the lady to whose charms he now surrendered, must have been known to him from boyhood, for she was a relation of his own, being a grandchild of the same King Edward, whose great-grandchild he himself was. Joan's early life was somewhat chequered. Betrothed as a girl to the heir to the earldom of Salisbury, she had afterwards married Sir Thomas Holland. Notwithstanding this second alliance, the Earl claimed her as his wife; and the intervention of the Pope was required to decide, authoritatively, to whom the Fair Maid of Kent really belonged. The Pontiff very properly pronounced that the marriage which had been carried into effect was the true one. In 1361, Sir Thomas had just died, and Joan was a widow, with four bouncing "encumbrances." At this critical period of her fortunes she was fair, fat, and not far off forty (being thirty-three years of age). The Prince of Wales was two years her junior, and, like Launcelot, was one of "the goodliest men that ever among ladies eat in hall."

Such was the pair. "He," says the magniloquent old chronicler, "the glory of his sex for military performances and all princely virtues; and she, the flower of hers, for a most surprising beauty."

But here the chronicle and the chap-book are somewhat at issue. The former represents Joan as a knowing, out-spoken widow, the other as quite a "gushing young thing." Barnes says that when the Prince first spoke to Joan about love, it was while advocating the suit of another. After several times declaring her indifference to the Prince's friend, the lady plainly expressed her preference for the Prince's self, by telling him "with some warmth how, when she was under ward, she had been disposed of by others, but that now being at years of discretion, and mistress of her own actions, she would not cast herself beneath her rank; but, remembering she was of the blood royal of England, was resolved never to marry again but a prince of quality and virtue—like himself." This was plain and pointed, certainly. The Prince could not affect to misunderstand it, and, being "an admirer of every gallant spirit," was so pleased with the lady's courageous candour, that "presently he returns her compliment with an affectionate kiss, and from that instant resolved to be her servant."

The chap-book* gives us a more romantic version of the wooing. On their return from Normandy, the King and Prince of Wales are entertained at a grand banquet at Dover. The Countess Joan is present, and the Prince, fascinated by her beauty, can scarcely withdraw his eyes from her for a moment. Afraid of offending his father by too open a manifestation of his passion, the Prince departs with the royal train, gives it the slip on the road, hurries back to Dover, and seeks a private interview with Joan, which she accords. In a "cool harbour," he avows his affection, and the lovers plight troth together. Affairs of state call the Prince back to France, but he keeps up a correspondence (not, I fear, to be found in the Record-office) with his fair mistress, "who often bedewed her rosy cheeks for his absence." The letter of the Prince which is given in the narrative is rather a vapid production for so heroic a personage, and looks as if, in the hurry of a campaign, he had helped himself to a leaf from the "Complete Letter Writer." The lady's epistle is equally common-place, merely urging the dear man to take care of himself, and to keep out of danger for her sake, which is just what one might expect Sukey the cook to say to Policeman X. during a garrotting epidemic, when bidding adieu for the night on the area steps. Soon after the Prince comes home in triumph, and the King in a fit of good-nature accepts Joan as a daughter-in-law. Although no mention is made of it in this rosy legend, Joan was married to the Prince only three months after her first husband's death, and in that and some other respects was by no means better than she should have been. The funeral baked meats did not, however, coldly furnish forth the wedding feast, for the nuptials were celebrated with great state and splendour at Windsor.

The next Prince of Wales who married was Edward of Westminster, son of Henry VI. There are some romantic, but rather apocryphal passages in the story of his courtship. It is said that when a fugitive with his mother in Paris, he met the Lady Ann Neville, daughter of Warwick the King-maker, then a little girl of about his own years; that the two playmates conceived a deep affection for each other which did not pass away with childhood; and that Edward, after his return to England, escaped from home, and crossed to Calais to have another interview with his sweetheart, much to the alarm of his mother, who thought he had been spirited away or murdered by some of the opposite faction. The young couple seem to have been very well content with each other; but there is no doubt that the match was made purely for political reasons and to cement the alliance between the powerful earl and the house of Lancaster. The wedding took place at Amboise.

The marriage of a lad of 16 to a girl of 17, in the first year of the sixteenth century exercised, indirectly, a momentous influence on the destinies of this country, and indeed of Europe—that was the union of Arthur of Winchester,

eldest son of Henry VII., to Catharine of Aragon. The negotiations in regard to the alliance lasted for eight years, and the boy-prince had no sooner mastered the conjugation *amo*, than he began, with the help of his tutor, to indite love letters in precise, pedantic Latin to his little mistress, whom he never ventured to address more familiarly than as "most illustrious and excellent lady," "your Highness," and "your Excellency." When at length the terms of the dowry and settlement had been agreed upon by the punctilious and exacting parents, the princess quitted the Alhambra in May to proceed to England, but, owing to stormy weather, did not reach her adopted country till early in the russet days of October.

It was in foggy November that she first saw the capital. The Princess's attendants made at first a great fuss about allowing the Prince to speak to her, and only conceded an interview after much entreaty. As neither could speak the other's language, the young pair had to discourse in Latin as best they could, with the intervention of bishops and learned doctors to help them over the sentences. In this way they managed to say very handsome things of each other; and then they plighted troth. A supper and a dance closed the evening; but Arthur seems to have been rather afraid of his intended, for he did not venture to dance with her, but led out his sister's governess. The marriage itself was celebrated in St. Paul's Cathedral, on the 12th November, at nine o'clock in the morning. The court, attended by the great dignitaries of the church in "pontificabilis," and the city authorities, went by water from Westminster Palace to St. Paul's. The cathedral was hung with arras, and a grand stage was erected for the chief performers in the drama. We are told that it took nineteen bishops and abbots, with the Archbishop of Canterbury at their head, to solemnise the marriage. The Prince and Princess were attired in pure white, and attended by a "great estate" of the first ladies and gentlemen in the land. There were two circumstances connected with the ceremony which were afterwards thought by many to be significant. In order "to do more honour to the said marriage" when the banns were put up, they were denied by a doctor of laws, specially appointed by the King to act as a sort of devil's advocate; then another "famous doctour" was heard on the other side, and finally the Master of the Rolls gravely gave judgment in favour of the legitimacy of the marriage. The other incident was, that when the ceremony was over, the Duke of York (afterwards Henry VIII.), stepped forward and led off the bride, just as if she had been his own, the real bridegroom walking humbly behind. The rejoicings lasted for a fortnight, Sundays not excepted. During that period there was a continuous succession of magnificent masques, banquets, and tournaments, at which the Prince and Princess had to assist as spectators, and sometimes, too, as performers, for we hear of their dancing "bass dances" in Westminster Hall, to the great delectation of their Majesties and the court. Prince Arthur did not survive the marriage more than five months; but it was

* "History of Edward the Black Prince, together with the Conquest of France." Printed and sold in Aldermay Churchyard, Bow-yard. London. [No date.]

not till his brother Henry came to the throne that the Princess Catharine was united to him.

One of the most remarkable courting expeditions in which a prince of the blood ever engaged, was probably that which took Charles the First (when Prince of Wales) to Spain in 1623. Negotiations for a match between him and the Infanta had been going on for six years before: but, discontented with the delays of diplomacy, the ardent young Prince resolved to try the effect of a personal application. So Charles and Buckingham, under the names of John and Thomas Smith (not the last, if it was the first time that royalty assumed that illustrious *nom de voyage*), accompanied by a few gentlemen of the court and Archie Armstrong, the King's fool, but, as has been justly said, "not the least sagacious member of the party," set off for Madrid. The Prince was well received at the Spanish court, splendidly lodged, and superbly fêted: but little encouragement was given to his suit for the Infanta. At first he was allowed to see her only at a distance, "she wearing a blue riband about her arm, that the Prince might distinguish her, and as soon as she saw him her colour rose very high." Afterwards he was permitted to speak with her, but only in the presence of others. He would watch for hours in the street to meet her. Once he leaped over the wall of a garden where she was walking, and would have addressed her, had not the old marquis who was in waiting thrown himself on his knees and solemnly protested that his head would be in danger if the Prince spoke a single word to his fair charge. In order to gain favour in the eyes of his mistress, Charles rode at the ring and distinguished himself in the tilting-ground "to the glory of his fortune and the great contentment both of himself and the lookers-on." He also lavished presents on the Princess and the chief personages at the court. Jewels, over half a million in value, were consigned to Spain for this purpose. But, notwithstanding all the exertions of "Babie Charles" and "Steenie," the love-mission did not prosper. The Spanish King was insincere, and the people both of Spain and England were against it on religious grounds. After six months' philandering, the Prince bet the English ambassador at Madrid 1000*l.* against a "fair diamond" that in three weeks he would be out of the country, and won the wager. Prince Charles did not marry till after he was crowned.

The fourth Prince of Wales who, in that degree, entered the married state was Frederick, the eldest son of George II. His bride was Augusta of Saxe-Coburg, a pleasant, good-natured girl, if not very brilliant or beautiful. Lord Delaware brought her to Greenwich on the 25th of April (St. George's Day), 1736. It was a Sunday when she arrived there, and only a few ladies and gentlemen of the court were in waiting to give her welcome. The citizens, however, turned out in large numbers, and greeted her with enthusiastic cheering. The Princess was lodged in the Queen's House in the Park, where Prince Frederick came to pay his respects to her. The young couple dined and supped in public—that is, with the windows of the apartment open, so as to

"oblige the curiosity of the people." They also made an excursion up the river in a gaily decorated barge, amid salvos of artillery and musketry and the blowing of many horns. On the Monday she proceeded to St. James's, being carried in a coach to Lambeth, in a boat across the river to Whitehall, and thence in a sedan-chair to St. James's, where she was introduced to the King and Queen. Next day the marriage took place, after a state dinner, in the chapel of St. James's. The bride was "in her hair," and wore a crown with one bar as Princess of Wales. Her robe was a "virgin habit of silver," over which was thrown a mantle of crimson velvet, bordered with row upon row of ermine, and with a train attached. The bridesmaids, four in number, were also attired in dresses of silver tissue, and, like the Princess, were covered with a profusion of jewels. The booming of cannon announced to the world the completion of the ceremony. Immediately afterwards a drawing-room was held, at which the King and Queen gave the young couple their blessing, and at half-past ten there was a very jolly supper-party. Next followed the state reception in the bedroom. The bride and bridegroom, splendidly arrayed, the former one in superb lace, and the other in "silver stuff," sat bolt upright in bed, while the King and Queen and lords and ladies in waiting filed past before them, offering their congratulations. His Majesty, we are told, wore a dress of gold brocade, turned up with silk, and embroidered with large flowers in silver and colours, with a waistcoat of the same, and buttons and star blazing with diamonds. Most of the peers were similarly dressed, it being worthy of note that nearly all the stuffs "were of the manufactures of England and in honour of our own artists." Queen Caroline had on a plain yellow silk robe, with abundance of pearls and diamonds. This must have been among the last occasions when a bedroom reception was given. It soon after became a fashion of the past.

Of the last marriage of a Prince of Wales, when George IV. espoused Caroline of Brunswick, there is little to be said. The cold winter journey of the Princess to England, under the charge of Lord Malmesbury, who was always lecturing her on the untidiness of her dress and the freedom of her manners; her reception at Greenwich by her sneering rival, Lady Jersey; the silent ride to London, without a cheer from any one on the road; the mutual disappointment of the affianced pair at their first interview; the Prince's demand for "A glass of brandy, Harris," and his precipitate retreat; the Princess's doleful exclamation, "Mon Dieu, qu'il est gros!" and the ill-omened nuptials, at which the bride was sulky and for which the bridegroom had fortified himself by somewhat too liberal libations—all these incidents combined to form a fit prelude to the unhappy drama which ensued.

It is pleasant to turn from this sad story to the marriage on which the hopes of the nation are just now fixed, which combines all the elements of happiness and all the omens of good, and which is, no doubt, destined to form one of the brightest episodes in the story of the wooings and weddings of the Princes of Wales. J. H. FYFE.

ASTLEY'S HORSE.

[The following interesting communication has reached us from an Irish gentleman, who was for many years a well-known Member of the House of Commons.—Ed. O. A W.]

TO THE EDITOR OF "ONCE A WEEK."

SIR,

Your Correspondent, "Abr. Cooper, R.A." (in your Number of the 10th of January last),* painted the Spanish horse in the possession of Davis, Astley's successor. I have ridden him.

He was an entire horse of a rich dark bay, as playful at his great age as a foal, and as easy as a pony in his action. I rode him in 1805-6. His wind was gone, but he could canter a few turns round the circle handsomely, and was used occasionally for Davis's pupils (of whom I was one), and every night of the performances for various tricks. He would take a kettle off a fire of shavings; and he was ridden by Davis himself to show that most difficult of all "airs" to teach a horse, viz., performing the perfect action of the trot without moving from one spot. I think it is called the *Piaffe*. He used to do this to the tune of "Nancy Dawson," surrounded by blazing fireworks.

A horse in performing this "air" to music is supposed by the vulgar to dance to the music; but of course the truth is that the music plays to the horse. Davis used to say that the horse was then forty-two years old.

I enclose my card, and remain,

Sir,

Your obedient servant,

PHILIPPUS.

PAN VINCTUS—PAN VICTOR.

I.

PAN sate blowing his pipe of reeds,
Where the ferns branched over him,
And the sun's great orb of burning gold
Was hid by an oak's huge limb:
He piped to the Fauns and the Nymphs unseen,
And the Dryads hiding the boughs between,
In that fir wood mossy and dim.

II.

He sate and played on his magic pipe
Under the fir-tree's odorous cones,
The nightingales with envy heard
The wealth of those deep, rich tones,
Fluting, gurgling, trilling, thrilling,
All the woods with music filling,
Cheering the gods on their thrones.

III.

The sunshine played round his laughing face,
The shadows crept to his feet,
The birds came fluttering round the boughs
To hear that song so sweet,
Flowing, rippling, fluttering, rising,
Or with a gladdening joy surprising,
As of a cymbal bent.

IV.

The mole crept up to listen and mark,
The squirrel stole down to hear,
For joy the very fish in the stream
Were leaping far and near,
As the pipe was breathing softly, lowly,
Now soaring swift, now sinking slowly,
With a mirth that laughed at fear.

V.

Two hunters, tracking a wounded stag,
Came peeping through the trees,
With pursed-up mouths and hands to their ears,
To catch and question the breeze:
They heard the pipe, like a wild bird singing,
Pour out its pure and silvery ringing,
As they stealthily couched on their knees.

VI.

They leaped out fierce on the heedless Pan,
With bow-strings bound his hands;
They led him back to the little town,
Followed by boars in bands.
Loosing him then, they set him playing,
And the notes went soaring, fluttering, swaying,
Over the stubble lands.

VII.

Then the fishermen threw down their spangled nets,
And the vineyardmen their knives,
And slaves came running to hear the song,
With the youths, and children, and wives,
As the notes went gushing and bubbling forth,
With echoes that answered from south to north,
As thick as bees from their hives.

VIII.

"Brain him!" cried out a butcher's slave;
While a priest whispered "Sacrifice;"
And a murderous thirst for the Satyr's blood
Reddened the fishermen's eyes.
But still the music went rippling on,
The glad notes chasing the glad notes gone,
Like runners seeking a prize.

IX.

Then Pan blew a longer, wilder note,
And the fir woods stirred and shook,
Then there came a rush of hairy hoofs
Down the banks and over the brook.
And still the pipe went murmuring,
As the stream bursts forth from its mountain
spring:
There were Satyrs in every nook!

X.

And on with a lusty shout they came,
Clashing cymbals with might and main,
Waving sheep-crooks in homage rude,
Dancing welcome over the plain;
And still their Monarch sate still and played,
By neither priest nor slave dismayed,
Nor by their threatening train.

XI.

Then Pan, in his anger, changed those men
To aspens, and such poor shivering trees,
And ever since they have stood by that town
Trembling to every fitful breeze,
As if that pipe was murmuring still,
Sending its magic o'er plain and hill,
O'er river, rocks, and leas.

* See No. clxxxiii., p. 8, and No. clxxxv., p. 82.

ELEANOR'S VICTORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AURORA FLOYD," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET." &c.



CHAPTER I. GOING HOME.

THE craggy cliffs upon the Norman coast looked something like the terraced walls and turreted roofs of a ruined city in the hot afternoon sunshine, as the Empress steamer sped swiftly onward towards Dieppe. At least they looked thus in the eyes of a very young lady, who stood alone on the deck of the steam-packet, with yearning eyes fixed upon that foreign shore.

It was four o'clock upon a burning August afternoon in the year 1853. The steamer was fast approaching the harbour. Several moustachioed gentlemen, of various ages, costumes, and manners, were busy getting together carpet-bags, railway-rugs, camp-stools, newspapers, and umbrellas, preparatory to that eager rush towards the shore by which almost all marine voyagers are apt to testify their contempt for Neptune, when they

have no longer need of his service or fear of his vengeance. Two or three English families were collected in groups, holding guard over small mounds or barrows of luggage, having made all preparation for landing at first sight of the Norman shore dim in the distance; and of course about two hours too soon.

Several blooming young English damsels, gathered under maternal wings, were looking forward to sea-bathing in a foreign watering-place. The *Établissement des Bains* had not yet been built, and Dieppe was not so popular, perhaps, among English pleasure-seekers as it now is. There were several comfortable-looking British families on board the steamer, but, of all the friendly matrons and pretty daughters assembled on the deck, there seemed no one in any way connected with that lonely young lady who leant against the bulwark with a cloak across her arm and a rather shabby carpet-bag at her feet.

She was very young—indeed of that age which in the other sex is generally called the period of hobbledohoyhood. There was more ankle to be seen below the hem of her neat muslin frock than is quite consistent with elegance of attire in a young lady of fifteen; but, as the ankle so revealed was rounded and slender, it would have been hypercritical to have objected to the shortness of the skirt, which had evidently been outgrown by its wearer.

Then, again, this lonely traveller was not only young but pretty. In spite of the shortness of her frock, and the shabbiness of her straw bonnet, it was impossible for the most spiteful of the British misses to affirm the contrary. She was very pretty: so pretty that it was a pleasure to look at her, in her unconscious innocence, and to think how beautiful she would be by-and-bye, when that bright, budding, girlish loveliness bloomed out in its womanly splendour.

Her skin was fair but pale,—not a sentimental or sickly pallor, but a beautiful alabaster clearness of tint. Her eyes were grey, large, and dark, or rendered dark by the shadow of long black lashes. I would rather not catalogue her other features too minutely; for, though they were regular, and even beautiful, there is something low and material in all the other features as compared to the eyes. Her hair was of a soft golden brown, bright and rippling like a sunlit river. The brightness of that luxuriant hair, the light in her grey eyes, and the vivacity of a very beautiful smile, made her face seem almost luminous as she looked at you. It was difficult to imagine that she could ever look unhappy. She seemed an animated, radiant, and exuberant creature, who made an atmosphere of brightness and happiness about her. Other girls of her age would have crept to a corner of the deck, perhaps, to hide their loneliness, or would have clung to the outer fringe of one of the family groups, making believe not to be alone; but this young lady had taken her stand boldly against the bulwark, choosing the position from which she might soonest hope to see Dieppe harbour, and apparently quite indifferent to observation, though many a furtive glance was cast towards the tall but girlish figure and the handsome profile so

sharply defined against a blue background of summer sky.

But there was nothing unfeminine in all this; nothing bold or defiant; it was only the innocent unconsciousness of a light-hearted girl, ignorant of any perils which could assail her loneliness, and fearless in her ignorance. Throughout the brief sea-voyage she had displayed no symptoms of shyness or perplexity. She had suffered none of the tortures common to many travellers in their marine experiences. She had not been sea-sick; and indeed she did not look like a person who *could* be subject to any of the common ills this weak flesh inherits. You could almost as easily have pictured to yourself the Goddess Hygeia suffering from a bilious headache, or Hebe laid up with the influenza, as this auburn-haired, grey-eyed young lady under any phase of mortal suffering. Eyes, dim in the paroxysms of sea-sickness, had looked almost spitefully towards this happy, radiant creature, as she flitted hither and thither about the deck, courting the balmy ocean breezes that made themselves merry with her rippling hair. Lips, blue with suffering, had writhed as their owners beheld the sandwiches which this young schoolgirl devoured, the stale buns, the flat raspberry tarts, the hideous, bilious, revolting three-cornered puffs which she produced at different stages of the voyage from her shabby carpet-bag.

She had an odd volume of a novel, and a long dreary desert of crochet-work, whose white cotton monotony was only broken by occasional dingy oases bearing witness of the worker's dirty hands; they were such pretty hands, too, that it was a shame they should ever be dirty; and she had a bunch of flabby, faded flowers, sheltered by a great fan-like shield of newspaper; and she had a smelling-bottle, which she sniffed at perpetually, though she had no need of any such restorative, being as fresh and bright from first to last as the sea breezes themselves, and as little subject to any marine malady as the Lurleis whose waving locks could scarcely have been brighter than her own.

I think, if the feminine voyagers on board the *Empress* were cruel to this solitary young traveller in not making themselves friendly with her in her loneliness, the unkindness must be put down very much to that unchristian frame of mind in which people who are sea-sick are apt to regard those who are not. This bouncing, bright-faced girl seemed to have little need of kindness from the miserable sufferers around her; so she was left to wander about the deck, now reading three pages of her novel, now doing half-a-dozen stitches of her work, now talking to the man at the wheel in spite of all injunctions to the contrary, now making herself acquainted with stray pet dogs; always contented, always happy, and no one troubled themselves about her.

It was only now, when they were nearing Dieppe that one of the passengers, an elderly, grey-headed Englishman, spoke to her.

"You are very anxious to arrive," he said, smiling at her eager face.

"Oh, yes, very anxious, sir. We are nearly there, are we not?"

"Yes, we shall enter the harbour presently. You will have some one to meet you there, I suppose?"

"Oh, no," the young lady answered, lifting her arched brown eyebrows, "not at Dieppe. Papa will meet me at Paris; but he could never come all the way to Dieppe, just to take me back to Paris. He could never afford such an expense as that."

"No, to be sure; and you know no one at Dieppe."

"Oh, no, I don't know any one in all France except papa."

Her face, bright as it was even in repose, was lit up with a new brightness as she spoke of her father.

"You are very fond of your papa, I think," the Englishman said.

"Oh, yes, I love him very, very much. I have not seen him for more than a year. The journey costs so much between England and France, and I have been at school near London, at Brixton; I dare say you know Brixton; but I am going to France now, for good."

"Indeed! You seem very young to leave school."

"But I'm not going to leave school," the young lady answered, eagerly. "I am going to a very expensive school in Paris, to finish my education; and then—"

She paused here, hesitating and blushing a little.

"And then what?"

"I am going to be a governess. Papa is not rich. He has no fortune now."

"He has had a fortune, then?"

"He has had three."

The young lady's grey eyes were lit up with a certain look of triumph as she said this.

"He has been very extravagant, poor dear," she continued, apologetically; "and he has spent three fortunes, altogether. But he has been always so courted and admired, you know, that it is not to be wondered at. He knew the Prince Regent, and Mr. Sheridan, and Mr. Brummel, and the Duke of York, and—oh, all sorts of people, ever so intimately; and he was a member of the Beef-steak Club, and wore a silver gridiron in his button-hole, and he is the most delightful man in society, even now, though he is very old."

"Very old! And you are so young."

The Englishman looked almost incredulously at his animated companion.

"Yes, I am papa's youngest child. He has been married twice. I have no real brothers and sisters. I have only half-brothers and sisters, who don't really and truly care for me, you know. How should they? They were grown up when I was born, and I have scarcely ever seen them. I have only papa in all the world."

"You have no mother, then?"

"No, mamma died when I was three years old."

The "Empress" packet was entering the harbour by this time. The grey-headed Englishman went away to look after his portmanteaus and hat-boxes, but he returned presently to the fair-haired school-girl.

"Will you let me help you with your luggage," he said. "I will go and look after it if you will tell me for what to inquire."

"You are very kind. I have only one box. It is directed to Miss Vane, Paris."

"Very well, Miss Vane, I will go and find your box. Stay," he said, taking out his card-case, "this is my name, and if you will permit me, I will see you safely to Paris."

"Thank you, sir. You are very kind."

The young lady accepted her new friend's service as frankly as it was offered. He had grey hair, and in that one particular at least resembled her father. That was almost enough to make her like him.

There was the usual confusion and delay at the Custom-house—a little squabbling and a good deal of bribery; but everything was managed, upon the whole, pretty comfortably. Most of the passengers dropped in at the Hôtel de l'Europe, or some of the other hotels upon the stony quay; a few hurried off to the market-place to stare at the cathedral church of Saint Jacques, or the great statue of Abraham Duquesne, the rugged sea-king, with broad-brimmed hat and waving plumes, high boots and flowing hair, and to buy peaches and apricots of the noisy market women. Others wandered in the slimy and slippery fish-market, fearfully and wonderingly contemplative of those hideous conger-eels, dog-fish, and other piscatorial monstrosities which seem peculiar to Dieppe. Miss Vane and her companion strolled into the dusky church of Saint Jacques by a little wooden door in a shady nook of the edifice. A few solitary women were kneeling here and there, half-hidden behind their high-backed rush chairs. A fisherman was praying upon the steps of a little chapel, in the solemn obscurity.

"I have never been here before," Miss Vane whispered. "I came by Dover and Calais the last time; but this way is so much cheaper, and I don't mind the long sea voyage a bit. Thank you for bringing me to see this cathedral."

Half-an-hour after this the two travellers were seated in a first-class carriage, with other railway passengers, French and English, hurrying through the fair Norman landscape.

Miss Vane looked out at the bright hills and woods, the fruitful orchards, and white-roofed cottages, so villa-like, fantastical, and beautiful; and her face brightened with the brightening of the landscape under the hot radiance of the sun. The grey-headed gentleman felt a quiet pleasure in watching that earnest, hopeful, candid face; the grey eyes, illumined with gladness; the parted lips, almost tremulous with delight, as the sunny panorama glided by the open window.

The quiet old bachelor's heart had been won by his companion's frank acceptance of his simple service.

"Another girl of her age would have been as frightened of a masculine stranger as of a wild beast," he thought, "and would have given herself all manner of missish airs; but this young damsel smiles in my face, and trusts me with almost infantile simplicity. I hope her father is a good man. I don't much like that talk of Sheridan and Beau Brummel and the Beefsteak

Club. No very good school for fathers, that, I should fancy. I wish her mother had been alive, poor child. I hope she is going to a happy home, and a happy future."

The train stopped at Rouen, and Miss Vane accepted a cup of coffee and some *brioche*s from her companion. The red August sunset was melting into grey mistiness by this time, and the first shimmer of the moonlight was silvery on the water as they crossed the Seine and left the lighted city behind them. The grey-headed Englishman fell asleep soon after this, and before long there was a low chorus of snoring, masculine and feminine, audible in the comfortable carriage; only broken now and then, when the train stopped with a jerk at some fantastic village that looked like a collection of Swiss toy cottages in the dim summer night.

But, let these matter-of-fact people snore and slumber as they might, there was no such thing as sleep for Eleanor Vane. It would have been utter sacrilege to have slept in the face of all that moonlighted beauty, to have been carried sleeping through that fairy landscape. The eager school-girl's watchful eyes drank in the loveliness of every hill and valley, the low scattered woodland, the wandering streams, and that perplexing Seine, which the rumbling carriage crossed so often with a dismal hollow sound in the stillness of the night.

No; Miss Vane's bright grey eyes were not closed once in that evening journey; and at last, when the train entered the great Parisian station, when all the trouble and confusion of arrival began—that wearisome encounter of difficulty which makes cowardly travellers wish the longest journey longer than it is—the young lady's head was thrust out of the window, and her eager eyes wandered hither and thither amongst the faces of the crowd.

Yes, he was there—her father. That white-haired old man, with the gold-headed cane, and the aristocratic appearance. She pointed him out eagerly to her fellow-passenger.

"That is papa—you see,—the handsome man. He is coming this way, but he doesn't see us. Oh, let me out, please; let me go to him!"

She trembled in her eagerness, and her fair face flushed crimson with excitement. She forgot her carpet-bag, her novel, her crochet, her smelling-bottle, her cloak, her parasol—all her paraphernalia; and left her companion to collect them as best he might. She was out of the carriage and in her father's arms she scarcely knew how. The platform seemed deserted all in a moment, for the passengers had rushed away to a great dreary *salle d'attente*, there to await the inspection of their luggage. Miss Vane, her fellow-traveller, and her father were almost alone, and she was looking up at the old man's face in the lamplight.

"Papa, dear, papa, darling, how well you are looking; as well as ever, as well as ever, I think!"

Her father drew himself up proudly. He was past seventy years of age, but he was a very handsome man. His beauty was of that patrician type which loses little by age. He was tall and

broad-chested, erect as a Grenadier, but not fat. The Prince Regent might become corpulent, and lay himself open to the insolent sneers of his sometime boon companion and friend; but Mr. George Mowbray Vandeleur Vane held himself on his guard against that insidious foe which steals away the graces of so many elderly gentlemen. Mr. Vane's aristocratic bearing imparted such a stamp to his clothes, that it was not easy to see the shabbiness of his garments; but those garments were shabby; carefully as they had been brushed, they bore the traces of that slow decay which is not to be entirely concealed, whatever the art of the wearer.

Miss Vane's travelling companion saw all this. He had been so much interested by the young lady's frank and fearless manner, that he would fain have lingered in the hope of learning something of her father's character, but he felt that he had no excuse for delaying his departure.

"I will wish you good night, now, Miss Vane," he said, kindly, "since you are safely restored to your papa."

Mr. Vane lifted his grey eyebrows, looked at his daughter interrogatively; rather suspiciously, the traveller thought.

"Oh, papa, dear," the young lady answered, in reply to that questioning look, "this gentleman was on board the boat with me, and he has been so very kind."

She searched in her pocket for the card which her acquaintance had given her, and produced that document, rather limp and crumpled. Her father looked at it, murmured the name inscribed upon it twice or thrice, as if trying to attach some importance thereto, but evidently failed in doing so.

"I have not the honour of—a—haw—knowing this name, sir," he said, lifting his hat stiffly about half a yard from his silvered head; "but for your courtesy and kindness to my child, I hope you will accept my best thanks. I was prevented by important business of—a—haw—not altogether undiplomatic character—from crossing the Channel to fetch my daughter; and—aw—also—prevented from sending my servant—by—aw—I thank you for your politeness, sir. You are a stranger, by the way. Can I do anything for you in Paris? Lord Cowley is my very old friend; any service that I can render you in that quarter—I—"

The traveller bowed and smiled.

"Thank you very much," he said, "I am no stranger in Paris. I will wish you good night; good night, Miss Vane."

But Mr. Vane was not going to let his daughter's friend off so easily. He produced his card-case, murmured more pompous assurances of his gratitude, and tendered further offers of patronage to the quiet traveller, who found something rather oppressive in Mr. Vane's civility. But it was all over at last, and the old man led his daughter off to look for the trunk which contained all her worldly possessions.

The stranger looked wistfully after the father and child.

"I hope she may have a happy future," he thought, rather despondingly; "the old man is

poor and pompous. He tells lies which bring hot blushes into his daughter's beautiful face. I am very sorry for her."

CHAPTER II. THE ENTRESOL IN THE RUE L'ARCHEVÊQUE.

MR. VANE took his daughter away from the station in one of those secondary and cheaper vehicles which are distinguished by the discriminating Parisian by some mysterious difference of badge. The close, stifling carriage rattled over the uneven stones of long streets which were unfamiliar to Eleanor Vane, until it emerged into the full glory of the lighted Boulevard. The light-hearted school-girl could not suppress a cry of rapture as she looked once more at the broad thoroughfare, the dazzling lamps, the crowd, the theatres, the cafés, the beauty and splendour, although she had spent her summer holiday in Paris only a year before.

"It seems so beautiful again, papa," she said, "just as if I'd never seen it before; and I'm to stop here now, and never, never to leave you again, to go away for such a cruel distance. You don't know how unhappy I've been, sometimes, papa dear. I wouldn't tell you then, for fear of making you uneasy; but I can tell you now, now that it's all over."

"Unhappy!" gasped the old man, clenching his fist, "they've not been unkind to you—they've not dared—"

"Oh, no, dearest father. They've been very, very good. I was quite a favourite, papa. Yes, though there were so many rich girls in the school, and I was only a half-boarder, I was quite a favourite with Miss Bennett and Miss Lavinia; though I know I was careless and lazy sometimes, not on purpose, you know, papa, for I tried hard to get on with my education, for your sake, darling. No, everybody was very kind to me, papa; but I used to think sometimes how far I was from you; what miles and miles and miles of sea and land there were between us, and that if you should be ill—I—"

Eleanor Vane broke down, and her father clasped her in his arms, and cried over her silently. The tears came with very little provocation to the old man's handsome blue eyes. He was of that sanguine temperament which to the last preserves the fondest delusions of youth. At seventy-five years of age he hoped and dreamed and deluded himself as foolishly as he had done at seventeen. His sanguine temperament had been for ever leading him astray for more than sixty years. Severe judges called George Vane a liar; but perhaps his shallow romances, his pitiful boasts, were very often highly-coloured versions of the truth, rather than actual falsehood.

It was past twelve o'clock when the carriage drove away from the lights and splendour into the darkness of a labyrinth of quiet streets behind the Madeleine. The Rue l'Archevêque was one of these dingy and quiet streets, very narrow, very close and stifling in the hot August midnight. The vehicle stopped abruptly at a corner, before a little shop, the shutters of which were closed, of course, at this hour.

"It is a butcher's shop, I am sorry to say, my

love," Mr. Vane said, apologetically, as he handed his daughter on to the pavement; "but I find myself very comfortable here, and it is conveniently adjacent to the Boulevards."

The old man paid the driver, who had deposited mademoiselle's box upon the threshold of the little door beside the butcher's shop. The *pour-boire* was not a very large one, but Mr. Vane bestowed it with the air of a prince. He pushed open the low door, and took his daughter into a narrow passage. There was no porter or portress, for the butcher's shop and the apartments belonging to it were abnormal altogether; but there was a candle and box of matches on a shelf in a corner of the steep corkscrew staircase. The driver carried Eleanor's box as far as the entresol in consideration of his *pour-boire*, but departed while Mr. Vane was opening the door of an apartment facing the staircase.

The entresol consisted of three little rooms, opening one out of another, and so small and low that Miss Vane almost fancied herself in a doll's house. Every article of furniture in the stifling little apartment bore the impress of its nationality. Tawdry curtains of figured damask, resplendent with dirty tulips and monster roses, tarnished ormolu mouldings, a gilded clock with a cracked dial and a broken shade, a pair of rickety bronze candlesticks, a couple of unpromising chairs covered with dusty green velvet and relieved by brass-headed nails, and a square table with a long trailing cover of the same material as the curtains completed the adornments of the sitting-room. The bed-chambers were smaller, closer, and hotter. Voluminous worsted curtains falling before the narrow windows, and smothering the little beds, made the stifling atmosphere yet more stifling. The low ceilings seemed to rest on the top of poor Eleanor's head. She had been accustomed to large, airy rooms and broad, uncurtained open windows.

"How hot it is here, papa," she said, drawing a long breath.

"It always is hot in Paris at this time of year, my dear," Mr. Vane answered; "the rooms are small you see, but convenient. That is to be your bed-room, my love," he added, indicating one of the little chambers.

He was evidently habituated to Parisian lodging houses, and saw no discomfort in the tawdry grandeur, the shabby splendour, the pitiful attempt to substitute scraps of gilding and patches of velvet for the common necessities and decencies of life.

"And now let me look at you, my dear; let me look at you, Eleanor."

George Mowbray Vane set the candlestick upon the rusty velvet cover of the low mantelpiece, and drew his daughter towards him. She had thrown off her bonnet and loose grey cloak, and stood before her father in her scanty muslin frock with all her auburn hair hanging about her face and shoulders, and glittering in the dim light of that one scrap of wax candle.

"My pet, how beautiful you have grown, how beautiful!" the old man said, with an accent of fond tenderness. "We'll teach Mrs. Bannister a lesson some of these days, Eleanor. Yes, our

turn will come, my love; I know that I shall die a rich man."

Miss Vane was accustomed to hear this remark from her father. She inherited something of his sanguine nature, and she loved him very dearly, so she may be forgiven if she believed in his vague visions of future grandeur. She had never seen anything in her life but chaotic wrecks of departed splendour, confusion, debt, and difficulty. She had not been called upon to face poverty in the fair hand-to-hand struggle which ennobs and elevates the sturdy wrestler in the battle of life. No, she had rather been compelled to play at hide-and-seek with the grim enemy. She had never gone out into the open, and looked her foe full in the eyes, hardy, resolute, patient, and steadfast. She was familiar with all those debasing tricks and pitiful subterfuges whereby the weak and faint-hearted seek to circumvent the enemy; but she had never been taught the use of those measures by which he may be honestly beaten.

The Mrs. Bannister of whom George Vane had spoken, was one of his elder daughters, who had been very, very ungrateful to him, he declared, and who now in his old age doled him out the pitiful allowance which enabled him to occupy an entresol over a butcher's shop, and dine daily at one of the cheap restaurants in the Palais Royal.

Mr. Vane was wont to lament his daughter's cruel lack of affection in very bitter language, freely interspersed with quotations from "King Lear;" indeed I believe he considered his case entirely parallel with that of the injured British monarch and father; ignoring the one rather important fact that, whereas Lear's folly had been the too generous division of his own fortune between his recreant daughters, his weakness had been the reckless waste and expenditure of the portions which his children had inherited from their mother.

Mrs. Bannister, instigated thereto by her husband, had protested some years before against the several acts of folly and extravagance by which the fortune which ought to have been hers had been fooled away. She declined to allow her father more than the pittance alluded to above, although, as she was now a rich widow, and of course entirely her own mistress, she might have done much more.

"Yes, my darling," Mr. Vane said, as he proudly contemplated his youngest child's beauty, "we will turn the tables upon Mrs. Bannister and the rest of them, yet, please God. My Benjamin, my youngest, brightest darling, we'll teach them a lesson. They may poke their old father away in a foreign lodging, and stint him of money for any little innocent pleasure; but the day will come, my love, the day will come."

The old man nodded his head two or three times with solemn significance. I don't think his daughter had the remotest idea what vision it was that lured him onward through all present miseries, cheating him with some shadowy hope, far away in the future. I think that even he could scarcely have explained what it was he looked forward to in the day that was to come; but the sanguine, impulsive nature, dwarfed and fettered by the cruel bonds of poverty, was too elastic to be

entirely repressed even by those galling chains; and having hoped all his life, and having enjoyed such successes and good fortune as fall to the lot of very few men, he went on hoping in his old age, blindly confident that some unlooked-for and undreamed-of revolution in the wheel of life would lift him out of his obscurity and set him again on the pinnacle he had once occupied so proudly.

He had had a host of friends and many children, and he had squandered more than one fortune, not being any more careful of other people's money than of his own; and now, in his poverty and desolation, the child of his old age was the only one who clung to him and loved him and believed in him; the only one whom he loved, perhaps, truly and unreservedly, though he wept frequently over the ingratitude of the others. It may be that Eleanor was the only one whom he could love with any comfort to himself, because the only one he had never injured.

"But, papa, dear," this youngest and best loved of the old man's children pleaded gently, "Mrs. Bannister, Hortensia, has been very good—has she not?—in sending the money for my education at Madame Marly's, where she was finished herself. That was very generous of her, wasn't it, papa?"

Mr. Vane shook his head, and lifted his grey eyebrows with a deprecating expression.

"Hortensia Bannister cannot perform a generous act in a generous manner, my dear. You recognise the viper by the reptile's sting: you may recognise Hortensia in pretty much the same manner. She gives, but she insults the recipients of her—ahem—bounty. Shall I read you her letter, Eleanor?"

"If you please, dear papa."

The young lady had seated herself, in a somewhat hoydenish manner, upon the elbow of her father's chair, and had wound her soft round arm about his neck. She loved him and believed in him. The world which had courted and admired him while he had money and could boast such acquaintance as the Prince and Sheridan, Sir Francis Burdett, Lord Castlereagh, Mr. Pitt, and the Duke of York, had fallen away from him of late; and the few old associates who yet remained of that dead-and-gone cycle were apt to avoid him, influenced perhaps by the recollection of small loans of an occasional five-pound note, and "a little silver," which had not been repaid. Yes, the world had fallen away from George Mowbray Vandeleur Vane, once of Vandeleur Park, Cheshire, and Mowbray Castle, near York. The tradesmen who had helped to squander his money had let him get very deep in their books before they closed those cruel ledgers, and stopped all supplies. He had existed for a long time—he had lived as a gentleman, he said himself—upon the traditions of the past, the airy memories of the fortunes he had wasted. But this was all over now, and he had emigrated to the city in which he had played the Grand Seigneur in those glorious early days of the Restoration, and he was compelled to lead a low and vulgar life, disgracing himself by pettifoggery ready-money dealings, utterly degrading to a gentleman.

He could not bring himself to own that he was better and happier in this new life, and that it was pleasant to be able to walk erect and defiant upon the Boulevards, rather than to be compelled to plunge down dark alleys, and dive into sinuous byways, for the avoidance of importunate creditors, as he had been in free England.

He took his wealthy daughter's letter from the breast-pocket of his coat; a fashionable coat, though shabby now, for it had been made for him by a sentimental German tailor, who had wept over his late patron's altered fortunes, and given him credit for a suit of clothes. That compassionate German tailor never expected to be paid; and the clothes were a benefaction, a gift as purely and generously given as any Christian dole offered in the holy name of charity; but Mr. Vane was pleased with the fiction of an expected payment, and would have revolted against the idea of receiving a present from the good-natured tradesman.

The letter from Hortensia Bannister was not a long one. It was written in sharp and decisive paragraphs, and in a neat, firm hand. Rather a cruel-looking hand, Eleanor Vane thought.

The old man put a double gold eyeglass over his nose, and began to read.

Hyde Park Gardens, August 13, 1853.

"MY DEAR FATHER,—In compliance with your repeated solicitations I have determined upon taking measures by which I hope the future welfare of your youngest daughter may be secured.

"I must, however, remind you that Eleanor Vane and I are the children of different mothers; that she has therefore less claim upon me than a sister usually has; and I freely confess I never heard of one sister being called upon to provide for another.

"You must also remember that I never entertained any degree of friendship or affection for Eleanor's mother, who was much below you in station—"

Eleanor started; she was too impetuous to listen quite passively to this letter. Her father felt the sudden movement of the arm about his neck.

"Your mother was an angel, my dear," he said; "and this woman is—never mind what. My daughters chose to give themselves airs to your poor mother because she had been their governess, and because her father had failed as a sugar-broker."

He went back to the letter, groping nervously for the place at which he had left off, with the point of his well-shaped finger—

"And who also was the indirect cause of injury to myself and my sisters, as she participated in the extravagant expenditure, of at least some part of the money which by every legal and moral claim belonged to us.

"But you tell me that you have no power to make any provision whatsoever for your daughter; and that, unless I assist you, this unhappy girl may, in the event of your death, be flung penniless upon the world, imperfectly educated, and totally incompetent to get her living."

"She speaks of my death very freely," the old man murmured, "but she's right enough. I

shan't trouble anybody long, my dear; I shan't trouble anybody long."

The tender arms wound themselves more closely about George Vane's neck.

"Papa, darling," the soft voice whispered, "you have never troubled me. Don't go on with that horrid letter, papa. We won't accept any favours from such a woman."

"Yes, yes, my love, for your sake; if I stoop, it is for your sake, Eleanor."

The old man went on reading.

"Under these circumstances," the writer continued, "I have come to the following determination. I will give you a hundred pounds, to be paid to Madame Marly, who knows you, and has received a great deal of money from you for my education and that of my sisters, and who will, therefore, be inclined to receive Eleanor upon advantageous terms. For this sum of money Madame Marly will, I feel assured, consent to prepare my half-sister for the situation of governess in a gentleman's family; that is, of course, premising that Eleanor has availed herself conscientiously of the advantages afforded her by her residence with the Misses Bennett.

"I shall write to Madame Marly by this post, using my best influence with her for Eleanor's benefit; and, should I receive a favourable reply to this letter, I will immediately send you a hundred pounds, to be paid by you to Madame Marly.

"I do this in order that you may not appear to my old instructress—who remembers you as a rich man—in the position of a pauper; but in thus attempting to spare your feelings, and perhaps my own, I fear that I run some risk.

"Let me therefore warn you that this money is the last I will ever pay for my half-sister's benefit. Squander or misuse it if you please. You have robbed me often, and would not perhaps hesitate to do so again. But bear in mind, that this time it is Eleanor you will rob and not me.

"The only chance she will have of completing her education is the chance I now give her. Rob her of this and you rob her of an honourable future. Deprive her of this and you make yourself answerable for any misfortunes which may befall her when you are dead and gone.

"Forgive me if I have spoken harshly, or even undutifully; my excuse lies in your past follies. I have spoken strongly because I wished to make a strong impression, and I believe that I have acted for the best.

"Once for all, remember that I will attend to no future solicitations on Eleanor's behalf. If she makes good use of the help I now afford her, I may perhaps be tempted to render her further services—unsolicited—in the future. If she or you make a bad use of this one chance, I wash my hands of all concern in your future miseries.

"The money will be made payable at Messrs. Blount's, Rue de la Paix.

"I trust you attend the Protestant Church in the Rue Rivoli.

"With best wishes for your welfare, temporal and eternal, "I remain, my dear father,

"Your affectionate daughter,
"HORTENSIA BANNISTER."

George Vane burst into tears as he finished the letter. How cruelly she had stabbed him, this honourable, conscientious daughter, whom he had robbed certainly, but in a generous, magnanimous, reckless fashion, that made robbery rather a princely virtue than a sordid vice. How cruelly the old heart was lacerated by that bitter letter!

"As if I would touch the money," cried Mr. Vane, elevating his trembling hands to the low ceiling with a passionate and tragic gesture. "Have I been such a wretch to you, Eleanor, that this woman should accuse me of wishing to snatch the bread from your innocent lips?"

"Papa, papa!"

"Have I been such an unnatural father, such a traitor, liar, swindler, and cheat, that my own daughter should say these things to me?"

His voice rose higher with each sentence, and the tears streamed down his wrinkled cheeks.

Eleanor tried to kiss away those tears, but he pushed her from him with passionate vehemence.

"Go away from me, my child, I am a wretch, a robber, a scoundrel, a —"

"No, no, no, papa," cried Eleanor, "you are all that is good, you have always been good to me, dear, dear papa."

"By what right then does this woman insult me with such a letter as that?" asked the old man, drying his eyes, and pointing to the crumpled letter which he had flung upon the ground.

"She has no right, papa," answered Eleanor. "She is a wicked, cruel woman. But we'll send back her money. I'd rather go out into the world at once, papa, and work for you: I'd rather be a dressmaker. I could learn soon if I tried very hard. I do know a little about dressmaking. I made this dress, and it fits very well, only I cut out both the backs for one side, and both sleeves for one arm, and that wasted the stuff you know, and made the skirt a little scanty. I'd rather do anything, papa, than accept this money,—I would indeed. I don't want to go to this grand Parisian school, except to be near you, papa, darling. That was the only thing I ever cared for. The Miss Bennetts would take me as a pupil teacher, and give me fifteen pounds a-year, and I'd send every shilling of it to you, papa, and then you needn't live over a wretched shop where the meat smells nasty in the warm weather. We won't take the money, will we, papa?"

The old man shook his head, and made a motion with his lips and throat, as if he had been gulping down some bitter draught.

"Yes, my dear," he said, in a tone of ineffable resignation, "for your sake I would suffer many humiliations; for your sake I will endure this. We will take no notice of this woman's letter; though I could write her a reply that—but no matter. We will let her insolence pass, and she shall never know how keenly it has stung me, here, here!"

He tapped his breast as he spoke, and the tears rose again to his eyes.

"We will accept this money, Eleanor," he continued, "we will accept her bounty; and the day may come when you will have ample power to retaliate—ample power, my dear. She has called

me a thief, Eleanor," exclaimed the old man, suddenly returning to his own wrongs,—"a thief! My own daughter has called me a thief, and accused me of the baseness of robbing you."

"Papa, papa, darling!"

"As if your father could rob you of this money, Eleanor; as if I could touch a penny of it. No, so help me Heaven! not a penny of it to save me from starving."

His head sank forward upon his breast, and he sat for some minutes muttering to himself in broken sentences, as if almost unconscious of his daughter's presence. In that time he looked older than he had looked at any moment since his daughter had met him at the station. Looking at him now, wistfully and sorrowfully, Eleanor Vane saw that her father was indeed an old man, vacillating and weak of purpose, and with ample need of all the compassionate tenderness, the fond affection which overflowed her girlish heart as she looked at him. She knelt down on the slippery oaken floor at his feet, and took his tremulous hand in both of hers.

He started as she touched him, and looked at her.

"My darling," he cried, "you've had nothing to eat; you've been nearly an hour in the house, and you've had nothing to eat. But I've not forgotten you, Nell, you'll find I've not forgotten you."

He rose from his chair, and went over to a buffet, from which he took a couple of plates and tumblers, some knives and forks, and two or three parcels wrapped in white paper, and neatly tied with narrow red tape. He put these on the table, and going a second time to the buffet produced a pint bottle of claret, in a basket; very dusty and cobwebby; and therefore, no doubt, very choice.

The white paper parcels contained very recherche comestibles. A slender wedge of truffled turkey, some semi-transparent slices of German sausage, and an open plum tart, with a great deal of rich ruby coloured syrup, and an utterly uneatable crust.

Miss Vane partook very freely of this little collation, praising her father for his goodness and indulgence as she ate the simple feast he had prepared for her. But she did not like the Burgundy in the dusty basket, and preferred to drink some water out of one of the toilette bottles.

Her father, however, enjoyed the pint of good wine, and recovered his equanimity under its generous influence. He had never been a drunkard; he had indeed one of those excitable natures which cannot endure the influence of strong drinks, and a very little wine had considerable effect upon him.

He talked a good deal, therefore, to his daughter, told her some of his delusive hopes in the future, tried to explain some of the plans which he had formed for his and her advancement, and was altogether very happy and social. The look of age which had been so strong upon him half an hour before faded out like a gray morning shadow under the broadening sunlight. He was a young man again, proud, hopeful, defiant, handsome, ready to run through three more fortunes, if they should fall to his lot.

It was past two o'clock when Eleanor Vane lay down, thoroughly exhausted, but not weary—she had one of those natures which seem never to grow weary—to fall asleep for the first time in four-and-twenty hours.

Her father did not quite so quickly fall into a peaceful slumber. He lay awake for upwards of an hour, tumbling and tossing to and fro upon the narrow spring mattress, and muttering to himself.

And even in his sleep, though the early summer dawn was gray in the room when he fell into a fitful and broken slumber, the trouble of his eldest daughter's letter was heavy upon him, for every now and then he muttered, disjointedly,—

"Thief—swindler. As if—as if—I would—rob—my own daughter."

(To be continued.)

A FALLEN FRUIT—THE QUINCE.

"WHAT'S in a name?" said Shakspeare; and, in answering himself, he found among the flowers an illustration of its nothingness; yet do researches among fruits tend rather to induce the opposite conclusion, for while the accumulated glory of traditionary ages has gathered round one of our orchard fruits, although it has very limited pretensions thereto, simply because we call it by the venerable name of Apple; another, which has far greater claims to be honoured for the place it holds in the lore of antiquity, is yet commonly passed by, unnoticed and neglected, owing to the disguise of a modern appellation disconnecting it from the classical reminiscences with which it was once associated. Were Venus still surviving to find herself wholly neglected, while all her graces were attributed to some common-place belle of the season,—were Hercules still lingering upon earth to see himself shut out from the "ring," and all his labours popularly supposed to have been achieved by some puny modern pugilist—then might the once renowned Quince find sympathising fellow-sufferers in the doom that has fallen upon it, degraded as it is from its former proud position as the golden apple for which even divinities contested, to be now the least known and least esteemed of all the pomal tribe. It does not profess to be the Scriptural "apple of gold," that being identified with a more peculiarly Syrian product; it may not be the Hesperidean fruit of the earliest age of Greece, though in spite of opposing theories some have even attributed to it this honour; but there seems every reason to connect it with some at least of the numerous Greek legends in which golden apples so prominently figure: that it was the prize for which goddesses unveiled their charms before the shepherd of Mount Ida, and the attraction which stayed the speed of the swift-footed Atalanta. No other fruit then known answers so well to the description of these glittering treasures, and we can scarcely account otherwise for what is known to be a fact, viz., that among the ancients the quince was dedicated to Venus, and looked on as the emblem of happiness and love; the temples of Cyprus and Paphos were decorated with it; it was the special ornament of the statues of Hyman; the figure of Hercules,

now in the Tuileries Gardens, is represented with this fruit in his hand; and, according to Plutarch, Solon made a law that it should form the invariable feast of the bridegroom (and some say of the bride, too,) before retiring to the nuptial couch.

A native of Greece, the quince grew more abundantly in the neighbourhood of Cydon in Crete (now Candia), deriving thence the name Cydonia, which is still continued as its botanical cognomen; and was thence taken to Rome, where, under the name of Cotonea (a reminiscence of which was preserved in its old English title of Melicotone), it was looked on as a sacred fruit, though, as regards mere secular uses, it seems to be more prized for its scent than its savour, the climate perhaps not bringing it to such perfection as it had attained in Greece, notwithstanding Columella particularly mentions that "quinces not only yield pleasure, but health," alluding probably to their use in medicine. Pliny says that the varieties were numerous, and particularises four sorts, adding that all these "are kept shut up in the antechambers of great men, where they receive the visits of their courtiers: they are hung, too, upon the statues that pass the night with us in our chambers."

How sad a decline from honours like these when a modern writer derives the French name of the fruit, *coignassier*, from the circumstance that its "disagreeable odour" usually causes it to be banished to a corner (*coin*) of the garden! It is not everywhere, however, that taste has thus changed, for Professor Targioni, an Italian writer on horticulture, says that, at the present day, it is much prized by the peasantry in some parts of the south of Europe, for perfuming their stores of linen; and, in yet warmer lands, it is still found as gratifying to the palate as to the nostrils; a recent traveller in the east stating that the quince of Persia ripens on the tree or after gathering, and losing all its austerity, and becoming like a soft ripe pear, is eaten at the dessert as a much prized delicacy, and yearly forwarded as presents to Bagdad, where the highly-perfumed odour is found so powerful that it is said, with perhaps a tinge of oriental exaggeration, that if there be but a single quince in a caravan, no one who accompanies it can remain unconscious of its presence.

Spreading from Italy almost throughout Europe, it now grows spontaneously in most countries of mild temperature; and, as Gerard informs us, was common in his early times, in the hedges of England; but never ripening here sufficiently to be eaten raw, and having lost, perhaps undeservedly, much of the repute which it enjoyed two or three centuries ago, on account of its medicinal properties, it is now very seldom met with, and many persons are to be found even among those who have been born and brought up in the country, who have never tasted, or perhaps as much as seen a quince.

More generally cultivated, wherever it does still claim the cultivator's care, as a stock whereon to graft the pear, in order to dwarf the growth of that tree, or to hasten the ripening of its fruit, than for the sake of its own produce, the latter is yet capable of being turned to better account than

merely to be made into preserve, or used in minute quantities to add a flavour to apple-pies; for Phillips has left on record that when he wrote, quinces grew so abundantly in some parts of the Weald of Sussex as to be made into wine by private families living in that neighbourhood, some even manufacturing as much as two hundred gallons in a season. This wine, for the preparation of which he furnishes a recipe, was, he adds, of agreeable flavour, improving greatly by keeping, and of so much efficacy for asthmatic affections that a gentleman residing at Horsham in Sussex, assured him that he had been completely cured of a long-standing asthma solely by the use of it. Lord Bacon, too, has left it as his testimony that "it is certain the use of quinces is good to strengthen the stomach," recommending, however, for this purpose, "quiddey" of quince, probably a preserve; and in France at least it still maintained the reputation of being an admirable tonic and stomachic when taken medicinally, while, in the form of a compote, it is highly recommended as a diet to increase the digestive powers of convalescents.

At Paris the fruit never reaches perfection, for though it ripens after gathering, so far as to acquire a rich golden hue, and exhale its powerful scent, it remains so hard as to be quite unfit to be sent to table; though a forlorn hope of a different future is not yet abandoned by the sanguine French; for, says the *Bon Jardinier* of 1860, "we flatter ourselves, yet no doubt in vain, that time and culture will yet render them eatable." In the south of France, on the borders of Garonne, quinces are largely grown to be made into a much esteemed marmalade, called *cotignac*; indeed it would seem that that kind of confection must have been originally prepared from this particular fruit, since the word marmalade has its etymological root in the quince, the Portuguese name for which is *marmelo*. The seeds are used in medicine, though, says Noisette, not so much as they might be, for the viscous mucilage in which they abound unites with the softening properties of gum arabic, something of an unctuous quality which renders them peculiarly capable of soothing irritation or inflammation of the most delicate organs, and they are therefore employed to heal sore lips, inflamed eyes, &c. The same gummy juice, extracted by simply boiling the seeds in a little water, furnishes the toilette with that "fixature" which puts a gentle restraint on the straggling hairs of fair ones with flowing locks.

The delicately-tinged blossoms of the quince are similar in structure to those of the apple and pear, but are neither so pink as the former nor so colourless as the latter; while they grow singly and are much larger, being about the size of a wild-rose. The fruit varies in form and size, but is always downy when young, and yellow when ripe; and offering, externally, nothing remarkably different from the two above-mentioned fruits, was confounded by Linnaeus with these its orchard brethren, but on cutting it open it is found to contain, in each of its five cells, from twelve to forty pips, instead of only one or two, as is the case with both apple and pear; a peculiarity which has sufficed to assign it in later systems of botany

to a separate genus. Owing probably in part to the little attention paid to it in modern days, but few varieties have arisen, and only five sorts are generally grown in either England, France, or America.

The apple-shaped quince was called by the ancients the "male," a name which seems singularly inappropriate, since it is a tree of specially weak growth, both the leaf and fruit of which are small; but as the latter is of fine colour, and becomes very tender when stewed, it is the most popular of the tribe in America, where the pear-shaped quince is condemned as tough and of bad colour, though pronounced by the French, on the contrary, to be in every way preferable to the other. It is much grown by them as a stock or *mère* in nurseries, and it may have been from using it similarly for grafting purposes that the ancients gave it the name of "female." English nurserymen prefer to graft on the Portugal quince, a stronger, handsomer tree, bearing larger and finer fruit, which, when cooked, turns a fine crimson or purple colour, the only and great drawback to its otherwise incontestable supremacy over the other kinds being that it bears very scantily. These three varieties, though cultivators observe great differences between them, are all reckoned by botanists to be of one species, to which also belongs a new seedling sort, both large and good, recently raised at New York, where it is so highly appreciated that it has been sold there at the rate of nine dollars for about a bushel.

The Chinese quince, only introduced into Europe during the present century, bears a highly perfumed, red, barrel-shaped fruit, about four inches long, and which will keep until the spring, whereas the other sorts usually perish before the end of autumn; but, unfortunately, whether eaten raw or cooked, it is found tasteless and insipid, and is therefore only grown for the sake of its red, violet-scented, spring blossoms. The last on the list, the Japan quince or *Cydonia* (popularly mis-called "Pyrus") *Japonica*, is also only grown for ornament, its dark-green hard fruit being less eatable than even the preceding; but its blossoms, white, pink-tinged, or, more usually, brilliant flaming scarlet, are far more beautiful and appear earlier, forming one of the commonest but most favourite spring adornments of English grounds and gardens.

ASTERISK.

THE STRATAGEMS OF THE LADY ISOLDA.

THE Lady Isolda de Grandmarais opened her lattice, ostensibly to look at the moon, but, in reality, for quite a different purpose. As she gazed, a muffled figure stepped forward, and, placing himself in a romantic attitude under her window, sang in a low voice the following ditty:—

Look forth, look forth, my fairest,
There's none to see to us now;
The night is of the rarest
To hear a lover's vow:
Your porter—he so fat is
He can't do else but sleep,
Then from your opened lattice
My own Isolda peep.

Look forth, look forth, my darling,
To see us now there's none;
The mastiff at me snarling
I solaced with a bone :
From castle top to basement,
Save you, all are asleep,
Then from the opened casement
My dear Isolda peep.

The invitation to the lady to look out of her window was perfectly unnecessary, as she had done so before he began to sing. The singer, however, who had taken some pains to compose his song, was not to be deterred by this incident from uttering it.

"What are you doing here at this time of night, Albert?" asked the lady.

"Well!" answered Albert, "considering that you told me to come, you will excuse me if I confess that I am somewhat surprised at the question."

"Propriety compels me to be unconscious of such an invitation. As, however, you are here, I can acquaint you with the plans I have formed for effecting my elopement with you. You know Yeux-de-Groseilles?"

"Yes, he is the greatest fool I know."

"He may be. He has, however, done me the honour to fall in love with me."

"Then he has more sense than I supposed he had."

"My father destines him to be my husband, but has not yet broken the matter to him, and Yeux-de-Groseilles is wrongly impressed with the idea that my father does not favour his suit. He has also committed the mistake of supposing that I am favourable to him. I have told him that I will meet him to-morrow evening, at dusk, at the chapel some little distance from the castle. Now, what do you think I intend to do?"

"I know what I intend to do," replied Albert, "and that is to kick Yeux-de-Groseilles."

"Stupid fellow! I will tell you no more of my schemes than is absolutely necessary. Be here to-morrow evening, with two horses, at the time when I am to meet Yeux-de-Groseilles, but not at the same place. Wait for me under the trees at the eastern end of the castle. And now begone as softly as you can."

With that she shut the window.

Albert walked away as stealthily as he could—but in vain. The mastiff had finished the bone, and now barked ungratefully at the donor of it. The porter, awakened, got up to kick the dog. As he proceeded for this purpose, he came across Albert, who immediately knocked him down. But the porter being fat and heavy, his fall caused such a concussion to the whole castle, that the Baron de Grandmarais's terrified retainers, starting from their sleep, rushed to the spot to learn what was the matter. Seeing Albert, they instantly secured him, and consigned him to the Baron's hereditary dungeon.

Next morning, the Baron de Grandmarais, surnamed Long-nez, from the extraordinary length of his proboscis, was breakfasting in a manner suitable to his position and the period in which he lived. A vast sirloin of beef (which had not then received the honour of knighthood)

occupied with dignity the right of the board; a venison pasty adorned the centre, and a boar's head frowned sternly on the left. Nor were liquors befitting such viands wanting. On the right hand of the Baron stood a huge flagon of Rhenish, on his left an equally capacious tankard of ale.

The Baron was engaged in discharging another important duty besides that of breakfasting. He was holding a court, and exercising his judicial functions, which were indefinite in power. Beneath him sat his steward, who acted as clerk, with writing materials before him, not for use, but in order to give a kind of dignity to the proceedings. Before the Baron stood the culprit—the same that was captured the night before—whose dress and manners seemed to show that in station he was little, if at all, the inferior of his judge. About the room stood the Baron's servants, who were there in the capacity either of witnesses or guards.

The porter and some of the servants were examined as to the circumstances of the discovery and seizure of the prisoner; and after them was put forward Hugo, another servant, who, partly from his natural fear of the Baron, and partly from a guilty consciousness that he had been fast asleep all night, and therefore knew nothing at all about the matter, waited with great trepidation to give his evidence.

"Do you recognise the prisoner as the man who was sneaking about the castle last night?" said the Baron, addressing Hugo.

"Yes."

"Did you see him last night?" timidly interposed the steward.

"No."

"Would you have recognised him if you had seen him?" urged the Baron.

"Yes."

"Very well! it's all the same," said the Baron, darting a reproachful glance at his officious steward.

The Baron, having now heard all the evidence, clothed his countenance with a look of the greatest gravity and importance, preparatory to pronouncing sentence.

The steward, observing him put on this look, hastened to whisper that it might be more regular to ask the prisoner if he had anything to say.

On this the Baron, with no great willingness, altered the judicial expression of his countenance, and asked the prisoner for his explanation.

"I am Albert de Chose," was the reply, "nearly your equal in rank and power. I shall not tell you why I am here; but it is absurd to suppose that I came here for your spoons. If you inflict any punishment or degradation on me, you will repent it."

The Baron turned to the steward and said peevishly:

"I knew how it would be: if I had heard only one side I should have had no difficulty in deciding, but now I am amazingly perplexed."

He pished, he pshawed; he looked up to the ceiling and down to the floor. He shook his weighty head, and laid his right forefinger along-

side of his enormous nose. But it was all in vain. His embarrassment seemed to increase. At last his glance rested upon Hugo, who was endeavouring to screen himself behind another servant. As he looked, his perplexity vanished, and a cheerful smile spread over his features.

"Put Hugo in the stocks," he said.

"But," the steward ventured to say, "how can Hugo be wrong?"

"Right or wrong, put Hugo in the stocks."

This happy thought satisfied the Baron's craving for punishment, and permitted the cold water of prudence to extinguish his desire of inflicting punishment on the real culprit. The steward would have still interceded for Hugo, but observing that his master's head was buried in the tankard, he desisted, knowing that the Baron always sealed his acts as irreversible by a draught of ale.

Hugo was therefore conducted to the stocks, and Albert de Chose was allowed to depart unmolested.

Long did the Baron cogitate as to what was the cause of Albert's intrusion into his castle, but hour after hour elapsed without his having gained an idea on the subject. There was one person who could have given him information, but of her he did not think. The Lady Isolda had been caused some trepidation by the tidings of the capture of Albert. When, however, she heard that he had been allowed to leave the castle, she gave a sigh of relief, and proceeded to dress for dinner.

On that day the Baron and his daughter dined together. During the first part of the meal they were silent. At length the Lady Isolda gently exclaimed:

"My father!"

"My daughter!" replied the Baron in a voice hollow—not with emotion, but from his mouth being then enveloped in the tankard he had just emptied.

"I am sorry you let that insolent Albert de Chose go this morning. Do you know that he is one of my lovers?"

"Isolda!" said the Baron, pianissimo, in a tone of gentle reproach.

"I daresay you are at a loss to discover why he came here last night. He came in order to serenade me."

"Isolda!!" exclaimed the Baron, crescendo.

"I have told him to meet me at the chapel near the castle this evening at dusk."

"Isolda!!!" roared the Baron, furioso.

"I need not tell you that I do not intend to keep the appointment."

"But why did you not inform me of all this before?"

"Maidenly reserve prevented me."

"Maidenly fiddlestick!" exclaimed the Baron, bouncing up and kicking a servant who happened to be in the room out of it.

"Now, papa," said Isolda, quietly, "if you won't be so extremely violent I will inform you of a plan of mine which, I think, is a good one. I should like this Albert de Chose to be punished for his presumption. You shall go to this place of meeting instead of me. You shall recapture

Albert, and put him in your stocks, or your dungeon, or do anything else you like with him."

"The idea is not a bad one," said the Baron, much mollified: "I will do as you propose."

As soon, therefore, as he had finished his after-dinner nap, he put on his armour, summoned his retainers, amongst whom was the unfortunate Hugo, released for the occasion from the stocks, and set out, chuckling at the idea of the unpleasant surprise which he was about to give the amorous Albert. At the chapel waited Yeux-de-Groseilles, leaning against the wall, with his eyes shut and his arms folded. Had the Baron put on his spectacles as well as his armour, he would have seen that he had made a mistake in his man. As it was, he concluded that it was Albert that he saw, and proceeded to recapture him. Ordering his retainers to disperse and gradually surround and approach the unconscious man, he himself, accompanied only by Hugo, walked stealthily up to him. As soon as he reached him he uttered two exclamations expressive of surprise. The first was:

"Why, he is asleep!"

The second was:

"Why, it is Yeux-de-Groseilles!"

The second exclamation roused Yeux-de-Groseilles from his slumbers. Not recognising the Baron, he made a hostile rush at him. The Baron prudently retreated, but in avoiding Charybdis he fell into Scylla.

Hugo, who was in the rear, burning with resentment at the treatment which he had received that morning, was inflicting imaginary castigation on his master by flourishing his foot within an inch of the most prominent part exposed to him. The retreat of the Baron, to his discomposure, and the horror of Hugo, made the castigation real. The Baron assailed thus strenuously in the rear, jumped forward, and Yeux-de-Groseilles seized him by the nose.

"Why, this nose," ejaculated Yeux-de-Groseilles, giving it a tweak in order to satisfy himself of its identity, "must belong to the Baron de Grandmarais."

"Let it go!" roared the Baron.

Yeux-de-Groseilles accordingly released it.

"What brings you here?" inquired the Baron.

"Well, to tell you the truth," answered Yeux-de-Groseilles, with a confidential nod, "I came to meet your daughter."

"And Albert de Chose is not here—ha! an idea—let me think."

The Baron cogitated profoundly for some time. At last he said:

"My daughter has misled me. Yeux-de-Groseilles, will you come back with me?"

Yeux-de-Groseilles agreed to do so, and they proceeded to the castle together.

It is needless for us to acquaint our intelligent readers with the fact that Isolda took advantage of the opportunity afforded by her father's absence, and went off with Albert de Chose.

At the castle gate the Baron met his steward, who was pale and trembling.

"Your daughter, the Lady Isolda, has gone off with some one," stuttered the steward.

"And the jewels of her late mother?" said the Baron, in a tone of the deepest emotion: "has she taken them? Speak, varlet, speak!"

"No," answered the steward.

The Baron gave a sigh of relief.

"Well," said he, "perhaps it is the best thing that could happen. She plagued me exceedingly."

"She has made egregious fools of us," said Yeux-de-Groseilles, gloomily.

"Never mind," responded the Baron, cheerfully, "we will, notwithstanding, have a jolly night together—you and I."

And they did have a night of it. When the chamberlain came with the bed-candles they had forgotten the very existence of Isolda.

UP THE MOSELLE.

PART II.

It would be difficult to find a river on the map of Europe so long as the Moselle between Trèves and Coblenz, in proportion to the space it traverses, as measured by the flight of the crow. When it leaves Trèves it appears to do so with regret, for it looks back three times before it arrives at Berncastel. Between Berncastel and Cochem it is doubled back on itself six times in short, close folds, leaving peninsulas of land, the necks of which may be crossed on foot in a space of time out of all proportion to that taken by the steamer in going round the heads of them. Yet a rope or ribbon pushed together would give far too stiff and formal a notion of the waywardness of the course of this Mæander of the West. We might suppose its presiding goddess or nymph to have been a personage deficient in decision of character, to have had a vague desire to find out and join the Rhine, but the faintest possible notion of the direction in which that father of German rivers was to be found, and hoping to get into the right road by making casts, as a foxhunter would say, to all the points of the compass. Or the course of the river might be compared to the unwilling and erratic progress of a school-boy, doubting from time to time whether he would face the inevitable penalty of lateness, or play truant altogether for the day. In England there are such streams on a small scale,—deep, lazy brooks, wandering through loamy land, with the wastefulness of which good farmers have no patience, but turn the water into a rectilinear channel, and fill up the scoops and the loops, planting the banks with willows, and wadding them for precaution against the nibbling of the stream. They are such brooks as puzzle riders badly mounted, and tend to make the field generally select when crossed at their broadest. They have steep or perpendicular banks, sometimes hanging over at the top, especially apt to crumble away under the hind legs of horses, and to lead to a sudden cold bath in a muddy chasm, from which it is no easy matter to escape. In such a case it is difficult to say what determines the sluggish course of the waters, but we may suppose that they are in each case diverted from their straightforwardness by a patch of ground stiffer than that which lies about it. With regard to the Moselle, we may suppose its course retarded by geological accidents, such as basaltic masses harder than the circumjacent soil,

thrust up through the tableland, through which, deeply sunken in vine-bearing slopes, it winds its leisurely course, as undecided and yet pedantic and punctual in its movements as the great German people itself.

Schiller, in one of his minor poems, speaks of the Moselle as the virgin of Lorraine and the bride of the Rhine. The sex of rivers, like that of most objects in nature which have sexes in other languages than our own, is perhaps arbitrary; yet in this case the fancy certainly has a degree of natural fitness. The beauty of the Moselle is feminine, while that of the Rhine is masculine.

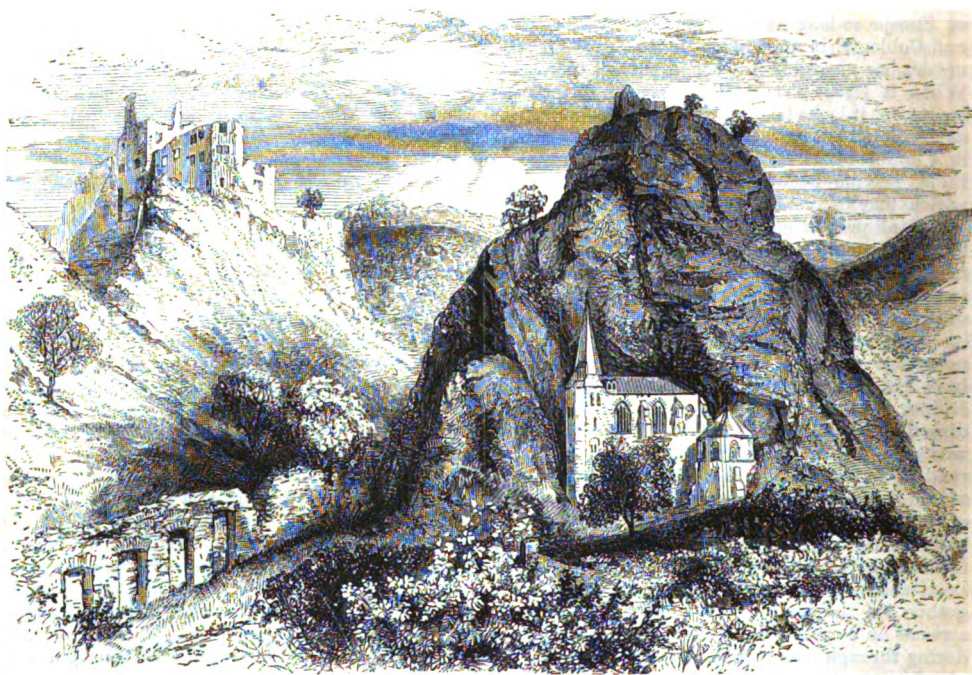
The Rhine rises among the snows and glaciers, is brought up roughly, bathes himself clean in a great lake, knows the way he is going, sweeps through his upper course with a broad calm dignity, meets obstacles at Bingen and puts them sternly and vigorously aside lives down all opposition like a strong man, and below Bonn descends quietly and unobtrusively to his final resting-place in the North Sea. The Moselle is born among the pretty Vosges mountains, spends her childhood cheerfully in France, lives a capricious youth, each caprice having a charm of its own, till, surprised by the sturdy Rhine, she makes a happy marriage and is heard of no more. To contrast with the stern and dusky cliffs of the Rhine-land, on whose precious ledges the vine-terraces are artificially piled, we have the banks of the Moselle moulded into undulating slopes, wrapped in square miles on miles of fruit-bearing verdure, like the soft contours of a beautiful person covered with a green mantle such as the fabulous queens of the legend of King Arthur used to wear. And the wine of the Moselle has the same relation to that of the Rhine as the scenery of the respective rivers. Its bouquet is generally more delicate, its influence is more subtle, its taste is softer, it is more gentle in its effect on the brain, soothing rather than exciting to the nerves, a promoter of genial conversation rather than of noise, and on the whole so comparatively innocent in its operation, that a worthy priest of our acquaintance, who himself owned a vineyard, was fain to pronounce, *ex cathedra*, that to be drunk on Moselle wine was scarcely a sin. At all events, Moselle, especially the sparkling kind, is emphatically the ladies' wine, and the lady of wines. The derivation of the name Moselle may not be obvious, but it is doubtless very simple, as are most of the names of rivers when inquired after. On looking at the map we see that the Meuse and the Moselle rise very close together in the highlands of the Vosges. The Meuse is Mosa in Latin, Maas in German; the Moselle is Mosella in Latin, and in German Mosel. On the upper waters of the Meuse, on the ancient maps, is a place called Mosa, and another further down. The words seem to have a relationship with the German "moos," in English "a moor, moss, or morass." Then it will be observed that the Moselle has a shorter course than the Meuse; at least, as it ends in the Rhine, it never attains the proportions of the latter river at its mouth. It is probable that Mosel is a diminutive of Maas, and that the name means "the smaller river of the

moors." A Roman of the name of Vetus, as we find from Tacitus, once entertained the bold design of uniting the Saone with the Moselle by a canal, by which the legions could have been transported through Gaul to the Rhine by first being floated up the Rhone. He was induced to desist for fear of ambitious motives being imputed to him. That the canal might have been made by the strong arms of the Roman soldiers, in spite of all engineering difficulties, there is little doubt; but the utility of the work would have been questionable, as in a dry summer the upper waters of the rivers in question would scarcely have been navigable, to judge by the experience of the steamers which ply even on the Lower Moselle.

Those who leave Paris by a train which starts in the evening, and can sleep through the dull

night journey, will agreeably wake up on a fine summer's morning on the Upper Moselle, in the neighbourhood of Metz. Here it is a softly-flowing river, with vineyards and white villages on the banks.

From Trèves, downwards, the river Moselle assumes more of the character of a river in a gorge. Having seen Trèves under the July sun, 1862, we were minded to look at the Moselle in September, and with that view took the train from Frankfort to Oberstein on the Nahe, intending to cut across the land which intervenes between the Nahe and the Moselle, striking the latter river at Berncastel. The Nahe, like its tributary the Alsenz, which comes into it above Kreuznach, is the exaggeration of a stony-bedded brook overhung with rocks, many of great height



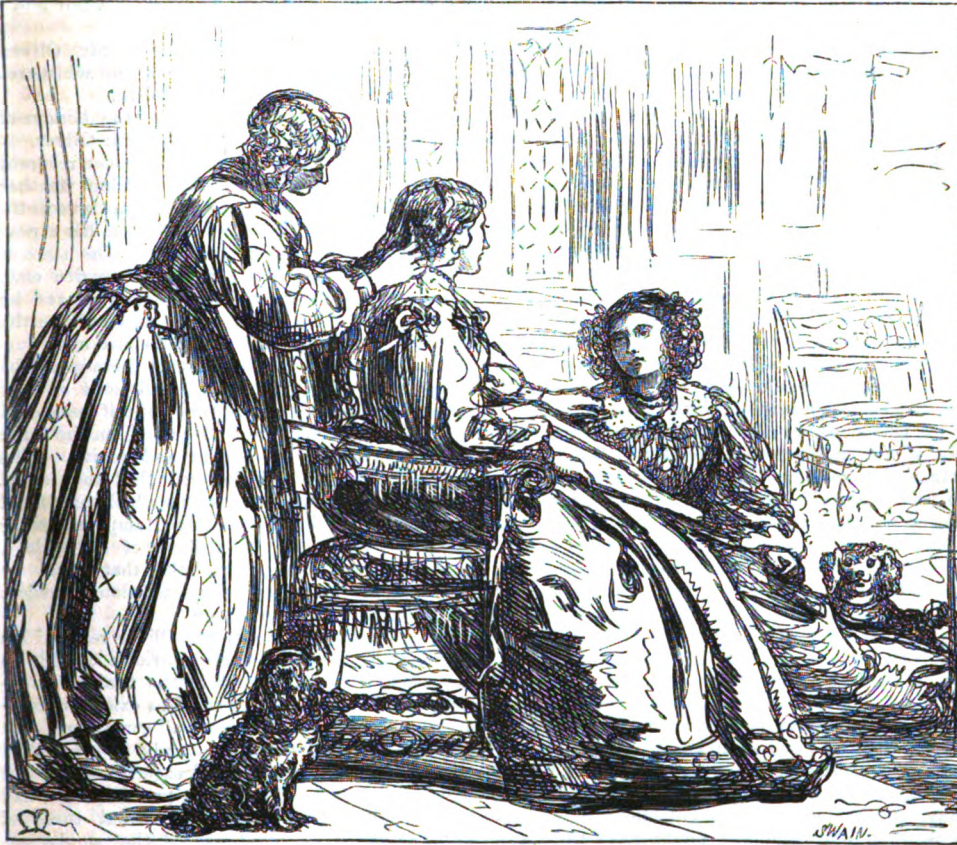
Oberstein.

and fantastic shapes, and betraying primeval volcanic convulsion. One of the most remarkable points on the Nahe is Oberstein. The little town is cramped on one side between the river and an immense wall of igneous rock, in many parts perpendicular, and even overhanging. Its shape is a rough pyramid. On the top of this rock is perched the Oberstein, or "upper stone,"—that is, the ancient castle. The newer castle, whose remains are richer, crowns the hill behind at a short distance, and is connected with the older building by a narrow causeway. It would be difficult to imagine a human habitation more resembling a crow's nest; or rather, shall we not say of a relic so venerable, an eagle's nest? Who the lords of Oberstein were who built and inhabited the castle, must in a great degree be matter of conjecture. Like those brave

men who lived before Agamemnon, their deeds are lost in the night of the Past, because they are unrecorded by the sacred bard. It seems that they were pious as well as valiant, for halfway up the rock, and partly hewn out of it, nestles a very old church, which they appear to have built for the use of the subject townsmen. It is included in the ancient walls. Inside the church is a natural basin, where the most limpid water accumulates from the droppings of the rocks. It was probably used in former times as a reservoir, from which the holy water was taken, but this use has been forgotten since the church has become Protestant. Against the wall is a rude figure of an ancient knight, in alto-relievo, hewn out of sandstone; probably representing the founder of the church, and apparently of the eleventh or twelfth century.

THE HAMPDENS.

AN HISTORLETTE. BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.



CHAPTER VI. THE IRISH LORD DEPUTY IN MERRY ENGLAND.

THE apparatus of carrier-pigeons was but little employed, after all. For the first two or three days of the trial of Mr. Hampden, the agitation throughout the kingdom was excessive: and for many more days the citizens went on saying that it was the most important cause that had ever been tried in Westminster Hall. But the dulness, and the long protraction of the arguments had their natural effect on the commonalty of England. Attorney-General Noy, though long in his grave, was burnt in effigy, as he had been every year since he devised the tax of shipmoney: bets were laid by the King's party on the lawyers who were opposed to each other in the cause: prayer-meetings were held in Puritan dwellings for the restraining of the King's unlawful power: "diurnal writers" were reaping a harvest, from the demand of their services by leading public men who wished to keep their respective districts punctually informed of the aspect and incidents

of the trial; and the families of the lawyers, as well as of the recusants who were represented by Mr. Hampden, grew restless towards the close of every day, till the end. But the general public presently found that they could not understand the legal arguments; and when assured that some weeks might pass before there was a verdict, and some months before there was a sentence (in case of Mr. Hampden being defeated), they spared themselves the trouble and expense of their winged messengers, and waited very willingly till the hint should pass round that they were wanted for the defence of the nation's liberties.

There was rapid travelling, however, on all the great roads, during that November. Gentlemen of both parties exercised their public spirit in compassing the speedy passage of news,—placing relays of horses, and sometimes riding themselves; especially when they could thus spend their Sundays at home. The wide-spread family connection of the Cromwells included St. John, the lawyer, who defended his relative, Mr. Hampden, in such

a way as to make the whole family very proud and hopeful of him and his cause. Sir Oliver himself wavered in his wishes when nephew St. John's law and eloquence were extolled by visitors and in letters, consoling himself beforehand in his own way for whatever might be the result. If His Majesty gained the cause, it would be a glorious thing; and John Hampden would be no worse in the end. He would lose some money; and he might be under a bar and bolt for a time, which would be the proper reward of his wilfulness; but he was too much of a gentleman to be personally ill-treated for a matter of twenty shillings. If John Hampden should win, no matter, if gentlemen would but treat such a decision with the contempt it deserved. That the King would do so there could be no doubt. He must have money; and he would take it in his own royal way, whatever St. John and the Judges might say. As for St. John, he was a made man. It did not follow that his politics were wrong because he spoke on the other side. A lawyer must speak on the side which engages him; and next time, he would be more eloquent still, because he would have a better cause.

Sir Oliver would not be satisfied without hearing whatever Henrietta would tell him of her father's letters to her; and Henrietta was as ready to read as her old uncle to hear. Her heart overflowed with love and gratitude to her father, whose thoughts were so much with her that he passed no one day of the trial without writing at least a few words to her. He suffered almost as she did under her trouble; and he felt that no duty could intercept that of supporting his motherless child under the frustration of her intended marriage. When Henrietta had read her uncle what she could out of those precious sheets which arrived almost daily, he swore that it was a thousand pities that a gentleman who had so loyal a heart should have let any Puritan scoundrels make a tool of him in the sight of all England; and he bade Helen pray, if she must pray outside the service-book, that John Hampden might have the seven devils cast out of him, and return to his duty. Helen quietly replied that she did pray for Mr. Hampden,—that he might be delivered from the devils who were, not within him, but about him.

Though the family interest in such a trial could not die out, the family alarm diminished day by day. It was impossible that a gentleman as much extolled for his modesty and gentle dignity by the one party, as for his public spirit by the other, should meet with any ignominious treatment: but still, when the moment came, Henrietta could not ask the news. Her maid informed her, as she was dressing for dinner, that a dark gentleman had ridden up, in great haste, wishing to speak with Sir Oliver without dismounting: but Sir Oliver was out woodcock-shooting, which vexed the gentleman so as to make him swear terribly. He had thrown himself from his horse, however, and demanded to be furnished with writing materials in a chamber, where he was certainly dressing; for his servant was now attending on him. The servant would not tell his master's name, nor let his livery be seen.

This part of the story did not fix Henrietta's attention; for gentlemen who swore terribly when vexed, and rode up unexpectedly, were of almost daily occurrence at Biggin House. It was the stranger's intention of riding on, after telling his news, which agitated her. The two girls appeared, when summoned, with a heightened colour and a troubled manner.

The dark gentleman was with Sir Oliver. Henrietta knew him in a moment, and whispered to Helen that it was Lord Wentworth.

"Do you know whom we have the honour of entertaining, young ladies?" asked Sir Oliver.

Henrietta named him as she made her reverent curtsy. Being asked by his lordship whether he ought to have recognised her, she innocently replied that Lady Carlisle had shown her a portrait which left no room for doubt. The name of Lady Carlisle, and the name of Hampden each bespoke Lord Wentworth's graciousness; and he at once applied himself to soften to Henrietta the blow of hearing that the trial had ended unfavourably for her father. He said that there would be no present result to himself, and none of any serious consequence at any time: and if he should lose a little money, he had gained, on the other hand, a treasure of honour and praise. The judges themselves had declared that they could scarcely quarrel with the event which had fixed the eyes of all England on Mr. Hampden, seeing that the temper and demeanour of so noble a gentleman was the best rebuke that could be given to the low sectaries and seditious brawlers who troubled the King's reign.

In the course of dinner Sir Oliver relieved his lordship of the fear that Henrietta would be overwhelmed by the event of the trial. He extolled her for as loyal a damsel as existed outside of the Court. This removed all constraint; and Lord Wentworth spoke as openly of what had passed as his hearers listened eagerly. He could have wished, he said, that the twelve judges had been loyal without exception. That three of them should have countenanced the popular untruthfulness would spoil the flavour of victory to the King.

"What possessed them to desert the King?" Sir Oliver inquired. "Their ermine should be pulled over their heads," he concluded; "that is my opinion."

"As for what possessed them, I was curious to discover," Lord Wentworth said. "I find that a lady's spirit has cost His Majesty one of his judges. Croke is an apprehensive man and pliable in proportion. That he should stiffen his neck is an opposition which no person about the Court had imagined. It is true, he bore an anxious countenance from the day the trial was resolved on; but so did many another man. It was remarked on the first day of the last week of the pleadings that he had assumed a sudden cheerfulness and strength. Some said it was because his task was nearly over, and the reward at hand; but the real occasion was that his lady had taken his conscience into her charge."

"How could she do that?" Helen asked. "Who but a Popish priest can take charge of consciences?"

"My Lady Croke has that power, it appears," Lord Wentworth replied. "She besought her husband to dismiss all solicitude for her and her children in giving judgment. She was willing to suffer want and disgrace with him rather than that he should mispronounce the law."

"Surely she is a noble lady!" Henrietta exclaimed.

"Surely," said Helen, "this was a freeing, and not a binding of the conscience."

Lord Wentworth smiled, and said it interested him to see how faithful women were in defending their sex. Sir Oliver was of opinion that a whipping all round would do them much good:—all but his little Henrietta. She was too loyal to need a whipping; and, if he had his will, her father should have it instead of her. Lord Wentworth laughed; and Sir Oliver asked whether it was true that he had counselled His Majesty to punish those Buckinghamshire gentry like mutinous schoolboys.

Being obliged to answer, Lord Wentworth said, in his blandest way, that it was not precisely so. He had dropped the jesting remark that he wished Mr. Hampden and his imitators were well whipped into their right senses; and this foolish jest had got wind. But he approved all due application of reason first, as was shown by the pains he had taken to keep the judges whom he knew to the straight line. Nothing could be done with Denham, who was of a disputatious and troublesome temper; but from Sutton better things might have been hoped.

"What is his ground?" Helen asked.

"So wide a ground," the Lord Deputy answered, "that I spent more time and ink upon him than upon many an ordinance in Ireland. I announced to him that in a time of public danger, a levy of money must be made. No man disputes that. But further, the King alone is judge of the necessity, and of the fit method of supplying it. Ordinary persons can see but the surface of events; whereas the Ruler of the State has the deepest insight of any man, and may use his pleasure in revealing or concealing his special occasions: and, for any subject to presume to set himself up as a judge of such matters, so far above his duty, is contrary to the reverence and gratitude with which so gracious a sovereign is to be regarded. This was my argument."

"Your Lordship might have added," said Sir Oliver, "that it is very gracious of His Majesty to relieve us all of care and trouble in such affairs. For my part, I had rather pay all I have, down to this tankard, than undergo the trouble of hearing all that perverse men say, and having to decide between this and that. If His Majesty will take care of the State, and leave us to our sport, and our own affairs, I, for one, shall thank him from the bottom of my soul."

"But Uncle," said Helen, "if you give the King all, down to your tankard, you will have neither affairs nor sport to occupy and amuse you. Is not this what Judge Sutton says?"

"He says," replied the Lord Deputy, "that it is one thing to offer His Majesty one's substance, in a spirit of love and duty, and another to have one's substance levied, so that no room is left for

grace on the one hand, nor for gratitude on the other. A low, trafficking method of speech, to my apprehension."

"It is my father's method," Henrietta observed, with a flushing cheek. "And he adds that if the law is set aside in levying the taxes, no man can call anything his own."

"And no man ought to call anything his own," Sir Oliver broke in, "till he is first assured that His Majesty has no need of it. For my part, it would be my pleasure and delight to give all my fortune to His Majesty, if I had not spent it long ago. Here is my Lord Deputy, with his six thousand pounds a year: do you suppose the King would have to ask twice for it?"

The Lord Deputy smiled, and observed that the King was not so unreasonable as to impose on any servant the labour of governing Ireland, and then taking from him the reward of his toil.

When the young cousins had withdrawn, Helen observed that it was well for those who were about the King's person to speak so, knowing that they had only to ask for gifts to receive whatever they desired: but to make one of them rich, a hundred meaner men were stripped of the rewards of their toil. Men were asking what was the use of law in these days: and they would ask it more fiercely now when three honest judges were contemptuously treated as disloyal for declaring the law which they were engaged to administer.

While they were discussing these high subjects, the Lord Deputy was inquiring of his host whether it was due to Lady Carlisle that Henrietta was loyal, though a Hampden, and was hearing how the pale and anxious countenance that she showed was due to that loyalty which had caused her to break off her marriage with a Puritan coxcomb, and take refuge with her uncle. The consequence was that the Lord Deputy treated her with a tenderness that evening which made it a memorable day to Henrietta, and which inspired her prayer that night with thankfulness that the King was permitted, amidst his troubles, to repose on the friendship of the most high-minded of his subjects. Helen, meantime, was praying that the protection of the law might be speedily restored to the unhappy people of England, and that the souls of their champions might be strengthened till the oppression of tyrants and the treachery of their instruments should be overpast.

In the morning, Sir Oliver had a serious word to say to his young kinswomen. The Lord Deputy had left his kind commands for them. His presence in these parts was nowhere known: he was on his way to a secret destination; and in truth, he would have appointed Sir Oliver to meet him elsewhere if he had not been informed that no guests were just now at Biggin House. He entreated the damsels to forget him, and to regard his visit as if it had never been.

They willingly promised to speak no word of it, and Helen immediately burned a long letter she had written before breakfast. But, as for forgetting the Lord Deputy, that was more than either could promise. In due time it appeared that he had not forgotten them.

CHAPTER VII. ROYALTY IN RETREAT IN MERRY ENGLAND.

THE months passed on, and nobody of any rank found the times improve. The Court came to know what actual want was. The King and Queen were in debt on all hands, and their devices to pay their adherents daily increased the distresses of their people. The only persons who had any wealth which they dared use, were a class who paid in dishonour, and in suffering from the hatred of society for their pecuniary profit. These were the holders and the agents of monopolies, and the collectors of the king's taxes, of which shipmoney remained the chief. After Mr. Hampden's sentence was pronounced, and he had to pay not only the twenty shillings in dispute, but costs to the extent of 2000*l.*, under an interdict to appeal to any other court, the government manifested its triumph by carrying on the levy with extreme violence. The King must have money for the inevitable war with his Scotch subjects; and he made it the test of loyalty to provide him with funds. There was scarcely an article of the commonest need and use which was not made the property of monopolists; so that the citizens found it more and more difficult to live, from the dearth of everything which they ate or drank, wore or used. Trade was almost stopped; for few had wherewith to buy; and there were few commodities which were worth buying. The very money disappeared; and, instead of gold and silver, there were brass counters in men's purses; but this was going a step too far, as the King's advisers were soon compelled to inform him. It was hard to part with precious coin actually flowing in; but either it or his cause must go; and the brass money remained only as a topic for seditious speakers. To compensate for the disappointment of the gold and silver, the merchants of the kingdom were preyed upon. When they would not or could not pay the large sums demanded from them, they were cast into prison, where they lay without trial till they died or paid exorbitantly for release. There was not the less business in the law-courts; for the King discovered in the trials of his subjects a source of revenue more lucrative than any other. The judges being his humble friends, they were well disposed to serve him; and the fines they imposed in almost every case that was brought before them afforded a larger revenue than any tax that could be devised. Country gentlemen must pay high for leave to build a new house: merchants must pay high for leave to unlade their ships: in every shop there were purveyors examining and taxing the stock and sales: in every market there were clerks levying dues upon the stalls, and upon everything sold at them: and then there were guards and soldiers to be paid for protecting these collectors from the vengeance of the people. There was little use in the proclamation which forbade all mention of a parliament, for the nation had now no other hope.

As everything at length hung on this question of a parliament, so it was with so small a matter as Henrietta's remaining at Biggin, or returning home. Mr. Hampden was seldom at home for more than a few hours. At one time he was in Scot-

land for several weeks; and none of his family, unless it was Lady Carewe, heard more of him than that he was in health, and tenderly mindful of his children. He wrote to them often; but he wrote of their interests and feelings, and not at all of his own business. For many weeks he was journeying all over England, in company sometimes with Mr. Pym, and sometimes with Lord Say, or other friends of the law and the people. There had been plans, more than once, for Henrietta to go to the Knightleys. Margaret and her husband had urged it; and Henrietta was willing: but some obstacle always arose. The country was, in truth, unsafe for travellers: and once, when a sufficient escort was provided by her brother Philip, her uncle discovered that a conference of Roundheads was to be held at Fawley; and Sir Oliver made it a test of Henrietta's duty and love to the King and himself that she should not leave him for such company. Let Margaret come to Biggin instead. But Margaret had now an infant whom she could neither leave nor bring so far on a road so disorderly; and the sisters had to be satisfied with correspondence. Going to Hampden was yet more impracticable. Lady Carewe was always there; and, though she and Henrietta could have met in all freedom and affection, she must not be deprived of Harry's frequent visits. Biggin House became Henrietta's natural home while the disturbance of the kingdom continued; and she was seldom without the companionship of Helen, or one of Helen's sisters. Once also, her own sisters, Alice and Lucy, were brought under good escort, and remained for a month. The result of the visit and of some interviews with the Mashams at their home, and with Aunt Cromwell at Ely, was a strange disturbance of mind to Henrietta. The King and Court were spoken of in a way which irritated and shocked her, and when she remonstrated, she was told such stories of the time as made her ask whether she was out of her wits, or whether her relations were. Aunt Cromwell had been happy to return to her native Ely, where she could at once renew the associations of her youth, and be the proud mother of the Lord of the Fens; and her satisfactions made her very communicative, while they happily enabled her to dispense with answer or comment. As her boast was true, that everybody of Oliver's kin was safe in these eastern parts, she had no difficulty in summoning Henrietta at short intervals, now that Oliver passed the greater part of his time from home: and she spent hours together in describing what the Fens were like fifty years ago, and repeating everything that Queen Elizabeth and King James had said when entertained by the family in their progresses. The contrast between the complacency of her tone in regard to those sovereigns and the sharp and bitter contempt with which she spoke of the reigning King perplexed Henrietta. What to believe and think she did not know: and when she would consult Sir Oliver, she obtained no satisfaction. He said that everything she heard against the King and Court was, of course, a pack of lies; and that if she was what he thought her, she would never allow such things to pass her lips, or to vex her mind.

When the King had at length, in the extremity of

embarrassment, called a parliament, it seemed the order of the day for everybody to rejoice; and Sir Oliver tried to do his part by protesting that all the mischief was over now, and that he hoped the people were sensible of His Majesty's condescension: but Henrietta heard some very deep sighs as the old gentleman sat thinking; and he swore so fearfully at the noise of the bell-ringing and shouting which came on the wind, on the day of the assembling of parliament, and he was so inexorable about keeping the drawbridge up that day, that no member of his household should escape to join in any rejoicings, that she could not but have misgivings about this sudden reconciliation between the Crown and the people. In a day or two, it was clear that he did not choose to know anything that passed in the House of Commons. He advised her to read and believe nothing of the speeches made by her father and his friends. The diurnal writers were poor devils of poets and the like, who would sit up all night and write anything for half-a-crown: they wrote to please their patrons: and not one thing in twenty that they said was true. Within three weeks, however, Sir Oliver believed, without reservation, the news of the day, as sent abroad by these very writers. The story ran that the King had dissolved the parliament, finding that the Commons were bent upon discussing their own grievances, instead of replenishing his purse. Sir Oliver swore his gayest oaths, flung his wig up to the ceiling, caught Henrietta in his arms, and shouted victory! When it occurred to him that it might not be altogether exhilarating to her that her father, and nearly all her relations were baffled in the great work and interest of their lives, he kissed her tenderly, told her it was nothing more than a proper lesson which would make them wiser, and foretold that they would be quiet now that they had had their wish of a parliament, and had found that it would not do.

Henrietta's best hope was that she should be enlightened by Helen, who was expected after the next Sabbath: but on the Sunday night her uncle abruptly informed her that he had been obliged to defer Helen's visit for a short time,—perhaps a week, perhaps longer. Henrietta should decide that point. As she looked up at him in surprise, he shuffled in his chair, half laughed, half whistled, whispered in her ear that he wanted her to go a little journey with him,—not very far, nor for very long; and then burst out into one of his loud songs, to stop all inquiries. In sending her to her chamber, very early, he advised her to be stirring betimes, and to see that her maid packed up her very best dresses and ornaments. They might not be wanted; but it was as well to be provided. They were to start after breakfast; and Henrietta's maid was, on no account, to go with her. No matter what the inconvenience might be: not a word must be said about the maid going.

Henrietta might be excused for wondering, while her hair was brushed that night, whose wits were astray now.

Early as she was up in the morning, she was aware that the old gentleman was stirring before her. She heard his loud voice, and his tread,

upstairs and down. He was never careless of his dress, as some old gentlemen become after long living alone. He considered a good style of dress to be an important external distinction between loyalist gentry and their Puritan neighbours; and therefore he was always to be found in handsome trim, except when returning from sport in the marshes. But this morning there were some additional touches which showed that his mind had been employed on the details of his appearance. He seized upon Henrietta, on her entering the breakfast-room, turned her round with his finger and thumb, and viewed everything she wore with a critical eye. It was strange,—this anxiety about her being well dressed, while yet she was forbidden to take her maid. Again, it was strange that provisions and wine were put into the coach, if the journey was not to be a long one. It showed that it was to be a posting journey. For an instant it flashed before Henrietta's mind that some scheme for conveying her home was in her uncle's brain; but second thoughts showed that this could not be. There had been time enough, however, for her face to be crimsoned, and then to grow pale, as the image of Harry awaiting her at the gate of Hampden flitted across her mind. Sir Oliver observed it, put his arm round her, bade her fear nothing, and moreover whispered that he would tell her whatever she wished to know, as soon as they were safe off, and could talk comfortably in the coach. He was as good as his word.

"What would'st thou give, little one," said he, as soon as they were on the road, "to pay thy duty to a certain namesake of thine?"

"The Queen!" cried Henrietta, starting from her seat.

"Aye, the Queen! But see, child, you must keep your seat. In such roads as these . . ."

"I will, sir. I will sit quite still if you will tell me where we are going. Where is the Queen?"

"Where we shall be before midnight, if our post-horses are as good as my messenger engages that they shall be. He has been travelling all night to secure our horses in the King's name. Do you know a place called 'Loyalty,' Henrietta?"

"Is not Basing House in Hampshire called so?"

"It is; and to Basing House we are going. We are bringing loyalty to 'Loyalty,' as the King's Secretary is pleased to observe in this letter. Hum! no. I will not show you this letter; but here is one within it which concerns you. The truth is, the King has privately summoned a few friends of his, of the eastern and southern counties, to meet and confer with him; and Basing House is the rendezvous. I conceive that the Court are apprehensive of disaffection in the eastern district, where our family is widespread, and in a manner powerful, and that I am on that account honoured with this summons. It is a sign of the privacy observed by the King that the business is managed through a lady of the Bedchamber. Here is the lady's letter."

Lady Carlisle's first inquiry was whether her little friend Henrietta had forgotten her. If she

was remembered at all, it was probably as the lady who had taught her little friend to honour the King, and admire Sir Thomas Wentworth, as the Lord Deputy then was. Two such friends ought to meet again; and it was the writer's particular request to Sir Oliver that he would bring Henrietta, when he came to Basing. If it were necessary to enforce her wish by something stronger, she was empowered to do so; but an authoritative command would not be required by an old squire of dames so devoted as Sir Oliver had ever been to his admiring Lady Carlisle. A postscript suggested that it would be prudent to bring no Abigail to such a rendezvous; and Henrietta might therefore depend on due service being provided.

The hours till night were not too many for the alternate reveries and consultations of the travellers. That Sir Oliver should be trusted to any extent was no wonder, but that any bearing the name of Hampden should be admitted to the royal presence But perhaps it would be to Lady Carlisle's presence only. It was not certain, Henrietta observed, that the invitation meant more. Sir Oliver's way of patting her cheek, and his fond smile, showed Henrietta that he expected nothing short of the highest honour of all.

Sir Oliver was right. The dusk of the May night was still tinged with a glow from the west when the coach drew up before the great flight of steps at Basing House; and it was late enough for Henrietta to suppose that she would be left to herself till the morning: but she was followed into her chamber by Lady Carlisle's maid, who informed her that her ladyship would expect her to supper in her own dressing-room in half-an-hour, unless she should be too fatigued with her journey. The invitation was of course accepted.

Nothing could exceed the kindness of her reception, or the interest of every word that fell from her entertainer. It was so during the meal; but much more so when it and the servants were dismissed. Lady Carlisle said she knew whom she was speaking to, and how securely she might converse Ah! her little friend looked surprised; but there was nothing very surprising in this.

"I am not so rash," Lady Carlisle continued, "as to take you into confidence at once because you were a pretty and clever child when we last met. It is because I have heard of you since,—heard such things said of you by so exalted a person,—that I regard you with as much trust and affection as if we had been elder and younger sister all the time."

This seemed to Henrietta, amidst her keen delight at such a welcome, somewhat extravagant, till a few words more made all clear.

"You had not forgotten me, my dear child?"

Henrietta's laugh pronounced the notion absurd.

"Well, then, you cannot have forgotten the Lord Deputy, whom you have seen more recently. I was sure he must have impressed himself deeply on your mind. Indeed, no one who has once seen him can ever find the impression of his countenance grow dim: and no one who has heard

him discourse fails to feel the thrill of his voice at intervals for ever after."

Henrietta said to herself that the openness of this admiration showed how harmless it was. Lord Carlisle had been quite right in his lifetime to make himself easy, and let gossips talk. Many a happy friendship must be given up if an opinion was asked of low or foolish people who could not understand such a thing as an honest and self-forgetting enthusiasm. Lady Carlisle went on:

"And he is far from forgetting you, my dear. I have never seen him so interested on so short an acquaintance. I think," and here she looked smilingly in Henrietta's face, "you must be happier now than you were then."

"I am very happy at this moment," Henrietta fervently declared.

"Thank you, my love! I take that pleasant assurance to myself. But I was thinking of a deeper cause. The Lord Deputy spoke of a somewhat pale and wan cheek, and eyes that told of too many tears. Nay, my love, you must not think hardly of him for speaking thus to me. He knew what was then the weight on your heart; and he was quite won by the loyalty . . ."

"But, Lady Carlisle," interrupted Henrietta, "it was not loyalty that made me do it: it was not about loyalty, or the contrary, that we parted. Indeed I cannot allow you to think so."

"There peeps out your Puritan training, my child. I doubt not there is some nice distinction in your mind, as well as a most religious dread of praise. But it is enough that you and your lover would have been married long ago if he had been as loyal to the King as you."

Henrietta could not deny this; and she was silent.

"Such sacrifices move great minds deeply," Lady Carlisle continued, "and the Lord Deputy spoke with strong feeling about you. May I tell him that— Yes, surely I may, now that your eyes are bright again, and your face all health and beauty,—may I tell him that you have found your reward, and are at peace?"

"I do not desire or deserve reward," sighed Henrietta. "I brought my punishment on myself; and I cannot make a merit of it."

"Little saint!" cried Lady Carlisle, embracing her. "You will make us all take heed to the honesty of our speech. May I then tell him in all honesty that you have outlived your grief?"

Henrietta was silent; and, when further pressed, said "No." Her faint tone and the paleness of her face bore witness to the sincerity and the difficulty with which she had replied.

Lady Carlisle was shocked. She said she should never be able to bear the remembrance of her cruelty. Nothing had been further from her thoughts than that an attachment which had ended so could be still too strong for her little heroine's peace. But the heroic are always placable; and perhaps Henrietta would forgive her.

Nothing was easier, Henrietta said; and she truly felt it. But the conversation did not flow quite so freely afterwards, till a knock at the door of the anti-chamber startled Lady Carlisle out of a

reverie which she was pursuing with her eyes on the dancing flame of a small wood fire.

"I must attend Her Majesty," she said. "I must be gone. Amuse yourself here," and she threw towards Henrietta some books, and two or three of the diurnal sheets which were becoming common. "Amuse yourself here, if you like to wait my return. But I may be detained an hour; and you can go to rest when you will. This little bell will bring the woman who is to attend upon you." And the Lady of the Bedchamber was gone.

She soon reappeared,—all smiles. Her Majesty desired to make Henrietta's acquaintance, and would receive her now, if she was not too much fatigued, and if she would disregard Her Majesty's undress.

Nothing could be easier as a first passage of intercourse with Royalty. Henrietta's dread had been that she should faint when the moment came for seeing the faces, and hearing the voices, which she had dreamed of, sleeping and waking, for as many years as she could remember. The apprehension crossed her mind now; but it was gone in a moment. It was no depression, but exaltation that the summons created. She cast a glance into the mirror, and then at Lady Carlisle, who replied to what was in her mind.

"No matter! For once dress is not important. Her Majesty knows that you have travelled all day: and Her Majesty is expecting us."

The Queen was reading one of the newsletters of the day while an attendant combed out her long hair. As she shook back the curls on Lady Carlisle's approach, her black eyes shone in the candle-light, so as to satisfy Henrietta so far in regard to her beauty.

The Queen held out her hand to be kissed, and then, instead of withdrawing it, took Henrietta's hand in hers, and made her change her kneeling for a sitting posture on her footstool.

"There! sit there!" she said. "And tell me,—is it true that you are my namesake?"

"I have the honour to bear the same name with your Majesty."

"But you are not named after me? No, you are not quite so young. But we are both Henrietta. And your other name?" she said, smiling down upon Henrietta; "are you of that in like manner proud?"

"My other name is Hampden," said Henrietta quietly: "a name of which all who bear it are apt to be proud."

"And with good right," said the Queen. "Is not the family a very old one?" she asked of Lady Carlisle.

"A Baldwin de Hampden is in Domesday Book, Madam, as the owner of the very estate in Buckinghamshire which Mr. John Hampden inhabits at this day. Is it not so, my dear?"

"And," the Queen interposed, "for which he refuses to pay the charges due to the King." She smiled as Henrietta hung her head, and continued:

"This is no dishonour to the old name, though it may be the mistake of one bearer of that name. I can assure you that the King believes he has no more honourable subject than Mr. Hampden;

and I have heard him say that he would rather have so honest a gentleman in his government than enlisting less worthy persons against it."

Henrietta said what she felt; that she could imagine no event so happy as that her father should be in the King's political service;—in such office as should imply their so far thinking alike as that they could act to a common end.

The bells of the French clock in the corner of the apartment here rang out their midnight chime; and Henrietta was dismissed to her rest, with an injunction to take her fill of sleep. The ladies would spend the next morning in retirement, as there would be an assemblage of gentlemen who must not be disturbed. Henrietta might sleep till noon if she pleased.

"She speaks like a king's daughter," the Queen observed, half laughingly, to Lady Carlisle, after the door closed behind Henrietta. "I suppose the children of these portentous malcontents always believe their fathers created to tread upon true kings."

Lady Carlisle said, apologetically, that Mr. Hampden's influence in the country, since the trial, had really been enough to turn his children's heads. They would learn, sooner or later, what such popularity was worth in comparison with genuine and hereditary loyalty. This child hardly needed such instruction, she believed; for she had a heart and mind as true and devoted as if she had been born and bred in a Court.

"Indeed!" the Queen exclaimed. "Who would have thought it! We must encourage the damsel, and see—"

Here the Queen fell into musing. After the hair was done, and the attendant dismissed, Lady Carlisle remained for ten minutes leaning on the back of the Queen's chair, and conversing in low tones. She had been disappointed in her notion of marrying a Hampden to some loyal young gentleman connected with the Court. The child's affections were not free. The months that had passed had not cured the attachment to her Roundhead lover.

"Perhaps it may be better so," the Queen quietly remarked. "My Lady Carlisle, you are half asleep. Is it not true that a person who stands between two parties—You clasp your hands. You comprehend? Inquire for me, then, of your own rare judgment, whether it may not be an easier thing to induce a young maiden of enthusiasm to wed the man she loves, than to extinguish her love, in order to marry some gentleman unknown. If she may be equally a mediator in either case, which plan is likely to be the easiest of accomplishment?"

Lady Carlisle was in raptures at the condescension of Her Majesty's genius, which did not disdain the interests of a young daughter of a country gentleman: but the Queen's air of condescension vanished as she coldly declared that the King's interests equalised all classes and all qualifications in her eyes.

This was, Lady Carlisle said, precisely what she meant to express: but when she felt strongly she was apt to offend where she most desired to commend her duty.

(To be continued.)

THE LIGHT OF EVENING.

Why, when the evening comes and the winds are quiet
and still,

When the sun is down in the west and his light is
dying away,

Comes there a track of pale green light in the sky far
over the hill,

When all the heaven is dark and the clouds grow
heavy and gray?

Yes, I have often watched for that space of pure heavenly
sky,

Clear as a placid lake, or a sea of crystal or glass
Over the western hills, an image of heaven on high,

Stretching a thousand miles behind the clouds as
they pass.

Strangely pale and faint, with a soft and luminous
light,

Yet fairer, oh! fairer far, than the golden light of the
day,

Flushing and changing ever, and passing into the night,
Still lingering over the hills, then fading and dying
away.

Is it the type of a calm, of a strange and mysterious
rest,

Coming before the end 'ere the deep dark river be
past,

Lighting declining years as the sun illumines the west,
With a soft and a beautiful glow, which lingers the
brightest and last?

Or is it a foretaste of heaven beyond these dim regions
of care,

A type of the measureless peace, and calm on Eter-
nity's shore,

Beyond the clouds of the world in a country surpass-
ingly fair,

Where *that* light shines steadfast for ever, and sorrow
is heard of no more? J. A.

THE RESTORATION OF OUR SOIL.

PART II.

AFTER all, the most convincing experiments are those which we make ourselves; and it luckily happens that the means of applying our house sewage to the soil are at the disposal of any person having gardens or pastures surrounding his own house. One of the most conclusive experiments recorded in the evidence given before the Select Committee on the Sewage of Towns is that of Philip Skinner Miles, Esq., of King's Weston. Every resident of Clifton and Bristol knows well the mansion of this gentleman,—an old gloomy house that once belonged to the Lords de Clifford, and built by the cumbrous genius of Vanbrugh. This seat is one of the show places of Gloucestershire, and the grounds command one of the finest views in the kingdom. Vanbrugh, however, lived in the days before house drainage was discovered, and the result was that the sewage of the mansion trickled down the side of the road which led to it. This disgusting nuisance was not only offensive to the sight, but in hot weather was very offensive to the nose, and the work of drainage became one of necessity. But Mr. Miles did not content himself with building an expensive drain, but, following the lead of Mr.

Alderman Mechi, he determined to collect the sewage of his house, containing thirty persons, together with the rainfall, into a closed tank containing about 7000 gallons, which he ventilated by a pipe running up the chimney, which effectually took away all smell. The sewage was conducted by pipes to about twelve acres of grass and to two acres of ploughed land, and distributed by means of a gutta-percha hose. The result is that these fields have been improved in value from 55s. an acre to 5*l.* 10*s.*, whilst the produce has been immensely increased. Two crops a year, so thick that they cannot stand up, and the crop is always good if the season be wet or dry. This sewaged grass, moreover, comes in full a month earlier than ordinary grass, thus giving that "early bite," the advantage of which all farmers so well know; moreover, the herbage is full and thick to the end of November. The cattle are ravenous after the rich succulent herbage thus produced, and will eat it immediately the dressing has been applied; and Mr. Miles tells us that the dairy-maids cannot account for the great increase of the cream which has taken place since the experiment has been in operation. This seems very like a transformation scene one sees in a pantomime, rather than reality. The foul and filthy lane, at a fairy's touch, becomes changed to a smiling meadow; the milkmaids are overpowered by the flow of cream, and the land is burthened with its crops; the stock gets rapidly fat, and the turnips grow so quickly as to get without the reach of the "fly." The good fairy and the appliances, in this case, consists of an old man who can dress the whole of the fields in the course of the day; and the machinery is comprised in the tank, a small conducting pipe, and a hydrant with a flexible gutta-percha hose. Well might Lord Palmerston have remarked that "sewage was only matter in the wrong place." What Mr. Miles has done any other person may do likewise; for the expenditure is but trifling, and the effect so great that it will pay all outlay in the course of two or three years. In this case it was proved that the excreta of each person was equal to the fertilisation of half an acre of land. For some little time yet, we look to the experiments of individuals as the best means of propagating the idea; for it will take a long time to convince the municipal bodies that their sewage, instead of being a nuisance to be got rid of, is a valuable commodity to be dispensed. But more valuable still, perhaps, will be the experiments of large institutions, such as county lunatic asylums, where the cultivation of land is one of the means used to exercise and interest the patients. We are glad to find that the visiting magistrates have already experimentalised in this direction, both at Colney Hatch, and also at Hayward's Heath Asylum; but the most satisfactory results have, we think, been obtained by Mr. Westwood, late farm bailiff to the schools at Anerly (the inmates of which are about 700); and their value depends upon the fact that the experiments were made by a gentleman who acted under government inspection, and was obliged to render exact accounts of his expenditure, and that they have a direct bearing upon the very important question of the best quan-

tity of sewage to apply to the land. Of the 40 acres of land belonging to the school, four acres were under Italian rye-grass and 12 acres were in very poor meadow—indeed, the whole estate was a stiff London clay, very adverse to good cultivation. A tank containing 12,000 gallons of sewage was erected to work this land. The rye-grass of four acres was dressed by hose and jet six different times in the year, the whole amount being about 1500 tons of sewage per acre; and the produce of these four acres fed “16 large dairy cows, one bull, and three or four head of young stock, besides three farm horses, for the summer months, or 180 days; each cow yielding on an average throughout the year eight quarts of milk per day. There was no perceptible difference in the crop over the whole four acres, all of it being as thick as it was possible for grass to stand. Therefore, taking that part irrigated with the hose and jet as keeping 10 of the cows, the produce could not have been less than 70 tons of green food to the acre every season. I believe it is generally considered that one of the large half-bred short-horn cows, giving full milk, will eat at least $1\frac{1}{2}$ cwt. of green meat per day; allowing 8d. per gallon for the milk thus produced, it would give 120*l.* as the return from these two acres, and, without deducting the expenses, 9*d.* per ton for every ton of sewage used. Assuming that this sewage had been delivered on the farm by a company, and charged 2*d.* per ton, the landlord or tenant having laid down the pipes on the farm necessary for its distribution, the expenses would stand as follows:—1500 tons of sewage per acre, at 2*d.* per ton, 26*l.*; one lad, distributing for 12 days, 12*s.*; rent of two acres, at 25*s.*, 2*l.* 10*s.*; half man's time cutting grass, milking, &c., &c., 7*l.* 10*s.*; part time of horse and cart, carting grass to sheds, 3*l.*; interest on cost and wear of pipes, hose, &c., 16*s.*: making a total of 39*l.* 8*s.*, which, deducted from the 120*l.*, would leave 80*l.* 12*s.* as the net profit upon those two acres, supposing that no other deductions had to be made for keeping the stock in the winter time.” When we hear a witness talk of producing *seventy tons* of green food per acre in one season, it seems so much like romancing, that we have thought it well to give his own words, and to state that, in the opinion of the Select Committee, they are entitled to “very great weight.” It must be stated, that of these four acres of rye-grass two were allowed an unlimited amount of sewage, amounting to between 8000 and 9000 tons per annum; yet they did not yield a better result than the other two acres dressed with only 1500 tons of sewage throughout the year, giving, in the words of the Select Committee, “*a most conclusive proof of the uselessness of the enormous dressings recommended by some of the witnesses.*” And, we may observe, not only the “uselessness” but the perniciousness of such superfluous dressings; for Mr. Westwood proves that the meadow grass, which was irrigated on the catch-water system at the rate of 9000 tons an acre, threw its sewage off by the drains almost unaltered in colour, and so strong that he thought it necessary to filter it before it flowed away into the brook, lest an action should be commenced against the

institution for polluting the public watercourse. He found that the knobs of grass which lay above the general level of the field flourished quite as much as those that received the whole flow of the sewage; and he concludes that the dressings of 300 tons, once in the spring and once after cutting the first crop, would be equally effective with the largest dressings. The settlement of the question—*heavy versus light dressings*—is of great importance for other reasons besides the fertilisation of the land. To say nothing of the pumping expenses it will save, there is the question of keeping our water-sources pure: a matter which cannot be insured if enormous quantities of sewage were to be pumped on to the land to find its way down in a polluted state to the springs. We do not doubt that within certain limits the value of sewage-manure dressings will depend upon the degree of its dilution. A certain quantity of water is absolutely necessary to carry the fertilising particles to the roots of the plants; but what that precise quantity is we have yet to find out. Owing to the ever-varying amount of rainfall which is allowed to dilute it, no exact calculations can be made of its value—indeed, the excreta of each person are estimated by two individuals in the report variously at 1*s.* 9*d.* to 1*l.* per annum: a divergence which results from the absurd practice of allowing the rainfall to mix with the house sewage, which would otherwise be represented by a tolerably invariable quantity to each inmate. The evidence of Lord Essex, who has used the sewage manure extensively, is to the effect that it is applicable to all crops, and that it may be applied with advantage at all times of the year, excepting during hard frosts; but that it is expedient that the agriculturist should have the full command of the sewage, so that he may apply it when and in what quantities he likes. This points to the system of irrigation by pipes and hose and jet as the most convenient method of distribution. Mr. Tufnell, one of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools, who reports with respect to the rigid exactitude of the experiments carried on at the Anerly schools under his inspection, states that he found the second crop produced by the sewage was far more productive than the second crop produced by guano, a statement which accords with the assertion of all scientific agricultural chemists, that while guano and other manufactured manures exhaust the soil by over-stimulation, sewage manure permanently improves it.

We trust this statement will restore confidence to those who have been frightened by a letter in the “Times” lamenting the exhaustion of our vegetable mould under its guano treatment, and also the following remarks of the Committee, which will, doubtless, give a clue to the extraordinary evidence of chemists and others interested in the sale of foreign manures:—

If the sewage of our cities and towns were utilised to the best advantage over suitable areas, it is evident that, as on the Court farms, little or no imported manufactured manures would be used; this would greatly limit the area now supplied by such manures, and would therefore reduce the profits of all those engaged in the importation, manufacture, or sale of manure.

When we know that we possess these treasures which now lie festering beneath our feet, the next question is, how to transfer them to the land. As long as it could not be proved to be a commodity that farmers could afford to pay for, neither they nor the rate-payers could be expected to have much interest in the question; but now we have conclusive proof that the sewage of our towns is no longer a nuisance to be got rid of, but a commodity to be sold, the whole community must feel a lively interest in the manner in which it is to be disposed of. There can be no question that, if municipal authorities had the power to distribute the sewage over large areas, a very large reduction in the rates would result from its sale; but these powers are at present wholly wanting, and the fact is referred to by the committee as a stumbling-block in the way of a relief to local taxation which has yet to be provided.

There seems to be a general impression that, as far as municipal experiments are concerned, those towns which lie high are sure of the most successful results, inasmuch as they possess the power of distributing the sewage by gravitation, thus getting rid of the cost of the pumping expenses and the fixed machinery. There are several such towns admirably situated. Thus Launceston, in Cornwall, could command a flow to at least 1,000,000 acres, from its high level; Malvern, again, overlooks the valley of the Severn, and has a gentle fall to that river for miles. The best portions of Bath are built upon the hills overlooking the Avon; and a very large population is located on the hills on which Bristol is built, much of the sewage of which flows into the stagnant floating harbour, rendering it one of the most unhealthy places in the kingdom, according to the returns of the Registrar-General. In all these places, and indeed in many towns where a flow of the sewage as small as 1 in 300 could be obtained, would be sufficient to command the agricultural district in their neighbourhood. But there is ample evidence to show that, by the use of the pump, cities lying low in valleys or on the coast could utilise their sewage with a profit. It has been proposed that the experiment should be tried at Brighton, where many elements of success are to be found. The drainage of this growing town is not yet accomplished. This is a great feature, inasmuch as a complete system of double drainage could be carried out—one that would allow a flow of the rainfall to the sea; and of the pipe water, or house refuse, being gathered by itself into some tank, and thence pumped up in its concentrated state to the surrounding estates and farms. We are told that a hundred tons of sewage can be thus lifted 100 feet for a penny. A hundred tons of Brighton sewage undiluted with the rainfall would be worth three or four times the value of the ordinary mixed town drainage; and we are told that the noble proprietors in the neighbourhood of the town would be willing to receive it on their land. Lord Essex, for example, would be too glad of it; and we should say that the ladies, who now bathe in the sewage which empties itself not far from the beach, would be equally glad of its absence—

for here it is clearly "matter in the wrong place." Lord Essex has given it in evidence that he applied 134 tons of sewage to two acres of wheat, and that on each he obtained an increase of produce worth 3*l.* 1*s.* 6*d.* over and above that of other unsewaged fields; and this, remember, with the sewage diluted with the rainfall. What his increase of produce would have been if he had used it in its concentrated state we scarce dare mention; but we feel not the slightest doubt that it would have been more than amply sufficient to pay his lordship and others who used it a sum sufficient to defray the plant and labour of pumping, and to go some way towards lowering the local rates.

At all events, we may feel quite certain that the enormous value of the liquid refuse of our houses is now ascertained beyond the slightest doubt; and there can be as little doubt, we think, that means will speedily be found to transport it from towns where it is a nuisance to fields where it will be a benefit, to the satisfaction of the tax-lightened rate-payer, the officer of health, and the agriculturist; and if not, we may reasonably ask the reason why not, as we are now spending annually many millions of money to bring the inferior fertiliser, guano, many thousands of miles to our fields.

Moreover, we may say that we must have this question answered at once, for it will not admit of delay. Agriculturists have been dreaming that the accumulations of guano are inexhaustible, and that thousands of years will elapse before the stores heaped on the islands off the coast of Peru will be consumed. Mr. Markham, however, who has made a careful estimate of the amount remaining in 1861, considers there was not more than 9,538,735 tons remaining at that date, which, at the present rate of consumption, will only last until the year 1883. Think of this, ye farmers who pin your faith on guano: in twenty years' time, if you do not manage to utilise the sewage at your own doors, the foreign article will fail, and the predicted exhaustion of the vegetable mould of the country will really begin!

And have our agriculturists for a moment considered of what the home-made sewage manure consists? China manages to keep up the fertility of her soil by simply returning to it the elements that have been taken from it, in the shape of the excreta of the population; but it must be remembered that we import as well as produce, fruits of the earth, and that our imports of food alone amount annually to 75,000,000*l.*—in other words, our own home-made guano contains the fertilising elements not only of our own soil, but of that of all countries on the earth which pour out their cornucopias into our island to the yearly amount we have stated, and the whole of which is now allowed to run to waste.

We trust, in conclusion, that our "exhausted vegetable mould" will speedily give the lie to the prognostications of the philosophical agricultural chemists who have so frightened our land-owners, and that the picture of England returning to its aboriginal condition of marsh and forest only dwells in their own too vivid imaginations.

A. W.

AN AFTERNOON AT AUTEUIL.

TIRED for the moment of lounging up and down the boulevard, satiated with the sight of the glittering fantastic *articles de Paris* in the shop-windows, and weary of the ceaseless stir and bustle of the liveliest thoroughfare in the world, I was sitting, the other day, on one of the benches which the considerate municipality of the French capital has liberally provided for the benefit of weary pilgrims, meditating a new excitement. To quit the animated scene before me, and to plunge suddenly into the silence and solitude of Faubourg St. Germain, certainly promised a sensation of a decided kind quite equal to the climax of a Turkish bath; but I was repelled by the recollection of the gloomy aspect of that region, where everything and everybody seem to wear a scowl of Ultramontane wrath, from the pale-faced students of the seminary, and the care-worn priests, down to the beadle of St. Sulpice; from the great mute hotels, with all their gates and windows closed toward the street, down to the little book-shops with windows full of portraits of ecclesiastical monseigneurs in lithographic black and white, each looking as grim and sour as if he were listening to a telling speech from the Devil's Advocate on his own case; dismal tomes of polemical theology in funereal livery of black and gold, and pamphlets of every size and price denouncing one Iscariot (supposed to live somewhere near the Louvre), on sallow, bilious-coloured pages.

The Marais also suggested itself to my mind as the seat of quiet and repose, but I did not feel in sufficiently good spirits to face the depressing exhibition of the elaborate economies which prevail in the head-quarters of the shabby-genteel. As I was thus hesitating in which direction I should turn, up rolled an omnibus, and saved me the trouble of making up my mind. In an instant I had clambered up the iron rigging and taken a vacant seat on the fore-castle—I mean the roof—without knowing or caring whether my vehicle was a red or a yellow,—a “gazelle” or an “elephant,” or “swallow,” or a “gondola.” I had not the most remote idea whither I was bound. A glance at the sides of the ‘bus, would, of course, have enlightened me on that point, but I carefully averted my eyes. Just then I shared Dunderberg’s feeling—I didn’t like to look because I liked to wonder. There was something quite refreshing in my utter ignorance of the destination to which the three podgy grey horses were conveying me.

The course lies eastward. Presently, dashing across the Place de la Concorde, we get a passing glimpse of the grand vista of the Champs Elysées, with its pleasant avenues full of children and nurses, six-goat carriages and vendors of lemonade and cakes. In a few seconds more the Seine is flashing its whitey-brown waters in the sun. The swimming-baths are gay with fluttering pennons; the washerwomen in their barges are hard at work thumping the obstinately dirty clothes with wooden mallets; the tide keeps the clumsy wheels of the colour-grinding mashing in lively motion.

We follow the course of the river till, turning

off beyond the Pont d’Jena, the fat little horses slacken pace in order to climb rather a steep incline. Here we get a capital panoramic view of Paris, with its domes and towers rising out of the dull red and white labyrinth of streets. The dusty plain of the Champ de Mars lies before us on the other side of the river, and the ceaseless, monotonous tattoo of the young drummers practising among the trees reaches our ears in softened cadence. We have surmounted the *col* now, and enter a pleasant highway lined with trees and villas. The houses by the road-side vary in style. A few are grand mansions embowered in groves, and here and there one sees a coat-of-arms or quaint, heraldic supporters interwoven with the scroll-work of the tall iron gates and railings. The majority of the dwelling-houses are villas of moderate size, plain and elegant, with none of the elaborate coxcombry of what your cockney calls his *cottage ornée*. They are the refuge of government clerks and other officials—men with fixed salaries of not too liberal a figure, who have been driven from their old quarters on a third floor in the heart of the capital by the Emperor’s demolitions and buildings. The new mansions are too dear for them. Domestic seclusion is apparently not much heeded here. Most of the windows are wide open, the doors stand agape. I see the cook in her little kitchen (which is almost invariably the room to the left of the door as you enter, and immediately opposite the parlour or dining-room on the other side of the passage), surrounded by, a bright array of those copper skillets and saucepans in which she concocts her mysterious but piquant messes. I look in upon the lady of the house seated at her embroidery or reading the last new novel in her easy-chair. I have a good view of the *bonne* and her little charges in another chamber, where they are playing in that reserved manner in which French children seem to me always to take their sport. Alphonse never for a moment forgetting his natty velvet blouse, or Marie her miniature skirts. Soon shops begin to mingle meekly with, and then to bustle, and finally to displace the villas. There are no more gardens lining the road, but a straggling line of trees keeps us company for a little way further. With an explosive crack of the driver’s whip, a demonstrative gallop by the podgy steeds, and much clatter on the nobbly causeway, the ‘bus wheels round suddenly into the little square and halts opposite to a large, staring, white-washed building, which proclaims itself in big blue letters, aided by a dingy tricolor, as the Mairie of Passy.

A very brief acquaintance with Passy enables me to discover that it is engaged in a continual and energetic protest against a calumny as cruel and fatal to its business as that which Dr. Isaac Bickerstaffe published against Partridge, the almanack-maker. The Doctor declared the weather-prophet was dead; the prophet declared he was alive. In the same way a wicked law has declared Passy to be part and parcel of Paris; Passy repudiates the charge with scorn and anger. By a legal fiction it may be so, but as to the individuality of Passy being dead, we have it on the word and honour of every inhabitant that it never

was more vivid or emphatic. You see this was once a green country town, and made a good living out of the summer visitors. It has a mineral spring, too, and would like to be a fashionable watering-place, only it can't get people to believe any longer that, to be in Passy, is to be in the country.

It is only a suburb, says the scornful metropolitan; I might as well sit on a two-sous chair in the gardens of the Tuileries or Palais Royal as go there—it is only half-an-hour's walk or a quarter of an hour's ride—the country lies further a-field. In fact, it is the misfortune of Passy to be overlaid by its fat old mother, Paris. Yet, with a heart for every fate, Passy bears up against its doom. It clings to the past by the cords of the old swinging lanterns which still adorn its by-streets, though the horrid innovation of gas has been inflicted on its main street. It is garrulous about the Abbé Raynal, Dr. Franklin, Piccini, Bellini, and the other worthies who once lived there. It boasts of its rural situation and salubrious air. It hangs out its thousand placards announcing the summer lodgings which it makes ready for the people who never come. Its shopkeepers proclaim by conspicuous bills in their windows, that Paris fashions, Paris confectionery, and *charcuterie* are periodically imported from that remote capital. Yet it is easy to see that this is a hopeless struggle.

"Ah!" said the dealer (*en gros et en détail*), of whom, just to give trade a fillip, I bought a glass of white wine, "*Passy est passé*." He had lost heart, but he uttered these words in a whisper. I don't know what would have happened to him if any of the sparrows had carried the matter to the ears of his heroic townsmen.

Taking coach again, I find myself, some ten minutes after, set down in Auteuil—a dull, dozy, little place, with a promenade ground, flanked with trees and benches, running up the middle of the High Street. Here are "several spots of interest," as the guide-books say. There is an old church, in the graveyard of which the Chancellor d'Aguesseau is buried, and a bran new hospital—the asylum of Sainte Périne—for persons of decayed fortunes. I don't care about either, but, turning up the Rue de Boileau, I take a good look at No. 18. It is a modest two-storey house, turning its whitewashed gable end towards the street. Through the open gate in the high, jealous wall I get a sight of a tidy little garden and of the front of the house, which is very plain, with small old-fashioned windows and wooden trellis-work, on which a creeper hangs gracefully. This No. 18 is commonly set down in guide-books as the house of Boileau. That is a mistake. It was, I believe, the dwelling, not of the poet, but only of the poet's gardener, Antoine Regnier—that same Antoine to whom his master addressed so much poetic counsel, and whom he has celebrated in one of his verses as

—gouverneur de mon jardin d'Auteuil
Qui dirige chez moi l'if et le chèvre-feuille.

Boileau's own house has disappeared, and in its absence we must be content with this relic as a link in the chain of association. Perhaps the

honeysuckle on the verandah is the very one which Antoine used to tend while the Historiographer Royal looked on and gossiped with him. The skittle-ground in which Boileau pursued his favourite diversion was, no doubt, somewhere in the garden. What a sight it must have been to see the didactic author of the "*Art of Poetry*," in his long, flowing wig, and ample ruffles, bringing down the regiment of pins at one heave of the ball, while Molière, Racine, Lafontaine, and other wits and notabilities of the day formed an applauding circle of onlookers. Molière was as fond of Auteuil as his friend: but the house has fallen in which he wrote several of his greatest plays, and in which he gave those famous suppers where his bursts of humour, like those of our own rare Ben at another series of lyric feasts,

Outdid the meat, outdid the frolic wine.

We can, however, trace the site of the mansion, for on the front of the pavilion, built by the order of the Duc de Choiseul-Fraslin, appears the inscription, "*Ici fut la maison du Molière*." The house in the Rue Molière in which Racine wrote "*Les Plaideurs*," has since been the residence of Madame Récamier and Franklin. Near the villa which was once a seat of the Dukes of Montmorency, you may still see the habitation where Madame Helvetius, widow of the author of "*L'Esprit*," passed her latter years, receiving the visits of a circle of distinguished men, including Turgot, Franklin, and Napoleon, but never forgetting amidst the distractions of such society to be kind and charitable to the poor, who called her in gratitude Notre Dame d'Auteuil.

Till lately Auteuil has retained, with the exception of a building pulled down here, and a few others erected there, very much the aspect which it wore when it was the haunt of the poets and other celebrities I have named. But a change is at hand, as, continuing my stroll, I soon discover. Passing up the high street, I find myself in front of the high earthworks of the fortifications, immediately on the other side of which is the Bois de Boulogne. This being the terminus of the omnibus service, and there being also a railway station close at hand, one is not surprised to find a little knot of cafés, estaminets, and dining-rooms. Wedding-parties of the middle rank, and Sunday visitors to the Bois have long patronised these establishments, but they are now looking forward to a more extended business. Already, indeed, the fickle *traiteurs* have changed their colours, and now do homage, through their sign-boards, to the rival with which the famous park is about to be confronted in the new permanent Exhibition. New refreshment houses are springing up, and the old ones are adding each a wing or a storey. Before long we may expect to see a little commissariat city here. Turning down a dull, ill-kept road to the left, with two or three mouldy-looking villas on the one hand, and a dingy dead wall on the other, I come upon the site of the new undertaking—a site occupied down to the days of the Grand Monarque by a royal hunting-lodge, and subsequently by the Château du Coq, and the magnificent conservatories built by Richelieu. More recently, the property belonged

to Madame Elizabeth, and in our own day to Duke Pasquier and M. Guizot. Before me lies a wide, irregularly shaped enclosure, cut up by pits and trenches, and littered with blocks of stone, piles of bricks, and heaps of timber. Here and there are dotted oblong wooden shanties, which serve as the offices of the contractors and their foremen. Several lofty towers of planks and spars, each bound in its place by a sort of rigging, rise at various points. Connecting these conspicuous structures are the walls of white Caen stone, which have already risen some height above the ground, and in which you may, when the eye grows used to the maze, read the ground plan of the new palace. Near the centre of the enclosure is a group of noble cedars, fresh, green, and symmetrical, in the midst of the prevailing dust and confusion. The clang of a thousand hammers, the clatter of trowels, and the rasping of saws resound on all sides, and everywhere swarms a busy legion of blue blouses. Such is the ardour with which the work is carried on, that if you came at night you would find the indefatigable blouses toiling away under the glare of the electric light.

The Palace of Industry, which is thus rising into form at Auteuil, promises to be a very fine edifice. Arriving by the new boulevard, which is being constructed by the city of Paris, and which will be embellished with parterres, rows of chestnut-trees and fountains, the visitor will see before him an imposing structure, at once light and solid, composed of glass and iron, resting on a basement of white stone. The grand façade will present a *coup d'œil* of 500 mètres, or more than double the elevation of the Exposition building of 1855 in the Champs Elysées, and will be surmounted by a vast central dome, of larger dimensions than those of our own Great Exhibition, and consequently than any other in the world. Entering a lofty portal, in the ornamentation of which will be conspicuous a fine screen of wrought iron and some beautiful stained glass, and passing through a short avenue of shrubs and statues, the visitor will find himself in a long and spacious transept cutting at right angles a nave of equal size running north and south. Roomy aisles will extend on each side. Over the point of intersection of the nave and transept, marked by the clump of cedars, the great dome will spring to a total height of 345 feet. No matter how intense may be the sunshine, its beams will be so refracted and tempered by the glass of this cupola, which is manufactured after a new fashion, that all undue heat or garishness will be subdued without the intervention of an awning. Round the building, at the height of some twenty-five feet from the ground, will run a range of elegant galleries. On every side will be arrayed specimens of the arts and industries of the world. Side by side, for instance, may be compared the damasks and brocades of Lyons with those of Spitalfields and Manchester; the rival chintzes of Mulhouse, Lancashire, and Cumberland; the laces of Chantilly and Valenciennes, Nottingham and Limerick; the *chefs d'œuvre* of Gobelins and Aubusson with the cheaper and more popular carpetings of Kidderminster and Brussels. In metal work,

porcelain, jewellery, in all those arts which minister to luxury as well as in those which supply the wants of life, the materials for a similar comparison will be supplied. Numerous statues will be seen, glimmering white among groves of plants and shrubs, and there will be a corridor of paintings. But the exposition will be not only a museum, but a mart, for all the objects exhibited will be for sale, and a constant variety and succession of contributions will thus be secured. At each extremity of the building will be an elegant refreshment pavilion. Opening off one of these will be a vast polygonal saloon, capable of holding 10,000 persons, where concerts and other entertainments will be given. The other pavilion will lead to a large machinery annex. Near the music hall will be two buildings of glass and iron, which will be used as winter gardens.

As I sit on the earthwork of the fortifications, surveying the busy scene before me, I wonder how far the programme of the undertaking is destined to be fulfilled. It is headed with this magniloquent invitation:—"Approach all you who think that the progress of the agriculture, the industry, and the commerce of a nation contributes to its general welfare; and that the more reciprocal intercourse is multiplied, the more national prejudices will be effaced." One cannot doubt that the architect's plan will be done justice to. Next August we shall see the palace with its brilliant façade, towering dome, and long roofs of glistening glass, gay with flags. But we have heard talk before, and nearer home, about popularising art and elevating commerce, through the peaceful rivalry of the genius and enterprise of all nations. We cannot but recollect with what sublime views the Sydenham Palace was established, and how far it has fallen short of them. Let us hope there may yet be a revival of our home institution, and that a better fate is reserved for that at Auteuil.

J. HAMILTON FYFE.

SEASONABLE WOOING.

WHEN the merry Spring flung her odorous gifts
To the smiling Earth below,
'Till the hawthorn scattered o'er every hedge
Her flowery, fragrant snow;
And the bright-eye tapestried each sunny bank,
The blue-bells tinted each glade,
And the plenteous cowslip beneath our feet
A golden carpeting laid:
Then I wove wild blossoms to crown my love,
A queen on a throne of hay;
But she mocked my pains with a saucy smile,
And answered my love-suit nay.

But I breathed it again in the summer eve,
Adown in a leafy lane,
Where the frolic sunbeams might seek to pierce
The deep, cool shadow in vain;
Where the rustling ivy around the elm
Its glossiest garland weaves,
And the clinging bramble the pathway bars
With trails of silvery leaves.
Then the sweet wild-rose I plucked for her hair
And told my love with a sigh;
But she heard me again with a saucy smile,
That mocked a tear in her eye.

But I wooed her once more when the hills
were full
Of reapers bowing the corn,
And their cheerful voices who gathered it in
Were ringing from night till morn ;
And purple and crimson were buds we snatched
As the cold keen sickle drew near,

To weave a wreath for the harvest feast,
The last of the waning year.
And I wound it round her, and bade her yield,
Yield to my flowery chain ;
But she broke the bond with a blush and a
smile,
And my vows were breathed in vain.



"I may not woo thee, dear maiden, now,"
I sighed 'neath the wintry sky,
"My hopes, like earth's treasures, have withered
away,
And buried in coldness lie ;
But love's truest mission shall still be mine,
To bow to each storm and wait,

With a changeless faith, that in brighter hours
May win it a happier fate !"
Then she yielded her waist to my circling arm,
And her crimsoning cheek to my kiss,
And whispered, "I had been easier won,
Had your wooing been ever as this."

L. C.

ELEANOR'S VICTORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AURORA FLOYD," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," &c.

CHAPTER III. THE STORY OF THE PAST.

THE history of George Mowbray Vandeleur Vane was the history of many men whose lot was to shine in that brilliant orbit of which George, Prince Regent, was the ruling star. Around that dazzling royal planet how many smaller lights revolved, twinkling in humble emulation of their prince's glory. What were fortune, friends, children, wives or creditors, when weighed in the balance, if the royal favour, the princely smile hung on the other side of the scale? If George the Fourth was pleased to bring ruin upon himself and his creditors, how should his friends and associates do less? Looking backward at the spurious glitter, the mock splendour, the hollow delight of that wonderful age which is so near us in point of time, so far away from us by reason of the wide differences which divide to-day from that foolish yesterday, we can of course afford to be very wise, and can clearly see what a very witch's sabbath was that long revelry in which the fourth George of England led the dance. But who shall doubt that the dancers themselves saw the fantastic caperings of their leader in a very different light, and looked upon their model as worthy of all mortal praise and imitation.

The men of that frivolous era seem to have abandoned themselves to unmanly weakness, and followed the fashions set them by the fat and pale-faced Royal Adonis, as blindly as the women of to-day emulate the Imperial caprices of the Tuilleries, sacrificing themselves as burnt offerings to the Moloch of fashion, in obedience to the laws made by a lady who lives in a palace; and who, when she wears her silken robe three yards in length and six in circumference, can scarcely be expected to foresee the nervous tortures by-and-by to be endured by Mr. John Smith, of Peckham Rye, whose wife will insist on having a hoop and train *à la* *logées*, and sweeping her superabundant skirts into the fender and across the back of the grate every time she steers her difficult way about the worthy Smith's fourteen feet by twelve front parlour.

Yes, if Cleopatra melts pearls in her wine, and sails in a galley of gold, we must have sham jewels to dissolve in our inferior vintages, and sham gold to adorn our galleys. If Pericles, or Charles, or George, affects splendour and ruin, the prince's devoted subjects must ruin themselves also, never letting their master see anything but smiling faces amid the general wreck, and utterly heedless of such minor considerations as wives and children, creditors and friends.

George Mowbray Vandeleur Vane ruined himself with a grace that was only second to that of his royal model. He began life with a fair estate left him by his father, and having contrived to squander the best part of his patrimony within a few years of his coming of age, was so lucky as to marry the only daughter and heiress of a rich banker, thereby acquiring a second fortune just at that critical moment when the first was on

the verge of exhaustion. He was not a bad husband to the simple girl who loved and worshipped him with a foolishly confiding worship. It was not in his nature to be wilfully bad to anybody, for he was of a genial, generous spirit, with warm affections for those who pleased him and ministered to his happiness. He introduced his young wife to very brilliant people, and led her into sacred and inner circles whither her father the banker could never have taken her; but he squandered her money foolishly and recklessly. He broke down the bulwarks of parchment with which the lawyers had hoped to protect her fortune. He made light of the settlements which were to provide for the future of his children. They were only blooming and beautiful young creatures in embroidered frocks and blue sashes; and surely, Mr. Vane urged, they had nothing to complain of, for hadn't they splendid apartments and costly dresses, nurses, governesses, masters, carriages, ponies, and indulgences of every kind? What did they want then, or in what manner did he fail in his duty towards those innocent darlings? Had not his Royal Highness, the Duke of Kent himself, come to Vandeleur to stand sponsor for Edward George? Had not Hortensia Georgina received her second name after the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, in whose lovely arms she had been dandled when only a fortnight old.

Were there any earthly honours or splendours, within the limit of reasonable desire, which George Vane had failed to procure for his wife and children?

The gentle lady was fain to answer this question in the negative, and to accept it for what it was not; namely, an answer to the questions *she* had ventured to ask touching the future of those unconscious children. Mr. Vane could always persuade his simple wife to sign away any of those parchment defences the lawyers had devised for her protection; and when after an elegant little *à la* *l'été* dinner, in the arrangement of which the *chef* had displayed his most consummate skill, the affectionate husband produced a diamond bracelet, or an emerald heart, from its morocco casket, and clasped the jewel upon his wife's slender arm, or hung it round her delicate throat, with the tears glistening in his handsome blue eyes, gentle Margaret Vane forgot the sacrifices of the morning, and all those shadowy doubts which were wont to torment her when she contemplated the future.

Then again, Mr. Vane had an unflinching excuse for present imprudence in the expectation of a third fortune, which was to come to him from his bachelor uncle and godfather, Sir Milwood Mowbray, of Mowbray Castle, York; so there were no vulgar retrenchments either at Vandeleur Park or in Berkeley Square, and when Sir Milwood's fortune did come, in the due course of life and death, to his nephew's hands, it only came just in time to stave off the ruin that threatened George Vane's household.

If Mr. Vane had then taken his wife's advice, all might have been well; but the Mowbray fortune seemed like the other two fortunes, quite inexhaustible, the sanguine gentleman forgetting that he was in debt to full half its amount. The French *chef* still prepared dinners which might have made Oude himself tremble for his laurels; the German governess and the Parisian lady's-maids still attended upon Mr. Vane's daughters; the old career of extravagance went on. George Vane carried his family to the continent, and plunged them into new gaieties at the court of the restored Louis. He sent his daughters to the most expensive finishing school in Paris, that very Madame Marly's of whom mention has been made in the last chapter. He took them to Italy and Switzerland. He hired a villa by the lake of Como; a chateau on the borders of Lausanne. He followed the footsteps of Byron and D'Orsay, Madame de Stael and Lady Blessington; he affected art, literature, and music. He indulged his children's every caprice, he gratified their wildest fancies. It was only when the sons saw themselves penniless and professionless, with the great battle of life all before them, and with no weapons wherewith to fight; and the daughters found themselves left portionless to win the best husbands they might in the matrimonial lottery; it was only at this crisis that these ungrateful children turned round upon poor indulgent Lear, and reproached him for the extravagances they had helped him to perpetrate.

This was a cruelty which George Vane could never bring himself to comprehend. Had he denied them anything, these heartless children, that they should turn upon him now in his old age—it would have been rather a dangerous thing for anyone else to have alluded to his age, though he spoke freely enough of his grey hairs when bewailing his wrongs—and be angry with him, because he could not give them fortunes? This thanklessness was worse than a serpent's tooth. It was now that Mr. Vane began to quote "King Lear," piteously likening himself to that too confiding monarch.

But he was sixty years old now and had lived his life. His gentle and trusting wife had died ten years before, his money was gone, and of all his six children there was not one who would say a word in his defence. The most affectionate and dutiful of them were only silent, and thought they did much in withholding their reproaches. So he let them go their ways, the two sons to fight the battle of life how they might—the two daughters to marry. They were both handsome and accomplished, and they married well. And being left quite alone in the world, with nothing left him but the traditions of a brilliant past, Mr. Vane united his misfortunes to those of a very beautiful girl who had been his daughter's governess, and who had fallen in love with his splendid graces, in the very simplicity of her heart, thinking his grey hairs more beautiful than the raven locks of meaner men.

Yes; George Vane possessed the gift of fascination in a dangerous degree, and his second wife loved and believed in him in the day of his decline, as entirely as his first wife had done in the

brighter hours of his prosperity. She loved and trusted him. She bore with a life of perpetual debt and daily difficulty. She sacrificed herself to the mean shifts and petty stratagems of a dishonest existence. She, whose nature was truth itself, humiliated herself for her husband's sake, and helped to play that pitiful, skulking game of hide-and-seek in which George Vane hoped to escape the honest struggles of poverty.

But she died young, worn out, perhaps, by these incessant miseries, and not able to draw consolation from the sham splendour and tinselly grandeur with which George Vane tried to invest his fallen state. She died within five years of her marriage, leaving a distracted and despairing old man as the sole guardian and protector of her only child.

This calamity was the bitterest blow that George Vane had ever been called upon to endure. He had loved his second wife, the wife of his poverty and humiliation, far more dearly than he had loved the obedient partner of his splendour and prosperity. She had been more to him a thousand times, this gentle girl who had so uncomplainingly accepted the hardships of her lot, because there had been no idle vanities, no hollow glories, no Princes and Beefsteak Clubs, to stand between him and his love of her.

She was lost, and he remembered how little he had done to prove his affection for her. She had never reproached him; no word of upbraiding had ever crossed those tender lips. But how did he know that he had not wronged her as cruelly as he had wronged those noisy children who had betrayed and deserted him?

He remembered how often he had slighted her advice, her loving counsel, so pure and true, so modestly offered, so gently spoken. He remembered how many humiliations he had forced upon her, how many falsehoods he had compelled her to tell; how often he had imposed upon her affection, suffering her to slave for him in his blind selfishness.

He could remember all these things now that she was gone, and that it was too late; too late to fall at her feet and tell her that he was all unworthy of her love and goodness; too late to offer her even such poor atonement for the past as penitence and tears. A hundred tokens of her in his poor lodgings recalled her a hundred times a day, bringing the tears into this poor broken-down mourner's eyes.

He did not need the presence of his little daughter, whose dark grey eyes looked at him like hers, whose auburn hair had the same golden glory that he had so often seen glistening in the sunshine as he sat lazily watching the low evening light upon his wife's drooping head. It seemed only yesterday that she had stood in the window working for him—for him.

His affliction left him for a long time a broken old man. He did not care in this dull interval of despair to keep up those outward shams of prosperity which he had so persistently preserved. His fashionable coats and boots, treasured so carefully of late, were no longer objects of tender care and delight to him. He ceased to go out into that ignorant and careless world in which he could still

play the fine gentleman. He shut himself up and abandoned himself to his grief, and it was a long time before his frivolous nature recovered the shock he had suffered. It is not to be wondered at that, in the agony of his bereavement, his youngest child became unspeakably dear to him. He had severed all the links which had bound him to the past, and to his elder children. His second marriage had made a new era in his life. If he thought of these elder children at all, it was only to remember that some of them were living in luxury, and that they ought to support him in his penniless old age. If he wrote to them, he wrote begging-letters, appealing to them in exactly the same spirit as he might have appealed to the Duke of Wellington or Miss Burdett Coutts.

Yes; his youngest daughter usurped the place of an only child in the old man's heart. He indulged her as he had indulged the ungrateful elder children. He could not give her carriages and horses, liveried servants and splendid houses, but he could now and then prevail upon some weak-minded creditor to trust him, and would come home triumphant to his shabby lodging, bearing spoils for his beloved Eleanor. He would hire a brougham from a confiding livery-stable keeper, and would take his little girl for a drive in the country. He would get her fine dresses from the silk-merciers who had supplied his elder daughters, and he would compensate her for the shabby miseries of her every-day existence by chance flashes of radiance and glory.

Then, again, he would very often obtain small sums of money, loans from private friends, it may be, or fleeting treasures from a mysterious source, of which his innocent little daughter had no knowledge. So, for the first ten or eleven years of her life, Miss Vane's existence was chequered by sudden glimpses of abnormal wealth—wonderful feast days of luxury and extravagance—which contrasted sharply with the dreary poverty of her ordinary experiences.

Thus it was no uncommon thing for this young lady to dine to-day in a tawdry and rather dirty parlour at Chelsea upon tea and red-herrings, and to-morrow to sit opposite her father in one of the sunny windows at the Crown and Sceptre, eating white-bait with the calm enjoyment of a connoisseur, and looking placidly on while Mr. Vane gave himself ducal airs to the waiters, and found fault with the icing of his sparkling hock. There was scarcely any extravagance which this little girl had not seen her father perpetrate. She had received from him a birthday present of a two-guinea wax doll, at the very time at which her schooling account, at a certain humble little seminary near Cheyne Walk, remained unpaid, and her education was brought to a dead lock by reason of this default. She had sighed for that golden-haired waxen plaything, and her father gave it to her because he loved her as he had always loved, weakly and foolishly.

She loved him in return: repaying him a hundredfold for his affection by her innocent love and trust. To her he was all that was perfect, all that was noble and generous. The big talk, the glowing and sentimental discourse by which he was wont to impose upon himself, imposed upon

her. She believed in that fancy portrait which he painted of himself, and which he himself believed in as a most faithful and unflattered likeness. She believed in that highly-coloured picture, and thought that George Mowbray Vandeleur Vane was indeed what he represented himself, and thought himself to be, an injured old man, a sainted martyr to the forgetfulness of the world, and the ingratitude of his children.

Poor Eleanor was never weary of listening to her father's stories about the Prince Regent, and all the lesser planets of the darkened sky in which Mr. Vane's light had once shone. She used to walk in the park with the old man in the sunny summer evenings, proud to see him bow to great people, who returned his recognition with friendly courtesy. She liked to fancy him in the days that were gone, riding side by side with those mighty ones of the earth, whom he was now content to watch wistfully across the iron railings. She was pleased to stroll in the dusky gloaming of the soft May night, and to look up at the lights in that princely mansion in Berkeley Square which George Vane had once occupied. He showed her the windows which had belonged to this and that apartment, the drawing-room, the first Mrs. Vane's boudoir, the little girls' nursery and morning room. She fancied all those fairy chambers radiant with light and splendour, and then remembering the shabby rooms at Chelsea, clung closer to her father's arm, in her tender sorrow for his fallen state.

But she had inherited much of George Vane's sanguine temperament, and almost as firm as her belief in the past, which had been a reality, was her confidence in the splendid future, which her father hoped in. Nothing could have been more shadowy than the foundations upon which Mr. Vane had built for himself an airy castle. In his youth and middle age his most intimate friend and companion had been a certain Maurice de Crespigny, the owner of a noble estate in Berkshire, and *not* a friend of the Prince Regent's. So, while George Vane's two estates had melted away, and his three fortunes had been expended, Mr. de Crespigny, who was an invalid and a bachelor, had contrived to keep his land and his money.

There was only the difference of two or three years between the ages of the two friends. I believe that Maurice de Crespigny was the younger of the two. And it was during their early college life that the young men had entered into a romantic alliance, very chivalrous and honourable in its nature, but scarcely likely to stand the wear and tear of worldly experience.

They were to be friends through life and until death. They were to have no secrets from each other. If by any chance they should happen to fall in love with the same person—and I really think these sentimental collegians rather wished that such a contingency might arise—one of them, the most noble, the most heroic, was quietly to fall back and suffer in silence, while the weaker won the prize. If either died a bachelor, he was to leave his fortune to the other, whatever less noble and more common-place claimants, in the way of heirs presumptive, might press upon him.

These vows had been made at least five-and-

forty years ago, but out of this folly of the past George Vane built his hope in the future. Maurice de Crespigny was now a soured and hypochondriacal old bachelor, shut in and defended on every side by greedy and sycophantic relations, and utterly unapproachable to his shabby old bosom friend; who could as easily have made his way out of one of the lowest dungeons of the Bastille as he could force an entrance into that closely-guarded citadel within which his college companion sat, lonely and dismal, a desolate old man, watched over by sharp eyes, greedily noteful of every token of his decay, ministered to by hands that would have worked eagerly at his winding-sheet, if by so doing they could have hastened the hour of his death.

If George Vane—remembering his old friend, perhaps, with some latent feeling of tenderness intermingled with his mercenary hopes—made an effort to penetrate the cruel barriers about him, he was repulsed with ignominy by the two maiden nieces who kept watch and ward at Woodlands. If he wrote to Mr. de Crespigny, his missive was returned unopened, with a satirical intimation that the dear invalid's health was not in a state to endure the annoyance of begging letters. He had made a hundred attempts to cross the lines of the enemy, and had been mortified by a hundred failures; but his sanguine nature was not to be subdued by any humiliation, and he still believed, firmly and entirely, that whenever Maurice de Crespigny's will came to be opened, his name, and his alone, would appear as sole heir to his old friend's wealth. He forgot that Maurice de Crespigny was his junior by some two or three years; for he had always heard of him of late as a feeble invalid tottering upon the verge of the grave, while he himself was erect and stalwart, broad chested, and soldierly-looking, so very soldierly in appearance that the sentinels on guard in the park were wont to salute him as he passed them, believing him to be some military magnate.

Yes, he believed the day would come when poor De Crespigny—he always spoke of his friend with a certain pitiful tenderness—would drop quietly into his grave, and when he would reign at Woodlands with his darling Eleanor, avenging himself upon his ungrateful elder children, reopening accounts with his old creditors—in all his visions of grandeur and patronage he never thought of paying his debts—and arising from the dull ashes of his poverty, a splendid phoenix, golden plumed and exultant.

He taught his daughter this belief as religiously as he taught her the simple prayers which she said nightly at his knee. With all his faults he was no unbeliever, though the time which he devoted to religious observances made a very small portion of his existence. He taught Eleanor to believe in the day that was to come, and the little girl saw the light of future splendour gleaming athwart the dreary swamp of difficulty through which she waded patiently by her father's side.

But the day came when George Vane and his child were to be separated, for a time at least. Eleanor's twelfth birthday was very near at hand, and she had as yet received no better education

than the rather limited course of instruction which was to be obtained for a guinea and a half a quarter at the day school near Cheyne Walk. For nearly six years, inclusive of many intervals of non-attendance consequent upon non-payment, Miss Vane had frequented this humble seminary, in company with the daughters of the butchers and bakers and other plebeian inhabitants of the district; but by the time she was twelve years old the various sources from which her father's very desultory income had been drawn had one by one run dry and failed him. The weakest and most long-suffering of his creditors had crossed his name out of their ledgers; his friends had ceased to believe in the fiction of delayed remittances, urgent temporary need, and early repayment, and he could no longer count upon an occasional five-pound note when the Chelsea landlady became clamorous, and the Chelsea general dealer refused to send home another ounce of tea, except on payment of ready money.

A desperate crisis had come, and in his despair the old man forgot his pride. For Eleanor's sake, if not for his own, he must endure humiliation. He must appeal to his eldest daughter, the hard-hearted but wealthy Hortensia Bannister, who had lost her stockbroker husband a twelvemonth before, and was now a rich and childless widow. Yes—he wiped the tears of humiliation away from his faded cheeks as he arrived at this resolution—he would try and forget the past, and would take Eleanor with him to Hyde Park Gardens, and appeal to her cruel sister in her behalf. His determination was speedily carried out, for he went to work with something of that desperate courage which a condemned criminal may feel when he goes to execution, and one sunny morning in the early June of 1850, he and his daughter sat in Mrs. Bannister's handsome drawing-room, fearfully awaiting the advent of that lady. She came to them after a very brief delay, for she was business-like and uncompromising in her habits, and she had been prepared for this visit by a long, pitiful, explanatory letter from her father, in reply to which she had written very coldly and concisely, appointing an early interview.

She was a severe-looking woman of about five-and-thirty, with a hard face, and heavy black eyebrows, which met over her handsome aquiline nose when she frowned, which she did a great deal too often, poor Eleanor thought. Her features were like those of her father, but her grim and stony expression was entirely her own, and was perhaps the result of that early and bitter disappointment of finding herself a portionless girl, deserted by the man she loved, who fell away from her when he discovered the state of her father's fortunes, and compelled to marry for money, or to accept the wretched alternative of a life of poverty and drudgery.

This harsh, disappointed woman affected no pretence of tender feeling for her half-sister. Perhaps the sight of Eleanor's childish beauty was scarcely pleasant to her. She herself had drawn a dreary blank in the great lottery of life in spite of her wealth, and she may have envied this child her unknown future, which could not well be so dismal as the childless widow's empty existence.

But Mrs. Bannister was a religious woman, and tried to do her duty in a hard, uncompromising way, in which good works were not beautified by any such flimsy adornments as love and tenderness. So when she heard that her father lived from day to day a wretched hand-to-mouth existence, haunted by the grim phantom of starvation, she was seized with a sudden sense that she had been very wicked to this weak old man, and she agreed to allow him a decent pittance, which would enable him to live about as comfortably as a half-pay officer or a small annuitant. She made this concession sternly enough, and lectured her father so severely that he may be perhaps forgiven if he was not very grateful for his daughter's bounty, so far as he himself went; but he did make a feeble protestation of his thankfulness when Mrs. Bannister further declared her willingness to pay a certain premium in consideration of which Eleanor Vane might be received in a respectable boarding-school as an apprentice or pupil teacher.

It was thus that the little girl became acquainted with the Misses Bennett of Wilmington House, Brixton; and it was in the household of these ladies that three years of her life had been passed. Three quiet and monotonous years of boarding-school drudgery, which had only been broken by two brief visits to her father, who had taken up his abode in Paris; where he lived secure from the persecution of a few of his latter-day creditors—not the west-end tradesmen who had known him in his prime, *they* were resigned and patient enough under their losses—but a few small dealers who had trusted him in his decline, and who were not rendered lenient by the memory of former profits.

In Paris, Mr. Vane had very little chance of obtaining any information about his friend Maurice de Crespigny, but he still looked forward confidently to that visionary future in which he was to be master of the Woodlands estate. He had taken care to write a letter, soon after Eleanor's birth, which had happened to reach his friend, announcing the advent of this youngest child, and dwelling much on his love for her. He cherished some visionary notion that, in the event of his death occurring before that of Maurice de Crespigny, the old man might leave his wealth to Eleanor. The contumely with which he had been treated by the maiden harpies who kept watch over his old friend had been pleasant to him rather than otherwise, for in the anger of these elderly damsels he saw an evidence of their fear.

"If they knew that poor De Crespigny's money was left to them, they wouldn't be so savage," he thought. "It's evident they're by no means too confident about the future."

But there were other relatives of the old man's, less fortunate than the maiden sisters, who had found their way into the citadel, and planted themselves *en permanence* at Woodlands. There was a married niece, who had once been a beauty. This lady had been so foolish as to marry against her rich uncle's wishes, and was now a widow, living in the neighbourhood of Woodlands upon an income of two hundred a year. This lady's only son, Launcelot Darrel, was heir-at-law

to Maurice de Crespigny's fortune. But the maiden sisters were patient and indefatigable women. No sacred fire was ever watched more carefully by classic vestal than was the ireful flame which burned in Maurice de Crespigny's heart when he remembered his married niece's ingratitude and disobedience. The unwearied old maids kept his indignation alive by every feminine subtlety, by every diplomatic device. Heaven knows what they wanted with their uncle's money, for they were prim damsels who wore stuff shoes and scanty dresses made in the fashion of their youth. They had outlived the very faculty of enjoyment, and their wants were almost as simple as those of the robins that perched upon their window-sills; but for all this they were as eager to become possessors of the old man's wealth as the most heartless and spend-thrift heir, tormented by Israelitish creditors, and subsisting entirely upon post obits.

(To be continued.)

MY FIRST RUN.

I MAY as well say at once that I do not believe "man never is, but always to be blest." This is a poor, sour sort of philosophy. Better is it to hold that, in this world of ours there is happiness to be harvested, and that the gathering of it depends very much upon ourselves.

It is my conviction, confirmed by recent experiences—some of which I am about to narrate—that an English country-house, at this time of year, affords the constituents of a very respectable paradise. Not many months ago I was a guest at such a one, in Northamptonshire, where neither fog nor rain could damp our spirits nor chill our pleasure. There was sport enough, and sportsmen in sufficient number, to make the days pass quickly, and a due proportion of ladies to render the evenings delightful.

On the second evening of my visit, the piano was giving out, beneath the skilful touch of a certain Miss Morland, the grand notes of one of Beethoven's sonatas, and the conversation was pretty equally divided between the merits of the great composer, and the fortunes of the day in cover-shooting—with occasional variations touching the past musical season, and the superiority of breech-loaders over the common sporting gun—when I overheard an observation which made me aware that the Pytchley Hounds would meet the next morning within three miles of my friend's house. The rapidity with which the news spread among the party, to the extinction of every other subject, and even to the silencing of the piano, convinced me that those who were neither hunters nor huntresses formed a very small minority.

In a moment Miss Morland turned on her music-stool right-about-face, and, addressing a pretty fair-haired girl sitting near her, said:

"You go, I hope, dear,—don't you?"

"Oh yes," replied the little Lady Caroline, awakening at once from an attitude of demure attention to a Diana-like enthusiasm, and assenting freely, without looking for acquiescence to her mamma—a full-blown wallflower—who was seated on the opposite side of the room, deep in an

argument with our good-natured and warm-hearted host, Mr. Danvers.

He would have felt far more at home leaping a five-barred gate, than whilst thus discussing the imperial policy of France with Lady Towcester—an ambassador's widow, who therefore set up for a female diplomatist.

Indeed, to say the truth, Lady Caroline looked up from the folds of her sky-blue silk rather reassuringly towards Major Anton, who manifested some anxiety at Miss Morland's question, and stroked his moustache with evident complacency as he thought of the pleasure of a good run at the side of this fair girl. It was not very difficult to see that she occupied all of the gallant Major's mind which the requirements of "the service," his horses, and dogs, had not previously engrossed.

The moment that an opportunity occurred, Mr. Danvers was glad to effect a retreat from Lady Towcester. She manifested her victory by the very decided air of triumph with which she turned to talk with a quiet old lady at her side, one of those well-informed conversational machines—so helpful to shy young ladies—so necessary to nervous bachelors—and so indispensable to small dinner-parties.

Our host came across the room to the couch on which I was seated between a charming Anglo-Indian—whose husband was perhaps at that moment on parade beneath a glaring sun—and a Miss Keith, who, with her father, a Herefordshire squire, formed part of the company, and whose acquaintance I had made during a previous visit.

"Come, ladies, and you, Mr. Templar, what are you going up to in the morning? You must hunt or shoot; we have no skulkers here. Tomkins will show you some fine sport in the covers, Mrs. Linton, if you won't follow the hounds,—although, really, I don't know what will become of your crinoline down in the Ashwood spinney, where, even in the rides, there are brambles thick enough to throw a horse down."

"I never hunted—in my life," said Mrs. Linton.

"Nor I, but once or twice," Miss Keith joined in.

"Nor I," said their companion on the couch.

"Oh, as for you, Mr. Templar, I've already looked you out a horse, and I mean that you shall see a run, whether you can ride or not."

"You must strap me on, then, Mazeppa-like," I humbly replied, "for I am only a roadster, and might otherwise be left in the first ditch."

"Oh, stuff an' nonsense, sir; all you've got to do is to keep your hands low; don't ride on your reins, and sit well back; my horse, Rover, will do the rest for you."

"Perhaps, Mr. Danvers, I might as well be blindfolded," said I, determined, nevertheless, to submit myself to fate and to the guidance of Rover in the chase of to-morrow.

"You'll do well enough, I can see; and you won't be far off at the finish, if you let Rover have his way."

"And if I keep on his back, which you must permit me to say is rather doubtful."

"Well, I hope Mrs. Linton and Miss Keith will go to take care of you."

"I think we shall at least ride over to the meet," said Mrs. Linton, looking towards Miss Keith, and receiving a consenting smile.

"So be it then," said our host, "you shall have a couple of nags that won't object if you change your mind, and like to see Mr. Templar win the brush, which," he added with a sly twinkle of the eye, "I think he'd rather do with Miss Keith somewhere near him."

I was thinking how pretty that young lady looked while blushing slightly at the Squire's remark when a Mr. Delapierre summoned us to join in the game of "squails." He was one of those heavy, easy-going men, whose life is a tour of visits; whom one meets everywhere; who are as regular to the seasons as the swallows; turning up at Baden-Baden or Brighton at precisely the right moment. Such men are the most useful, amiable, pleasant creatures, the perpetual stewards of society, continually engaged in the congenial occupation of retailing news and preparing amusements.

If cards were invented for a lunatic king, squails must have surely originated in an idiot asylum, or possibly some of the Lord Dundrearys of society may have invented the game when engaged in the study of that most wearisome occupation—doing nothing. Fancy a dozen people seated round a table, alternate ladies and gentlemen, engaged in jerking from its edge coloured circles of wood, something like an oyster-shell in size, at a button placed in the centre. Fancy this for a reasonable pastime.

It seemed to me that to know nothing about the game, or at least to appear to know nothing of it, was most advisable; for then some pitying lady perhaps takes you for a partner, and soon you find your tongue and possibly, if you are that way inclined, slide into a mild but somewhat public flirtation. Indeed it struck me that the game was probably the grand idea of some hyemneal professor, who knew that a baccalearian conquest is half made when the light artillery of soft voices and bright eyes can be brought fully into action.

The weather was reported frosty as we bachelors had our privileged pipe in the smoking-room after the ladies had retired, and long grew the handsome face of Major Anton, as he thought of the probable disappointment of to-morrow.

"By Jove, you're a lucky fellow, Anton," said Delapierre, after emitting an immense puff of smoke.

"H'm, old fellow," replied the Major, who seemed to be dwelling with great internal satisfaction upon thoughts of Lady Caroline, but was unwilling, as Englishmen usually are, to admit much upon this subject of his affections.

I confess to a liking for this proud reticence which distinguishes our countrymen. A Frenchman will talk you blind upon the subject of Julie's eyes, or Nathalie's grace, delighting in the publicity of his love, and, like Cervantes' Don, he rides about with the name of his lady-love on the tip of his tongue. "But still waters run deep;" and that we do not thus prate of our feelings is some proof that as a people our heart-strings are tuned to deeper music, and that affection reaches

with us to a higher abnegation of self, which is the touchstone of real and enduring love.

But even bachelors must sleep, though their bedrooms are only to be found in all the uncomfortable nooks and corners of a house. However, we were all of us old campaigners, who had learned sufficient wisdom to make the best of everything, and those who were not in love were I dare say soon asleep. I was "fancy free," although, when my servant awoke me in the morning, I found myself possessed with a hazy idea that I had been hunting with Miss Keith, and that it was rather unpleasant than otherwise to dispel the illusion.

There was a very picturesque variety of costumes at the breakfast table. Mr. Danvers, Anton and Delapierre, in scarlet, buckskin, and top-boots, looked business-like to the last degree; while two youngsters, whom I have not before mentioned because they were only the "walking gentlemen" of the party, were scrupulously "got up" in costume something like what the hero of a play, were he at once a gamekeeper and a lover, would wear upon the stage. Irreproachable shooting-coats, spotless gaiters, and boots in which all the artist skill of a Hoby could not hide the strength, denoted that pointers and not fox-hounds were to be their leaders to-day. There was Miss Morland—whose ample skirts extended last evening beneath the piano, from the key of the profoundest base note to that of the tiniest treble—in drapery positively classical. I wondered how Delapierre could call his heart his own, when upon entering the room—holding up her riding-habit, with a pheasant's wing shining gold and brown in the hat which crowned her beautiful features—she said:

"You must take care of me to-day, Mr. Delapierre."

The individual addressed of course "could not desire a happier office," and soon Lady Caroline came dancing in, and, with a saucy look at Anton, waved with her riding whip a matutinal salutation to Mr. Danvers, and seated herself at the breakfast table. In a short time Mrs. Linton and Miss Keith joined the party, and on looking round I saw that I was the only person at table whose dress was that of every-day life.

"Well, Major, what do you think of the weather?" said Mr. Danvers.

"Oh, first-rate; there's plenty of sun to settle all this frost by ten o'clock, and the meet is not till eleven."

"I say, Templar, hadn't you better make your will, leaving your heart to some of these ladies, and your money to me?" said Delapierre. "Although," he added, "I don't believe you are such a bad rider as you pretend to be; you lawyers are cunning fellows, and I expect you intend to astonish us and bring Rover in at the death."

"At all events, whether he gallops with me or without me, my horse will have an easier time of it than yours, Delapierre," I replied, turning attention upon the good-humoured fifteen stone of humanity which was shaking with laughter at the idea of my coming to grief.

Every one was full of fun, and Miss Keith was laughing at a fancy picture of the battered con-

dition in which I supposed I should return, when the grooms brought the horses to the door, and our host rose:

"Now then, ladies and gentlemen, our master's very punctual—we must be off," and, like a gallant old gentleman, he led Miss Morland to the door, and assisted her in mounting her horse.

I confess to an electrical sensation at the touch of Miss Keith's foot upon my hand, and a less prejudiced observer might have thought she looked very pretty upon horseback, her animated features glowing with excitement, and her grey habit falling in graceful folds. We rode out of the gates, a goodly party,—four ladies and four gentlemen—with a groom, to return with Mrs. Linton and Miss Keith, if they preferred not to join the hunt.

The meet was at a certain toll-bar, where four roads joined, and, as we approached the place, horsemen became more and more numerous—in scarlet, in black, in brown and green coats, and upon horses of at least as many colours. At last we were moving along in a mass of very irregular cavalry, choking the narrow road and compelling observation of one's neighbours. I observed, with much satisfaction, the general prevalence of good manners and kindly feeling. There were a few ladies in the throng; but nothing occurred to render their position in the least unpleasant. There were some who, like myself, perhaps, sat their horses with evident inexperience. But, where this was the case, the whole of the difficulty was between the rider and his horse, for every one seemed bent on his own enjoyment, and upon assisting, as far as possible, his fellow-huntmen in the same pursuit.

It was not at all difficult to handicap the men as we rode among them: from the calm, self-possessed, carefully-dressed, and well-mounted noblemen and country gentlemen, or the professional men taking their holiday in a little less easy manner, to the sturdy young farmers, who only wanted better horseflesh and less weight to be a match for their more aristocratic companions.

I was never a member of that "Young England" party, the leader of which—who, by the way, is now grey-haired and wiser—expressed in boyish rhymes his contentment that art and science, learning and commerce should die, so long as "our old nobility" remained. But I am profoundly sensible of the constitutional advantages of an aristocracy, and "my first run" has convinced me of what I did not doubt before, that this national sport is of great service in preventing that isolation of the aristocracy which would act so prejudicially upon their proper influence in the State.

There was a good sprinkling of noblemen in the field, and more than once, as we approached the meeting-place, I overheard such conversations as this:—

"Morning, Mr. Brown."

"Morning, my lord."

"How's that mare of yours? I'll buy her foal of you if you want to sell her."

"I mean to bring it up, as it's a nice 'un, for my own use, my lord."

And the peer rode off to have a talk with some other tenant perhaps, far too well contented with the present, to regret those bygone days when one of his rank could have said, "Give thy best steed, as a vassal ought;" or when the "villains" doffed their caps in gaping wonder as his ancestor rode forth upon the chase, possessed possibly of the chartered privilege of ripping one of them open for a foot-warmer, should he feel so disposed.

We had now arrived at the meeting-place, where the hounds were gathered about the huntsmen, who now and then flacked their long whips, and loudly called in some one which was straggling too far from the pack. There were a few carriages, whose occupants had driven over to see the meet, and a field of about a hundred and fifty horsemen, including perhaps half-a-dozen ladies.

Precisely at the appointed time the hounds were thrown off, and the field streamed through a narrow gate into a farm roadway, following the pack to some neighbouring covert. Our party soon became separated, but I could see Anton and Lady Caroline ahead, and Delapierre riding near to Miss Morland. Danvers had taken up with some neighbours, and was somewhere close to the hounds. Miss Keith and I, with Mrs. Linton and the groom, were in the ruck of horsemen, in about the middle of the field.

I think I felt much as a man does who is going into battle for the first time—with no desire to turn back, but with something like a shrinking from the work before me. However, as my horse warmed under me while he strode at an easy canter across the soft fields of young wheat, and as I watched the flushing cheeks of my fair companion, who I began to feel certain would not return, the excitement of the scene overmastered every other consideration, and I felt that exuberant satisfaction, the mere recollection of which made me so scornfully reject Pope's philosophy at the outset of this paper.

On we streamed in a line more than a quarter of a mile in length, following the unmade road, and although many rode over the fields, no one refused to make use of the gaps and gateways, husbanding their horses' strength for the run. Our way led across a narrow railway bridge, which was crowded for a long time with horsemen, but having passed this, the green road became wider, the gates less frequent, and we could only keep our places with our horses at a gallop. After we had proceeded thus for about three miles from the meeting-place, the hounds were turned into a large wood, where there seemed little doubt of their finding a fox. At this point Mrs. Linton declared her intention of returning home, and commending Miss Keith to my care, which, so far as my power would go, was a work of supererogation, she with some difficulty turned her horse's head and left us, followed by the groom.

Although I had never sat a horse for a leap in my life, and had more than a suspicion that I should break my neck or something less important, I never felt more pleasurably excited than when the first whimper of the hounds announced that they had found, and my fair companion and I galloped up to take a better place in the run.

Soon the tones of the dogs changed their key, and, although we could not see them, we knew quite well that the fox had broken cover, and that the hounds were in full cry after him.

"Now, Mr. Templar, you go first," said Miss Keith; and my horse was directly at his fullest stride, making towards a low hedge, over which the huntsmen were rising and falling in quick succession. I felt at that moment about as comfortable as if I had been charging a column of infantry, but I had sense enough to understand that Rover knew far more about it than I did; and following Lord —, whom I knew to be a well-mounted and experienced *chasseur*, I made for the same gap towards which he was riding.

I saw his horse rise and dip down again on the other side, quickly regaining his stride, and before I could complete a wish that I was in his lordship's position, Rover rose under me; my feet had a strong inclination to go towards the sky, and my head to take refuge upon his tail; my seat was just, and only just, firm enough to restrain me from going off backwards. I was far from having recovered myself, when a precisely opposite tendency occurred, and I had the greatest difficulty to prevent myself from embracing Rover's graceful neck. However, the jump was over, and after one stride I was firmly seated again, and looked round just in time to see Miss Keith take the hedge in fine style. She joined me, laughing at my danger, but assuring me at the same time, to my great delight, that if that was my first jump I had sat it out very well indeed.

On we rode, galloping past a poor fellow who, muddy and hatless, was running after his horse, which was already nearly the whole length of the enclosure ahead of him. Miss Keith and I were at least well mounted; and, although I believe firmly that Rover knew how inexperienced I was, I think he was gratified by my confidence in him, for I only used the reins to check him to the pace of Miss Keith's horse. We had passed ten or twelve meadows—since the leap—through more inviting gates, and had already left the bulk of the field behind. And now I caught sight of the fox and his pursuers, for we were gently descending over a great breadth of pasture to a ditch, which I could see made a long leap for the hounds. We were in the rear of some of our party, but still well up, and it appeared to me that this brook would be the test for awarding the honours of the hunt.

The fox, with the hounds close at his brush, was breasting the opposite incline, Reynard making for a large wood which lay about two miles distant on the top of the ridge; the field was straggling, and only now and then one cleared the ditch. I saw Danvers take it among the first; Lady Caroline was urging her mare towards it, and as her ladyship was about the most imponderable being ever seen among womanhood, and knew her horse well, I was not surprised to see her fly across. But Anton was less fortunate: his horse refused to take the leap, and the gallant guardsman—too firm a rider to be thrown over its head—slid off, grasping the animal's withers in his fall. Before we reached

him he was on again and riding towards us, to get way for another attempt. I saw he was looking fiercely annoyed, and it occurred to me how cold the water would be this frosty morning, if, as was very likely, I should be even less fortunate than the Major. However, there was little time for such thoughts, for we were charging the brook, and, to say the truth, I was thinking more of whether Miss Keith's horse would carry her across safely, and would gladly have had a ducking to save her from the effects of a false step.

"I have wonderful faith in Rover," I said; "and will go just before you to encourage your horse, for I feel quite sure mine won't refuse."

"Very well," she replied; "but I'm not a bit afraid."

And we galloped on. If Rover had pulled up at the brink of the ditch, I should have been shot far over his head into the next field, but he seemed only to make an immense stride, and I had crossed the gap, hardly alighting on the other side before Miss Keith joined me. We were pleased with our success, and turning back saw half a dozen of the field already in difficulties at the ditch, and Anton savagely galloping round to a gateway, his horse having refused a second time.

There were not more than twenty before us now, and I was growing more excited and more confident every moment. The charming enthusiasm of my companion inspired me, and if I felt at the first hedge as if charging infantry, now the battle seemed won, and I intoxicated with triumph.

Unsporting reader! do not think I rave: it needs strong language to express the sensations of a gallop after foxhounds. I shall never more wonder that the universal topic of conversation in hunting districts is the last run, and I shall henceforth only pity the men whose shallow powers of utterance does not enable them to give fuller expression to their emotion.

Our horses laboured up the ascent evidently a little tired by their long and heavy gallop; about half-a-dozen determined riders passed us as we were approaching the wood, where Danvers, with Lady Caroline, and a group of about a score, were standing still, their jaded horses, with outstretched necks and legs, steaming in clouds. The hounds were howling in the wood, and we soon heard that the fox had been run to earth and they disappointed of their prey.

"Well done, Miss Keith; and well done, Templar," said Mr. Danvers, as we rode up. "You found Rover a good nag, didn't you?"

"Yes, it's all his doing that I am here."

"Well, we've had a glorious run, although we haven't killed our fox; but what have you done with Anton, Lady Caroline?"

"Really, Mr. Danvers, I don't know," replied Lady Caroline. "I think he was very near putting himself into that ditch below us; but here he comes to answer for himself."

And Anton rode up, looking very discomfited; Lady Caroline's eyes welcoming him with a prettily malicious pleasure, as she pertly thanked him for his devoted attention throughout the run.

Delapierre and Miss Morland were nowhere to be seen, and Miss Keith and I followed Lady Caroline and Anton on the way homewards. After riding for some time in silence, she said:

"I am so sorry you are going away to-morrow, Mr. Templar."

"Thank you," I replied; "my unwillingness to do so is greatly increased by your kind remark."

"Well, why do you, then?"

"Because—"

"Because you are tired of our company, I suppose, and are already sighing for the pleasures of your London life."

"Miss Keith, how can you do me such injustice? It is even cruel of you to suggest the thought of my solitary chambers while I am enjoying the sunshine of your company. But I suppose it is on principle that you do it, warning me against drinking too deeply of my present happiness."

"Really, Mr. Templar, no one would suppose you had such pretty speeches left in you after that tremendous leap of yours, when, I hope you will forgive me for thinking that you rolled about like a Chinese doll."

"You forget, Miss Keith, that the fox was before while you were behind me, or you would easily comprehend how at that moment, while Rover forced me forward, my inclination led me backward."

A little blush betrayed that I had at least won this skirmish. Our horses hadn't a canter left in them, so we allowed them to walk towards home.

"How beautiful those woods are!"—and I called my companion's attention to the rich clumps of trees which fringed the hills near us. Their gorgeous autumn colouring, with the sunlight shining full upon them through the cold clear air of a November afternoon, formed part of a splendid landscape.

"They are, indeed," she replied; adding—"which do you like best, Mr. Templar, London or the country?"

"You forget, Miss Keith, I have never yet tried riding with you in a London street, therefore I must withhold my judgment."

"Oh, what nonsense you talk; you know what I mean."

"I think I do; but really I am at present so well contented with the country, that it will be dangerous for me to decide. I wish this was the exception to the rule regarding long lanes, and that it had no turning, but led straight on for ever."

"Well, you are unmerciful. If you have forgotten such material things as dinner, you might at least have had some feeling for your poor horse's wants. I am afraid you are becoming selfish, Mr. Templar."

"If it is selfish to centre one's thoughts upon one individual; to love one person to the exclusion of all others; to know no pleasure in life except in the society of one single human being; if to love her with all my heart and soul and strength, and to feed continually upon the hope of being permitted to devote my existence to making her life happy; if, in short, dearest Miss Keith, to love—"

At this moment a loud halloo from Danvers

startled us, and cut short my speech: he galloped up quickly.

"Well, you young people—you left me all behind. I suppose you've been talking over the run. Eh! Miss Keith?"

"Y—es we have," she replied.

Danvers seemed to have doubts as to the truth of this, and, perhaps, would have proceeded to confuse us both by a cross-examination; but the conversation was interrupted by the sudden fall of Miss Keith's horse, whether from some weakness of the legs, or from a stumble over one of the round pebbles with which the road was mended, I could not determine.

Unprepared for such a mishap, she fell from her saddle, and lay upon the road, as I feared much hurt. Her horse, after a violent struggle, rose to its feet, and set off at full gallop towards home.

In a moment I was off my horse, and found the young lady in some pain from her fall, but not seriously hurt. Assisting her to rise, I led her to a gate close at hand, and while she leaned against it, went to a neighbouring brook and returned with my felt hat filled with water, in which she bathed her hands. Her gloves were cut through, and some particles of gravel had been forced beneath the grazed skin of one of the palms of her hands.

"I am so much obliged to you, Mr. Templar; I feel all right again now," she said; "but where is my horse?"

"Very near to Mr. Danvers' stable, I expect, by this time," I answered.

"Oh, dear! what will papa think if he sees the horse? How frightened he will be!"

"That's just what I'm thinking of, Miss Keith," said Danvers, "and, as I am sure Mr. Templar will look well to you, I think I'd better ride on quickly, and tell Mr. Keith and all inquiring friends that there is no greater damage done than the rasping of those pretty hands, to say nothing of the torn habit and gloves."

"I'll take care of Miss Keith. Do ride on, Danvers, there's a good fellow," I said.

"Very well, I don't doubt you'll do your best to look after the forlorn Diana—I'll push on." And off he rode.

"Will you take my arm, Miss Keith, or will you sit on my horse; he is very quiet now, after his long run with such a weight on his back."

"Thank you, I think I can walk."

She gathered up her habit, and, taking my arm, we left the scene of this mishap. I led Rover with my spare hand, but before we had proceeded many yards, it was evident that walking was painful and difficult to my companion, and I again suggested that she should mount my horse.

"Well, I think I will," she said; and, placing her foot in my hand, I lifted her gently on to the saddle. She gathered the reins tightly to steady herself, and we proceeded at a walking pace.

"I don't mind my tumble at all, now that I know papa will not be alarmed—though it spoils the successful appearance of our run; does it not, Mr. Templar?"

"Are you sure you are not hurt?"

"Oh, not at all, I feel no pain whatever now, Rover's pace is so easy, and this saddle so comfortable. We have had a very agreeable day, taking it altogether. Don't you think so?"

"Rather too pleasant. I am only so sorry it must have an end."

"Now don't begin to talk nonsense again, Mr. Templar, or I shall be obliged, at the risk of my life, to whip Rover into running away from you."

"Miss Keith," I said, laying my hand near to hers upon the saddle, "I cannot hide my feelings as successfully as you do the effects of a fall. It seems to me, now, as if I were counting the hours of my life by those which yet remain to me in your company. If I might carry away with me the knowledge that you, whom I love best on earth, felt some love for me—that while the memory of you will be with me always, I should be remembered by you; if I might think it not vain to hope that, some day, you would endow me with the right to be your guardian and protector, I should think myself the happiest—the most enviable of men."

She was looking down while I spoke with a soft and grave expression on her face, and as I took her hand, unresisted, and kissed it, she blushed deeply, gently withdrawing it from mine.

"Let me, dearest Miss Keith, hear my sentence. Will you, can you ever love me?"

I touched Rover's neck, and he stood still as if he were also interested in her answer. She raised her eyes, and, with a look of shy happiness, laid her hand in mine,—a free and loving gift I would not exchange for any conceivable possession.

Our hearts were too full to talk much during the short distance which remained. But I learned enough to make me not only happy but secure in my love, and—as I assisted her to dismount before we reached the house—sealed my engagement in the pleasantest manner possible.

Miss Keith's horse had arrived at the stables slightly lame, but otherwise uninjured; and we received the congratulations of our friends upon our success in the hunting-field. Miss Keith was a general favourite, and every one was delighted to find her unhurt by her fall.

So "my first run" ended. I have followed hounds several times since, but never with so much pleasure. Our engagement has been ratified by the ready consent of our respective friends, and my happiness seems to date from an occasion which I hope is not entirely devoid of interest to the reader.

A. A.

NOTES ABOUT EELS.

I QUESTION much if, amongst all the countless inhabitants of both fresh and salt water, there be one so universally popular—and yet of whose natural history so little is known—as the eel, and that certainly not for lack of materials of interest, inasmuch as there are few fish (for I suppose I must term it a *fish*) about which so much can be said, and so much has still to be learnt.

There are many varieties of the eel known in this country, as well as several foreign ones

special to the countries in which they are bred (as, for example, the gymnotus, or electrical eel, of South America); but I shall confine myself in this paper to the chief of the British varieties, namely, the conger, or great sea-eel; the fresh-water silver eel (the delicacy of our dining-tables); and, lastly, the small brown salt-water sand-eel. *En passant*, let me remark that there is a creature, called by some ignorant people a sand-eel, which is neither more nor less than a worm, and its proper name is the log (not lob) worm. This worm is used as bait for taking sea-fish.

The conger, with which I shall commence my remarks, grows to an immense size, often exceeding one hundred pounds in weight. Conger fishing is rarely practised *per se*, as it would not pay, but the fish is taken incidentally in almost every kind of sea-fishery. Great numbers, for instance, are caught in the herring and mackerel nets, and as many on the long lines used for the cod fishery, whilst they are often also taken in large numbers when fishing with the hand-line for codling and whiting. The conger frequently gets into the "trawl nets" employed in fishing for soles, plaice, turbot, &c., and not seldom causes woful destruction to the nets of the fishermen. I have alluded in a previous paper to one of enormous size taken many years ago on the Kentish coast,* and I have heard of very many similar instances. Enormous congers are caught off the Cornish coast during the pilchard fishery, and are cut in pieces, cured and dried for consumption in the fishermen's cottages. The flesh of a very large conger is somewhat rank, but the smaller fish—say those of two to four pounds weight—when either fried in bread-crumbs, or stewed in wine as the river eel, are, in my own opinion, little, if at all, inferior to that fish. When congers are taken with hook and line, the bait used is a piece of fresh herring (a bait, by-the-way, that no salt-water fish, to be caught with a hook, will refuse). The greatest caution must be used in taking a conger-eel off the hook, as it is an excessively cruel, crafty fish, and will snap like a dog at the first thing that offers. The writer has a scar on his left hand, caused by a small fish of this species. The eel should be disabled by a sharp blow or two on the back of the head, or on the tail, so as to disjoint one of the vertebræ, and kill it outright. I have been (when fishing alone with a hand-line, as I sometimes do) so reluctant to handle one of these eels that I have cut the line above the hook, and allowed it to escape in preference to so doing. With the single exception of the savage dog-fish, I know no fish so awkward to handle as a conger-eel. The large congers are really dangerous customers, as any one will be inclined to agree with me who has once had a view of their formidable jaws. The boatmen cut the larger congers into flat pieces, about six or eight inches square and two thick. These they pepper and salt, and dry some time in the sun, after which they eat them broiled as a relish for tea. I have eaten, in a fisherman's cottage, conger-eels so dressed, and found them by no means unpalatable. Some of the boatmen eat "dog-fish," "nurse-dogs," and

* See Vol. VI., p. 399.

"Sweet Williams" (a species of small dog-fish), dressed in a similar way. I have occasionally partaken of them myself, and must own that the "nurse-dog" was not bad, though a little too sweet to suit my palate. The bite of a conger is exceedingly painful, and gives a sensation like that which would be given by rubbing the skin sharply with a rough file until blood was drawn. Instances are on record of large congers having attacked fishermen, and I have heard of one man losing his arm from the bite of one of that tribe. In colour the conger-eel is much lighter than the river eel, being something of a pale lavender, with a darkish line drawn down the side from head to tail. Like all others of the eel tribe, its voracity is unbounded, but at the same time it is not an indiscriminate feeder. Its preference is for white bait (that is herring, mackerel, and sprats), and the smaller ones bite greedily at a worm. I have seen very large crabs and a couple of quarts of large and small prawns, and on one occasion a sheep's eye (probably thrown over from some coasting vessel), taken out of a conger. These eels contain an immense amount of oil, but I never heard of its being put to any special use, probably because they are not taken in sufficient quantities. In the cod season, and when the lines for taking that splendid fish are baited with sprats and pieces of herring, congers are detestable nuisances, as they sometimes get on the hooks in great quantities to the exclusion, of course, of the cod; nay, they will eat the poor cod off the hook when he has got fastened! I have taken scores of *cods' heads only*! all the flesh being eaten off the bones, as what the conger leaves, the crabs and lobsters will finish. I once was immensely chagrined at finding on one of my hooks the head of a cod (which, entire, should have weighed forty pounds), the body being quite devoured, and even the eyes and red gills eaten out of the head! The cod-fishermen—where congers are plentiful—are in continual dread of this voracious creature. However, this short account will suffice for this particular variety of the eel.

Next in order, but most esteemed of the species, comes the silver-eel of our rivers, ponds, and lakes, a delicious fish, and one which few palates dislike; indeed, from the eel-pie of the street-boy to the exquisite "spitch-cock" of more aristocratic patrons, there is hardly a form in which the river-eel is not welcomed as a dinner-dish by all classes. Silver-eels are caught in all fresh waters, and by special wire or wicker nets, or "pots," so constructed as to arrest their progress when once imprisoned. These traps are usually set near mills in rivers, and sometimes laid singly in running streams and large ditches, the haunts of eels. Immense quantities are thus taken annually, many millions in fact, and far more than it would be an easy task to compute. The best size for the table is from one to three pounds weight. The county of Berks is famous for its eels, though indeed wherever there is food for them they are pretty sure to be found. Four or five years ago, when the Serpentine was under course of improvement, thousands of fine eels floated dead to the surface of the water, and were carried away in

numbers by men and boys. I saw some on that occasion (it was either in 1857 or 1858) of splendid size and condition; indeed I have rarely, if ever, seen finer ones. Private individuals who wish to take eels, not for the market, but for pastime, or to supply their own tables, may take them in most fresh waters by means of night-lines baited with lob-worms, minnows, and small gudgeons. Jack and trout are often taken on these lines: I myself have taken fine fish on them, but only once a trout, and that was a small one; still I have known many instances of good trout being taken, as well as perch. There are other ways of taking eels on which I need not here expatiate. Holland is famous for its eels, and they are brought to Billingsgate alive, and there sold by tens of thousands each morning during the proper season. These are bought by costermongers and little dealers, and retailed in the streets. On a winter night, every street in a populous locality (especially if it be a low one) will exhibit its eel-merchant with a can of smoking hot stewed eels, and of the eel-pie houses and vendors I may truly affirm that "their name is legion."

It is a very bustling, curious sight, very early in the morning, when eels are in season, to pay a visit to the Dutch eel-boats lying off Billingsgate, and to hear the great amount of rough but good-humoured badinage that goes on between the crews of the vessels and the intended buyers. A great lump of eels, twined and intertwined in so many Gordian knots, and all alive and writhing, is produced from a box (full of holes to admit the water, and fastened by a chain to the boat), and perhaps the seller ultimately takes a third of what he asked at first. The eel-buyers are an exceedingly sharp set, and can calculate to a fraction what a lot will be worth at a glance, knowing as they do the exact state of the street-market, and the prices to which (and *no further*) their street-customers will go. The day of the week also to a great extent influences the street-markets. On Catholic fish days, for instance, the demand with Irish labourers will be greater; and it must be remembered that fish being a stock in trade that will not keep, the street-seller must needs look very sharply to the probable demand. Most of those who deal in *uncooked* eels sell also plaice and other fish, whilst those who sell hot stewed eels, sell besides only whelks, and sometimes the eels alone. So popular are these stewed eels with street boys, that I am assured a lad, after having had one halfpennyworth, will come six or seven times again in the same evening if he has the money, and one street-dealer told me he had once sold thirteen halfpennyworths to the same boy within three hours!

The last variety of eel to which I shall refer is the small sea sand-eel, which is sold in vast numbers to the Londoners in the by districts, especially the Irish, and the young lads and boys who have a few pence to spare for what they deem a delicacy. This choice "*morceau*" is particularly affected by the hangers-on of the Victoria Theatre: indeed, the class of people frequenting that district form at least *eight-tenths* of the customers of the eel-man. Sometimes a working-man's wife, to get a hot and cheap

supper for her tired-out husband, will buy a few of these eels ready stewed, and bring them home in a small basin.

The sand-eel does not differ in its habits from others of its tribe. It may be taken at any seaside place, as for instance, off Ramsgate and Broadstairs' piers, by merely fastening a bunch of worms to a piece of worsted and dipping them into the water. The eels will hang on till lifted out. This method is termed "bobbing," and I have often employed it, when a boy, at both the places mentioned. It must be practised when the tide is *flowing*, as the eels come in to feed with the flood tide. The worms should be sea-worms, dug out of the mud at low water. Common land-worms turn quite white in salt water, and are of very little use. I have also taken the silver freshwater eel by "bobbing" in the river Loddon, and in the Thames at Henley.

The sea sand-eel is a very bony fish and exceedingly inferior, but it commands a good sale amongst the lower orders owing to its cheapness. Its size rarely exceeds twelve inches in length, and its thickness is no more than that of a man's finger. It is sold on barrows in the streets and lanes of the New Cut, Whitechapel, the Edgware Road, Somers Town, and other populous localities, and also in the small fish-shops scarcely to be dignified as "fishmongers," but where the articles offered for sale consist mainly of bloaters, dried haddocks, shrimps, whelks, and periwinkles.

Probably many of the readers of this periodical are not even aware of the existence of this little eel. It may often be seen taken in the shrimp and prawn nets of our coast, and under the large stones and seaweed in the shallow pools left by the sea at low water. I regret much to add that great and needless cruelties are practised on the eel tribe, as, though the eel is tenacious of life, the mere disjoining of one of the vertebrae is sufficient to deprive it of *feeling*, and the motion that follows is purely *muscular*. It is a piece of brutal barbarity to skin eels (as is almost always done), without first depriving them of feeling. I should like to urge a plea for the poor eel, who has not many friends; nay, why should I not urge a plea—as I most heartily do—for the whole of the dumb creation? ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

UP THE MOSELLE.

PART III.

After climbing over the sites of both the castles, which are accessible by a hewn stair from the church, we return to take the road up the valley which leads in the direction of the Moselle. Idar is passed,—a great manufactory of agates. In Idar and Oberstein are said to live one hundred goldsmiths, engaged in setting these stones, which science has now learned to dye. Beyond Idar we see a shining rock on the top of a wooded ridge, seemingly easy of access by a straight up-hill bridle-road. Not meeting a creature to ask the way, it appears to us safer to take the main road, which winds most circuitously up a long gorge. We are rewarded, however, by passing through woods of beech, whose enormous boles are worthy of a virgin

American forest. At length the landmark of the shining rock is reached, and we are at the top of the Hunsrück, or Ridge of the Huns, a long hog's-backed wooded hill, or rather series of ridges, with a more or less flat top, which extends up from the Rhine between the Nahe and the Moselle, and is about 2000 feet high. This country is strangely wild and solitary. At one of the loneliest spots there stand in the road three hinds of the red deer, looking at us. They withdraw to about a hundred yards in the wood, and stand still again, looking very grand, and, in the half-light, almost spectral.

On descending from the main ridges, we see a most solitary castle in a most solitary moor. We can get no information from the peasants but that it is called Balduinhof, or the Court of Baldwin, probably having been erected by a sturdy archbishop of Treves of that name.

Some charcoal-burners here show a shorter way, so we quit the main road and skirt an oak forest, as grand and antique-looking as the beech forest we had passed in the morning. As the autumn sun sets gloriously, we are aware of the hollow in which the Moselle runs, light upon a gorge which leads down to it, and arrive at Berncastel in the dark. The day's walk may have amounted to eighteen or twenty miles, but a straight course for the shining rock would have saved two or three of these.

We knew Berncastel before, as represented in one of Harding's views. But that Berncastel exists no longer. Like Trarbach, and several other places on the Moselle, it was partly burnt down in 1857, by some strange fatality. In the cases both of Berncastel and Trarbach the picturesque frontage of the towns on the side of the Moselle is no more. Any paintings which have been made from them, as subjects, would now acquire a double value, for they would be as portraits of the dead. From Berncastel it is but a step to Trarbach across the neck of the hill, though the steamer takes some time to get there in following the devious course of the Moselle.

Trarbach lies at the mouth of one of those long, wooded, winding gorges which lead down to the Moselle from the table-land. At present it is a very uninviting place, as the best inn stands in a close street. But on the other side of the river appears a little house with "Hotel Klaus" in large letters upon it. So we cross in the huge ferry-boat and enter it. There is a beautiful view, from the windows, of the river, with the hills over Trarbach, and the Castle of Trarbach crowning the nearest of these. The "Hotel Klaus" is situated in Traben, a corruption of the Latin word "Taberna." It was manifestly the half-way station between Trèves and Coblenz in the Roman times. In the Palatinate we find the word Taberna corrupted into Zabern, or Saverne. Traben still exhibits some of the most curious old houses to be found anywhere on the Moselle, which is saying much, as all the unburnt towns on the Moselle abound in curious old houses. When fortifications limited the area of towns, it seems that all the decorative energies of the inhabitants were expended on putting as much ornament in a narrow compass as possible. The

houses at Traben—amongst which is most conspicuous the old Town-hall—are dark, dingy, and filthy; but glory in every possible interlacing of rafters and arabesque ornamentation. Klaus's Hotel is a favourite abode of the Düsseldorf artists; and it is a most friendly little inn, where the family appear to do all in their power to please the palates, secure the comforts, and save the pockets of their guests. There is a sociable common breakfast, dinner, and supper at regular hours. The Moselle wine is abundant and good. In our short stay we saw specimens of the prosaic and poetic intoxication: the former in the persons of two Englishmen who had been indulging in alcohol previously on board the steamer; the latter in the person of a goodly vine-grower of the neighbourhood, a well-to-do peasant, but clad in simple blouse, with a face the type for an artist. He was made a butt of by the naughty brethren of Düsseldorf, one of whom passed himself off upon him as a railway surveyor, and took his opinion with the gravest face on the different merits of problematical lines. Long may it be before the Moselle is defiled with tunnels and cuttings, and ceases to be a haunt for artists! Behind Traben is the elevation which bears the name of Mont Royal, where Louis XIV. made a great camp at great cost, which he was obliged to abandon at the peace of Ryswick. And Trarbach is historically famous, as having been occupied by Marlborough in the campaign of Blenheim. The valley behind Trarbach is rich in magnificent rock and wood scenery, as are also its two branches, which lose themselves in the upland. September is surely the time to see the Moselle. The air is still, the sun is but lukewarm, the lights are exquisite, the colours of the foliage range through every variety of green, and yellow, and pink, and russet, and brown. The only drawback is the shortness of the days, still shorter in the depth of the gorge, from which the hills shut out the last smiles of the sun. It is not so true to say that Nature is always beautiful, as that Nature can be beautiful at all seasons. On grey, foggy, overcast days, whether in summer or winter, Nature's beauty is asleep. But to the lover of Nature even midwinter itself invests the country with greater attractions than the town. What ball-room diamonds or hanging lustres can vie with the spiculæ of hoar-frost, when the living light of the morning sun glistens through them!

The steamer which plies between Trèves and Coblenz performs the down voyage in one day, the up voyage in two. We get on board to go down the river about midday. The effect of the quiet course is curious and novel from the perpetual scene-shifting, as there are none of the long reaches of the Rhine. Yet the scenes have a certain sameness: long vine-mantled hills; little towns, with each its castle, or perhaps its ruined convent above it; gabled and fantastic houses; frowning rocks, some dark, some red, some motley, as composed of intruded igneous rocks, or flat-lying or slightly dislocated sandstone. The red rocks contrast best with the green vines. The company on board is variously composed, but there happen to be no English. There are priests from Trèves, with shovel-hats and long cloaks;

peasants from the banks with pretty costumes, among which a close cap of gilt filagree and a great silver-gilt bodkin stuck behind are conspicuous. There is one unfortunate German lady with no protector, and herself obliged to protect six children, mostly healthy boys. These are ever and anon trying to commit suicide, either by leaning over the river, or balancing themselves over the opening to the engines. During the progress of the table-d'hôte in the cabin the haldest of these boys comes tumbling down the cabin-stairs, with his head resounding on the floor. He rubs the place to show that no harm is done, except to his mother's feelings. That table-d'hôte in the cabin is a mistake, and those who wish to see the scenery will do well to dine *à la carte* above. The wind upon deck is the excuse offered to remonstrants.

There is a painter on deck, sketching the clergy and laity, who appear half-conscious and not displeased at the compliment, while another is trying to get memoranda of the shapes of the hills and castles, and convents, and bits of old walls, and quaint churches and quainter houses which pass as in a dream. One of the grandest parts is close to Alf, where a valley opens, which leads to the baths of Bertrich and the wilder scenery of the Eifel. But Cochem is apparently the cynosure of the Moselle. It is a place for which Nature has done her best, and mediæval art its best also, to make it a quarry of gems for modern painters. As the steamer does not stop at the stations, but the passengers who wish to be set down must hail a boat, and the stations are much like one another, we are insensibly carried past Brodenbach, where we intended to alight, and disembarked at Alken, just beyond. In consequence of asking there of the parish priest, the direction of the humble inn, we pass the evening with him at his most hospitable bachelor establishment. He is great in the antiquities of the Moselle, and in the produce of his own vineyard, both white and red. In the morning he has to say mass at Brodenbach, and offers to conduct us thither, and put us on the

way to the Castle of Ehrenburg, the chief sight of these parts.

The village of Ehrenburg is shrouded in a luminous mist. We come upon an exquisite picture. The rays of the morning sun are piercing the mist from the left, and strongly illuminating a vine which hangs on an old house in the foreground, and the golden moss on a cottage in the middle distance; to the right is a quaint old bridge, some high trees and a stream; above all appears high up, as if suspended, the ghost of a great castle—a veritable castle in the air. A winding way conducts presently to it, and we are in the midst of the extensive remains of the Castle of Ehrenburg. It is shown by an old man who lives there in a kind of house built at the bottom of a

spacious winding vault which leads up by an inclined plane to the interior of the hold.

The view from the chief tower is very comprehensive: in the distance, beyond the Moselle, appear the volcanic summits of the Eifel, bringing to mind the strange country of the Puy de Dome, in France. This is one of the castles which belonged to that Sickingen who figured in the Reformation period. The grand and romantic loneliness of its site is similar to that of another castle of the same family, hidden away in a woody basin, near the village of Sauerthal, in the country behind Caub, on the Rhine, and the

descendant of whose owner is still said to be living as a humble peasant in a farm on the mountain.

From Ehrenburg we strike across the upland, and in a pleasant walk of about seven miles cross the Hunsrück, a spur of which here forms the narrow neck of land which divides the rest of the Moselle from the Rhine. A winding path, shaded with beech, leads down on 'hydropathic Boppard. A knapsack properly stored, and a pool in a mountain stream, supply all the needs of a toilette after the walk. At Boppard we come again on the railway and the Rhine steamer, the nineteenth century, and respectability, with the intention of taking another walk in the still unsophisticated Moselle country at the first opportunity.



Traben, on the Moselle.

THE HAMPDENS.

AN HISTORLETTE. BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.



CHAPTER VIII. A DAY AT COURT IN MERRY - ENGLAND.

THE next day was steeped in bliss to Henrietta, though it had its agitations. Some hours of the morning were spent in strolling along the avenue and about the park with Lady Carlisle, and in sitting in the shade in the flower garden. That none of the gentlemen would be abroad, Henrietta knew: but she was surprised that Lady Carlisle was so entirely at liberty. It came out in the course of conversation, however, that this trip to Hampshire afforded a good opportunity for the Queen to hold her council also; and the Romish agents who had been collecting money in her name, through the priests' influence with their flocks, were appointed to meet Her Majesty at Basing House, to report of their success in raising funds for paying the expenses of the recent march of troops against the Scotch, and for sustaining the patience of the King too far. There were two informal councils sitting all the morning in different

apartments, and the Queen's ladies were not wanted.

"Did you find it a very fearful thing to converse with the Queen?" Lady Carlisle asked, as she and Henrietta sat in the transparent shadow of a beech, hardly yet in full leaf. "Nobody is near. Tell me how you felt last night."

"The presence of a sovereign is like no other presence," Henrietta replied. "The awe is to me, and I suppose to others, a new feeling; but it is not a fear which renders one dumb and dazed."

"I saw that it did not deprive you of your faculties; and that is probably the reason why Her Majesty was more pleased with you than I have often seen her with a young maiden so untrained in courtly ways. Did you not tremble lest she should judge you less favourably?"

"O no! I was in pain lest my thought of her should prove to have been too high and too endearing. This was my fear, because I have heard much evil of her which I have with-

stood, as well as much good which I have fully believed."

"You were so occupied with your own opinion of her, that you forgot to be careful of her opinion of you. Was it so?" the Countess inquired, smiling.

"Just so," Henrietta replied seriously. "How can it matter what might be the passing impression of a Queen about a girl whom she would forget the next day? But to me it matters much to be assured, that there is nothing mistaken in the utmost reverence and love for those whom God has placed over us."

"You are a strange girl!" said the Countess. "Does it make no difference to you whether Her Majesty speaks of you with disgust or with favour?"

"O yes! It would be painful to have given her pain, and very pleasant to have her favour."

"You have it, my dear. Did you discover how pleased she was with you?"

Henrietta had not understood the matter precisely so. She had an impression, from certain tones and half smiles, that— Here she hesitated.

"I knew you would find that out, my child; and that was why I pressed you with questions. Her Majesty had supposed that you had been reared in Puritan prejudice, though not actual untidiness; and this gave that hardness to her voice last night which her enemies are so fond of describing. But she presently learned to know you better; and you will hear those tones no more. How would you like to be in the Queen's service?" the lady suddenly asked, after a moment's pause.

"It could not be," Henrietta declared. "No child of my father's could live at Court."

"Did you observe what the Queen said of His Majesty's wish to have your father in his government?"

"I did; and my father shall hear of it. But if that were possible, it would be for the sake of my father's reputation in the kingdom, and as representing the people in the government. It would be a different thing for a girl to be in the Queen's personal service."

"But if you could render political service together with the personal—"

"I could not do it. If you would know why, it is because my temper is not patient."

The Countess laughed, and said her dear child was candid. Did she think the Queen's temper impatient too, so that quarrels would grow up?

Without expressly answering this, Henrietta explained that there were things done by the authority, and it was said by the orders, of the Crown and the Church, which she owned she could not endure to think of. She could live nowhere where she must rejoice, as the courtiers had done openly, at the punishment of Mr. Prynne and Mr. Bastwick, and—

"O! those things are horrid!" Lady Carlisle declared. "They make one's blood run cold,—those punishments. But nobody asks one whether one approves of such things. I am sure nobody has ever asked me. Yes, your eyes are asking me now. All I have to say is, that the Lord Deputy

considers the utmost severity necessary in these times; and he is always right, you know."

Henrietta was silent. Lady Carlisle then questioned her closely and eagerly about the opinion entertained of the Lord Deputy by her father and his friends; and so great was the eagerness that Henrietta was glad to have heard no word from any one of them about the Lord Deputy, since he went to Ireland.

"I am afraid of Mr. Pym," Lady Carlisle declared. "I once knew and esteemed Mr. Pym; and I had hoped better things of him than that he would judge so princely a man as his old friend Wentworth so hardly as he does."

"They parted asunder about the loan, I have heard," said Henrietta. "When friends do part, do they not become bitter enemies?"

"Ordinary men may; but it should not be so with men like these. If the princely one is strongwilled and stern, as he has a prerogative to be, the popular one is (or I supposed him to be) so genial, and so wise, that I cannot understand why it is that he hunts the Lord Deputy through all his Irish measures, seeking for means to condemn him. The Lord Deputy scorns all enemies, and ridicules me for my alarm as to what they may do. He believes, as so many of the King's friends do, that Mr. Pym is like a man possessed of a devil,—full of rage and murderous thoughts, and desiring only to outrage the throne and destroy the kingdom. How far is this true? What has the Lord Deputy to fear from Mr. Pym, think you?"

"I can only judge by what I have seen and heard. I do not believe that Mr. Pym bears malice against any person. I believe that he would be as loyal to the King as any man, if certain evils were frankly set right. He is more likely than my father to be in the King's service, I should judge."

"And the Lord Deputy?"

"How can he have anything to fear if he rules by the law? No man can touch him while he sides with the law. If he governs in the way which he admits to be illegal and wilful—"

"Say 'thorough,'—that is his word."

"In the way which he calls 'thorough,' and which other men call illegal, he must surely expect what cannot but follow."

"And what is that?"

"That, as he promised, his own right arm should keep his own head."

Lady Carlisle shuddered, and observed what a fearful destiny it was for a man to be superior to his day and generation. And then she was silent for some time.

"Let us walk further," she said, at length; and she led the way to a seat formed in a bank of primroses and blue hyacinths, where, if anywhere, a young girl's heart would open on a sunny spring day.

"I am going to be very free with you, my child," said Lady Carlisle: "and if I go too far you must stop me. I was not in earnest about your living at Court."

"I thought so; and I am glad of it," Henrietta replied.

"I mean only that, loyal as you are, you will

never agree in all that the most loyal people must say and do in such times as these. Your proper place is in a home of your own."

Henrietta murmured that that could never be.

"That is where I think you are wrong," her friend observed. "I think you not only mistaken, but seriously to blame. Ah! it seems hard to say so when you have crushed your own happiness. Well, well! I will not say all I think; for I cannot bear to see your distress. I will only remind you that there is another who suffers—"

"Do you think I need reminding?" Henrietta forced herself to say. "It was for his sake . . . Oh, you do not know what it is for those who love so—so entirely, to think so differently about the thing which they must be always thinking and speaking about, and taking some course about. It is terrible to part, but—"

"But do you mean, my child, that you, sensible and religious as you are,—you, loving this lover of yours with such a heart as yours, cannot keep your temper where you and he differ? Is this possible?"

"If it were a matter of doctrine and belief," said Henrietta, "we should have taken each our own part long ago, and have lived together in silence on that one point. But now, if the King is assailed, in war, or in a rude Parliament, and if Harry is among the assailants, what could his wife be to him if she felt as I do?"

"She might be the best of wives to him: she might be the most helpful to the King's interests of all the women in England: she would hold the position of a heroine, and would earn the blessing pronounced on the peacemakers."

"Do you really think so?" Henrietta murmured.

"I do: and I believe every real friend you have would say the same. Tell me, have you not been told these things before?"

"Oh yes; but everybody was on Harry's side; and I knew better than they did why Harry could not be happy with me. They would not believe me—(but I am sure he did in his heart)—that I should make him miserable."

"But I who am on the other side think you wrong,—wrong to yourself,—wrong to Harry,—wrong to those to whom you owe loyalty."

"Do you indeed?"

"See what opportunities for service you are throwing away! Think for a moment what you might have done by a wife and a daughter's influence! Henrietta! this is a shrinking from duty which I should not have expected from one so piously and dutifully reared, so—What did you say, my love?"

"I am very unworthy, I know," said the poor girl, struggling with her tears.

"Then rouse yourself to recover the path of duty, to redeem the time," exclaimed Lady Carlisle, imagining that she was speaking in Puritan sympathy. "Consider whether your religion, and your loyalty, and your love, cannot together guard your temper, and—Oh! I wish I could set before you what a course of duty offers itself to you!"

"It is too late now!" said Henrietta, in a tone which was meant to be calm.

"It may not be too late. If it should prove otherwise, promise me—Well, well! Be tranquil, my dear. How should I act in the matter? you ask—I who never saw this Harry of yours, and have not met his mother for many years. When I say it may not be too late, I speak from what I perceive in you. The inference is fair, is it not?"

Though disturbed in spirits, and weeping many tears, Henrietta was happier at this moment than for years past. She and her friend became very confidential. Lady Carlisle told her of the cruel straits their Majesties were in for want of money. She told of the despair of the Court on this head, because the King, they believed, never would have another Parliament; and there was now no other way. Lady Carlisle and she were not so sure that there would never be another Parliament. The King was certainly out of spirits; and if all were known, it might come out that he rather repented of having routed the Parliament at the end of three weeks. Those who talked freely of their Majesties could little imagine the trials they had to undergo. In their position there were daily vexations, from friends as well as enemies. Not a week ago a real trial had overtaken the King and Court. They had lost poor Archy; and he was more missed than many a man of more dignity. Who was Archy? Did not everybody know who Archy was? He was the King's jester. In times like these the King's jester was really important,—really a blessing in withdrawing their Majesties' minds from their troubles, and in diverting the Court while so many quarrels were arising. But it was the Archbishop's pleasure that Archy should be punished for some words he had dropped, when in his cups, against his Grace. The poor fellow was in prison; and his master was certainly very dull without him: but it was his gracious way to yield in such cases.

Before the ladies reached the house they had exchanged promises of confidential correspondence. While Henrietta was with Sir Oliver, she would have nothing to report, because there was really nothing that she could do for the cause. She was lost there, her friend considered. But, if the time should come when she would be in the midst of people who ought to be glad to know the King better, she should have the means of instructing them. Lady Carlisle would keep her informed of the Royal views and aims, and the injuries they sustained; and Henrietta, on her part, would indicate in the freest way what His Majesty ought to do, or not to do, according to the Puritan view, and point out any particular danger which she might believe His Majesty exposed to. Thus would these friends consecrate their friendship to their King's service. As she kissed Henrietta at the door of her chamber, Lady Carlisle said into her ear—

"Rest for an hour on that sofa, as I shall do on mine. And while you are resting, think what you might do now, if you were Harry's wife."

Henrietta's old uncle admired her extremely that evening,—occupied as he was with his devotion to their Majesties: and, for her part, Henrietta scarcely knew her old uncle. He was always a gentleman, amidst all his oddities; but he was a different sort of gentleman at Basing from any—

thing she had seen at Biggin House, even when the Lord Deputy was there. Sir Oliver was this evening not only perfectly well dressed and well mannered, but elevated in his whole style of thought and sentiment. Henrietta felt that her father was dignified in one way; and the King in another; and now she perceived that there was yet another style of dignity, of which Sir Oliver was an example. She could only speculate, when she saw their Majesties distinguishing the old man, what they would have thought if they had seen him tossing up his wig because the King had dissolved the Parliament before it could well get to work. On his part, Sir Oliver's heart warmed to his darling when he saw how pretty she looked, with her heightened colour and her shining eyes. When His Majesty inquired into their relationship, and spoke some kind words about her, Sir Oliver frankly said that she had never looked so pretty before, and that it was her loyalty that showed itself in that way.

A little later, when Henrietta was in conversation with one of the Queen's ladies, she was startled by the King's speaking to her. He sat down, and made her sit also; and in the conversation which ensued she became as simply and sincerely interested as if she had been listening to any other gentleman, in any other apartment. His Majesty inquired about Mr. Hampden's health, and expressed admiration of his devotedness to what he had considered to be the interests of the country. It was deplorable, he said, that dissensions should arise as they had done; but no opposition of views on public affairs had ever blinded him to the honourable character of Mr. Hampden; so that, when it became necessary to try a certain point in a court of law, he had himself suggested that Mr. Hampden's case should be the one tried, as that of the most choice antagonist whom he could select. How glad would Henrietta have been to recall one single instance in which her father had regarded the King as honourable, or had spoken of him with respect like this for his personal character, apart from his function! As she could not, she concluded that the King had the advantage in point of liberality and generosity.

His Majesty went on to say that there had been times when he had conceived some hope of a union of forces between the leaders of the opposing views. He had, in fact, consulted some of his friends about the possibility of inducing Mr. Hampden and Mr. Pym, and some of their friends, to aid him in the work of government; and he did not, after all, give up the hope.

On such a point Henrietta could only listen; but the manner of her listening showed the King what her feelings were towards her father, and probably induced him to say some things that would not have been uttered for her own sake. He probably hoped that every word would go to her father when he said, with a sigh, that no man is always wise, and that every man whose business lies in public affairs has occasion at times to regret mistakes: and his immediate reference to some future discussion and arrangement left Henrietta no doubt whatever that the King regretted the haste of his act of the last

week, at the very moment when the members of the dispersed Parliament were stirring up indignation against the King in every corner of the country.

She was astonished afterwards at the sudden boldness with which her tongue was unloosed to say what she now did. Thus far she had scarcely spoken: her devout attention and her beaming eyes had been better than speech: but now she earnestly informed the King of her father's constant assumption that the King must have whatever he needed or desired in the way of supplies; that all that every citizen possessed ought to be at his service as the supreme head of the nation; and that all that was to be insisted on, on the part of the people, was that the supplies should be furnished in the fixed mode,—through the regular channel of the Parliament.

"Ay, that is it," the King observed, with a mournful shake of the head. "That is the essential point on which the acknowledged Ruler of the State is permitted no freedom,—no use of his own judgment, for which he is responsible to the King of kings. The Parliament has its own duty, and if it outrages that duty, the sovereign must do his. He can permit no interference with his judgment and conscience as to the way in which he will discharge the office of Ruler and Protector of his own kingdom."

"I wish—" said Henrietta; but she stopped abashed.

"What do you wish?" asked the King, gently. "Speak freely. Tell me your wish. I am sure it is nothing unkind."

"I feared it was presumptuous," Henrietta replied. "But I do wish my father might be permitted to explain to your Majesty what he thinks,—and not he only,—what the chief men of the Parliament mean by the part they have taken. If your Majesty could hear from their own lips—"

"And why not?" said the King. "If they have more to say than has been said in the courts and in the House, why do they not say it? I am always to be found. They would not be glad to see me in their Parliament House; but they will always be welcome to my house, if they come as friends, and not as enemies. I fear, however, that we understand one another only too well. If it is otherwise, the time will come of which I spoke, when Mr. Hampden and his friends will assist me with their counsels, and help me to remedy those mischiefs of which they accuse me, while their own perverseness is the true cause. For eleven years they have withstood their sovereign; and what the natural consequence is, let the misery of the country show."

Henrietta's eyes were brimming with tears. On inquiry, the King learned what she had seen in Cornwall when the pirates carried off the children. The King sighed, and said he had done what he could to raise the money for ships; and the people would not pay it. Within that very month he had offered to surrender the ship-money, if the Parliament would provide the necessary funds in any way they preferred. Perhaps he ought to have had more patience with them; but they

made his duty very hard.—After this, Henrietta had no courage to use the opportunity she had once longed for, and relate the spectacles of the journey from Cornwall.

He had said enough: by the Queen's looks, directed towards him, it seemed that she thought he was saying too much. He rose with a gesture of farewell, and left Henrietta, but not till he saw that the Queen invited her to her side.

The Queen did not detain her long. She intimated that His Majesty was willing to go great lengths to clear up misunderstandings. He had no reserves. "We mean well," she said; "whatever the presumption and malice of meddlers may say. When the King has established his principle, and made the Crown respected, the world will learn what we have suffered to preserve the monarchy from insult and degradation. The King will be the first to forgive; but he can never yield."

Henrietta curtsied deeply, and would have drawn back: but the Queen assumed a lighter air, and smiled as she said, in an arch way, that these were strange times when pretty damsels were obliged to listen to grave politics, instead of the affairs which ought to engage them. Her advice to such young ladies was to dismiss all these tiresome matters, and love and marry as they ought, and leave it to sober statesmen and sour patriots to manage the business of the nation. Did not Lady Carlisle think so?

Lady Carlisle did, of course, think so; and she covered Henrietta's retreat very good-naturedly.

Their Majesties' attendants made much of Henrietta after she had been made so much of by their Majesties; and she was glad when the evening was over. She and Lady Carlisle sat late in their own apartment, pouring out their enthusiasm about the gracious and injured King, and the devoted and spirited Queen, and the blessing of their having so glorious a champion and servant as the Lord Deputy. The last was the theme which made Lady Carlisle insensible to Henrietta's fatigue as well as her own; and the poor girl was fairly worn out with the excitements of the day before she reached her bed.

She slept at once,—probably because the least interesting topic—the Lord Deputy,—had come last: but throughout her sleep the mournful and beautiful face of the King was before her, and his deep and pathetic voice thrilled her heartstrings. How willingly she would die for these misunderstood and insulted Majesties!

She had said so to Lady Carlisle; and Lady Carlisle had laughed, and asked whether it would not be better,—more feasible and happier,—to marry than to die in their service?

CHAPTER IX. A STRANGE WEDDING IN MERRY ENGLAND.

THE return journey the next day passed for the most part in silence. Sir Oliver was probably occupied with the private discussions of the preceding day, which were no doubt of an important and secret character, as he did not say one word about them to Henrietta. He also regarded her with a deference which it had never before entered his head to feel for her. He had never

been so proud of any member of his old house as he had been of this girl the evening before, when she seemed to have engaged more of their Majesties' attention than he had ever done, after a long life of loyalty to the crown and its wearers. The sacredness of the royal favour hung about her to-day; and it was the more impressive from there being no childish elation in her spirits,—no girlish vanity in her looks, nor in what she said. Perhaps, too, Sir Oliver was wearied with the gravity of mind and manners imposed by the occasion; for he slept through stage after stage, and up to within a short distance of home. Henrietta was thankful for the silence of the day. She went over in her mind, again and again, every word that the King had said, that she might report it faithfully to her father, as she was persuaded was the intention of its having been said to her at all. Then, there was the new view of her own duty which had been opened to her. Not only was it Lady Carlisle's clear opinion that she ought to be Harry's wife after all (and her belief also that it might not be too late), but it was scarcely possible to doubt that the Queen was interested in the matter, and was far from desiring that she should sacrifice her happiness to her loyalty. It was true,—but how could she explain it to the Queen?—that it was not to her loyalty that she was sacrificing herself, but to Harry: and this brought up all that Lady Carlisle had said about the weakness of character of a woman whose love and duty could not restrain her temper, and enable her to live with people of opinions and feelings on one subject unlike her own. In the mood of exaltation in which she now was, she felt as if she could forbear and endure to any extent, in the character of missionary among the King's enemies. She was confident that the occasion would never arise. She certainly never could recall Harry: to him the whole matter must have long seemed over: and it was perhaps wrong to have dwelt as she had this day done upon a dream of what might have been. She had acted for the best; and if she had been wrong, it could not be helped now. She must forget herself entirely, and watch for other ways of serving the King's cause. Lady Carlisle had engaged her to a close correspondence: this would be a very great support and guidance to her,—besides the pleasure of it. Lady Carlisle knew how thankful she would be to receive any commands. She wondered how soon the first letter would come. She seemed to have an immense deal to write to Lady Carlisle.

Even this May night was dark when the coach drew up outside the moat at Biggin House. The Fen fogs thickened the air, so that when the entrance door was opened, the dark figures on the steps showed large against the light in the hall. There were several figures,—three or four: and when the coach steps were let down, and Sir Oliver was fully awake, he observed that there were some visitors.

"Philip is there; I fear—I hope there is nothing amiss!" said Henrietta, in a trembling voice.

"What brings you here, Mr. Philip Hampden?"

Sir Oliver asked, as Philip appeared to hand his sister out.

"I will tell you, sir, in a moment," replied Philip. "Allow me to speak to Henrietta first."

"Surely, surely," said Sir Oliver, perceiving that there was some bad news. He quickly alighted, cast a glance at one or two bowing strangers on the steps, and hastened to open the door of his own private sitting-room for Henrietta and her brother, shutting it after them before he did the honours to anybody else.

"What is it, Philip?" asked Henrietta.

"Sit down, my dear sister, and I will tell you. —Yes, I bring bad news. You will be a dearer sister than ever henceforward, Henrietta."

"Margaret!" she exclaimed. "Have we lost Margaret? O! our poor father!"

"We have not lost her yet: but we must submit to part with her. There is a dead infant, and she is dying. Her father and her husband are with her—"

"And I am to go. O Philip! take me at once."

"That is why I am here. But, Henrietta, hear me further. I have more to say;—no, not more of ill news. God knows this is as much as we can bear. But, Henrietta, my father will never be happy again, unless—"

"And O! how desolate for Richard! Perhaps we ought to think of Richard first: but, Philip, she was the joy of our father's life! How is he? How does he look and speak?"

"He is calm,—quite calm: but he looks as if he could never smile again."

Henrietta covered her face with her hands, and sobs burst their way.

"Now Henrietta, hear me! You and you alone have power to console him. If he must lose one daughter, may not another be restored? I may have been wrong; but I dared not oppose the leading of God's hand, as it seems to us to be given. Neither dared Harry."

"Harry!" Henrietta exclaimed, at once calmed, and in an awestruck voice.

"Harry is here," Philip said. "If you have ceased to love him,—but we cannot believe that it is so,—he will depart without seeing you. He will bear that one stroke more. But, Henrietta, you may be the greatest blessing to our father! You may make so many happy! Margaret herself,—let us hope to find her—not departed; and you know how she wished it."

Henrietta raised her hand, and her brother stopped.

"It is God's will," she said, solemnly. "Never was there a plainer leading."

Philip was gone, and Harry entered. In a moment both understood that all was again as it had been long ago. Their love had never, in all that dreary time, run low.

"I was afraid," pleaded Henrietta; "and I am afraid still, though this is the last time that I will say it. O, Harry! may you never repent this return to me,—to one so weak, so passionate—"

"We have both been weak and passionate,—too like idle children for so serious a time and so deep a love. We must help each other, and God will perhaps forgive and strengthen us."

"And now I must go to Margaret. O! my Margaret,—my sister!"

"We will go; but hear me once more," pleaded Harry.

He was all powerful with her now. His voice entranced her; his mind filled and overbore her own; he was at once a messenger from Heaven to her, and her own beloved one. She saw everything as he saw it, and admitted all that he prescribed. He told her that his mother answered for Mr. Hampden, that he would approve of there being no delay. If they were to marry at all, they might marry at any hour; for there was nothing to wait for. The waiting had been all too long: and what could so cheer Margaret, what could be such a parting blessing, as this restoration of Henrietta to her house, and this binding of a new son to the family? As for her father, this was the one only possible consolation.

Henrietta had no resistance to make. Messengers should be sent forward instantly, to provide relays of horses all the way to Fawsley; and thus no time would be lost. Dr. Giles—

Dr. Giles! Was he here?

Yes; as an escort,—the minister who had baptised her was next to her father at such a time, even if he were not permitted to marry her to his young friend Harry. But now Dr. Giles would marry them in the early morning. Helen Masham and her sister Joanna were sent for. Henrietta should be at Fawsley at the first possible moment; and she would be a wife,—bringing a husband to help to comfort the sorrowing family.

There was no resistance. To Henrietta it was all irresistible; for it was manifestly ordered for her. Sir Oliver rejoiced without disguise. Henrietta would be happy, and she would not forget her old uncle. There were persons too,—persons in comparison with whom old ruined gentlemen were nothing,—who would be pleased to hear the news; and how could he have any objection to a thing which they were pleased to desire? If his kinsman Hampden must lose his eldest daughter, it was a grievous pity; but here was another daughter, the most loyal-hearted damsel in the world, going to be married to the man she loved; and that was not the less a happy thing that other matters were painful and unfortunate. It was true, the young man was a Puritan, but if some good Royalists did not object on that account, others need not: and it was a question how long a youth who was in that kind of mistake would require to come round under a wife who could teach him better than his guardians had done. There could be no doubt that all would end well where such a woman as his pet Henrietta was concerned. Sir Oliver's orders were energetic accordingly. The chapel of the mansion was swept and garnished, and something of a wedding breakfast prepared in the course of the night. A coachful of the Mashams arrived early, bringing flowers, and some bridal adornments for Henrietta.

"You will consider others,—you will consider Harry, and Sir Oliver," said Helen apologetically to Henrietta, as she brought these things into her chamber, soon after sunrise. "We are not

forgetting Margaret: but we know what *she* would wish."

Henrietta was passive. She was not stunned, as Helen had for a moment feared. The mood of exaltation endured. She had a mission to fulfil: she must be above selfishness and sorrow: she had hitherto, in fact, suffered from the want of self-respect. Now she found herself called to be a heroine. The word might not have occurred to her; but she had the feeling. She had no confidence that she could endure always; but she would not fail in these first hours of her new life. She nerved herself to part with Margaret, bitterly as the thought of Margaret dying wrung her heart incessantly during the night. She lay down and closed her eyes, though sleep was impossible. She even wrote these few lines to Lady Carlisle after she rose.

"I thank God that we have met. You were a prophet and teacher to me, preparing me for duty and obedience. My uncle will tell you what has happened, and what must happen; and some day I will tell you why it is that with a settled mind, though so suddenly, I shall this morning have become the wife of Harry Carewe. We marry in the midst of mourning, so I write no more. You will approve: pray for us also. To you I for the last time sign myself,

"HENRIETTA HAMPDEN."

Lady Carlisle never told Henrietta what her own remark was on her shaking off that rebel name: and it was not till long afterwards that she told her what the Queen said on hearing the news of her late guest. Her Majesty told the King that that pretty little devotee of a royalist had already married her Puritan lover. She hoped the poor child would make herself happy; for it would really be a disagreeable thing to hear that she had lost herself by marrying a malcontent, for the honour of fetching and carrying in the royal service. Queen Henrietta was not altogether a lady, according to the established English notions of ladyhood.

In a high mood of devotedness Henrietta let her attendants dress her. She appeared without traces of tears; she spoke her vows calmly; she forgot no member of the household in making her farewells; and through it all Harry was, with reason, satisfied. She was devoted; but there was no self-sacrifice. She was obeying Heaven's will; but it was in no contrariety to her own. Her destiny was taken out of the jurisdiction of her own conscience; and it was to be what she would have desired, but not have dared to seek.

Margaret was living when the party arrived at Fawsley; but there was not any more hope on that account. Her husband and father were so grief-stricken that Henrietta felt at the first moment as if uncertain whether it was they who came out to receive her. It was a settled thing in the minds of them all that there was no other such daughter, no other such young wife as Margaret; and life without her seemed black as night to those who were nearest to her.

"I know that no one can comfort you," said Henrietta, as she stood with her father's arms about her: "but I shall be with you henceforward, to do what I can. If there is any solace,—

any help,—any service that Harry and I can render—"

"I can only bless you, my child, for bringing me comfort in an hour like this."

"It is a comfort to you, then,—what we have done?"

"I could not have believed that my heart could be so lightened, my love. It seems to me that after long straying, and losing each other in the thorny thicket, my Henrietta and Harry have been led to meet in a pleasant glade, and that they follow it, hand in hand, to their own old home, just when eyes and hearts are longing for them. Oh, yes, my girl! this is indeed comfort."

Margaret would have said as much if she could have spoken. But life was flickering in her brain and on her lips. Her countenance showed her satisfaction in seeing Henrietta by her bedside: and she touched the wedding-ring again and again in a way which Henrietta understood. They thought she commended her child to her sister. Her father, certainly. Then she seemed to desire to be alone with Richard; and no one else saw her again living. In two hours Richard was heard to go into his own study; and those who entered Margaret's chamber found her in her last long sleep, as he had laid her down when she had breathed her last breath on his shoulder.

The household remained together till she was laid in the vault of the Knightleys. Then, anxious to be worthy of her who had wrought with them in many a painful duty, they dispersed on their several errands. Philip went home to Hampden, with Henrietta and her husband, and the poor infant given into their charge. Richard, glad to be anywhere but at home, became his father's envoy to those leaders of the parliament party who had long been in league, with Fawsley for their rendezvous. Mr. Hampden feared that he had been absent from London too long,—selfish in his private griefs. The Lord Deputy was now known to have advised at the council-board that the King should help himself at pleasure from his people's substance, as they would do nothing that he desired; and the Lord Deputy must be called to account for this counsel. Some one had given a warrant to Sir William Beecher to search the persons of Lords Brooke and Say, and the Earl of Warwick; and not only had their cabinets and desks been opened and rifled, but the officers had entered their chambers when they were in bed, and had emptied the pockets of their clothes. There was no doubt in men's minds that this was done by the King's order; but the point must be ascertained: and Mr. Hampden's presence was necessary to it. There were riots in Southwark and Lambeth,—the people being unrestrainable when they found that no gaol delivery was to be hoped for from the Parliament. If there was to be no Parliament, they would themselves deliver the prisoners who were crowding the gaols, for refusal or inability to pay the ship-money and other charges, or for refusing to attend the popish services exhibited in the churches by the archbishop and his creatures. The White Lion prison in Southwark was thrown open by a rising of the people; and the vengeance taken by the Royalist

lawyers was sure to be so severe that the parliament leaders went to town to check their proceedings, and support any judge who might be faithful to his trust. Judge Reeve was one who deserved their support; for, when the assizes came on, he refused to try any man concerned in the riot as for a capital offence, considering the disorder of the time. He would have no hand in shedding any man's blood for the doings of the day, he declared; but he would punish for mischief-making by imprisonment. The two risings yielded only one victim to the gallows; and the King and his advisers decided among themselves that all obligation to the law was now at an end, and that they must rule by the strong arm. The Lord Deputy went to work afresh in Ireland; the archbishop called his own creatures together in what he called synods, and ordered them to levy contributions from the clergy at his dictation; and the King took his own affairs into his own hands, as he said. It had come to be a measuring of forces between him and the leaders of the Parliament; and the latter had enough to do during that fearful summer. Mr. Hampden and Mr. Pym took a lodging together in London; and there were the plans laid for checking the career of the King's evil counsellors. There was delivered, by safe hands, the correspondence from all parts of the country which related new grievances, or showed how the preparations for a final demand of a parliament were going on; and thence issued forth encouragements to all good citizens, in and out of office, to hold to their duty in the day of the nation's trouble. In the consultations held there, and in all places to which he was summoned, Mr. Hampden was as prepared in judgment, and as ready in feeling, as if he had had no interests beyond those of the public: but those who knew him best were aware that he wept through many an hour when others slept; and it was the remark of the lightest among his acquaintance, that from the day of his daughter's death he had scarcely been seen to smile.

(To be continued.)

A FOREIGN SNEER AT ENGLAND.

OLD Hermits in town or country—in dim libraries or in the sunny mountains—are apt to profess to have outlived the possibility of being surprised at anything: but there is one thing which even old Hermits may be found wondering at,—as I can testify for one. The misleading power of a false analogy is curiously proved by certain incidents of our time: and the extent to which the mistake has spread, and the influence it has had on the temper of international intercourse, are facts which the most experienced observer need not be above wondering at.

In a passage of his political writhings, De Tocqueville once said, in an incidental sort of way, that it did so happen that the view which England takes of any new phase of the world's affairs, is always that which coincides with her own interest. Some two or three years ago this passage turned up in some political disquisition of the day, and we have since never heard the last of it. Reactionary parties in Germany repeated it to each

other with a scornful laugh, when we were speaking as we ought, and not as Lord Russell did last autumn, on the Danish question. The Americans taunted us with it (before their own revolution was declared), in relation to the war in Italy. The French press quotes it against us in regard to our conduct in the Mexican business. The Confederates acted upon it in assuming, without doubt or misgiving, that England would support secession because she must have cotton; and the Federals reckoned on our help on the double ground of our need of corn, and our interest in an anti-slavery policy. We are now certain to hear the old story over again in connexion with the affairs of Poland. Everybody who may be disappointed at our not rushing to arms immediately on behalf of Poland, will quote De Tocqueville's saying,—without its context, and without considering whether it is true,—that the convictions of England happen always to coincide with her interests; so that, as is usually added, nothing generous or lofty is to be looked for from England.

I will not dwell on M. de Tocqueville's share in this characterisation of England. I might show, by presenting a letter of his to Mrs. Grote, published in his *Remains*, what it was precisely that he thought of us when his expressions took this turn. But my present business is with the remarkable extent to which a false analogy has misled shallow critics of English policy in many countries of the world.

The false analogy is in speaking of England as an individual, morally bound, as individuals are, to self-sacrifice for the benefit of others. The distinction between any government, responsible to the people governed, and an individual, responsible as a member of the human race, is lost sight of, and a wholly wrong view of international relations follows of course. This happens partly through the differences between some governments and others. For instance, where a nation commits the whole conduct of its policy to a single ruler, as in Russia, and yet more conspicuously in France under the Empire, the analogy is not altogether false. The Czar and the Emperor stand for the Russian and the French people: and in the latter case the representation is the most true, because the French people have chosen to commit their conduct and their destiny to a despot who acts upon his own ideas and from his own will. At the other extreme, again, the analogy is not altogether false. A self-governing people like the Americans, who constitute their own legislature and executive, can do what they please in any question of foreign policy, can take any side and act upon any notion that gratifies their passion, or fulfils their conviction of the moment. The case of a constitutional state like England is radically different. Britannia is all very well as a personification; but there is not in our islands any single mind judging of the world's affairs, in order that a single will may take a part for its own gratification,—whether of conscience or imagination or interest.

When our neighbours speak of "England," they are speaking of the government: and what is our government? It is a group of trustees of

the interests of the nation, whose responsibility is to the nation, and whose sole duty is to act for the interests of the people they govern. It is happily true, from everlasting to everlasting, that a policy of justice and magnanimity is best for the interests of the nation; and therefore the policy of England has as wide a scope for generous and lofty action as that of any people whose master "makes war for an idea," or any nation which rushes into conflict on behalf of an oppressed country: but it is impossible for a constitutional state to proceed as despotic and democratic governments do in adopting such an international course as some that the world has witnessed within five years.

We may find an illustration of the difference in the narrower range of social life. There are chivalrous knights in modern society as in the olden time. An unnumbered citizen may rush into many a conflict, and bear a share in many an enterprise which a family man cannot righteously engage in. A man with wife and children "has given hostages to fortune," and has chosen what shall in the main be his course of duty. While he gives his countenance to the right on every occasion, and exerts himself to expose and defeat the wrong; while he sacrifices much of fortune and of repose on great occasions, and leads his family to do the same, he cannot virtuously desert them and their interest as his bachelor neighbour may sacrifice his own. When the whole family, of an age to judge of what they are doing, agree in a desire of self-sacrifice, well and good: and it is well and good when a nation entertains a conviction and a will which sanction a course of devotedness in its government. We have witnessed such a spectacle at home in our own day, when we went to war with Russia: and in such an hour the term "England" truly means, not the government usually so called, but the whole nation, acting and speaking as one man.

Four years ago we had experience of the way in which that policy of non-intervention was regarded, which brought up the somewhat careless analogy which at times misled De Tocqueville himself.

When the French people and their newspapers, in the spring of 1859, were exulting in their own moral grandeur in "going to war for an idea," and contrasting the devotedness of France with the non-intervention of England, their cry was echoed in many directions. The Americans taunted us with excessive prudence; and the American correspondents of some of our leading newspapers, not only reported the popular contempt which surrounded them, but undertook to assure us that our course was wrong, and to foretell the day when we should repent of our backwardness to aid struggling Italy. To this I can add that personal friends of my own, in our own country, wrote to me at that time,—"Do tell me why we are not helping Italy as the French are. Do tell me why you yourself are not saying a word to help us on in fighting for that cause which we have always professed to honour. If ever there was an occasion for striking for the right, surely this is the one;" and so on.

I need not repeat here the various reasons, theoretical and practical, general and special,

which I alleged, in reply, on behalf of non-intervention. I will refer only to the one we are at this moment concerned with:—that the government had to consider, not only its relations to Austria on the one hand and France on the other, but its obligations to the people of England. In the case of the late war with Russia, the highest interest of the English nation was concerned in checking the aggressions of Russia, and preserving the balance of power in Europe; and we then saw how heartily, and with what singular accord, the nation could embark in a war. But in the case of Italy, no such stake was involved; and no administration, and no sovereign, could be justified in subjecting the people of England to the calamities of war, either to gratify the sentiment of any portion of society at home, or to aid the Italians, who, if they were adequate to the new political existence they desired, would be able to obtain it for themselves. Experienced observers have no faith in a national freedom achieved by foreign arms; and so I said, adding that it was too Quixotic an enterprise for the English mind to join company in a war for freedom with the French who had allowed theirs to be extinguished at home. The case has already been illustrated by time and events. Americans, French, and everybody else, have long seen which was the truer and nobler policy. All the world admits now what the dispassionate and disinterested support of England has been and is to Italy; and what has come of the sacredness of the French promise to make Italy "free, from the Alps to the Adriatic," and of the generosity which "went to war for an idea," and came back bearing a booty of two provinces; and which has used its services, such as they were, in humbling, repressing, baffling, and irritating the people whom it presented to the world as its own *protégé*. I need not ask which is the morally nobler and the politically safer party,—the trustees of the British people who did their duty at home and abroad while giving their voice and their countenance to the right, or the French Emperor, with his violated pledges, his extortions, and his tyranny in blighting the fruits of the "idea" for which he sacrificed the lives of scores of thousands of his helpless subjects. If anybody has any doubt about which has been the best friend to Italy and freedom, let him ask the Italians, "from the Alps to the Adriatic," and a good deal further. If he desires to appreciate justly the magnanimity which the French government claims as its distinctive quality, let him go and see what the effect of the conscription is on the rural population of France; let him hear what is said of the war in Italy in households which perforce sent out sons, brothers, fathers, who have never been heard of since—involuntary soldiers who were thrown unrecognised into the cholera pit, or into the trench dug for the dead after each battle. Let him go among the working classes, and witness a kind and degree of poverty unknown in England, and hear how the people like the process of providing the money with which the Emperor makes his magnanimous interventions, without the sacrifice of a single luxury of his own. While admiring the sublime in the aspirations of France after the glory of leading the nations in the path of freedom

and civilisation, let him keep his eye also on the ridiculous in the case ;—on the absurdity of such pretensions put forth in the name of a people who have permitted themselves to be stripped of the most ordinary liberties which are the essential conditions of civilisation. When the Italian war began, there was little to choose between the state of the Milanese or Venetians under the Austrian yoke and that of the French in their own capital and their own provinces : and to expect us English people to march anywhere, side by side with the French, to liberate a nation from repression by a despot was to propose that we should set ourselves up for a laughing-stock to the world. The world might fairly have laughed at us in such a case, though it could not laugh at the French. There was too much that was tragic mixed up with the absurdity to permit a laugh at the nation which had lost its own liberties, and was, on that very account, dragged out to confer liberty on another people.

When the supposed taunt of De Tocqueville is quoted against England, it should be remembered that the word "interest" may mean more things than one. It seems to be assumed that, in the English case, pecuniary interest was meant,—or some kind of material advantage suitable to "a nation of shopkeepers." Whatever might be the kind of interest that De Tocqueville had in view, he would have agreed with any one who reminded him that certain other interests which are boasted of as an aim are by no means of a loftier character than that condition of popular welfare which British statesmen value as an absolute condition of national progress in intelligence and virtue. An arbitrary government which flatters national vanity with promises of "glory," and with costly efforts to domineer over other states under pretence of leading the civilisation of the world, may be mistaken in supposing itself more lofty-minded than a neighbour who is averse from meddling where it has no business, and who cannot conscientiously inflict suffering at home for the sake of carrying aid to people who, like the Mexicans, have no claim, and who will probably be anything but thankful for the patronage. If it were put before the moral sense of the world which is the loftier "interest,"—that of an ambition restless for notoriety, and eager to engross the world's gaze and move the fears of a continent, or that of a self-reliant disposition, ready for war when needed, but satisfied with peace and industry, as most favourable to the general welfare and progress,—I believe the moral sense of the world would pronounce the quieter "interest" to be the nobler of the two.

It was the fashion in America till lately to charge England with a passion for territorial aggrandisement ; and this was the "interest" then meant. The charge was natural, because that temptation is the one most powerful with Americans : but the imputation cannot hold its ground against the facts. It is a good many years now since the First Napoleon made a mock of England for not "getting anything" in the settlement of Europe on his overthrow. He could not understand that England did not want anything but peace and stability of affairs in Europe. Here and there the supposition has gone on to this

day that England is always scheming to "get" something ; but the evidence of events is so little favourable to this notion that it has for the most part yielded to the view, that we care only for trade, as a means of wealth. It is true,—the Russian war remains to be accounted for, in this case : and the refusal to help the Confederates in America as the holders of cotton ; and the neutrality which prevents our helping the Federals to put down their "rebels," by which we might break up the blockade, and get the cotton, and avoid the risk of a war with the offended North. All this, and much more, is very unaccountable to our critics : and therefore our critics are for ever looking deeper and deeper for the reasons of our course. It is a pity that they do not see events in their natural aspect, and learn the policy of England from the acts and avowals of the government of a constitutional country, whose whole people speak through their government.

The "interest" of the nation, in the broadest and highest sense, is in fact the proper aim of what our critics call "England" : and the government of the day acts and speaks accordingly. It is the interest of every free nation that the safeguards of liberty, and the restrictions upon despotism, should everywhere be steadily maintained : and therefore England was ready and willing to go to war with the Russian aggressor in support of the Turkish empire. As often as a similar danger occurs, England will be found ready for war. But where the liberties of Europe are not involved, there it would be an injury to ourselves, and an offence to society generally, that we should put ourselves forward to meddle. The French suffer in reputation by the restlessness of their government, however that government may try to deceive them in the matter. Busybodies and domineering patrons are never popular ; nor are they considered particularly wise or lofty-minded. Invaders of Mexico are less admired than people who respect other people's territory and political independence. Schemers who undertake everybody's business abroad—from making a canal in Egypt to making an armistice in America : from confounding the Pope at Rome to humouring the King of Madagascar—are apt to succeed in their first aim,—of keeping themselves before the world's eye and mind ; but they usually fail in every enterprise with which they have not a natural and righteous concern. Mexican expeditions fail in regard to "glory" : Suez canals are mere diggings in the sand which the waves of Time will efface : belligerents in a civil war resent the interference of a foreigner : and Christendom is irritated by the suspense in which the question of the Papacy is held, while all that is most sacred in the eyes of the Catholic world is trifled with to make a show of the power of the arbitrator.

There is more real power than that arbitrator will ever possess in the state which holds its own course, constant to its principles, frank in its practice, desiring to "live and let live." The influence of such a state is more effective than moral pretension on the one hand, and military reputation on the other. While England holds such an influence, she is not concerned with the taunts of critics, who imagine that her frankness must cover

perfidy, and who mistake her respect for other people's independence for devotedness to her own gain. A good patriot can desire nothing better for Old England than that the views of her government should always coincide with the true interests of her people.

FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

RETURN OF THE RIVAL EXPLORERS.

INDOMITABLE perseverance has at length won the day, and the renowned explorer, John Macdougall Stuart, succeeded on a third attempt in making his way from the settlements of South Australia right across the Continent to the Indian Ocean.

It will be remembered that Stuart on his first exploration in 1860 (an account of which was given in our February number of 1861) was driven back by hostile natives after reaching 18° 47' S., this brave man's party being then composed of only two others besides himself.

Nothing daunted, in 1861 he again renewed the endeavour to reach the Gulf of Carpentaria; but was again doomed to disappointment, his course northward being checked in latitude 17° S. by a broad belt of scrub, which seemed to preclude all further advance. On the two first attempts, Stuart's instructions had been to make if possible for the Victoria River; and, by so doing, come upon Gregory's track: and, failing that, to push straight forward for the Gulf of Carpentaria.

On the present occasion, when he again came up with this interminable belt of scrub, which appeared to hem him in on all sides, Stuart at first endeavoured to make for the Victoria River, but finding that impracticable as before, he turned due north; and succeeded, after six weeks, in cutting a passage through the scrub.

Starting, as on previous trips, from some of the more northerly stations of Mr. Chambers (his great patron and supporter, who unfortunately did not live to see the final accomplishment of that project, the development and expense of which had been mainly borne by him), Stuart kept along his previous tracks until he reached his furthest limit of 1861, not far from the northern boundary line of South Australia, without encountering any difficulties more than a slight brush with the natives, who were, however, easily overawed by a few shots being fired over their heads.

From this point, the new features of interest as well as the difficulties of the present exploration began. Taking advantage of the neighbourhood of a large sheet of water called Newcastle Water, a dépôt was formed, and Stuart and his party prepared to cut their way, as previously mentioned, through the dense scrub, an undertaking which cost them six weeks of most untiring exertions.

Before he started, the veteran explorer had foreseen that his greatest obstacle would be at this point, and had purposely fixed upon Newcastle Water as a spot from which supplies of that most necessary element could be carried forward into the scrub, or on which they could fall back in the event of being obliged to retreat. Even here however, they were agreeably disappointed, since ample supplies of water were discovered in the scrub. The idea which he had formed proved

correct. No sooner had they got through this dense belt, the northern limit of which was in 16° 30' N., than the character of the country entirely changed, and they entered a well-watered fertile territory. Following a north and north-east direction, the party came upon a branch of the Roper River, the course of which they continued to pursue until they reached the main stream, which rises in a rocky and hilly country. Besides the Roper, they crossed several creeks, and in latitude 13° 50', and longitude 132° 30', reached a high table-land. On the other side of the table-land they struck a large river with a strong current passing through a well-grassed country. The party then traced the banks of the river, which ran north-easterly, till they arrived in latitude 12° 50', and longitude 131° 40', when it turned and flowed towards the north, which being their course they kept company with it for about 30 miles.

Stuart then struck due east for about ten or fifteen miles, and, finally journeying due north, reached the seashore at Van Diemen's Gulf on July 24th, having been out then nearly six months. What must have been the feelings of his indomitable spirit, when, after all his toils, after having been twice driven back by the dense scrub, he at length stood on the Arnheim hills, and looked out on the blue waters of the Indian Ocean, it is impossible to tell. The 10,000 Greeks, when, on their memorable retreat, they at last caught sight of the Mediterranean shores, were transported with delight, and shouted, "The Sea! the Sea!" The Spanish General Balboa, when he came unexpectedly on the Pacific Ocean, rushed in, and, sword in hand, took possession of it in the name of the king his master; but the man whose name hereafter will stand pre-eminent as the Australian explorer, whose unflinching resolution enabled him on this his third attempt to carry the point, in trying for which so many have perished, and whose own hand has cut through dense scrubs, and over sandy plains, the future highway of that continent, was satisfied with dipping his feet and washing his face and hands in the Indian Ocean.

As Columbus was not the first to get a glimpse of the land which betokened the existence of the New World, so neither was Stuart the first to catch sight of that sea which indicated that the task was done.

Thring, one of the party who rode in advance, called out "The Sea," which so took them all by surprise, and they were so astonished, that he had to repeat the call before they knew what he meant. Hearing which, they gave three long and hearty cheers. In order to signalise the great event of their arrival on the northern seaboard, Stuart immediately hoisted the Union Jack, having had a tree denuded of its branches for that purpose, while at the foot of an adjoining one he planted a tin case, containing a statement of the date of his arrival and the object of his visit, signed by every one present. A few congratulatory words were addressed to the members of the expedition by Stuart, Kekwick, and Waterhouse, and other simple demonstrations were made in honour of the successful issue of the journey. The sea-coast turned out to be Point Hotham,

nearly opposite Melville's Island, a promontory lying midway between the Adelaide and West Alligator Rivers. On either side of Point Hotham were two inlets of the Gulf, which Mr. Stuart named respectively Chambers Bay and Finke Bay, and the river, whose course lay parallel with his track for thirty or forty miles, was none other than the Adelaide.

Not satisfied with merely reaching the sea on Van Diemen's Gulf, Stuart proceeded alone for some distance towards the Gulf of Carpentaria; but, as his diary has not yet been published, we cannot say what were the results of his explorations in that direction. Before referring to the nature of the country passed through, and the details of the return journey, we may remark that a line of route has now been laid down from Adelaide to Port Essington, which has been traversed by Stuart and his parties half a dozen times, and that—thanks to the efforts of M'Kinlay and Burke—a track has been made traversable even in the driest seasons, terminating not on the Gulf of Carpentaria, where the low and swampy nature of the sea-shore would offer great obstacles to the navigation of ships trading with India and China, but on the coast six degrees beyond the head of the Gulf.

Past the dense belt of scrub, which none but the stout heart and the strong arm would have persevered for six weeks in cutting through, Stuart emerged into the country long since known to us by the discoveries of Gregory and Leichardt, by both of whom the Roper River was mentioned, especially by the latter, whose route to the sea-coast lay along its banks. Like them, he was much impressed with the fertility of the soil, the dense tropical vegetation in some places greatly impeding their progress, and the palm trees giving quite an oriental aspect to the scene. The rocks also are described as being similar to the auriferous strata of the south and eastern coast.

The return journey was made in seventeen weeks, great efforts being used to push on as hard as possible, since the water was drying up, and the horses were nearly exhausted.

When Stuart left the furthest out station, he took with him seventy-one horses, and was enabled to bring back forty-eight, owing to the happy circumstance of never having been short of water, save for two nights, during the whole outward route.

On the homeward journey they were not so fortunate, since, on one occasion, they were two days and a half without finding any; but, altogether, the privations experienced on this trip were nothing to those met with on his first exploration, when at one time he had been one hundred and eleven hours without water. The provisions are stated to have lasted well.

Still more are we surprised to learn that the whole party returned in the most perfect health, except Stuart himself.

Starting from Adelaide, very much impaired by his previous trips, besides meeting with an accident to his hand, from which he had not recovered even on his return, Stuart overtaxed his iron frame, and became a victim to scurvy to such an extent that, during nearly the whole of the journey back, he could neither sit nor stand, but was carried

in an ambulance or litter swung between two horses.

As he drew nearer the settled districts of South Australia, his strength somewhat returned, and when he reached the Burra he was able to reply to the first of many addresses which awaited him. One statement which fell from his lips evinced that the indomitable pluck was not yet extinguished, though his body was so weak from scurvy and exhaustion that he had to be supported while standing. Alluding to the probability of this being his last trip, he added, "Unless some one goes and accomplishes more than I have done, when I shall have to try again, for I will not be surpassed in the field of exploration."

All along the line of route—at every station on the railway—crowds of people pressed forward to welcome home the great explorer. Wherever he passed, everything and everybody wore a holiday aspect; flags were flying, bands were playing, "See the conquering Hero comes," where but a week before the honoured remains of the late Victorian explorers, Burke and Wills, had been carried in solemn procession to Port Adelaide *en route* for Melbourne.

When at last Stuart reached his adopted city, Adelaide gave itself up to the wildest intoxication of joy; the railway-platform, the streets, the very houses on the road, were crammed with people anxious to catch a glimpse of the man who had travelled through from south to north, and back again, so that it was with great difficulty that he was conveyed to the house of his late patron, Mr. James Chambers, where, for the ensuing month, strict rest and silence were enjoined to ensure restoration to health.

It will be remembered that during the years 1859 and 1860, Burke and Stuart, whose names have now become imperishable in the annals of Australia, had been appointed to the command of expeditions for exploring the interior, and finding out a practicable route to the Gulf of Carpentaria; the one from South Australia, headed by Stuart, was until this last expedition maintained solely by private resources, yet we all know how, with a few horses, two companions, and very slender means, this experienced bushman pushed to within 150 miles of the northern coast. When he returned from his second unsuccessful attempt, Burke had left Melbourne, as described in our March number of 1862, at the head of a magnificent cavalcade, sufficient it was supposed to force the desert to give up its long hidden secret; and, afraid lest the honour and fruits of all his previous laborious researches should be snatched from him when just about to win the prize, his own Government despatched Stuart at the head of twelve men and seventy-eight horses. How eminently successful he has been we have already detailed.

Perhaps much of the success of the Adelaide expedition has been owing to the extensive knowledge and long experience of the bush possessed by Mr. Stuart, together with the compact nature of his party: whereas Burke, unflinchingly brave and heroic, and undoubtedly successful, as testified by the very bare and barren fact that he did succeed in penetrating to the tidal flow of the Albert River on the north coast, knew nothing of

a bush life, having passed his previous career in the Austrian military service. How miserably his party, when just newly started, became broken up by dissension and fear, and how wretchedly he perished from want of ordinary caution and forethought on the part of the relief expedition, is now known to every one.

No sooner had Howitt returned to Melbourne with King, the sole survivor of the once noble and amply fitted Victorian expedition, than Government resolved to despatch him again to Cooper's Creek to bring in the remains of Burke and Wills. This he has accomplished most satisfactorily, and the very propriety of doing so (which has been canvassed by the leading journalists of the day, who would have preferred that the remains should be interred on the spot where they fell) has been borne out by the fact, that on his return to Cooper's Creek he discovered that, despite every precaution to the contrary, the wild dogs had burrowed into the graves, and taken away some portion of the skeletons. Howitt speaks highly of the docility and kindness of the natives of Cooper's Creek, to whom alone we are indebted for the fortunate escape of King, but for which all trace of that portion of the Victorian expedition which really did go forward to the task assigned it would have perished, without leaving a scrap of record, like the unfortunate Leichardt.

As some return for the kindness shown by the natives to King, Howitt was furnished with a large stock of provisions, and a number of brass plates, which, by the instructions of the Victorian Exploration Committee, were distributed among the aborigines of the Creek.

The different issue of these two great men's exertions corresponds with the nationality of character attributable to each. Burke, with the gallant impetuosity of his race, dashed at the interior, and, though he perished in the attempt, wrested the prize by *coup de main*. Stuart, with the plodding persevering nature of his countrymen, was "canny" in his first attempts, till slowly but surely acquired knowledge enabled him to perfect and bring to a most satisfactory conclusion the question of the main road across Australia.

If the Adelaide people gave way to ecstasies of delight on Stuart's safe return, neither did they omit to pay every respect and honour to the remains of the less fortunate leader, as Howitt and his party came down the same route, where a few days subsequently followed the Australian explorer. At several of the townships on the road funeral processions spontaneously formed themselves, shops were closed, and not unfrequently volunteer bands attended, playing the Dead March in Saul. When at length the funeral cortege reached Adelaide on the 11th December, thousands of people, headed by the Mayor and Council, all the city functionaries, and an innumerable retinue of citizens joined the procession, and accompanied the remains to their temporary resting-place in the barracks. As the dark plumes that nodded over the hearse which contained the ashes of these gallant men passed slowly up the street, heads were uncovered, shutters were closed, and as with one heart the nation expressed its sympathy and sorrow. Upon arriving at the barracks, the coffin,

which was mounted with black velvet, and had a brass plate on the lid inscribed with the initials of the departed, was borne by Messrs. Howitt, M'Kinlay, and Murray, veteran explorers just returned from the interior, to the first of whom the Mayor took the opportunity of briefly expressing the general satisfaction at the successful close of his journey, while at the same time he thanked the assembled multitude for their spontaneous tribute of esteem to the dead.

Mr. Howitt then opened the box, and disclosed two parcels sewn in canvas, containing the bones of the deceased gentlemen.

AN ICE STORM.

It was in the early part of February, 1854, that the following phenomena came under my notice. I was at the time in the west of England at my country residence, which I should observe is situated at a considerable elevation above the sea. There had been a good deal of rain, serving to keep up the characteristic name of February, Fillditch, given by the old almanacs. The wet weather was succeeded by two or three warm days, which induced an immense amount of evaporation, and foggy nights resulted. The evening preceding the scene I am about to describe, had been perceptibly colder; the night was obscured by an intense fog, otherwise there was nothing remarkable.

The next morning I was awakened by a message from some of my people, begging me to get up immediately, for the woods were breaking down in every direction. The gardener added on his own authority, that he thought that in the space of an hour every tree round the house would be stripped. I rushed to the window, expecting to see the boughs swayed by the wind. There was hardly a breath of air stirring, but on all sides I heard the ominous sounds of splitting timber. Making my toilette with something more than "convenient speed," I was soon at the scene of action, where I found in good sooth that the branches on every side came

— Cracking, crashing, thunder down,

as though a legion of woodmen were felling whole plantations at a stroke. On looking round, I perceived to my amazement that every twig, every bough, was covered with a coating of transparent ice, half an inch or more in thickness. The walls of the house were glazed over; the grass was brittle under my tread, each blade being sheathed in ice; the trunks of the trees were like smooth cylinders of glass; in short, the whole scene had suffered a fantastic metamorphosis. Every object that the eye could rest upon was turned to glass; stalactites were hanging from the upper boughs in every conceivable form; the laurels and other shrubs were not to be recognised, but on examining the leaves, I found that the icy mould in which they were encased retained the most delicate impressions of every fibre. The dark firs were singularly beautiful,

They reared their stiffened heads in jewelled state;
Branches on branches bowed with icy weight,
As drooped their lower limbs spherically bound
In radiant fetters to the spangled ground.

Other trees had the appearance of Chinese pagodas, the cedars were transformed into a glistening mass — too weighty to be long sustained; for while I gazed in helpless astonishment, some of the largest branches split bodily from the trunk, rending others in their fall; and wood and ice lay shivered together in heaps all around. The avenue was soon impassable, so great was the quantity of timber lying in every direction. The spectators only preserved themselves in safety by keeping clear of the trees. The effect seemed the more remarkable from the absence of the ordinary cause, wind; the bucolic mind was fairly startled. Just after the crashing to earth of another magnificent bough from a noble Spanish chestnut, the woodman exclaimed, with a tug of his grizzly locks, "I've seen a good many 'clipses, and comets wi' storms tacked to the tail of 'em, but dang me if I ever zeed nor in this place, nor in t'other, sich wark wi' the timber. Lor, sir," he added, "Do y' look on the almanac, and zee if her have fore-told it."

"They can't foretell the weather, Lovell," I replied.

"Lor, sir, save your honour's pardon, but I think her can; if her can tell the 'clipses, her can tell the weather."

I had too often exhausted my rhetoric, in vain, to enlighten the mind of Lovell, to make the attempt at this moment. "Against stupidity," says Carlyle, "the very gods fight unvictorious."

The wind which had suddenly veered to the south, produced a break in the clouds, and for a few minutes the sun shone forth. It was as if an enchanter's wand had created a fantastic world of glass, and with another wave of his wand was about to shiver the whole into fragments. The work of destruction was at its height for about an hour, after which the warm current of air set in so rapidly, that the icy scales began to lose their hold, and the ground was soon streaming with water. It is no exaggeration, but a literal fact, that several waggon loads of timber were carted away from the immediate vicinity of the house, before the avenue and the paths were cleared; and several branches which fell contained, by measurement, more than a ton of timber.

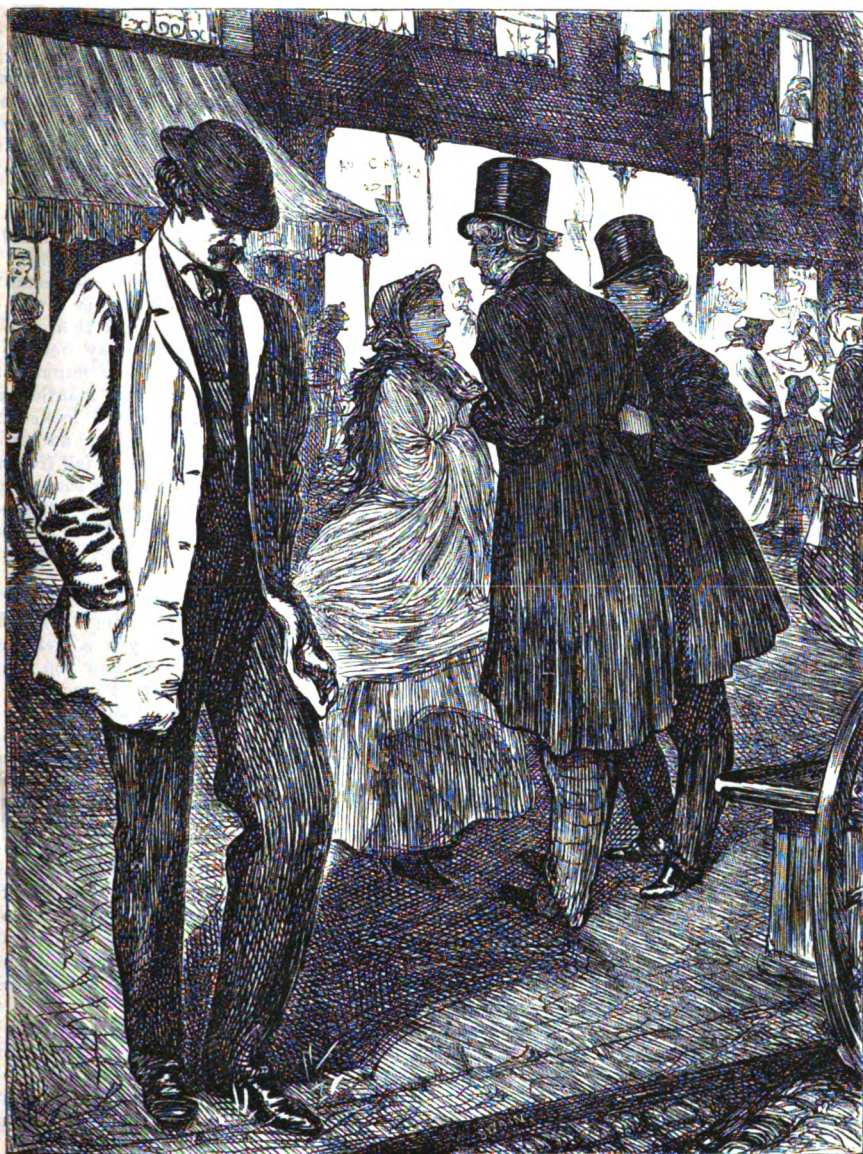
I have seen many beautiful, and not a few disastrous, effects of frost, but none like this. It is, however, by no means rare in certain high latitudes. In Mrs. Somerville's "Physical Geography," there is an allusion to the ice storms in Upper Canada, where it is described, "that a strong frost coats the trees and all their branches with transparent ice often an inch thick. The noblest trees bend under the load, icicles hang from every bough, which come down in showers with the least breath of wind. The hemlock-spruce especially, with its long drooping branches, is then like a solid mass. If the wind freshens, the smaller trees become like corn beaten down by the tempest, while the large ones swing heavily in the breeze. The forest at last gives way under its load, tree comes down after tree with sudden and terrific violence, crushing all before them, till the whole is one wild uproar, heard from afar like successive discharges of artillery."

There was most probably a minimum amount of electricity in the fog which preceded the ice storm which I witnessed; had there been a powerful electric agency present, the moisture would have been crystallised, instead of being deposited in smooth masses. I have frequently seen very beautiful effects from what may be termed the "electric fog." In this case, each tuft of grass and every dead thistle becomes "a thing of beauty," each centre radiating acicular crystals of ice; the trees are gemmed with prismatic colours; each weed has a starry crown, and countless diamonds sparkle where fall the level rays of the winter's sun; the gossamer web becomes a glittering network of silk, and the dark holly leaves are covered with a tissue of frosted silver. A beautiful veil of rare texture is flung over the face of nature, and this beautiful veil is curiously fashioned by that same electricity which binds substances together, disengages their gases, determines form, resides in every atom of created matter, influences the nervous system, is mysteriously connected with life, silently sheathes the blade of grass with silica, flashes forth in the brilliant coruscations of the Aurora, speaks aloud in the thundercloud, and, like another Ariel, does our "spiriting gently," carrying messages of weal and woe regardless of time and space. With the aid of my pocket-lens I have often gazed in a transport of delight at the delicate efflorescence of needled crystals, emanating from their centre with mathematical regularity. The immense amount of electricity sometimes present in fogs has been remarked and experimented upon by the late Mr. Crosse. In the "Memorials" of his life, it is mentioned that on one occasion, during a dense fog which was driving over the earth, he suddenly heard a very strong explosion between the brass balls (placed an inch apart) which communicated with his atmospheric conductor. At this time he describes, that he had about 1600 feet of insulated wire extended on high poles round the house; the electricity collected by these wires was brought into the laboratory, and at this time, though the insulators were streaming with wet, the explosion continued between the two balls for upwards of five hours; "the flashes of fire," he says, "were for a long time too vivid to look at, and the effect was most splendid." The same experimenter witnessed a similar occurrence during a snow storm which lasted for forty minutes. The electricity, though silent without, manifested itself through means of the apparatus, by the most violent discharges, equal in noise to a volley of pistol shots, while flashes of blinding light passed from the conductor to the receiving ball. It is a curious question to consider why, under certain circumstances, the fog is so electric as to crystallise every drop of moisture, forcing it to obey certain laws of form, and why another time the fog is so wanting in electric power that the deposition which follows a rapid loss of heat is amorphous, only casing the boughs with cylinders of ice, the mere mechanical weight of which, however, rends the wide-spread branches, leaving the noblest tree shorn by a mightier axe than ever woodman wielded.

C. A. H. C.

ELEANOR'S VICTORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AURORA FLOYD," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET." &c.



CHAPTER IV. UPON THE THRESHOLD OF A GREAT SORROW.

It was nearly noon when Eleanor Vane awoke upon the morning after her journey, for this young lady was a good sleeper, and was taking her revenge for four-and-twenty hours of wakefulness. I doubt, indeed, if she would have opened her eyes when she did, had not her father tapped at the door of her tiny chamber and told her the hour.

She woke smiling, like a beautiful infant who has always seen loving eyes watching above its cradle.

"Papa, darling," she cried, "is it you? I've just been dreaming that I was at Brixton. How delightful to wake and hear your voice. I won't be long, papa dear. But you haven't waited breakfast all this time, have you?"

"No, my dear. I have a cup of coffee and a roll brought me every morning at nine from a

traiteur's over the way. I've ordered some breakfast for you, but I wouldn't wake you till twelve. Dress quickly, Nell. It's a lovely morning, and I'll take you for a walk."

It was indeed a lovely morning. Eleanor Vane flung back the tawdry damask curtains, and let the full glory of the August noontide sun into her little room. Her window had been open all the night through, and the *entresol* was so close to the street that she could hear the conversation of the people upon the pavement below. The foreign jargon sounded pleasant to her in its novelty. It was altogether different to the French language as she had been accustomed to hear it at Brixton; where a young lady forfeited a halfpenny every time she forgot herself so far as to give utterance to her thoughts or desires in the commonplace medium of her mother tongue. The merry voices, the barking of dogs, the rattling of wheels and ringing of bells in the distance mingled in a cheerful clamour.

As Eleanor Vane let in that glorious noontide sunlight, it seemed to her that she had let in the morning of a new life; a new and happier existence, brighter and pleasanter than the dull boarding-school monotony she had had so much of.

Her happy young soul rejoiced in the sunshine, the strange city, the change, the shadowy hopes that beckoned to her in the future, the atmosphere of love which her father's presence always made in the shabbiest home. She had not been unhappy at Brixton because it was her nature to be happy under difficulties, because she was a bright, spontaneous creature to whom it was almost impossible to be sorrowful; but she had looked forward yearningly to this day, in which she was to join her father in Paris, never perhaps to go far away from him again. And it had come at last, this long-hoped-for day, the sunny opening of a new existence. It had come, and even the heavens had sympathy with her gladness, and wore their fairest aspect in honour of this natal day of her new life.

She did not linger long over her toilet, though she lost a good deal of time in unpacking her box—which had not been very neatly packed, by the way—and had considerable trouble in finding hair-brushes and combs, cuffs, collars, and ribbons, and all the rest of the small paraphernalia with which she wished to decorate herself.

But when she emerged at last, radiant and smiling, with her long golden hair falling in loose curls over her shoulders, and her pale muslin dress adorned with fluttering blue ribbons, her father was fain to cry out aloud at the sight of his darling's beauty. She kissed him a dozen times, but took very little notice of his admiration—she seemed, in fact, scarcely conscious that he did admire her—and then ran into the adjoining room to caress a dog, an eccentric French poodle, which had been George Vane's faithful companion during the three years he had spent in Paris.

"Oh, papa!" Eleanor cried joyously, returning to the sitting-room with the dingy white animal in her arms, "I am so pleased to find Fido. You didn't speak of him in your letters, and I was afraid you had lost him perhaps, or that he was

dead. But here he is, just as great a darling, and just as dirty as ever."

The poodle, who was divided in half, upon that unpleasant principle common to his species, and who was white and curly in front, and smooth and pinky behind, reciprocated Miss Vane's caresses very liberally. He leaped about her knees when she set him down upon the slippery floor, and yelped wild outcries of delight. He was not permitted to pass the night in Mr. Vane's apartments, but slept in a dismal outhouse behind the butcher's shop, and it was thus that Eleanor had not seen him upon her arrival in the Rue L'Archevêque.

The young lady was so anxious to go out with her father, so eager to be away on the broad boulevards with the happy idle people of that wonderful city in which nobody ever seems to be either busy or sorrowful, that she made very short work of her roll and coffee, and then ran back to her little bed-chamber to array herself for a promenade. She came out five minutes afterwards, dressed in a black silk mantle and a white transparent bonnet, which looked fleecy and cloud-like against her bright auburn hair. That glorious hair was suffered to fall from under the bonnet and stream about her shoulders like golden rain, for she had never yet attained the maturer dignity of wearing her luxuriant tresses plaited and twisted in a hard knot at the back of her head.

"Now, papa, please, where are we to go?"

"Wherever you like, my darling," the old man answered; "I mean to give you a treat to-day. You shall spend the morning how you like, and we'll dine on the Boulevard Poissonnier. I've received a letter from Mrs. Bannister. It came before you were up. I am to call in the Rue de la Paix for a hundred and six pounds. A hundred to be paid to Madame Marly, and six for me; my monthly allowance, my dear, at the rate of thirty shillings a week."

Mr. Vane sighed as he named the sum. It would have been better for this broken down old spendthrift if he could have received his pittance weekly, or even daily, for it was his habit to dine at the *Trois Frères*, and wear pale straw-coloured gloves, and a flower in his button-hole, at the beginning of the month, and to subsist on rolls and coffee towards its close.

He unfolded the narrow slip of paper upon which his eldest daughter had written the banker's address and the amount which Mr. Vane was to demand, and looked at the magical document fondly, almost proudly. Any one unfamiliar with his frivolous and sanguine nature, might have wondered at the change which had taken place in his manner since the previous night, when he had tearfully bewailed his daughter's cruelty.

He had been an old man then, degraded, humiliated, broken down by sorrow and shame: to-day he was young, handsome, gay, defiant, pompous, prepared to go out into the world and hold his place amongst the butterflies once more. He rejoiced in the delicious sensation of having money to spend. Every fresh five-pound note was a new lease of youth and happiness to George Vane.

The father and daughter went out together, and the butcher neglected his business in order to stare after Miss Vane, and the butcher's youngest child, a tiny damsel in a cambric mob-cap, cried out, "Oh, la belle demoiselle!" as Eleanor turned the corner of the narrow street into the sunny thoroughfare beyond. Fido came frisking after his master's daughter, and Mr. Vane had some difficulty in driving the animal back. Eleanor would have liked the dog to go with them in their noontide ramble through the Parisian streets, but her father pointed out the utter absurdity of such a proceeding.

Mr. Vane conducted his daughter through a maze of streets behind the Madeleine. There was no Boulevard Malesherbes in those days, to throw this part of the city open to the sweep of a park of artillery. Eleanor's eyes lit up with gladness as they emerged from the narrower streets behind the church into the wide boulevard, not as handsome then as it is to-day, but very broad and airy, gay and lightsome withal.

An involuntary cry of delight broke from Eleanor's lips.

"Oh, papa," she said, "it is so different from Brixton. But where are we going first, papa, dear?"

"Over the way, my dear, to Blount & Co.'s, in the Rue de la Paix. We'll get this money at once, Nelly, and we'll carry it straight to Madame Marly. They had no occasion to insult us, my dear. We have not sunk so low, yet. No, no, not quite so low as to rob our own children."

"Papa, darling, don't think of that cruel letter. I don't like to take the money when I remember that. Don't think of it, papa."

Mr. Vane shook his head.

"I will think of it, my dear," he answered, in a tone of sorrowful indignation—the indignation of an honourable man, who rebels against a cruel stigma of dishonour. "I will think of it, Eleanor. I have been called a thief—a thief, Eleanor. I am not very likely to forget *that*, I think."

They were in the Rue de la Paix by this time. George Vane was very familiar with the banker's office, for he had been in the habit of receiving his monthly pension through an order on Messrs. Blount & Co. He left Eleanor at the foot of the stairs, while he ascended to the office on the first floor; and he returned five minutes afterwards, carrying a bundle of notes in one hand, and a delicious little roll of napoleons in the other. The notes fluttered pleasantly in the summer air, as he showed them to his daughter.

"We will go at once to Madame Marly, my darling," he said, gaily, "and give her these, without a moment's unnecessary delay. They shall have no justification in calling me a thief, Eleanor. You will write to your sister by this afternoon's post, perhaps, my dear, and tell her that I did not try to rob you. I think you owe so much as that to your poor old father."

George Vane's daughter clung lovingly to his arm, looking up tenderly and entreatingly in his face.

"Papa, darling, how can you say such things," she cried. "I will write and tell Mrs. Bannister that she has been very cruel, and that her insult-

ing letter has made me hate to take her paltry money. But, papa, dearest, how can you talk of robbing *me*. If this money is really mine, take it, take every penny of it, if—if—you owe it to anybody who worries you, or if you want it for anything in the world. I can go back to Brixton and earn my living to-morrow, papa. Miss Bennett and Miss Lavinia told me so before I came away. You don't know how useful they began to find me with the little ones. Take the money, papa, dear, if you want it."

Mr. Vane turned upon his daughter with almost tragic indignation.

"Eleanor," he said, "do you know me so little that you dare to insult me by such a proposition as this? No, if I were starving I would not take this money. Am I so lost and degraded that even the child I love turns upon me in my old age?"

The hand which held the bank notes trembled with passionate emotion as the old man spoke.

"Papa, darling," Eleanor pleaded, "indeed, indeed, I did not mean to wound you."

"Let me hear no more of this, then, Eleanor, let me hear no more of it," answered Mr. Vane, drawing himself up with a dignity that would have become a toga, rather than the old man's fashionable over-coat. "I am not angry with you, my darling, I was only hurt, I was only hurt. My children have never known me, Eleanor, they have never known me. Come, my dear."

Mr. Vane put aside his tragic air, and plunged into the Rue St. Honoré, where he called for a packet of gloves that had been cleaned for him. He put the gloves in his pocket, and then strolled back into the Rue Castiglione, looking at the vehicles in the roadway as he went. He was waiting to select the most elegantly appointed of the hackney equipages crawling slowly past.

"It's a pity the Government insist on putting a painted badge upon them," he said, thoughtfully. "When I last called on Madame Marly, Charles the Tenth was at the Tuileries, and I had my travelling chariot and pair at Meurice's, besides a Britska for Mrs. Vane."

He had pitched upon a very new and shining vehicle, with a smart coachman, by this time, and he made that half hissing, half whistling noise peculiar to Parisians when they call a hackney carriage.

Eleanor sprang lightly into the vehicle, and spread her flowing muslin skirts upon the cushions as she seated herself. The passers by looked admiringly at the smiling young Anglaise with her white bonnet and nimbus of glittering hair.

"Au Bois, Cocher," Mr. Vane cried, as he took his place by his daughter.

He had bought a tiny bouquet for his button-hole near the Madeleine, and he selected a pair of white doeskin gloves, and drew them carefully on his well-shaped hands. He was as much a dandy to-day as he had been in those early days when the Prince and Brummel were his exalted models.

The drive across the Place de la Concorde, and along the Champs Elysées, was an exquisite pleasure to Eleanor Vane; but it was even yet more exquisite when the light carriage rolled away along one of the avenues in the Bois de Boulogne, where the shadows of the green leaves trembled

on the grass, and all nature rejoiced beneath the cloudless August sky. The day was a shade too hot, perhaps, and had been certainly growing hotter since noon, but Eleanor was too happy to remember that.

"How nice it is to be with you, papa, darling," she said, "and how I wish I wasn't going to this school. I should be so happy in that dear little lodging over the butcher's, and I could go out as morning governess to some French children, couldn't I? I shouldn't cost you much, I know, papa."

Mr. Vane shook his head.

"No, no, my love. Your education must be completed. Why should you be less accomplished than your sisters? You shall occupy as brilliant a position as ever they occupied, my love, or a better one, perhaps. You have seen me under a cloud, Eleanor; but you shall see the sunshine yet. You'll scarcely know your old father, my poor girl, when you see him in the position he has been used to occupy; yes, used to occupy, my dear. This lady we are going to see, Madame Marly, she remembers, my love. She could tell you what sort of a man George Vane was five-and-twenty years ago."

The house in which the fashionable school-mistress who had "finished" the elder daughters of George Vane still received her pupils, was a white walled villa, half-hidden in one of the avenues of the Bois de Boulogne.

The little hired carriage drew up before a door in the garden wall, and a portress came out to reply to the coachman's summons.

Unhappily, the portress said, Madame was not at home. Madame's assistants were at home, and would be happy to receive Monsieur and Mademoiselle. That might be perhaps altogether the same thing, the portress suggested.

No, Monsieur replied, he must see Madame herself. Ah, but then nothing could be so unfortunate. Madame, who so seldom quitted the Pension, had to-day driven into Paris to arrange her affairs, and would not return until sunset.

Mr. Vane left his card with a few words written upon it in pencil to the effect that he would call at two o'clock the next day, in the charge of the portress, and the carriage drove back towards Paris.

"Bear witness, Eleanor," said the old man, "bear witness that I tried to pay this money away immediately after receiving it. You will be good enough to mention that fact in your letter to my eldest daughter."

He had carried the notes in his hand all this time, as if eager to deliver them over to the school-mistress, but he now put them into his breast-pocket. I think upon the whole he was rather pleased at the idea of retaining custody of the money for the next twenty-four hours. It was not his own, but the mere possession of it gave him a pleasant sense of importance; and again he might very probably have an opportunity of displaying the bank notes, incidentally, to some of his associates. Unhappily for this lonely old man, his few Parisian acquaintances were of a rather shabby and not too reputable calibre, and were therefore likely to be somewhat impressed by the sight of a hundred and twenty-five

napoleons, in crisp, new notes upon the Bank of France.

It was past three when Mr. Vane and his daughter alighted in front of the Palais Royal, and the coachman claimed payment for two hours and a-half. The old man had changed the first of his six Napoleons at the glove-cleaners, and he had a handful of loose silver in his waistcoat pocket, so the driver was quickly paid and dismissed, and Eleanor entered the Palais Royal, that paradise of cheap jewellery and dinners, hanging on her father's arm.

Mr. Vane bore patiently with his daughter's enthusiastic admiration of the diamonds and the paste, the glittering realities and almost as glittering shams in the jewellers' windows. Eleanor wanted to look at everything, the trinkets, and opera-glasses, and portmanteaus, and china,—everything was new and beautiful. The fountain was playing; noisy children were running about amongst equally noisy nurses and well-dressed loungers. A band was playing close to the fountain. The chinking of tea-spoons and cups and saucers, sounded in the Café de la Rotonde: people had not begun to dine yet, but the windows and glazed nooks in the doorways of the restaurants were splendid with their displays of enormous pears and peaches. George Vane allowed his daughter to linger a long time before all the shops. He was rather ashamed of her exuberant delight, and unrestrained enthusiasm, as so much pleasure in these simple things was scarcely consistent with that *haut ton* which the old man still affected even in his downfall. But he had not the heart to interfere with his daughter's happiness—was it not strange happiness to him to have this beautiful creature with him, clinging to his arm, and looking up at him with a face that was glorified by her innocent joy.

They left the Palais Royal at last, before half its delights were exhausted, as Eleanor thought, and went through the Rue Richelieu to the Place de la Bourse, where Mr. Vane's eager companion looked wistfully at the doors of the theatre opposite the great Temple of Commerce.

"Oh, papa," she said, "how I should like to go to a theatre to-night."

Miss Vane had seen a good deal of the English drama during her Chelsea life, for the old man knew some of the London managers, men who remembered him in his prosperity, and were glad to give him admission to their boxes now and then, out of pure benevolence. But the Parisian theatres seemed mysteriously delightful to Eleanor, inasmuch as they were strange.

"Can you get tickets for the theatres here, papa," she asked, "as you used in London?"

Mr. Vane shrugged his shoulders.

"No, my love," he said, "it's not quite such an easy matter. I know one of the scene-painters at the Ambigu—a very clever fellow—but he doesn't get many orders to give away. I'll tell you what, though, Eleanor, I'll take you to the Porte St. Martin to-night—why should I deny my child an innocent pleasure—I'll take you to the Porte St. Martin, unless—"

George Vane paused, and a gloomy shadow crept over his face—a shade that made him look

an old man. His youthfulness of appearance entirely depended upon the buoyancy of a nature which contended with age. The moment his spirits sank he looked what he was—an old man.

"Unless what, papa, dearest?" Eleanor asked.

"I—I had an appointment for to-night, my love, with—with a couple of gentlemen who—But I won't keep it, Eleanor,—no, no, I'll not keep it. I'll take you to the theatre. I can afford you that pleasure."

"Dear, dear papa, you never refused me any pleasure; but it would be so selfish of me to ask you to break your appointment with these two gentlemen. You had better keep it."

"No, no, my dear—I'd—it would be better—perhaps. Yes, I'll take you to the Porte St. Martin."

Mr. Vane spoke hesitatingly. The shadow had not yet left his face. Had his daughter been less occupied by the delights of the Parisian shops, the novelty and gaiety of the crowd, she must surely have observed the change in that idolised father.

But she observed nothing, she could remember nothing but her happiness. This glorious day of reunion and delight seemed indeed the beginning of a new life. She looked back wonderingly at the dull routine of her boarding-school existence. Could it be possible that it was only a day or two since she was in the Brixton school-room hearing the little ones, the obstinate, incorrigible little ones, their hateful lessons,—their odious, monotonous repetitions of dry facts about William the Conqueror and Buenos Ayres, the manufacture of tallow candles, and the nine parts of speech?

They strolled on the boulevard till six o'clock, and then ascended the shining staircase of a restaurant on the Boulevard Poissonnier, where Eleanor saw herself reflected in so many mirrors that she was almost bewildered by the repetition of her own auburn hair and white bonnet.

The long saloons were filled with eager diners, who looked up from their knives and forks as the English girl went by.

"We dine à la carte here," her father whispered: "this is a fête day, and I mean to give you a first-class dinner."

Mr. Vane found a vacant table in an open window. The house was at a corner of the boulevard, and this window looked down the crowded thoroughfare towards the Madeleine. Eleanor exclaimed once more as the prospect burst upon her, and she saw all the boulevard with its gay splendour, spread out, as it were, at her feet; but her father was too busy with the waiter and the *carte* to observe her manifestation of delight.

Mr. Vane was an epicure, and prided himself upon his talent for ordering a dinner. There was a good deal of *finesse* displayed by him now-a-days in the arrangement of a repast; for poverty had taught him all kinds of little diplomatic contrivances whereby he might, as it were, mingle economy and extravagance. He ordered such and such dishes "for one," intending to divide them with his child. A few Ostend oysters, some soup, —*purée crécy*—a little dish of beef and olives, a

sole normande, a quarter of a roast chicken, and a *Charlotte Plombière*.

It was a long time since Eleanor had eaten one of her father's epicurean feasts, and she did ample justice to the dinner, even in spite of the ever recurrent distractions upon the boulevard below.

The dishes followed each other slowly, for the unresting waiters had many claimants on their attention, and the sun was low in the cloudless western sky when Mr. Vane and his daughter left the restaurant. It was nearly night; the lights began to shine out through a hot white mist, for the heat had grown more and more oppressive as the day had declined. The Parisians sitting at little marble tables on the pavement outside the cafés fanned themselves with their newspapers, and drank effervescing drinks pertinaciously. It was a night upon which one should have had nothing more laborious to do than to sit outside Tortoni's and eat ices.

The noise and clamour, the oppressive heat, the bustle and confusion of the people rushing to the theatres made Eleanor's head ache. One cannot go on being unutterably happy for ever, and perhaps the day's excitement had been almost too much for this young school-girl. She had walked long distances already upon the burning asphalt of the wonderful city, and she was beginning to be tired. Mr. Vane never thought of this: he had been accustomed to walk about day after day, and sometimes all day, for what should a lonely Englishman do in Paris but walk about? and he forgot that the fatigue might be too much for his daughter. He walked on, therefore, with Eleanor still clinging to his arm, past the Ambigu, beyond the Barrière St. Antoine, and still the long, lamp-lit boulevard stretched before them, away into immeasurable distance as it appeared to Miss Vane.

The hot white mist seemed to grow denser as the evening advanced; the red sun blazed and flashed on every available scrap of crystal; the gas-lamps, newly illumined, strove against that fast fading sun. It was all light, and heat, and noise, and confusion, Eleanor thought, upon the boulevard. Very splendid, of course, but rather bewildering. She would have been glad to sit down to rest upon one of the benches on the edge of the pavement; but, as her father did not seem tired, she still walked on, patiently and uncomplainingly.

"We'll go into one of the theatres presently, Nelly," Mr. Vane said.

He had recovered his spirits under the invigorating influence of a bottle of Cliquot's champagne, and the gloomy shadow had quite passed away from his face.

It was nearly nine o'clock, and quite dark, when they turned towards the Madeleine again, on their way back to the Porte St. Martin. They had not gone far when Mr. Vane stopped, suddenly confronted by two young men who were walking arm-in-arm.

"Hulloa!" one of them cried in French, "you have served us a handsome trick, my friend."

George Vane stammered out an apology. His daughter had returned from school, he said, and he wished to show her Paris.

"Yes, yes," the Frenchman answered; "but

we were aware of Mademoiselle's return, and it was arranged in spite of that that we should meet this evening: was it not so, my friend?"

He turned to his companion, who nodded rather sulkily, and turned away with a half weary, half dissatisfied air.

Eleanor looked at the two young men, wondering what new friends her father had made in Paris. The Frenchman was short and stout, and had a fair, florid complexion. Eleanor was able to see this, for his face was turned to the lamplight, as he talked to her father. He was rather showily dressed, in fashionably cut clothes, that looked glossy and new, and he twirled a short silver-headed cane in his gloved hands.

The other man was tall and slender, shabbily and untidily dressed in garments of a rakish cut, that hung loosely about him. His hands were thrust deep in the pockets of his loose overcoat, and his hat was slouched over his forehead.

Eleanor Vane only caught one passing glimpse of this man's face as he turned sulkily away; but she could see the glimmer of a pair of bright, restless black eyes under the shadow of his hat, and the fierce curve of a very thick black moustache, which completely concealed his mouth. He had turned, not towards the lighted shop windows, but to the roadway; and he was amusing himself by kicking a wisp of straw to and fro upon the sharp edge of the curbstone, with the toe of his shabby patent leather boot.

The Frenchman drew George Vane aside, and talked to him for a few minutes in an undertone, gesticulating after the manner of his nation, and evidently persuading the old man to do something or other which he shrank from doing. But Mr. Vane's resistance seemed of a very feeble nature, and the Frenchman conquered, for his last shrug was one of triumph. Eleanor, standing by herself, midway between the sulky young man upon the curbstone and her father and the Frenchman, perceived this. She looked up anxiously as Mr. Vane returned to her.

"My love," the old man said, hesitatingly, nervously trifling with his glove as he spoke; "do you think you could find your way back to the Rue l'Archevêque?"

"Find my way back? Why, papa?"

"I—I mean, could you find your way back a—alone?"

"Alone!"

She echoed the word with a look of mingled disappointment and alarm.

"Alone, papa?"

But here the Frenchman interposed eagerly.

Nothing was more simple, he said; Mademoiselle had only to walk straight on to the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs; she would then, and then—

He ran off into a string of rapid directions, not one of which Eleanor heard. She was looking at her father, Heaven knows how earnestly, for she saw in his face, in his nervous, hesitating manner, something that told her there was some sinister influence to be dreaded from this garrulous, eager Frenchman and his silent companion.

"Papa, dear," she said, in a low, almost imploring voice, "do you really wish me to go back alone?"

"Why—why, you see, my dear, I—I don't exactly wish—but there are appointments which, as Monsieur remarks, not—not unreasonably, should not be broken, and—"

"You will stay out late, papa, perhaps, with these gentlemen—"

"No, no, my love, no, no; for an hour or so; not longer."

Eleanor looked up sorrowfully in the face she loved so dearly. Vague memories of grief and trouble in the past, mingled with as vague a presentiment of trouble in the future, filled her mind: she clasped her hands imploringly upon her father's arm.

"Come home with me to-night, papa," she said; "it is my first night at home. Come back, and we'll play *écarté* as we used at Chelsea. You remember teaching me."

Mr. Vane started, as if the tender grasp upon his arm had stung into his flesh.

"I—I can't come home to-night, Eleanor. At least, not for an hour. There—there are social laws, my dear, which must be observed; and when—a gentleman is asked to give another his revenge, he—he can't refuse. I'll put you into a carriage, my darling, if you think you can't find your way."

"Oh, no, papa dear, it's not that. I can find my way."

The Frenchman here interposed for the second time with some complimentary speech, addressed to Eleanor, who very imperfectly understood its purport. He had slipped his arm through that of George Vane, taking possession of him in a manner by that friendly gesture. In all this time the other man had never stirred from his sulky attitude upon the edge of the pavement.

Mr. Vane took his daughter's hand.

"I am sorry I can't take you to the theatre, my love," he said, in the same hesitating manner. "I—I regret that you should be disappointed, but—good night, my dear, good night. I shall be home by eleven; but don't sit up for me; don't on any account sit up."

He pressed her hand, held it for a few moments, as if scarcely knowing what to do with it, and then suddenly dropped it with something of a guilty manner.

The Frenchman, with his arm still linked in the old man's, wheeled sharply round, and walked away towards the Barrière Saint Antoine, leaving Eleanor standing alone amongst the passers-by, looking wistfully after her father. The other man looked up as the Frenchman led Mr. Vane away, and slowly followed them, with his head bent and his hands in his pockets. Eleanor stood quite still, watching her father's erect figure, the short Frenchman, and the tall, sulky stranger following the other two, until all three were out of sight. Then turning homewards with a half-repressed sigh, she looked sadly down the long lamplit vista. It was very beautiful, very gay, brilliant, and splendid; but all that splendour and gaiety made her feel only the more lonely, now that her father had left her. The first day, the natal day of her new life, seemed to end very drearily, after all.

(To be continued.)

BRIGANDS IN ITALY, PAST AND PRESENT.

To confound the efforts of the Bourbonists in Southern Italy with the achievements of the brigands is about the same sort of mistake as to identify the followers of—say—Smith O'Brien with the members of Rockite or Whiteboy associations. And yet this is an error which the Italian government and the Italian press have often propagated—certainly not refuted.

Now, Bourbonism has not got a good name in Italy, whether deservedly or not, this is not the place to discuss; but, assuredly, there was no necessity to lay to its charge the frightful excesses and shocking cruelties of assassins by profession.

In the first place, brigandage is not a recent crime in Italy. It has existed for centuries. The journey from Rome to Naples, one of the most frequently made in the Peninsula, has never ceased to be perilous; just as the road from Bologna to Ancona, and from Bologna to Florence. Robbery has had its localities from which it has never been rooted out, and the spot whereon the diligence was rifled last week was not five hundred yards from where it was stopped last year, the year before that, and half a century ago. One of the reasons for this is, there never has yet been an efficient police force in Italy. Another is, the sympathies of the peasantry have been always with the brigand.

It is very difficult for an Englishman to "realise" to himself the indifference with which one of these events is treated by an Italian public. A very meagre paragraph in a newspaper will perhaps announce that the "malle post" was stopped last week on the Apennines, and all the passengers robbed—that the gendarmes are in pursuit of the "malandrini,"—"the knaves;" and, it is hoped, will come up with them.

No one inquires if violence were used, if resistance were attempted, if considerable property was stolen, or, in fact, asks any details of the incident, which would seem only to interest the actors or their immediate friends. Go where you will, none discuss, none allude to it. You will hear about the Pope, the French in Mexico, the Ballerina's legs, or the war in America; but not one syllable on a topic which touches the very civilisation of the land, and threatens at this moment to endanger its actual existence as a nation. If brigandage was treated with silence so long as its evils were purely social, none can say that it has not avenged itself by publicity, now that a political character can be ascribed to it. From the day that Bourbon and brigand became convertible terms the press has occupied itself largely with the theme, and from one end of Europe to the other has it been proclaimed, that the only obstacle to a united Italy is an organised system of murder issuing from the Roman States, paid by the ex-King, and certainly not discredited by the French.

The attempts of the Royalists—for so the partisans of the ex-King continue to be called—in the south of Italy were necessarily such as a guerilla warfare only could compass. Limited to a mountain region, and acting with ill-armed and

undisciplined forces, they could only look for success by surprises, by bold and sudden attacks, by daring and unexpected advances, far more calculated to harass and weary their opponents than to vanquish or overcome them. They looked, in fact, by perpetuating a system of disturbance and disorder, not alone to require a larger force to meet them, but to exhibit to the world of Europe the picture of a so-called chosen government exercising the most cruel sway and imposing severities greater than had ever been heard of in the land!

That France had no especial objection to this "politique" is not unfair to surmise. The French authorities in Rome were doubtless cognisant of many of the arrangements by which these forces were recruited, armed, and paid, and could, had they been so minded, have offered much opposition to their projects; but we have not yet seen any signs of such disfavour, and the Italian press has not been measured in their complaints and demands on this head. It is intelligible enough, that France should like to place the Italian question "in Chancery"—to prolong a litigation as to whose issue she has not yet fully made up her mind, and the solution of which either way cannot be wholly to her satisfaction.

If France did not desire to suppress brigandage, she had no wish to dignify or defend it. Secretly, indeed, the present Emperor might not be sorry to see the discredit thrown upon the cause of legitimacy by the invectives which coupled together the name of De Trassegnies with such fellows as Crocco, or Stoppa, just as he derived a compensation for his displeasure at the invasion of the Æmilia by witnessing the defeat and downfall of Lamoricière.

That the partisans of the Bourbon cause were driven, as all men in a guerilla war must be driven, to exactions and excesses which a regular soldiery need not practise, is not hard to understand. That they had to get what they could how they could, to associate with such as were willing to join them, and make companionship with many whose characters and acts they could not approve, are only the ordinary conditions of all such enterprises. Borjes has told us, in that curious journal he kept, that he had to witness acts of cruelty against which his nature revolted, but against whose perpetration he was totally powerless. It is far easier to blame men for engaging in such enterprises at all, than to point out how they should guide themselves when once in them. The more rigidly honourable and high-minded a man was in such a position, the more certain he would be to draw on him distrust and suspicion. Borjes himself was first regarded as a spy, and never to the very last did he possess the full confidence of the Italians. To attempt to dissuade men from cruelty, who knew that they would themselves be shot the moment they fell into the hands of the enemy; to argue against pillage with those whose whole aim and object were what they could rob; to enforce lessons of obedience and discipline amongst men who had, many of them, deserted just because of that very discipline and obedience, were amongst the tasks of

the Bourbonist leaders. Never was there a more hopeless project; but still it was one to which calumny need not have added itself to falsify and defame!

Brigandage, as I have said, dates long back in Italian history. It may be traced from the days of the Saracens to our own. In the time of Murat it was at its height, and though the energetic measures of the French went far to repress, they never succeeded in extinguishing it.

With every revolutionary change, the prisons were broken open, and the worst malefactors, once more at large, recommenced their work of rapine and violence. The weaker party in these political struggles never hesitated to avail themselves of such aid, and in the memorable expedition of Cardinal Ruffo in 1799, Fra Diavolo, Prono, and Scarpa were all engaged.

Brigandage held a high head in those days. Taccone, who was the terror of the whole Basilicata, made a triumphal entry one morning into Potenza, the chief town of the district. The first authorities of the place met and conducted him in state to the cathedral, where a *Te Deum* was sung in honour of his arms! After which—strange sequel!—he selected a young lady from one of the chief families of the town and compelled her by force to accompany him!

On leaving Potenza, he repaired to Labriola and laid regular siege to the proprietor in his castle, and at last compelled him to surrender,—with, however, the pledge that no injury should be done the family or its dependants. The promise availed little: a scene of the most infamous violence followed, and the castle itself was burned to the ground!

Parafante was another whose deeds would fill volumes. Having captured once, in a wood near St. Euphemia, a Frenchman named Astruc, an intendant of the royal domains, he imposed on him for ransom the conditions that all the brigands then detained in prison should be liberated, and food and raiment given them. Terms which were agreed to and rigidly kept. The State, be it remarked, had at that time under its orders an army of 100,000 men, nearly 5000 of whom were in the very province where this event occurred! A fact that has not the less significance at the very hour I am writing, when the report of General La Marmora declares that the royal forces in Southern Italy are 80,000 strong, and the brigands are at most 400!! And yet with this disparity of force, brigandage continues to defy all the powers of the government, and actually threatens the very stability of the kingdom.

The world has heard a good deal of Chiavone, and very striking photographs of a stern but handsome fellow in a picturesque dress are to be seen of him in almost every city of Italy. His real character and career are, however, far less romantic than is generally believed. Originally a "Garde chasse" at Sorra, he was known by and had a certain influence over the poachers who largely abounded in that district. His band consists for the most part of charcoal-burners, a rude and savage set of people, who even in peaceful times are reputed to lead lives of lawlessness and violence. Chiavone has no reputation for bravery; he is, on the con-

trary, reputed to be backward in every enterprise of peril. He usually infests that portion of the kingdom which adjoins the Roman frontier, over which, when pressed, he at once escapes, and, it is rumoured, hastens on to Rome to narrate his daring and successful exploits! Without devotion to be a partisan, or courage to be a brigand, he is a mere robber, living by and caring for nothing but pillage.

It is only fair to say that he has had no share in the cruelties attributed to his followers. Many acts of mercy and even benevolence are told of him, and he would seem to take a pride in his character for kindness. Some say that in all there is an assumption of those traits which are known to be the attributes of Garibaldi. It is totally erroneous to suppose that this man possesses any real influence, or that he has the qualities by which influence is won or exercised. His extraordinary reputation is entirely owing to the art by which he has continued to make himself a foreground figure, in constant communication with Rome, from which he issues pompous proclamations and wordy "orders of the day;" far safer exploits than meeting the Bersaglieri of Piedmont in the passes of the mountains, or confronting the Lancers of Aosta on the plains!

One of the boldest exploits of brigandage was accomplished by Cipriano della Gala, a very different sort of leader from Chiavone. This man, himself an escaped galley-slave, had a brother imprisoned at Caserta and under sentence of death. Resolving to liberate him, he got together a number of his followers whom he dressed like soldiers of the National Guard, and he himself, wearing the uniform of an officer, appeared at the prison at Caserta with a man in his custody whom he desired to consign to the gaol. The prison doors were at once opened, and the band rushing in made themselves masters of the place. The gaolers were killed and the prisoner liberated. A few soldiers of the National Guard endeavoured to arrest the brigands, but they were speedily beaten off, and Cipriano and his followers escaped safely to their mountains.

This feat, be it remembered, took place in a town of considerable size, and not farther from Naples than Richmond is from London. Nor is it the least striking feature of this brigandage that its depredations are carried to within a few miles of the capital, and that Sorrento and Castellamare have been more than once in the hands of these marauders.

The system of exacting heavy ransoms for the persons carried off by the brigands has been brought to a marvellous degree of perfection in Southern Italy, not only as regards all the details of secrecy and payment, but as to the accuracy with which the captured individual is appraised, and a suitable price appended to him. They would actually seem to know to the very last ducat that could be extracted from terror-stricken and suffering relatives; and there are to be seen at this very hour families who were once in circumstances of comfort, reduced to the most miserable want by the cruel exactions of these wretches. Nor are the stories fabulous of cruel mutilations and tortures inflicted on prisoners to

stimulate the zeal of the friends to advance their ransoms.

The payment of a yearly sum to secure immunity against brigandage is not uncommon even in parts of Italy far more favourably circumstanced as regards law and order than the provinces of the South. An instance of this occurs to me which was related by a friend of my own, and which came under his own experience. He was invited to shoot at the château of an Italian nobleman near St. Stephano, and having one day strayed from his companions, he wandered for hours through the mountains unable to discover his road. In a very wild and lonesome glen he found himself suddenly confronted by a man armed to the teeth, and evidently a brigand, who demanded why he was there: and almost without waiting for an answer told him to give up his arms. My friend demurred, and falling back a pace, cocked his gun and prepared to fire. The other, unmoved by the act, said, "Did you not say you were at —'s?" "Yes," said my friend, "I have been his guest for the last ten days." "Put down your piece, then," said the robber; "you have nothing to fear from me or mine. The Count is a gran' Galantuomo, who pays honourably, and deserves all our respect." The brigand not only acted as guide to the stranger, but showed him as he went some capital sport, and contributed more than one woodcock to his bag.

This occurred in the Tuscan Maremma, and within the last couple of years.

If such courtesies—and I believe them to be not unfrequent—are creditable enough to the individual, they are anything but hopeful as regards the prospects of suppressing brigandage, since it is not amidst the merely debased and degraded elements of the population it finds its followers, but amongst men who are really not lost to a sense of honour, nor destitute of many good and commendable traits. A brigand is very commonly regarded as one in rebellion against the State, and no more—a man who has not given in his "adhesion" to the laws which regulate property, but not of necessity cruel or merciless. Brigands, too, have been known to carry a high head. Antonelli—a great name!—ruled the whole territory of Chieti, and was treated by Joseph Buonaparte on such terms as are supposed to imply equality between the "high contracting parties." The French General of Brigade Merlin, and Baron Nolli, afterwards Minister of Finance, were accredited to him as envoys. They were received by Antonelli a few miles outside Chieti, and re-entered the city together in a sort of triumphal fashion, to the amazement of the whole population. Part of the conditions for which he stipulated were the rank and title of colonel; and these, and the uniform and epaulettes of the "grade," were transmitted in due form!

If brigandage does not exactly occupy the same exalted position now as then, it is not assuredly that its influences are less felt, or its exactions less onerous. The newspapers of Italy daily record the achievements of men who certainly set little store by their lives, and who, if only to be judged by their daring, are in no way inferior to the followers of Garibaldi. That this pestilence

constitutes the greatest pest of the Peninsula, none can doubt, nor has Italy yet found the statesman who is able to deal with it.

OUR SALT-CELLARS.

WHEN the Grecian hero descended to hell and consulted the shade of Teiresias about his homeward voyage, he was told he would have to visit men who knew nothing of the sea, and who did not even eat their food with salt. The geographers make futile guesses at this country, which is not very wonderful, considering the mythical atmosphere surrounding it. Perhaps the Austrian exploring ship *Novara*, has just solved the difficulty. It visited the Nicobar islands in the Indian Ocean, and there found a race of men who make no use of salt with their food, though amongst other peculiarities they are extravagantly fond of Epsom salts. However this may be, the Homeric allusion is valuable as pointing out that the ancient world obtained their salt chiefly by evaporation; a fact which we know from other authorities was really the case. Until comparatively late years we ourselves were dependent on this primitive process for our supply of salt. Indeed, the Staffordshire salt-mines were not discovered till the year 1670; and only the other day we noticed in a maritime village church of Devonshire a tablet to a "parish salt officer," who had departed this life early in the present century. But at the present time our consumption of salt is mainly supplied by the great Triassic deposits of the Cheshire and Worcester salt-mines. Here are the salt-cellars of England. From 160,000 to 170,000 tons of prepared salt, on an average, are now annually furnished by them.

We intend to invite the reader to descend one of these mines with us at Northwich. First, however, let us make a few observations on salt itself, by way of seasoning our narrative. The word "salary," (money given to purchase salt), which has floated down the stream of time, bears witness in itself to salt being considered the first necessary of human life. Sitting above or below the salt-cellar was the usual demarcation between the high-born and the dependent in the domestic life of the middle ages. In Eastern hospitality, eating salt with you constitutes all the difference between a friend and a foe. Bearing these facts in mind, then, and looking to the antiseptic qualities of salt, we steadily refuse to pay any attention to that common puff "salt, the forbidden food." It has too close a resemblance to a Swedenborgian dogma or a waif from Cloud-cuckoo town.

For a great wonder, July was radiant with smiles when we started from Manchester to picnic at the salt-mine in question. An omnibus and four conveyed the merry party to the scene of operations; chaperones and elders being inside, while juniors disported themselves on the top. Long were it to tell how the mischievous poked fun at each other, or affixed paper scrolls to the unconscious collars of their neighbours. The usual tricks fresh air induces on the top of a carriage, which may be seen so excellently on the return from the Derby, were successfully played.

We could not help noticing, however, amidst all our merriment, the low elevation of the country we passed through, characteristic of the salt and sandstone formation in England.

Next, we arrived at a range of sheds, where scattered heaps of salt, like driven snow, suggested agreeable reminiscences of ices. Dis-mounting here, we made our way to a large room at the head of the mine. There stood the inevitable bucket-like cage in which we were to descend to Erebus, with a chain, at what may be called its handle, communicating through the roof with the machinery which lowered it. At this sight everyone's courage began to evaporate. Unknown perils, which might befall dresses and hats, were now gravely mooted. Even in the men's faces the colour fell visibly a shade or two. Who would go down first? was the question our eyes asked each other. At length one lady, like a second Curtius (or a "female Amazon," as country showmen say), announced her willingness to devote herself. The door of the cage was opened, and, followed by another fair friend, she stepped in. Now two of the sterner sex volunteered, "in order to take care of them;" and with a guide to regulate the descent, &c., the heroic party was lowered into the gulf. The rest followed in due time, including a young "saw bones," who descended last in such a piteous state of mind that it was wonderful anything remained of him in the cage at the bottom beyond his boots, and any stray pill-pox he might have had in his pocket. Joining forces again, we proceeded to explore.

The reader preparing for an account of pillars of sparkling whiteness, crystal halls,

A ceiling of amber,
A pavement of pearl :

such as Mr. Arnold's mermen dwell in, and such as preconceived ideas of a salt-mine are apt to fancy, will be disappointed. Truth compels us to admit everything around was peculiarly dingy. Owing to the red marl diversifying the rock-salt, the gnomes have sombre habitations. We were in a lofty gallery, with rather a stifling atmosphere, and brine springs occasionally trickled down from the roof. The guides gave each of us a candle, which made the surrounding gloom more visible, and we moved on over a rough floor through divers passages, to what was euphemistically termed by the underground population—"Regent Street." An arch of wood formed the entrance to this long defile, and on it twenty-four dips had been artistically arranged in honour of our arrival as an impromptu illumination. Others were fixed up at regular intervals down the passage in imitation of the gas of the upper world, and by their light we discerned here and there eager faces peering at us from the darkness. Horses dragged sleds of salt in huge masses past us; miners attended them, bearing pickaxes; and great activity evidently prevailed in the working-tunnels running out of this main entrance. Suddenly loud shouts of "Look out!"—"Mind yourselves!" and so on, smote on our ears. Saw-bones, with a shriek of terror, rushed into the nearest darkness and lost himself at once. As

every one seemed running to different quarters, we concluded the best course would be to stand still. For a second our sensations were much like standing on a mine just about to be sprung. Soon, however we were relieved by a tremendous explosion in a cutting to our right, with heavy falls of salt from the roof, and reverberations of subterranean thunder which rolled from wall to wall—

As on a dull day in an ocean cave,
The blind wave feeling round his long sea-hall :

in the world above.

Our party now re-appeared from their hiding-places, but a delay was made while the guides caught our bewildered medical friend, or he might have been left there to personate *Æsculapius* in the shades.

The salt is found in semi-transparent crystals mixed with marl, varying from an inch, or less, to two or three feet in length. Some of these larger crystals were piled up as trophies every here and there beside our path. A few of the smaller ones we picked up to carry away as mementoes of our underground visit.

The plan had originally been to dine in the mine, but this needful business was at length put off till we reached daylight. Determined, however to do something *outré*, we had hoops and mallets brought down, and played a game of croquet on the smoothest spot we could find. Haply some of the party thought of the legend of the Egyptian King who used to descend to the infernal regions to play dice with Demeter. "He sometimes won and sometimes lost," the chronicler takes care gravely to inform us. Perhaps as we played for love on this occasion, the marriage column in the next spring's "Times" may inform the curious of the issue of this eventful game.

Returning to the shaft, serious anxiety began to be felt for our scared friend, who was again missing. At length abandoning him to his fate, we pushed on to daylight and dinner; when, lo! "*Crispinus iterum*," there was Sawbones seated in the cage all ready for the ascent! The unhappy man was, however, summarily ejected, as we had settled to go up in the same order as we descended.

As for the various processes by which the rock-salt is refined and sifted—from the lumps farmers put in their sheep-troughs, to the fine-grained, sparkling salt of our dinner-table, from the salt-cellar below the earth to the salt-cellar above—this may be found fully described elsewhere. We need only remark in conclusion that the great Triassic system in which rock-salt is located, extends as a more or less well-defined tract of country from the Solway Firth to Sidmouth.

Its greatest English amplification occurs in the Midland Counties.

The salt-region of Cheshire, which we have been visiting, contains a bed of salt and gypsum 700 feet in thickness, extending over a space of a mile and a half in length by three-quarters of a mile in width. To account for the formation of such deposits of rock-salt as this (which is far exceeded in dimensions by the continental beds), is still one of the many hard knots Geology has to untie.

Some authorities contend for evaporation, pointing to the Dead Sea and other saline waters,

round which a constant fringe of salt is being deposited by this agent. Others again regard this as an insufficient cause, and advocate volcanic agency. Perhaps, looking to the immense series of ages geology so freely dispenses, the former account of the phenomenon might be thus reconciled with our experience of evaporation. Or, again, wider observation may give us more facts on volcanic saline eruptions, and so enable us satisfactorily to assign these deposits of rock-salt to plutonic agencies. Most likely the truth will be found equidistant between both theories. Both agencies may have been combined in different proportions, with all the other varied causes which have resulted in the present stratification of the earth.

Until the question is decisively set at rest, however, we will dismiss the subject with my Lord Dundreary's remark, that this is just one of those things which no fellow can find out. G.

HOW OUR GRANDMOTHER STOPPED THE THIEF.

I AM a very old lady. I have very often told my grandchildren the story of how I stopped the thief. And now they beg me to write it down, that they may read my story themselves. When I am dead, they mean. And so I write it.

When I was a little girl, I lived alone in an old country farm-house with my father. Your great grandmother died, as you have heard, when I was born, and so I was my father's only companion. Dearly I loved him, and tenderly he talked to me of all his labours and all his pleasures. At the time I write of I was just eleven years old; a merry boisterous girl, with big fearless eyes, and a spirit of achievement that was always getting me into mischief. I could fill pages with my adventures, but I know you only now wish for one.

I must describe our house. It was built in the days of Dutch William, by some one who had learned to love the houses of Holland. The dwelling-house itself was nearly a cube: a great cube of dark red brick. The front door opened into a passage that pierced the block, and ended by another door which led into our farm-yard. There were two tall, narrow windows on either side of the principal door, and five tall, narrow windows on the first story. A heavy cornice hung over this row of windows, and from it rose the steep roof, covered with curly red tiles. This roof did not rise to a point. It was surmounted by a kind of summer house of wood, about seven or eight feet square, with a window in each of its four sides. This little chamber, which we called our lighthouse, was itself surmounted by a big shining vane. The interior of the lighthouse was reached through a small trap-door. This trap-door was in the ceiling of the great garret formed by the whole roof of the house. The garret could only be entered by one other trap-door, which opened into my father's room. There was just space enough in the lighthouse for my father's writing-table. There he kept his accounts, not without some straining of his brain, with scrupulous exactness. There he wrote his letters, on those rare occasions when necessity compelled him to do so. There were his samples of corn, his rusty pistols, and

his dozen drawers of indescribable odds and ends. There he could see the half of his lands, and exercise a distant supervision over his men.

Four times a year my father paid the rent for his hired lands. The home-farm, as you know, was his own. On the day before the rent was to be taken to the landlord's steward, the sum was always brought in gold from the bank at the town. Such a proceeding might not be very wise, but it was hallowed by its antiquity. The money was usually kept in a bag in my father's own room. All these arrangements were well known to me. I shut my eyes now, and I see my father in his clean gaiters, and the neat bow that tied his hair; I see him ride off on his roan hack to pay his rent, and I know every crease in the little leathern bag that carries the gold.

All the tribe of house servants and labourers who lived on our farm knew my father's ways as well as I did. But he was unsuspecting to a fault.

One Friday evening my father had ridden to the town, and had come back with his gold. All the maids and the men were sitting at their supper in our great kitchen, and I stood by the noisy fire waiting for my father to come down to them. He always came in to their meal, said a hearty word to those who were nearest to him, and then retired with me to his own parlour, his supper, and his pipe of peace.

On the particular evening in question, he walked into the room, swinging something in his hand. It was the leathern bag that carried the money; but it was empty. I knew that its place was in the bureau in my father's room,—not empty, but full.

"Father," I said, "where's the money? Why haven't you locked it up in the bag?"

Everybody in the room heard my question, for there was always a hush when the master came among his men, and everybody in the room heard his answer:

"Where's the money, missie? I mounted the lighthouse when I came in, to get the keys I left there in the morning, caught the bag in the corner of the table, and tumbled all the coin into the drawer. There it may lie. It's safe enough."

In an hour more, I had been dismissed with my usual kiss, and was shut close in my own room. I have said that I should describe the house. I have only partly done so. The great range of stables and farm-buildings, at the corner of which the actual house was built, were partly made out of the ruins of an old manor-house that had fallen into decay with a fallen family. The only part of the buildings that still showed any signs of architectural beauty was one gable end, where the stables abutted on the modern house. There stood still an old room on a third floor, with great mullioned windows, each in a gable of its own, that stood out from the old roof. Two of these large windows looked out to the west; and on the south side, which adjoined the modern house, was a smaller attic window, apparently inserted since the dismantling of the building, for instead of mullions, it contained a rough sash. The base of this little window (it was some five feet in height) was on the floor of the attic, and nearly level with the projecting cornice of the house. Between the cornice and the sill of the window was a

space of about a yard. The staircase of the old house led from what had been the hall (now filled with gardening tools and accumulations of out-door rubbish) into a room on the first floor, and up into the top room with the three windows. At some former time it had been proposed to use both the old and new buildings for domestic purposes, and a bridge passage had been built between the first-floor landing of the old staircase, and the room which I occupied. The door which led from my room to the little passage had been since furnished with many stout locks and bolts, but they were all on my side. It was a special delight to me to escape through my own door, and wander about the premises. I had taken possession of the great attic with the great old windows, and there I kept my treasures, and did my best-loved work, as my father in his lighthouse. My father condoned my independence, and would only say, as he bade me good night :

"Mind you lock your private front door, little missie. I would not have thee stolen."

On the night in question, I lay long awake. I heard all the servants who slept in the house mount to their rooms. Then I heard my father locking and barring the two doors of the passage, and ascend in his turn, pausing a minute to listen at my room, before he retired to his own. Still I lay awake, and grew restless in my bed. I began to think of all that I had done in the day, and of all I meant to do to-morrow. I was going down to fish in the beck with Beriah, the stable-help, and Mary, the dairywoman. I had been cutting a new hazel top to my rod, up in my sanctum in the old buildings. And where was my knife that I had been cutting with? My knife that my father had brought me from the town a year ago, and that I loved so very fondly? I had left it in the attic. Of course no one would go there. It was quite safe. But how silly to leave it! Could I go and fetch it? No: certainly not. My father would be very angry with me for going out in the night. I must go to sleep. But I should like to see how the attic looks in the bright moonlight that shines in my room. I cannot do any harm by going out. And I cannot sleep. And I hate to lie awake. The Dutch clock on the stairs strikes eleven. The house has been quite still for an hour and a half.

I stepped gently out of my bed, and stole to the window. How sharply outlined the shadows were. I remember the whole scene now. Great clouds were coursing over the sky, and presently the moon would be hid. I turned the key in the lock of my own door. It moved so silently and easily, that I could not help pulling back the bolts. In another minute I was in my attic. You may think that I was a very courageous girl, and very unlike most of the children you know. Perhaps children nowadays have more foolish ideas in their heads, than those of seventy years ago. I knew nothing to be afraid of. There lay my rod, and there was my cherished knife, its blade looking very blue in the moonlight. I shut it, and vowed never to be so careless again. How strange the room looked! Everything was very black, or very bright, and the broad mullions made great stripes of shadow over the floor. I feasted my eyes at the big win-

dow, and then I turned to the little one. Opposite to me rose up the steep tiled roof, and at the top was the lighthouse, its vane shining in the clear light, and its windows looking just as though there were a candle inside. I had turned to go down to my bed again, for I was beginning to be conscious that it was cold, when I saw the window of the lighthouse that was nearest to me slowly open. I cannot say that I was exactly afraid, even then. I was spell-bound with astonishment, and stood motionless to watch. The sash was raised, and a man cautiously got out. He moved awkwardly, and seemed to have his hands tied. Then he began to descend the roof very slowly, and very warily. He leaned back against the tiles, and lodging his feet and elbows in their projections, advanced inch by inch along his perilous journey, with his hands still in front of him. I had just time to recognise his features, when the great cloud came over the moon, and in the sudden gloom of the comparative darkness, I could see little. But I had seen enough now. The man was one James Connor, a labourer on the farm. He had come to the house some weeks ago, and though my father knew nothing of him, and he looked like a mere tramp, he had been received. His fellow-servants had complained, once or twice, that he was a drunkard, but he had promised amendment. He was in the kitchen when my father had indiscreetly answered my indiscreet question. What he was doing was clear enough. He had passed through my father's room before the house was closed for the night, had concealed himself in the garret till all was still, and had then mounted to the lighthouse to steal the money. He could not descend through my father's room without rousing him. Nor was it needful to do so. He knew the premises well, and was aware that if he could descend the roof, and gain the little window, he could at once reach the farm-yard, and so make his way whithersoever he would. All this flashed through my mind as the cloud fell over the moon. In a moment I was watching more eagerly through the night, as the dim figure crept heedfully downward. He wore his shirt, and stockings, and shoes, and a pair of rough breeches. In his hands he held his spoils, perhaps because he wore no pockets; perhaps, because, as his stupid look showed, he was half drunk, and ran the risk of marring his plot, and maiming himself for life, by his folly. This I could not explain. I only saw him coming lower, lower, lower, with my father's gold clasped in his hands. The bottom sash alone was standing in the window, about a yard from the floor in height, and there was nothing between us but the abyss between the two buildings. I was hidden completely in the dark corner of the window. I thought the man must fall. He reached the cornice in safety, and stood up for a second before he stepped across. Then he stepped from roof to roof, and in a moment was leaning over the sash, supporting himself upon it by his arms, and resting his feet on the gutter that ran round the wall outside.

All this time I had simply watched. I had not thought what to do. I could not run away for help. I was chained to the spot. I knew that if

the robber was to be baffled, it must be done now. As he paused before he clambered over the sash, and as he held out his hands with their spoil within them, I struck them with all my strength. The suddenness of the shock effected what my weak form could never have done. The man was startled, his hands parted, and the gold rolled all over the floor. With a curse he clutched at my arm as I darted from the window, and caught it with a grasp that I feel to this hour. Had his power not been crippled by his dangerous position I should have stood but a sorry chance against him. He could only use one arm, for with the other he was compelled to steady himself on the window. With that one arm he held me, and raised his knee to step into the room. I do not know why he did not let me go. He could have caught me long before I could have given any serious alarm, and have silenced me effectually. He could not at the same time hold me and enter the room. All this time I did not scream. It seemed to me that the struggle was too serious to be interrupted, and I felt so intense an earnestness in the work of trying to escape, that I was prevented from uttering a sound. At last the thief contrived to hold my little wrist in his huge hand, and grasp the sash with it at the same time. In a second he would have been in the room. He could have stunned, or perhaps murdered, me, in a moment—have re-collected the gold, have descended into the court, and in those days, when as yet there were neither detectives nor telegraphs, have escaped. It was my left arm that was prisoned. In my right I held the knife. I was desperate, then; and though I was but a little, small-boned girl, all the devil in me was roused. I fear I could have slain the man with small compunction, at the instant of the deed. I lifted the clasp-knife to my mouth, and tore open the blade with my teeth, and then I cut at the wrist of my foe as though I would cut it through. He started back with a cry of pain and fury, lost his hold on the window, and fell. I heard the dull, heavy sound of his body as it struck the ground below. My left arm was covered with the hot blood I had shed. Then I turned round to rouse the house. But my young nerves remained strung only while the work was to be done. I staggered, and fell fainting among the broad guineas I had saved. I lay senseless for some hours, and then woke with a strange feeling of having done or suffered something—I hardly knew what. Slowly I remembered what had happened. It was still dark. I went to the window to see what had become of my antagonist. There was light enough for me to see a dark mass below me, which I thought could be nothing else than Connor's body. I turned my head to the left, and saw the first faint light of morning breaking through the clouds. In half an hour the world of the farm would be astir. Slowly I returned to my deserted chamber, and passed through it to my father's. It did not take long to assure him of my being whole and unhurt, in spite of my bloody nightdress. Wondering as I told him my tale, he called some of his men, and we went out to see the enemy. He was alive. I felt a thrill of pleasure at knowing that, though I could have taken his life so ruthlessly in my rage. He was

alive, but so bruised and injured by his fall that he was perfectly helpless. One of his legs was broken, as we discovered afterwards, and his right arm was out of joint. The gash of my knife had done him no serious harm. It was a bad cut; but no more. He was carried off to gaol as soon as he could be moved. I will not tell you the story of his trial and his punishment. I remember the judge said that the little girl was more fit to carry the King's colours than many a man of twice her years. But I doubt whether I could have carried a big flag, though I conquered a thief. And now my story is done. It happened seventy years ago, my children; but I remember it all, and though I own to being proud of my stout heart, I have exaggerated nothing. B. J.

CORPORAL PIETRO MICCA.

(TIME: SIEGE OF TURIN BY THE FRENCH, 1706).

I.

HARD by the river Cerva, where Piedmont's Alps look down
On Andorno Cacciorna, near Biella's* lonely town,
Was born Piétro Micca—there I heard this story told,
How he fired the mine at Turin in the troublous times
of old.

II.

Without fair Turin's bastions the hosts of France were
seen;
Within were Piedmont's bravest hearts and Savoy's
Prince Eugene;
Blood was shed that day like water by Turin's
'leaguered wall,
But Andorno's little corporal was bravest of them all!

III.

Strong are the walls of Turin—but the French a breach
have made;
On come their *Enfans Perdus*†—'tis time our mine
was laid;
Like tigers onwards rushing to the breach, with tuck
of drum,
The gallant Grenadiers of France at last indeed have
come!

IV.

The mine's well laid—no heavier charge 'neath Turin's
wall hath been;
"Too late! too late!" in frenzy cries our gallant
Prince Eugene;
"No time have we to spring it—the French are at our
wall—
Their foremost, ere that mine ye sprung, would be
amongst ye all!"

V.

Then pale grew bold bronzed faces—men spoke with
'bated breath:
"To spring that mine to friend and foes alike is
certain death!"
Then out spoke Corporal Micca, a sturdy pioneer,
"I'll fire the charge myself," quoth he, "God help
my children dear!"

* The mountain town, Biella, which lies on the River Cerva, has always been proud of being the birth-place of Piétro Micca, though he was really born at Andorno Cacciorna, a hamlet a few miles from the town itself.—Count C. Arrivabene's "Italy Under Victor-Emmanuel."

† The "forlorn hope," or storming party, is so called in the French army.

VI.

"Sir," said he to his captain, "let all retire, I pray;
You'll take this message to our duke—from Corporal Micca, say,
Our noble Duke of Savoy, I only ask, will be
A father to the fatherless when weeping sore for me!"

VII.

Thus thinking of his village-home, he scarce could speak for tears;
His eyes flashed grandly through them, when he heard the Grenadiers,
As, like some Alpine avalanche, to the breach o'erhead they roll;
Quoth he, "Retire, my comrades—and pray God rest my soul!"



VIII.

His comrades have departed—their measured footfalls fell
On Micca's ears within that mine like to his parting knell;
The mine is fired—the mine has sprung with one dread thunder-roar!
He and twelve hundred foemen will fight again no more!

IX.

In Andorno Cacciorna green is yet the hero's fame;
His cottage still is standing—a descendant of his name
Unto me, a weary wand'rer, with flushing cheek at told,
How Corporal Micca fired the mine in the troublous times of old!
W. B. B. STEVENS.

THE HAMPDENS.

AN HISTORIELLE. BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.



CHAPTER X. POLITICAL IDEAS IN MERRY ENGLAND.

FOR some weeks after their return to Buckinghamshire, Harry and his wife lived in a retirement so complete that they might have appeared insensible to the hurry and discomposure of the country. Harry thought it a small price to pay for the satisfaction of his heart, and for a happy home to withdraw himself from public affairs. He could do as much good by staying at home as others by moving about, because he could administer the affairs of the family which others were too busy to attend to. Mr. Hampden had desired the young people to settle themselves, if they so pleased, in his house of Prestwood, within three miles of his own dwelling: and there Harry carried on the farming of both estates, and acted in Mr. Hampden's place towards the tenants.

It was a calm season for the young people, and for Lady Carewe. Every morning Harry went forth, in his yeoman's trim, to look after the crops, or the stock in the pastures, or to meet the tenants on business, leaving Henrietta with the little Dick Knightley for her companion, and with enough of domestic business to occupy her. He returned to dinner full of country news of a small kind; but of the large news of the kingdom not a word ever passed his lips. Henrietta never inquired: and he never spoke to her on the old sore subject without inquiry. In the summer evenings, they often rode over to Hampden; or the Hampden coach brought lady Carewe and the young people. They could not be very merry, seeing Mr. Hampden so little, and knowing that they should never see Margaret more: but they loved their home, and enjoyed the delights of its hills.

Every pass and gully of those hills was familiar to them; and after long rides, the lawns at home, the seat on the terrace at sunset, the lingering in the flower gardens till the moon was bright, were the sweetest repose!

"If it could but last!"

That was the thought in all their minds. While such events were proceeding as the King's mock parliament of peers at York, brought to an end by the petitioning of the indignant patriot lords, and of the angry city of London, and of every considerable place in the kingdom, it was unnatural that any intelligent woman, and especially a Hampden, should be in utter ignorance of such portentous facts. Harry could speak with all his neighbours, and utter his opinions everywhere but in his own house. He saw his mother almost every morning in his rounds. He saw Dr. Giles on other days than Sundays, and in other places than the church. The tenants were of the Hampden politics almost to a man; and thus Harry's news and his opinions need not burn in his pocket, though he must preserve silence towards his wife. The question was how Henrietta could bear the utter oblivion of public affairs in which she was living.

"I do not think there is any oblivion in the case," Lady Carewe observed one day.

"O aunt!" exclaimed Alice, who was now the established eldest daughter at home, "who is there to tell her anything?"

"I do not know, Alice; but I am persuaded that she has means of information."

"And why not?" asked Harry. "Why should she not hear, in the way she best likes, whatever she desires to know?"

"Quite right, Harry!" his mother said. "It is much to be wished that every one should look our public affairs in the face."

"But how can Henrietta hear if nobody tells her anything, and she reads no news-letters?" Alice persisted.

"She blames Lady Carlisle for not reciprocating her correspondence openly," said Harry.

"She does, does she?" exclaimed Lady Carewe.

"She shows me all the letters—I mean, she shows me that she is sending letters to Lady Carlisle as often as she wants to send. I carry them to the letter-bag myself."

"You don't see the letters themselves, Harry?"

"By my own desire I do not. Nor do I vex her with the sight of what I say to her father or Richard about the King's behaviour. It would make her unhappy."

"Where does she address her letters to Lady Carlisle?"

"To wherever the Court may be when Lady Carlisle is in waiting, which I believe she usually is."

"How does Henrietta know where the Court is? It is never in the same place many weeks together. How does she follow its movements?"

"That I do not know," was Harry's reply.

It set his mother musing; but if Henrietta had been present, she could not have thrown much light upon the mystery.

It was quite true that, as she told Harry, she wished Lady Carlisle would send her letters with-

out fears and suspicions, as Henrietta sent hers. How the Court lady did transmit her letters Henrietta had no idea whatever; and she did not consult Harry because Lady Carlisle made it a test of her faithfulness that, having liberty to correspond in any manner with whomsoever she would, she should use that liberty as her correspondent understood it. Henrietta saw no need for mystery in sending her own letters; but, after giving due notice that there need be no mystery on the other side either, she could only receive the letters as they came; and they came in all manner of strange ways. Sometimes she found one in her work-basket or her dressing-box; sometimes a packet was lying in her path on the lawn, or in the lane; sometimes it was in the pocket of her saddle, or in her bible at church. No servant admitted any knowledge of the matter; and she saw no consciousness in any of their faces. As her own letters were sent away by her husband's hand, she did not apprehend any whispered scandal: and she let the matter take its course.

Thus the summer and autumn passed away. When the election of Mr. Hampden was coming on, it was plain that she was aware how the people exulted over that impatience of the King which had rendered a fresh parliament inevitable;—a parliament which would show a bolder spirit, and demand greater concessions than the last. Henrietta observed to her husband that His Majesty himself certainly regretted that impatience, and that therefore she supposed he had committed an error. She naturally desired, too, that her father should be honourably returned to the new House; and she heard with satisfaction the accounts Harry daily brought home of the enthusiasm of the yeomen of the county on behalf of Mr. Hampden. She was present with her family when his election was declared, though she did not conceal her disgust at the levity of the popular tone, and especially at the disloyal violence of Mr. Urrey, their neighbour.

"Nobody regards what Urrey says," was Harry's reply, when she wished Mr. Urrey would never speak to her, for that she did not know how to hold her patience in replying. "Nobody minds what Urrey says. He is all talk and no work. He may lead a clodpole or two here and there into mischief; but they soon find him out, and let him rail at the fine people of the land as he pleases."

This was all very well; but Henrietta described Mr. Urrey in her next letter to Court as a fellow whom it would be well to beware of; in return for which she received thanks which might be jest or earnest, but which puzzled her for the moment.

After the parliament met, Henrietta's tranquillity was visibly shaken. The reversal of so many acts of the King's policy in so few weeks shocked her; and the questions which sometimes escaped from her anxious heart proved that she feared for the King's safety, as well as his throne: but the first time of her showing herself completely overpowered was when the news of Lord Strafford's attainder was flying through the kingdom,—and far beyond the kingdom, over all Europe and across the Atlantic. Day after day,

as the process had continued, Henrietta had been no less cheerful than usual, though the affair was of a nature which could not be passed over in silence. It was discussed in all companies as an event, when it was not argued as a political question. There was a prevalent belief that Lord Strafford could never be brought to punishment; but that, if he were, all would be lost for the royal cause. As Henrietta was serene, as well as silent, it was supposed by her family that she felt full assurance of his safety. The greater was her grief when she saw what must come to pass.

It was a lovely month of April; and on one of its brightest days, towards sunset, a groom of Mr. Hampden's came riding at full speed up to the hall door, desiring to see Harry without a moment's delay. Harry was in the fields; and till he could be fetched, Henrietta questioned the man, who could only tell her that he brought a letter which he was to deliver into Mr. Carewe's own hand, and that Mr. Carewe was expected at Mr. Hampden's lodging in Gray's Inn Lane in the course of the night. Henrietta bestirred herself to pack his portmanteau, and have supper on the table; and then she waited till he should come forth from his conference with the messenger.

He thanked her for speeding his departure, saying that there was a riot imminent in London. Yes, it was about Lord Strafford. The Kifg had gone to the House of Lords, to declare his opinion . . .

"I am sure Lord Strafford did not send him," Henrietta exclaimed.

"Certainly not: Lord Strafford considers it a step fatal to himself."

"His Majesty will take care of that," Henrietta replied, very severely. "For a time the Earl will have to retire from public business: that much must be yielded to the clamour: but not a hair of his noble head will be touched while the King reigns; and his retirement will repair his health (so wasted in the King's service!) and he will emerge from his disgraces—the great statesman of his time!"

Harry shook his head mournfully, and his wife smiled in his face.

"My love, there is more going forward than you know. The matter has been brought to extremity by the discovery of a plot. The people are up in defence of the parliament—"

"There is always talk of plots," said Henrietta.

"Who now believes in them?"

"All believe in this plot; for the King's handwriting is in the hands of the Commons."

"It is a forgery, Harry."

Harry was silent. In a moment his wife sprang from her seat.

"Let me go with you, Harry! I will be ready before you have supped: I will ride fast. You shall arrive not one minute later for my being with you."

"Impossible, my love. It is a scene for men only."

"Lady Carlisle is there. I must learn the truth. Harry, I must go! If you will not wait, I will follow."

"Hear me, Henrietta! This plot has brought

the King to extremity. The army was to have marched up from the North, and taken possession of London. There was to have been a camp round the Parliament House, and another at the Tower . . . You have hoped—I see it by your face—that Lord Strafford would have escaped to France—"

"And who has prevented it?" cried Henrietta. "The King and the Earl have no traitors in their train. Loyal men are loyally served. This is the work of some miserable, double-damned spy of the parliament! Lord Strafford is safe, however. Mr. Pym may hunt him like a bloodhound; but he is too noble game to be torn by—"

"Let us say no more," said Harry. "My love, you do not know what you ask about this going to London."

"Harry, I must go. I have reasons."

"There are reasons why you would repent it within one hour. I grieve to say it; but the King is disgraced; the Queen is in terror—"

"I must go," Henrietta persisted.

"Stay till you hear from me, Henrietta. If I find it possible, I will send for you. Till then,—do you hear me?—you remain here, or with my mother."

"You never yet laid your commands upon me, Harry."

"Never before: but I do now. Lady Carlisle would tell you that I am right. Yes, ask her. But whether she is to be found—"

Henrietta laughed somewhat scornfully. Loyal and dutiful persons were in no hurry to hide, she said. Where there was most danger, there would the Court be. The King himself, it seemed, had confronted the Lords, in defence of his best and greatest servant.

Harry caressed and comforted his wife, entreated her to send for her sisters, and not to pine. He would write: he would send for her the first possible moment. It would not do. Henrietta was indignant, was unbelieving, was cold, was all but insulting; and her husband rode away with a heavy heart.

He supposed that it would be many days before his return: but he was at his own door again the next day but one. Not being expected at home, he rode round by Hampden to tell his news there, the story of the army plot, the story of the King's intrusion upon the Lords,—the story of the mob of three thousand citizens who demanded Strafford's death, and denounced all who were supposed to favour him; the story, too, of the royal consternation and its effects. Mr. Hampden said the point of revolution was reached; and he had summoned Harry to consult with him about rallying the tenantry to the parliament cause, and preparing for defence, if the army should be brought down to overawe the constituencies of the leading members of the House. Harry had Mr. Hampden's commission to act for him in Buckinghamshire, as Richard had enough to do in his own county, and among his father's connections.

"Go home, now, to poor Henrietta," said Lady Carewe. "She looked just now—"

"Have you seen her already? Mother, you are very good to us!"

"I saw her yesterday; it was Alice who went this morning. Alice says she must have been weeping all night. She would not tell why: and she would not let Alice stay."

"And as I passed the gate in coming away," said Alice, "I saw the most unwelcome of all neighbours going up to the house, across the lawn, —Mr. Urrey."

"She would not see him, of course."

"But she did. That is, he entered the house; and he did not come away while I was in sight of it."

"He went in to write me the news, no doubt," said Harry. "I shall find a note on my table, containing the tidings I could tell him. He is so vehement that I never ask Henrietta to receive him as a guest. It is strange that he does not resent our neglect. Henrietta would surely have had spirit to refuse to receive him and his news."

This was a mistake. When Harry entered his own house he saw more than surprise in the servants' faces. Henrietta was prostrate on the sofa in the dining-room, sobbing as if her heart would break. Her husband tenderly raised her, and she seemed to find comfort for her trouble in his arms.

"O! love," she sobbed. "I never thought to grieve in this way before you. I am so sorry you have caught me!"

"As if I would not know all your griefs!" cried Harry. "I hope that rude fellow Urrey has not been vexing you."

"Mr. Urrey!" cried Henrietta, turning scarlet.

"You did not see him, surely," said Harry. "It is being too complaisant to listen to his savage talk; but who but he could have shaken you so?"

"I have seen him," Henrietta confessed, with her face hidden on Harry's shoulder. "And he brought me such dreadful news!"

"About Lord Strafford? He might have left it to me," Harry observed in great vexation.

"But Lady Carlisle tells me, too;" and in a mood of unwonted confidence, Henrietta put the letter into her husband's hand.

It was very short. It told that she, Lady Carlisle, should never be happy again. She could not have conceived such misery. The King found, at the last moment, that he could not save his best friend, the most loyal of servants, the most incomparable minister, the man who was the glory and grace of the whole realm. The Queen herself assured the King that he had no choice. He had yielded everything! The parliament was to continue, however it might behave; and the King would never again intrude upon either House. It was shocking humiliation: but, O! what was that to this fearful sacrifice of the man who had been his main support in the conflict he had sustained with a turbulent people! Wretched as she was, Lady Carlisle said, she would rather be Lord Strafford's friend than the enemies who had hunted him to his death. Sooner than be the cruel, vindictive Pym, or even the generous but over-strict Mr. Hampden, she would be the heart-broken Lucy Carlisle. In a P.S., she said that one consolation remained,—that of worshipping the memory of the King's

best friend, and cherishing eternal contempt and detestation of his persecutors.

"To be sacrificed in this way at last!" Henrietta exclaimed. "I am certain that no doubt of his life at least being safe ever entered his mind. O! I wonder what he said when they told him the news!"

"I can tell you," said Harry. "He said: 'Put not your trust in princes!'"

Henrietta started, and then said she did not believe it. He was too wise and good a man to imagine that the King would let him die, if it was possible to save him.

Harry afterwards repented answering this. The occasion was a weighty one, however; and the natural triumph took the form of warning to one not behind Strafford himself in loyalty. Henrietta was told, but concealed that she knew it, that Strafford had held the King's assurance, on the word of a Prince, that he should not die. Harry further illustrated his warning to his wife not to trust this particular Prince by instance upon instance of breach of the royal word, since the troubles began.

"You make everything worse!" Henrietta complained. "As if it were not enough that the greatest man in the kingdom, the kind-hearted hero who has been so good to me, in the midst of his mighty affairs, and Lady Carlisle's best friend, is—O! I cannot bear it! And you come to me at such a time, and tell me that the King is false, and the Queen a coward, and I a poor forsaken dupe!"

"Forsaken! while I am your husband, Henrietta!"

"And how did you become my husband but by promising to leave me to myself and my friends on these terrible affairs? And now you make me miserable in myself, and would spoil my dearest friendships!"

"How you mistake me!" cried Harry. "But I will not say another word. Events will speak for themselves only too soon. Shall I leave you, or tell you why your father sent for me?"

"O! leave me! Do not come near me till I can bear it better." As he reached the door she raised her head to say, "If I have been unjust, Harry, it was you who made me."

It did not console Harry to find, some hours later, that, while his wife could not bear his presence, she had given orders that if Mr. Urrey should call, anything he might convey should be at once brought up to her dressing-room; and that, if he wished to speak with her, she would see him in the dining-room. Urrey must be in some mischief, Harry thought, or was making sport of Henrietta's notorious loyalty. He must be watched, and must know that he was watched.

Urrey, however, stood well with the stout men of Buckinghamshire at this time. When Harry went among them, as Mr. Hampden's representative, to confer with them on the defence of the country, in case of the army being turned to an ill use, he found that Urrey had been before him everywhere, using much more exciting language, and proposing stronger measures. He would have thrown great difficulties in the way of Harry's work, if Harry's own frankness, and steady

attachment to Mr. Hampden had not been thoroughly understood. Urrey insinuated that the Carewes were but half-hearted in the national cause. The young man's mother was rather too fond of her daughter-in-law, who, to his knowledge, was in constant correspondence with the Court; and, as for the young man, he did nothing more than follow the lead of the Hampdens and Knightleys, when, as every patriot knew, it was high time that those gentry should be made to move a little faster. This tone did not generally succeed. Two or three hotheaded men were for rebellion at the very moment that the King had given way on the great point of a permanent parliament; but of the rest, all but the few who wished to sit still and do nothing under any circumstances, fully agreed with Harry—that their duty was to keep watch on public affairs, and be ready to act, either by sustaining their members in parliament, or, if the dreary need should arise, by preparing to oppose by force any violent use of his prerogative by the King.

"Harry," said his wife when he came home that evening, "when are you going to London again?"

"I do not know, my love. It depends on events there."

"I wish you would let me go with you. There is room for me in my father's lodging."

"O yes; but I dread the agitation for you. Your health is not your own just now; and you can have no idea what London is like at this time."

"I could bear it better there than here. And, to say the truth, Harry, I do not like Mr. Urrey."

"Nor do I."

"He has always been respectful in his words and manner; but I cannot imagine how Lady Carlisle can make a friend of him as she does. I had much rather see her than have letters through anybody's hands; and particularly this gentleman's."

"Why will you not go to Hampden, and rest there with my mother? There you can conduct your correspondence in your own way. Mr. Urrey will not vex you there; and my mother will see that your letters go and come freely, without any desire to know what is in them."

No: Henrietta had set her heart on going to London: and there she was, accordingly, before many days.

It did not conduce to her tranquillity to meet her friend. Lord Strafford was dead, and Lady Carlisle was not broken-hearted. The time was out of joint, and it perplexed Henrietta greatly.

Her father had made an hour of leisure to receive her; and Mr. Pym spent a few minutes with them the first evening. The two friends lodged in the same house, and usually dined together: and Mr. Pym now told Henrietta that Lady Carlisle was so impatient to see her that she would spend with her two or three hours that day.—Yes, why not? Lady Carlisle was an old friend of Mr. Pym's. He was always sure of a welcome at her abode; but it was more convenient that she should visit her friends in London than that they should visit her, while she was

in actual and frequent attendance on the Queen. Lady Carlisle was therefore not a rare visitor in Gray's Inn Lane; and she was coming that day.

"Father, what does this mean?" Henrietta asked, when Mr. Hampden and she were alone for a few moments.

"In times like these," he said, "men's minds, and yet more, women's minds are unsettled. Some have hopes that the strife may be accommodated; and, since the yielding of the King in the matter of the permanence of the parliament, I will not answer for it that patriotic men, as well as loyal women, may not have believed that Lord Strafford was the sacrifice which might be accepted as a peace-offering."

"Is there hope—?" she stopped; and her father answered her unspoken thought.

"Whatever is, or may be, said of Mr. Pym being covertly on the King's side is untrue. He is, like myself, bound to the cause of parliamentary government. If you had seen his face, and marked the trembling of his hands among his papers at one moment when the great prisoner was at the bar of the house, you would fully comprehend Mr. Pym's mind."

"What moment was that?"

"It was a moment when Lord Strafford cast a glance that way. When their eyes met, it was not only the searching strength of the man's gaze that moved Mr. Pym. It was that it came from a countenance so wasted and so wistful, and from a friend of past years, who said in that glance, 'Will you slay me, as one unfit to live?'"

"And what then?" asked the weeping Henrietta.

"In a moment the weakness passed away from both. The wrong-doer was unfit to live in a time like this. The accuser proved, as his duty bade him, that it was so; and the wrong-doer did not dispute our right to judge him, but bent his mind to his fate. The accuser who has carried through that great trial may well be trusted, if any man may, with the conduct of the cause of which that great trial was the opening."

Henrietta's heart sank at the thought of a further unrolling of a history so dreary; and Lady Carlisle's conversation, interesting to the last degree, perplexed far more than it reassured her.

"After my letter, my child, you almost wonder that I am alive? You thought I should die of grief?"

"No," said Henrietta, "I expected something better from you. Loyal hearts must not break at such a time, but be strong."

"That is the noble view. My little Puritan always sees the heroic side: and I am sure we all have need of it."

"If the loyal are right," said Henrietta, "God will not give the most strength to the Puritans."

"How true that is!" exclaimed Lady Carlisle. "How events show it! But a few weeks ago, how little could I (and others who are greater than I) have conceived that we could endure the death of such a friend in such a way! that we could resign ourselves to it as a necessary thing, and almost forgive those who did it?"

"Do you mean that the King so takes the death of Lord Strafford?" asked Henrietta,

astonished. "I have refused to believe the rumours of the King's—. I shrink from the word; but the people say he deserted his minister."

"Desertion is not the word, my love. I can assure you,—and you knew the nobleness of the man well enough to believe it without question,—Strafford wrote to His Majesty to desire him not to feel bound by his pledge concerning the preservation of his life."

Henrietta was silent.

"I can show you the letter," the Countess said. "If it was for the public good that he should die, he set the King free from all pledges to protect him. No, no! there was no desertion!"

"Besides," the Countess went on, replying to Henrietta's unspoken thought, "the promise was given when we all supposed that such a man's death must be the greatest of calamities,—that his loss as a Minister of the Crown, as a ruler of the people, would be irreparable."

"We have always so imagined," said Henrietta, sighing.

"And how short-sighted we are! how little we know when we are most confident!" sighed the Countess in response. "We all know now that he could never have served the King again, that he must have been removed altogether from public affairs. Does not that make a great difference, my child?"

"But who knows this, and how?"

"Is it possible, my love, that you have not read Mr. Pym's accusations? Have you not heard of the King's avowal to the Lords that Lord Strafford must be for ever excluded from public affairs? Ah! if you had been here then! If you had been with me in the House of Lords when the little Prince of Wales carried in the King's letter, you would have seen how His Majesty and everybody suffered."

"You hoped that letter would prevail," said Henrietta, "or you would not have been there."

"O yes! we all hoped, as long as we could; and it was right to make every effort, you know. The King told us all (and I can testify how true it was) that it had grieved his heart to sign the sentence the day before. He said, as he took the pen, that Strafford was the happier man of the two."

"No doubt of that," sighed Henrietta.

"Well! when the young Prince entered the House with the letter, we all had to rise, of course; and I, though behind a curtain, could scarcely stand. What a moment it was! I cannot say I had much hope when the postscript came to be read,—entreating that if Strafford could not be spared, he might live till the Saturday. It showed that His Majesty had no hope. Do not you see this, my love?"

"Certainly: but why show it so plainly? It made the letter of no use."

"As the Queen said, my child, the time was past for the King to consult his own feelings. All would be lost if the enemy had not their own way in this case. Every effort had been made; there was to have been a rescue—"

"I know, I know," Henrietta interrupted.

"You have heard about that plot: then perhaps you have heard what a scene it was in the House when Mr. Pym disclosed the whole story. Mr. Pym is a wonderful man, Henrietta!"

"Perhaps so: but tell me one thing. What made the King first promise Lord Strafford that his life should be safe, and then sign away his life?"

"Hush—sh—sh! my dear," whispered the Countess. "You forget whom you are speaking of. You forget the noble release I told you of."

"No. I do not forget either."

"But you forget those sayings of Strafford's which you used to repeat with such admiration;—that it is vain and foolish and presumptuous to judge of the conduct of the King, because he must understand his affairs so much better than others can,—must know his own reasons, and so on. Do not you remember, my dear?"

"O yes; and I see how true it is when it is a case of raising money, and other management of the business of the realm: but when a word of honour passes between gentleman and gentleman—I cannot understand it."

"No, my love: we women cannot judge of gentlemen's feelings and obligations in such serious matters. If you had seen the Prince of Wales—"

"I was thinking of him," said Henrietta. "What a lesson for him!"

"He is very young, my love."

"A boy of eleven knows what a word of honour means. If he does not then, he never will."

"And he is precocious, I must own," said the Countess. "You should see him making love among the maids of honour! But I cannot laugh yet. Amusing subjects revolt me. Everybody at Court feels this, and I am sure Mr. Pym does no less. It is true, as you say, my love, that God gives strength on both sides, otherwise Mr. Pym could never have gone through his task in such a way; and we, the friends of the departed, could not have borne such a calamity as we do. You heard how the dear old archbishop was shaken! I told Mr. Pym, and I thought you might know in that way. Our friend wished to meet the dear archbishop once more; and the day before his death he begged the Lieutenant of the Tower to permit it. The Lieutenant told him how to proceed to get leave; but he had too high a spirit to ask any favour of the parliament, though I should certainly have asked Mr. Pym if I had been aware at the moment. So our friend sent a message to the archbishop to beg his prayers, and that he would come to the window that dreadful morning."

"And did he?"

"He did, and, do you know, he fainted! O no, it is no wonder. I am sure it was the most miserable day of my life. They say there was not a smile seen in the whole Court that day. I cannot answer for it, for I shut myself up; and the Queen was so good as to desire that I might not be disturbed. But they told me afterwards." After a pause, she continued, with a shudder, "I thought I should have lost my wits that day. I could think of nothing but—O my child! was it

not a noble head? What an eye! what a smile! Ah! I know by that sigh how you sympathise; and you are aware he thought very kindly of you. You remember?"

"Do you suppose I can ever forget that?"

"No: his notice and his friendship were a real honour. Who can express what we have lost?"

"It is not only our own loss," said Henrietta, "but what will become of the country, with its best men gone, and taken off in such a way? We have no other such statesman and friend for our King to rest on."

"No man exactly like him, my child, that is true; but the King of kings, as he himself said, does not leave the sovereigns whom he anoints without friends and helpers. If one is taken, another springs up. If a statesman of one kind of genius dies, another appears. Mr. Pym, now, is a wonderful man, you must own."

"Mr. Pym!" exclaimed Henrietta. "Can you compare that fat man, with his stout health, and his appetite, and his merriment, and his good liking for his dinner, and his showy dress, with Lord Strafford?"

"Ah! you are thinking of that dark, pale, wasted face, and the life like an anchorite's, and the proud courtesy, and the politic gravity. How striking it was! But, my dear, the contrast was no greater than between Mr. Pym and those groaning Puritans, that he is supposed to be like. What is there of the sour Gospeller or the insolent malcontent about him?"

"No more than about my father."

"Just so! And as for the statesmanship, is it not possible that a great man may do more by reconciling the King with his people, than by spurring him on to override them? You know there was once an idea that Mr. Hampden might serve the King in the Government. Well! I may tell you now, that that could never have happened while Lord Strafford lived. But now the King is free to take his own course, and satisfy his own likings. And Mr. Pym is a wonderful man! No man is like him for knowledge of his time!"

Henrietta sat thinking that these changes had better pass over Strafford's grave than over his living head; and her friend perhaps detected her line of thought, for she altered her strain very quickly.

"You have had your distresses, my child, I am sure. I fear you have made no great way with your husband and his mother."

"I have not tried," Henrietta answered. "Harry is so good to me! I cannot tell you how forbearing he has been. And he has no thought of disloyalty, I am sure."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Lady Carlisle, with amazement.

"As he understands loyalty, he is very loyal, I assure you."

"Is it possible! And so you are satisfied, after such an expenditure of doubt!"

"I did not say that," Henrietta muttered.

Lady Carlisle put her arms round her.

"Tell me," she whispered. "After all your devotedness, are you not happy?"

"Who is happy in these days?" sighed Hen-

rietta. "No, I am not satisfied while everybody around me is deficient in the very instinct which is so strong in me. But we must not speak of this. I chose my lot; and I must not complain of it. But, Lady Carlisle, I am no saint nor martyr."

"And none but a saint or martyr should marry a Puritan and disaffected husband. I understand, my love.—O yes, I do. And now tell me—how will it be about your little one when it comes?—How is it to be about the observances? What do Puritan papas do about such matters?"

"Harry and I hoped that you would be one of the sponsors. Were we too presumptuous?"

"So far from it that I was thinking of something better—something far more worth your wishing.—Yes; I see you apprehend. If it could be done,—how would you like that the Queen—I dare not yet say anything of His Majesty—should stand sponsor for your child?"

Henrietta's clasped hands and crimson face showed her rapture.

"Well: do not depend too much on my idea. I really feel confident of their Majesties' interest in you to that point.—And, then, there is the consideration of their strong desire to propitiate the great leaders in the parliament. Do not you think it might have a good effect in the country that a grandchild of Mr. Hampden, and a Carewe, should be so honoured by their Majesties?"

Henrietta thought it would be the finest thing in the world for everybody. She did not believe her husband and her father could resist so angelical a piece of goodness in their Majesties who certainly had—"O! so much to forgive!"

Neither husband nor father was in any rapture on the proposal being mentioned. Harry said that he owned he could not understand Lady Carlisle, and that there must be some corroboration of her impression about their Majesties' good will before he could give any sort of assent. In any case, he would ask no favour at Court, and he expressly forbade his wife to seek any, directly or indirectly. He and Mr. Hampden agreed, however, that if the honour should be spontaneously offered, it ought to be gracefully accepted. It was not a moment for churlish behaviour when the King had conceded some important matters, and was evidently disposed to come to some understanding with the chiefs of the popular cause.

"They are so chilling!" Henrietta complained to herself. "They never let me enjoy anything without a check! They spoil my pleasure beforehand about the christening of my own baby."

Out of this it came that Harry was told that he had no heart, or none except for public affairs; and that he cared more for his precious dignity than for either wife or child. And before Henrietta had time to repent of her hasty speech, her husband had said that he had foreseen how it would be if he let her come to London. Her Court friends knew her weak side, and took advantage of it. He would not allow it: she must, for her own sake and for his honour, go down into the country before she had done any irreparable mischief by her unnatural and unpatriotic friendships.

(To be continued.)

BLOWING BUBBLES.

THE midnight mail was tearing up through South Staffordshire at the rate of forty miles an hour; and I, a passenger by it, was on my way from Scotland to spend Christmas at the country-seat of an old friend in North Worcestershire. Wolverhampton had been left behind, hissing and snorting from all its chimney mouths, like a den of fiery dragons, and we were being hurried with horrible tumult through what is called the "Black Country." All around us the Temples of Tubal Cain were flinging out flames and resounding with the music of hammers. Beneath us, thousands of the votaries of that grim demi-god were delving for minerals to be sacrificed upon his altars; and above hung the night-fog, laden with the incense that arose from his mighty thuribles. I was feeding my vision with the wild, weird scene, and dreaming of Vulcan forging thunder, when there came a deafening crash as if one of Jove's bolts had been hurled down from high Olympus. A thousand brilliant lights danced up before me for a moment, and then—life became a blank. The mail had dashed into a luggage-train.

I awoke—it seemed to me on a bright sunny morning in June—to find myself nestling in the softest of beds, beneath hangings of rich embroidery, in the midst of the cosiest of bed-chambers. I did not trouble myself to think where I was, nor how I came there, for a pleasing languor possessed my whole being. Yet I seemed to be longing for active gratification of some kind. So my eye wandered listlessly from one object to another, and my mind played idly with all the eye presented to it. At length my scattered fancies came trooping back to look upon a scene that lay far out, as it seemed to me, between the curtains at the foot of the bed. There, in an old Gothic window through which the sunlight was streaming, sat a merry little urchin blowing bubbles. His long golden curls, tossed hither and thither by the light morning breeze, played around his laughing face like the tendrils of a vine around the rich ripe fruit; and, ever and anon, as the bubbles rose up to break amongst the creeping foliage that surrounded and overhung the window, his blue eyes sparkled gleefully, and he seemed to leap for very joy. I must have watched him a long time; I saw so many of his antics. But, suddenly, I became conscious of a slight pressure on my arm, and turning about, I found myself in the presence of an elderly lady who seemed to be all good nature, and a prim old gentleman who seemed to be all shirt-frill. The one was the wife of the old friend I had proposed visiting; the other the family doctor. Between them I learned that I had been seriously injured on the night of the collision; and that, following the direction on a small parcel I had had in the carriage with me, the railway officials had brought me on to the very house for which I had set out from Scotland, and where I had now lain in a state of unconsciousness many days. Aweary of their recital, I again turned languidly to the window, where my young friend, apparently unconscious of all that was passing, still sat blowing his bubbles as gleefully as ever. Watching him intently for a moment or

two, I, for the first time, noticed something strange about his appearance. He did not look like a child of earth at all, but more like one of those little fellows we read about in Grecian story—a sort of Elysian little boy, scantily clothed, very plump and symmetrical, and always laughing. I had almost come to the conclusion, indeed, that Cupid, following the example of other naughty little boys of the present day, had laid by his bow and quiver for the grosser pleasures of the pipe, when it struck me that I might settle the matter at once by asking a simple question.

"Who is that little boy sitting in the window?" I asked.

"O dear! dear!" exclaimed the lady, with a sigh, "I was afraid it would be too much for him; he is wandering again."

"I assured her I was not, and repeated the question.

"Sir," said the prim doctor, "I am afraid you are the subject of a very singular optical illusion. The child of whom you speak is not a living being; nor, indeed, is it altogether a phantom. It is simply a figure in a stained glass window, and—"

"But," I interposed, "he is in motion, and his bubbles keep rising and breaking amongst the branches of that creeping plant there."

"Allow me to finish my sentence," said the doctor; and, going to the window, he touched a spring, and the curtain flew up. "Now, you see," he continued, "the aerial current conveyed through the room for purposes of ventilation imparted a slight undulating motion to the white curtain in front of the window; and, as an exact photograph of the figure fell upon the curtain, the child appeared to you to move, when in reality it was doing no such thing."

"But," I said, "the child is still moving; he and his bubbles are passing away to the right there. Look!—look!" and I half rose up in bed to point them out.

The doctor smiled a very stately smile, and, flinging open a casement which carried away half the figure with it, pointed to a large mass of cloud that was being driven along furiously by a rude wintry wind. "Again," he said, "you have mistaken the subject of motion; it was the cloud moving—not the figure."

The contrast was one of the strangest imaginable. Through the warm colour of the unopened part of the window the light was streaming with the brilliancy of summer sunlight; through the open casement I could see nothing but dull leaden rain clouds. So dismal, indeed, was the outlook, that I begged the doctor to close the window as speedily as possible, and to draw down the blind, in order that I might once more revel in the pleasant illusion he had taken so much pains to dispel. He did as I desired, but the illusion was gone for ever; and though, during the long weary hours of my recovery, I often tried to carry my mind back to that morning, and to see the urchin laughing and blowing bubbles as I then saw him, the effort was useless. He still sat there, but he sat motionless; the blind and the clouds moved often—he never. Not willing, however, to part with so merry an

acquaintance on so slight grounds, I fell to admiring him as a work of art, and from admiring him as a work of art, I went on to wonder how he was made. The result was a determination to visit, as soon as I recovered, some large works in the neighbourhood, where, as I had been informed, my young friend first received his being. My recovery is now complete; my determination unaltered. And if the reader is willing, I shall be glad—for I am fond of good company—to take him with me through one of the most extensive glass manufactories in the world. But with this proviso: we must not stay by the way minutely to inspect any process that does not relate strictly to the making of coloured glass windows. And that this condition is reasonable will be evident, when I tell him that that branch of the manufacture alone will fully occupy our attention during one entire article, and that there are several other branches equally interesting.

We shall find the "works" on the borders of the "Black Country;" and, looking down upon them as we approach by train, they have all the appearance of a gigantic store-yard, where samples of chimneys of every size, shape, and description, and specimens of smoke of every hue and degree of density, are kept constantly in stock for the surrounding manufacturers to choose from. There are tall, slender, aristocratic chimneys—"heavy swells," in their way—pouring out wreath after wreath of jet-black velvety smoke; there are little fat squat chimneys sending up continuous streams of nasty yellow smoke that seems to be afflicted with jaundice. Then, there are square, hard-fisted looking shafts—a sort of artisan chimneys—red-hot at the mouth, and labouring forth fierce flames that flash the thin blue smoke high up into the air; and there are little infant chimneys—steam outlets—that hilariously pant out an innocent-looking silvery white smoke all day long, and here and there and everywhere. And over the whole community of chimneys there hangs a great cloud of writhing smoke in which many shades of colour seem to be wildly struggling for individual mastery. The works are more like a town in Pluto's regions than a manufactory upon earth. And their size is immense. They occupy many acres of land, and they are inhabited daily by nearly two thousand workmen. A railway runs into them to whisk away their products to all parts of the world, and a canal rolls sluggishly through them, under the pretence of helping the railway at its work.

We enter the "works" through an enormous gateway, and, tapping at the door of the porter's lodge, bring out an old man whose duty it is, provided we are furnished with the proper credentials, to hand us over to a guide. This done, on we go: over a canal bridge, across the railway, by long ranges of workshops, until we come to a large shed where several workmen are engaged in treading out clay and fashioning it into immense "pots," or pans, as big as brewers' vats of moderate dimensions. On asking what these are for, we are requested to follow two or three of them; then, being taken out at the other end of the shed, and doing as we are bid, we come to a sudden halt at the mouth of a red-hot

kiln. From this kiln several similar pots, baked hard, are withdrawn, and the soft ones deposited in their places. The baked pots are then trundled off, and we follow them to a large building, lighted only by the glare of a score of roaring furnaces. Hundreds of grimy workmen, with what appear to be long red-hot drum-sticks in their hands, are fitting about amongst the strange lights and shadows in every direction, and some twenty or thirty are engaged in blowing gigantic bubbles of all the colours of the rainbow. But for our guide we should assuredly be bewildered. At his request we again turn our attention to the "pots," and have the satisfaction of seeing them thrust, burning hot, into furnaces ten times hotter than themselves. That done, we are told that they are filled with due proportions of sand, lime, soda, and whatsoever colouring matter is necessary, and that as the mass, which weighs about two tons, melts, it is stirred until it reaches the consistency at which it is workable. After some twenty or thirty hours of melting and stirring, that point is reached, and the "metal," as it is now called, is ready to be fashioned into glass. Passing on to another furnace and peeping through a hole in a screen or breastwork in front of it—for the heat is too intense to allow a nearer approach—we get a glimpse of one of these pots of metal ready for use. But, before we have well had time to peer into the blinding mass, we are warned off by a swart workman, who, advancing, thrusts into it a long tube, which he twirls round until he has gathered upon the end of it a glowing ball of metal, with which he rushes off to a flat iron table or "marver." Arrived there, he cools the tube with water, and, applying his mouth to the end of it, blows down into the metal at the bottom, and, as the ball increases in bulk, rolls it over and over upon the table to preserve its rotundity. Before the bubble has attained its proper size it cools considerably. So, as soon as it has from this cause lost its elasticity the operator carries it off to another furnace, where he re-heats it, and blows it larger and larger, until it is ready for the next process. As soon as it is thus prepared, another workman advances with a kind of pole tipped with molten glass, which he affixes to that part of the bubble immediately opposite the blow-pipe. Workman number one then releases the blow-pipe, and the bubble becomes the property of workman number two, who at once carries it off to another furnace, whose flames roar far out into the workshop. Thrusting the bubble into the midst of the flames, and resting the pole, or "ponty," as it is termed, upon a breastwork, the operator twirls it as one would twirl a mop. The result is almost magical, for, before we can well see what is being done, the heat has softened the glass, the centrifugal force has flung open the bubble, and a large flat wheel of "crown glass" is rolling away before us ready for our every day use. This our guide tells us is the old-fashioned method of making glass, and he explains that it is an objectionable one, because a large lump called the "bull's-eye" is left behind in the centre of the sheet by the ponty. The reason it is objectionable, as he puts it, is this: that a large square, taken out of a circular piece of glass fifty-four

inches in diameter—and that is the largest size made—must necessarily retain the unsightly bull's-eye. So, to overcome the difficulty, another method has been adopted. Instead of blowing the bubbles round, they are blown long, and, both ends being cut off, the tube is ripped open, and laid flat by heat.

Having followed one sheet of glass from the melting-pot to perfection, we may now find time to take a somewhat wider range. We learn from further inspection and the comments of our guide that there are two methods of colouring the bubbles we see all around us. The one is by using coloured "metal" entirely; the other by "flashing"—coating white glass with a thin film of colour only. All colours *may* be "flashed;" red *must* be, because the colouring matter used would render the glass blown entirely from red "metal," opaque. So, in order to be inducted into the mysteries of "flashing," we seek out a workman who is about to blow a red bubble. The process, we find, is very simple. Having gathered, upon the end of his blow-pipe, a ball of white metal, the operator, before carrying it to the "marver," gives it a twirl in a pot of red metal, and then goes on with his blowing. The two colours retain their relative positions throughout every succeeding process; as the one grows thinner and thinner the other grows thinner and thinner; and the final result is a sheet of white glass coated with red on one side. Passing on from one workman to another, we notice that, though there are bubbles of every other colour, there are no yellow ones; and, on asking the reason, we are told that all the shades of yellow are produced, not out of yellow metal, nor by flashing, but by staining white glass. And, with the promise that we shall be shown how staining is done, we leave the fiery workshop.

Still confining ourselves strictly to the object of our visit, which is to see how coloured windows are made, we next visit the studio of the designers of the establishment, where we find several gentlemen painting small designs upon paper, and others enlarging similar designs, previously painted, to the size at which they are intended to be reproduced in glass. One here is intent upon a window full of saints for a foreign cathedral; another, there, is touching off the mane of a rampant red lion for a public-house lamp; while a third is deep in the mystic labyrinths of a rich arabesque; and a fourth is throwing off the outline of one of a series of historical subjects for the hall windows of some nobleman's mansion. While we are examining these works of art, a workman enters and asks for the "cartoon of St. Catherine." One of the enlarged paintings is given him, and on a hint from our guide we follow him out of the room with it. Carrying it into a workshop where bins of glass of all colours surround a large table, he lays his cartoon flat; and, selecting a piece of blue glass, places it upon a part of the picture coloured blue. He then follows the outline beneath with his diamond, and eventually snaps out a piece of blue glass of the exact shape and size of his pattern. Red glass, green glass, and white glass, to be stained yellow, or to be painted in different colours, follow, until every part of the

cartoon has been reproduced in glass. That done, the pieces of glass are carried off to the studio of the glass painters, where they are fitted together on the face of the cartoon, like a piece of mosaic work, and where those parts of the outline not represented by the joints—as most of the outline is—are "put in" with a brown enamel colour which, after baking, becomes part and parcel of the glass. The baking over, the pieces of glass again come to the painter, who then fits them together upon a large sheet of white glass, to which he attaches them with drops of hot resin. He next rears the whole sheet upon an easel, and, so placing it that the light shall fall through it, puts in his shadows and covers certain of the "whites" with a preparation of silver. Another baking fixes the shadows; and, the silver scraped off, the "yellows" are revealed. After this the pieces are again set up on the easel, and those parts—such as flowers and borders—that require lines of colour too fine to be represented in mosaic, are either skilfully painted in or stencilled. This painting, we are told, often occupies many days, for during the progress of the work baking must follow baking as often as the necessities of the case demand it. And, even when the laying on of colour is finished, there is, if the design be very elaborate, one other work to be performed upon it. It is often desirable that a few lines of white or yellow should appear in the midst of the darker colours—as with moonbeams upon the water, or gold or silver embroidery upon drapery. In these cases the kind of glass used is that which has been "flashed," and to produce the required effect, the artist covers the coloured side of it with a thin coating of wax; picks out his design in little channels that reach down to the surface of the glass; pours into these channels an acid which eats away the coloured face; and then, either leaves it as it is, or stains his white lines yellow in the manner before described. In the end, when the whole painting is finished, the pieces of glass are handed over to the glaziers, who join them together with grooved strips of lead, and the window is complete.

And this was how they made young Cupid, who, for all I know, still sits in the old Gothic window yonder, "blowing bubbles." J. L.

SYMPATHETIC SURGERY.

IN the rural districts, when a man has the misfortune to run a nail into his foot, he finds it, carefully greases it, wraps it up, and lays it away in a safe and dry place. This is supposed to promote the healing of the wound and prevent lock-jaw. In like manner, an axe or chisel, which has inflicted a wound, is carefully wiped and protected from rust.

The philosophy of our day is not far-sighted enough to find out the relation between the nail or axe which has given a wound, and the wonderful processes by which nature repairs the injury; but our venerated ancestors, for some centuries, had entire faith in this sympathetic surgery; and, though long since rejected by men of science, it still survives among that large class

of people who like to do as their fathers did before them.

The vulgar superstitions of to-day were the earnest faith of the most enlightened of our ancestors. As Shakspeare has recorded the universal belief of his time in his description of the cure of scrofula by the touch of a king, in "Macbeth," so has Dryden, in his version of the "Tempest," given us the method and operation of sympathetic surgery. *Hippolito* is wounded, and *Ariel* says,

He must be dressed again as I have done it. Anoint the sword which pierced him with this weapon salve, and wrap it close from air, till I have time to visit him again.

The reader may wish, perhaps, to have a recipe for this same potent "weapon salve." *Ariel* may have had some patent nostrum of his own for anointing swords, but the favourite salve in these cases was made of human fat and blood, well simmered with mummy, and moss from a dead man's skull. Some held that the moss, to have its full efficacy, must grow on the skull of a thief who had been hung on the gallows. Others thought moss from the skull of an honest man who had not been hung might answer, which would be, in our mild and milk-and-water era, a more convenient doctrine. There was a long and learned discussion as to whether it was necessary that the ointment, while being compounded, should be stirred with a murderer's knife. So eminent a writer as Van Helmont tells us that Dr. Godonius was so nice in his prescriptions, that he would use only the moss gathered off the skull of a man of three letters; but that, Van Helmont intimates, was being "more nice than wise." At that period, moss from dead men's skulls was kept by all apothecaries, properly assorted and labelled, no doubt, to suit all customers. It is to be hoped that the druggists of that day were as scrupulous as our own, in keeping genuine and unadulterated medicines.

The great dramatist has not only made careful mention of this mode of surgical treatment, but in one of his sensation scenes, the force of which is very much diminished in our day, gives a vivid description of its efficacy in the following dialogue between *Hippolito* and *Miranda* :—

Hip. Oh! my wound pains me.

Mir. I am come to ease you.

[*She unwraps the sword.*]

Hip. Alas! I feel the cold air come to me;

My wound shoots worse than ever.

[*She wipes and anoints the sword.*]

Mir. Does it still grieve you?

Hip. Now methinks there's something just upon it.

Mir. Do you find no ease?

Hip. Yes, yes, upon the sudden all the pain

Is leaving me. Sweet heaven, how I am eased!

Those who may be inclined to censure the improver of Shakspeare as a too superstitious gentleman, or as one too much inclined to humour the fantasies of the people for whom his dramas were written, may be pleased to know that this theory and practice had the learned support of not only the illustrious Van Helmont, but such eminent authorities as Descartes, Father Kircher, Gilbertus Magnus, and many others.

One of the most famous teachers and practitioners of sympathetic surgery was Sir Kenelm Digby, a gentleman of the bedchamber in the court of Charles I. He not only taught and practised this mode of cure with distinguished success in England, but had the honour of defending it in foreign countries, and especially before the nobles and learned men of Montpelier. Mr. James Howell has carefully reported an interesting case in his own experience. In endeavouring to part two of his friends who were fighting a duel, Mr. Howell was severely wounded in the hand by the sword of one of them. This incident suspended the fight, and one of the combatants bound up the wounded hand with his garter, took the patient home, and sent for a surgeon. But the wound became inflamed, and, lock-jaw being apprehended, Sir Kenelm Digby was sent for.

The great man, the man of science, the court physician came. We are not told that he even looked at the wounded hand, much less that he made any application to it. That would have been a very empirical, unscientific, and altogether quackish method. Even Dryden's *Miranda* knew better than that. Sir Kenelm gravely asked if there was anything which had the blood upon it. They made diligent search, and found at last the garter, stiff with the gore clotted and dried upon it. The great surgeon then asked for a basin of water—common water, we are left to suppose—in which he dissolved a handful of powder of vitriol, which was prepared by exposure to the sun for 365 days. In this solution he immersed the bloody garter. The effect was almost instantaneous. The wound lost all its pain. A pleasing kind of freshness, as of a cold wet napkin, passed over the hand, and all the inflammation vanished.

The wound having been so wonderfully relieved, after dinner, but how long after the application we are not accurately informed, the garter was taken out of the basin and hung up to dry before a large fire; but no sooner was this done than the hand began to inflame and was soon as bad as before. The servant ran for the surgeon, but while he was gone it occurred to some one to put the garter again in the liquid. This was no sooner done than the hand again recovered, and before the arrival of the surgeon, or even of the servant who had gone for him. In five or six days, by keeping the garter in soak, the cure was completed.

This case of Mr. Howell, given by Sir Kenelm, with a most luminous explanation of the rationale of the cure, is what was called the cure by the wet way—a sympathetic surgical hydropathy, which may be commended to people who do not take kindly to their wet sheet packs and douches. The dry way is the one described in the "Tempest," and was, as it continues to be, the most popular method.

Lord Gilbourne, an English nobleman, appears to have been an amateur practitioner of this method, and his success was quite equal to that of *Ariel*. Strauss gives an account of the case of a carpenter, working upon his lordship's estate, who had severely cut himself with his axe. The axe, smeared with blood, was sent for, anointed with a potent ointment, wrapped up warmly and hung

up in a closet. The wound did admirably, and was fast healing up, when, all at once, it became exceedingly painful. Word was sent to his lordship, who, we may imagine, went immediately to see his poor patient. No, he did not. Nothing of the kind. He went immediately and made a solemn visitation to the axe. What did he behold? The unfortunate instrument of all this mischief had fallen on the floor and partly escaped from its covering. No wonder the poor foot was inflamed and painful! Such a fall must have been a dreadful shock to it. Of course, the axe was properly treated, wrapped up again, and more carefully suspended, and, also of course, the patient recovered rapidly, and without any further discomfort.

These facts, and hundreds of a similar character which might be given, seem just as good as those which are brought to support every medical theory, and which attest the cures of every kind of practice and medicine. Every system, in whatever it may be weak, is strong in its facts. In our day allopathy, homeopathy, hydropathy, and all contradictory systems, are alike in the one important feature. They all appeal to a multitude of unquestionable and truly remarkable cures. Judged by the testimony of its opponents, every medical system is false, a miserable delusion and quackery; but tested by facts and cures, every system is true and a boon to humanity.

The usual mode of accounting for such cures as those which were explained as resulting from sympathy, is by attributing them to faith, hope, or imagination. These are powerful agents over the physical system, though it must be confessed that they do not account for all the facts. What had the imagination to do with the fall of the axe, hung up in his lordship's closet? But it is doubtless true that expectation is a potent element of cure, and it is one every good physician, as well as every mercenary quack, makes full and constant use of. In many cases of illness, it makes no difference what medicine is given, so that it is not absolutely hurtful, or whether we only pretend to give a remedy. Bread pills, properly administered, produce a great variety of decided operations. Chalk powders, or a few drops of coloured water, act with great efficacy. They are emetic, cathartic, or sedative, as the physician may desire. Fear is believed to kill men in a pestilence by becoming a predisposing cause. Hope cures desperate cases. Lord Anson's expedition to the South Sea had met with many misfortunes, and his ships that escaped storm and wreck lost almost their entire crews by scurvy. "Whatever discouraged the seamen or at any time damped their hopes never failed to add new vigour to the distemper, for it usually killed those who were in the last stages of it, and confined those to their hammocks who were before capable of some kind of duty." Captain Cook went into the same seas on voyages of discovery, in which the sailors were constantly excited with adventures or the hope of them, and scarcely suffered from scurvy at all. "A merry heart," says the Wise Monarch, "doeth good like medicine: but a broken spirit drieth the blood."

The sweet influence of faith and hope was scarcely ever shown more remarkably than in some imagi-

native medical practice of the Prince of Orange, in the Siege of Breda, in 1625. That city, long besieged, had suffered all the miseries that constant fatigue, anxiety, and bad provisions could bring upon its inhabitants. The scurvy broke out, and carried off great numbers. This, and the seeming hopelessness of the defence, disposed the garrison to a surrender; but the Prince of Orange, not willing to lose the place, but unable to retain it, contrived to send letters to the soldiers, promising them speedy assistance, and sending pretended medicines against the scurvy, said to be of great price, and still greater efficacy. Three small vials were given to each physician, and it was said that three or four drops were sufficient to give a healing efficacy to a gallon of water. Not even were the commanders let into the secret. The soldiers and people flocked around the physicians in crowds. Cheerfulness was upon every countenance. Many of the sick were speedily and perfectly recovered. Such as had not moved their limbs for a month before, were seen to walk, with their limbs straight, sound, and whole, boasting their cure by the Prince's remedy.

When we have such facts as these, how are we to discuss or examine the pretensions of any medicine or medical system? And the experience of almost every person can furnish facts of a similar character.

For example, the hands are covered with warts. You try acids, caustic, and the actual cautery, but with no benefit. The old ones grow out again, and new ones are coming. They are uncomfortable and hideous, and you are in despair. Some day a stranger offers, for sixpence, to send them all clean away. He counts them, and writes the number on a slip of paper, which he puts in his pocket, and you see him no more. In a fortnight all the warts, new and old, big and little, have disappeared, and never again return. The man did nothing to the warts—perhaps he anointed the paper; or was it the expectation of cure? You had faith enough to give the sixpence, which you were assured was a mere formality. As to expecting a cure, you probably quite forgot it, until, one day, the annoying excrescences were gone.

A friend of the present writer, an artist and a man of business, had an attack of fever and ague, which, for several months, baffled all the ordinary means of cure. Some one told him of an old German, who had cured many cases, and at last, out of annoyance and curiosity, he went to see him. It is hard to say whether he had faith or hope in the old German; but he knocked at his cabin-door.

"Goom in," grunted Mein Herr. Our friend entered. "Ah! you got der chills and fever," said he, without moving from his chimney-corner. "Well, you can go—you won't have dem any more."

He went, as he was bid, and did not have another fit of ague. There could scarcely be a cheaper or less troublesome cure; but it is not very easily accounted for.

Elias Ashmole wrote in his Diary, April 11, 1687:

"I took early in the morning a good dose of elixir, and hung three spiders about my neck, and drove my ague away. Deo Gratias."

Now what drove away the ague? The chips of

a gallows, sewed in a bag and worn around the neck, are good for ague; and the shoes in which a man has been hanged, as well as the rope, have great efficacy.

Sir Robert Boyle gives a favourite recipe for ague:—Beat together salt, hops, and blue currants, and tie them upon the wrist.

A learned author reports fifty cases cured by writing the words *febra fuge*, and cutting a letter from the paper every day. The disease gradually diminishes, and disappears with the last letter.

Should this fail to cure, you can bury a new-laid egg at a cross-road in the dead of the night; or break a piece of salted bran-bread and give it to a dog; or, if you prefer a classic cure, place under your pillow the fourth book of the “*Iliad*.”

The power of colours over diseases, once supposed to exist, may be considered as a branch of sympathetic medicine. White substances were considered refrigerant, and red ones heating. Red flowers were given for diseases of the blood, and yellow ones for the bile. In small-pox, red coverings, bed-curtains, &c., were used to bring out the eruption. The patient was only to look at red substances, and his drink was coloured red. The physician of Edward II. treated the king's son successfully by this rule; and, as lately as 1765, the Emperor Francis I., when sick of the small-pox, was, by the order of his physicians, rolled up in a scarlet cloth, but he died notwithstanding. Flannel, nine times dyed blue, was used for glandular swellings. To this day the tradition remains that certain colours are good for certain disorders. Thousands of people believe that red flannel is better than white for rheumatism. A red string worn round the neck is a common preventive of nose-bleed.

We smile at these facts or fancies; we plume ourselves upon our superior wisdom; but it may be doubted whether medicine can yet take its place among the certain sciences, or whether any one in modern times has written a wiser sentence than that of Plato, where he says: “The office of physician extends equally to the purification of the mind and body; to neglect the one is to expose the other to evident peril. It is not only the body that, by its sound constitution, strengthens the soul; but the well-regulated soul, by its authoritative power, maintains the body in perfect health.”

HOW BLUFF KING HARRY'S BED WAS MADE.

AMONG other very curious information contained in a manuscript, embodying the whole duty of the Lord Chamberlain, compiled by order of Henry VIII., and approved by him in council, is the following, relative to the manner in which the royal bed was to be made till further orders. The spelling is modernised to facilitate the reading.

“The old order of making the king's bed, not to be used nor done but as his grace will command and appoint from time to time hereafter.

“First, a groom or a page to take a torch and to go to the wardrobe of the king's bed, and bring them of the wardrobe with the king's stuff unto

the chamber for making of the same bed.—Where as ought to be a gentleman-usher, four yeomen of the chamber, for to make the same bed. The groom to stand at the bed's feet with his torch.—They of the wardrobe opening the king's stuff of his bed upon a fair sheet between the said groom and the bed's foot, three yeomen, or two at the least, on every side of the bed. The gentleman-usher and party commanding them what they shall do.—A yeoman with a dagger to search the straw of the king's bed that there be none untruth therein.—And this yeoman to cast up the bed of down upon that, and one of them to tumble over it for the sear ch thereof. Then they to beat and tuft the said bed, and to lay on then the bolster without touching of the bed, where as it ought to lie. Then they of the wardrobe to deliver them a fustian, taking the say thereof. All these yeomen to lay their hands thereon at once, that they touch not the bed till it be laid as it should be by the commandment of the usher.—And so the first sheet in like wise, and then to truss in both sheet and fustian round about the bed of down. The wardroper to deliver the second sheet unto two yeomen, they to cross it over their arm, and to strike the bed as the usher shall more plainly show to them. Then every yeoman laying hand upon the sheet to lay the same sheet upon the bed. And so the other fustian upon, or two, with such covering as shall content the king. Thus done, the two yeomen next to the bed to lay down again the overmore fustian, the yeoman of the wardrobe delivering them a pane sheet (counterpane?), the said yeoman therewithal to cover the said bed, and so then to lay down the overmost sheet from the bed's head. And then the said two yeomen to lay all the overmost clothes of a quarter of the bed. Then the wardroper to deliver unto them such pillows as shall please the king. The said yeomen to lay them upon the bolster, and the head sheet with which the said yeoman shall cover the said pillows. And so to truss the ends of the said sheet under every end of the bolster. And then the said wardroper to deliver unto them two little small pillows wherewithal the squires for the body or gentleman-usher shall give the said to the wardroper and to the yeoman which have laid on hand upon the said bed. And then the said two yeomen to lay upon the said bed toward the bolster as it was before. They making a cross and kissing it where their hands were. Then two yeomen next to the feet to make the feers (*sic*) as the usher shall teach them. And so then every of them to stick up the aungell (*sic*) about the bed, and to let down the curtains of the said bed or sparver.

“Item, a squire for the body or gentleman-usher ought to set the king's sword at his bed's head.

“Item, a squire for the body ought to charge a secret groom or page to have the keeping of the said bed, with a light, unto the time the king be disposed to go to it.

“Item, a groom or page ought to take a torch, while the bed is in making, to fetch a loaf of bread, a pot with ale, a pot with wine, for them that maketh the bed, and every man.

“Item, the gentleman usher ought to forbid

that no manner of man do set any dish upon the king's bed, for fear of hurting the king's rich counterpoint that lyeth thereupon. And that the said usher take good heed that no man

wipe or rub their hands upon none arras of the king's, whereby they might be hurted in the chamber where the king is specially and in all other."

NACH ZEHN JAHREN (AFTER TEN YEARS).

FROM THE GERMAN OF EMMANUEL GEIBEL.



I WANDERED long abroad, and thence returned,
Came to my sister's house; I heard therein
Clear-ringing jubilee of children's voices—
But all unknown. I looked, and in the chamber,
Where fell through shades of leaves the gold of even,
Right glad of heart I saw—in number seven—
The little ones at play. Their fair heads tumbled
In the rich stream of light, with buxom health
Bloomed the round cheeks like rose. When I went forth
To roam through the wide world, not one was born:
I scarce was master of their several names.
So, silent and in wonder, with great eyes
They stared at me; the play fell sudden mute;
And then the eldest, drawing near me shy,
Asked with the mother's very tone, "Who are you?"
And then came in my sister. In her arms
I threw myself, and with a mother's pleasure
She showed me all that sevenfold household treasure
Which had increased so sweetly; to the children
She showed the uncle dear come home again.
Now all was joy and shouting; quick resolved,
The bolder boys came climbing up to kiss me,
The girls bent round their heads, and even the smallest,

Which shrunk at first in awe of my great beard,
Put out its little hands to feel for me.
Oh! that was rare delight, so interlaced
And so festoon'd to be with fresh young life,
Which clustered on me like a swarm of bees
On a new hive, expecting tales of wonder
With questions thousand-fold. Yet on my heart
Smote cold one breath of sadness, for these kisses,
These questionings, which took me by close storm,
Spoke with an inward echo. "Steps so many
Hast thou gone forward on the way of death.
In these each day more quickly ripeneth
The novel generation which shall walk
Over thy grave, and happy be and weep."
And so I laid my hands as though in blessing
Upon those heads, and spake in thought the
words:
"Welcome, most gentle monitors of death;
Welcome indeed, and thanks, that ye convey
So tenderly disguised your earnest warning.
But ye in joy grow up to prime of life,
That when I am no more, ye and your brothers
May perfect where fell short my age and I."

ELEANORS VICTORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AURORA FLOYD," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," &c.

CHAPTER V. WAITING.

Miss Vane walked very slowly homeward through the hot, breathless summer night. She was too sorrowful, too much depressed by the sudden disappointment which had fallen like a dark shadow upon the close of the day which had begun so brightly, to be embarrassed by any uncomfortable sense of her loneliness in the crowded thoroughfare.

No one molested or assailed her—she walked serene in her youth and innocence; though the full radiance of the lamplight rarely fell upon her face without some passing glance of admiration resting there also. She never once thought that her father had done wrong in leaving her to walk alone through that crowded Parisian street. In the unselfishness of her loving nature she scarcely remembered her disappointment about the theatre: not even when she passed the brilliantly lighted edifice, and looked, a little wistfully perhaps, at the crowd upon the threshold.

She was uneasy and unhappy about her father, because in all her Chelsea experiences she remembered evil to have resulted from his going out late at night; vague and mysterious trouble, the nature of which he had never revealed to her, but whose effects had haunted him and depressed him for many dreary days. He had been sometimes, indeed, very often, poorer after a late absence from his shabby Chelsea lodging; he had been now and then richer; but he had always been alike remorseful and miserable after those occasional nights of dissipation.

His daughter was sorrowful therefore after parting with him. She knew that, in spite of his declaration that he would be home at eleven, it would be between one and two in the morning when he returned; not tipsy—no, thank Heaven, he was no drunkard—but with a nervous, wretched, half-demented manner, which was perhaps more sad to see than any ordinary intoxication.

"I was in hopes papa would always stay at home with me now that I am grown up," the young lady thought very sadly. "When I was little, of course it was different; I couldn't amuse him. Though we were very happy sometimes then; and I could play *écarté*, or cribbage, or whist with two dummies. If I can get on very well with my education at Madame Marly's, and then get a situation as morning governess for a large salary—morning governesses do get high salaries sometimes—how happy papa and I might be."

Her spirits revived under the influence of cheering thoughts such as these. I have said before that it was scarcely possible for her to be long unhappy. Her step grew lighter and faster as she walked homeward. The glory of the gas lights brightened with the brightening of her hopes. She no longer felt her loneliness in the indifferent crowd. She began to linger now and then before some of the most attractive of the shops, with almost the same intense rapture and delight that she had felt in the morning.

She was standing before, a book-stall, or rather an open shop perhaps, reading the titles of the paper-covered romances with the full glare of the shadeless gas lights on her face, when she was startled by a loud, hearty English voice, which exclaimed without one murmur of warning or preparation:

"Don't tell me that this tall young woman with the golden curls, is Miss Eleanor Vandeleur Vane, of Regent Gardens, King's Road, Chelsea, London, Middlesex. Please don't tell me anything of the kind, for I can't possibly believe anybody but Jack-and-the-beanstalk could have grown at such a rate."

Eleanor Vane turned round with her face lit up with smiles to greet this noisy gentleman.

"Oh, Dick," she cried, putting both her hands into the broad palm held out before her, "is it really you? Who would have thought of seeing you in Paris?"

"Or you, Miss Vane? We heard you were at school at Brixton."

"Yes, Dick," the young lady answered; "but I have come home now. Papa lives here, you know, and I am going to a finishing school in the Bois de Boulogne, and then I am going to be a morning governess, and live with papa always."

"You are a great deal too pretty for a governess," said the young man, looking admiringly at the bright face lifted up to him; "your mistress would snub you. Miss Vane, you'd better—"

"What, Dick?"

"Try our shop."

"What, be a scene-painter, Dick?" cried Eleanor, laughing. "It would be funny for a woman to be a scene-painter."

"Of course, Miss Vane. But nobody talked of scene-painting. You don't suppose I'd ask you to stand on the top of a ladder to put in skies and backgrounds, do you? There are other occupations at the Royal Waterloo Phoenix besides scene-painting. But I don't want to talk to you about that: I know how savage your poor old dad used to be when we talked of the Phoenix. What do you think I am over here for?"

"What, Richard?"

"Why, they're doing a great drama in eight acts and thirty-two tableaux at the Porte St. Martin, Raoul l'Empoisonneur it's called, Ralph the Poisoner, and I'm over here to pick up the music, sketch the scenery and effects, and translate the play. Something like versatility there, I think, for five-and-thirty shillings a week."

"Dear Richard, you were always so clever."

"To be sure; it runs in the family."

"And the Signora, she is well, I hope?"

"Pretty well; the teaching goes on *tant bon que mauvais*, as our friends over here say. The Clementi is a little thinner in tone than when you heard it last, and a little further off concert pitch; but as most of my aunt's pupils sing flat, that's rather an advantage than otherwise. But where

are you going, Miss Vane? because, wherever it is, I'd better see you there. If we stand before this book-stall any longer, the proprietor may think we're going to buy something, and as the Parisians don't seem a buying people, the delusion might be too much for his nerves. Where shall I take you, Miss Vane?"

"To the Rue l'Archevêque, if you please, behind the Madeleine. Do you know it?"

"Better than I know myself, Miss V. The Signora lived in that direction when I was a boy. But how is it that you are all alone in the streets at this time of night?"

"Papa had an appointment with two gentlemen, and he—"

"And he left you to walk home alone. Then he still—"

"Still what, Richard?"

The young man had stopped hesitatingly, and looking furtively at Eleanor.

"He still stays out late at night sometimes: a bad habit, Miss Vane. I was in hopes he would have been cured of it by this time; especially as there are no dens in the Palais Royal, now-a-days."

"No dens in the Palais Royal," cried Eleanor. "What do you mean?"

"Nothing, my dear Miss Nelly, except that Paris used to be a very wild and wicked place."

"But it isn't now?"

"Oh dear, no. Our modern Lutetia is a very paradise of innocent delights, whose citizens enjoy themselves virtuously under the sheltering dictatorialism of a paternal government. You don't understand me—well, never mind, you are still the bright-faced child you were in the King's Road, Chelsea, only taller and prettier—that's all."

Miss Vane had taken her companion's arm, and they were walking away towards the Madeleine by this time; the young lady clinging to her new friend almost as confidingly as she had done to her father.

I don't think the confidence was misplaced. This young man, with the loud voice and the somewhat reckless manner, was only assistant scene-painter and second violin player at a trans-pontine theatre. He was bound by no tie of relationship to the beautiful girl hanging upon his arm. Indeed, his acquaintance with Mr. Vane and his daughter had been of that accidental and desultory kind out of which the friendships of poor people generally arise.

The young man had lodged with his aunt in the same house that for nearly six years had sheltered the proud old spendthrift and his motherless child, and some of Eleanor's earliest memories were of Signora Piccirillo and her nephew Richard Thornton. She had received her first lessons upon the pianoforte from the kind Signora, whose Neapolitan husband had died years and years before, leaving her nothing but an Italian name, which looked very imposing at the top of the circulars which the music-mistress was wont to distribute amongst her pupils.

Richard Thornton, at eight-and-twenty, seemed a very elderly person in the eyes of the school-girl of fifteen. She could remember him years,

and years, and years ago, as it seemed to her, sitting in his shirt sleeves through the long summer afternoons, under the shadow of the scarlet runners in the little garden at Chelsea, smoking dirty clay pipes and practising popular melodies upon his fiddle. Her father had thought him a nuisance, and had been lofty and reserved in his patronage of the young man; but to Eleanor, Dick had been the most delightful of playfellows, the wisest of counsellors, the most learned of instructors. Whatever Richard did, Miss Vane insisted upon also doing, humbly following the genius she admired, with little toddling steps, along the brilliant pathway his talents adorned.

I am afraid she had learned to play "God save the Queen," and "Rory O'More," upon Richard's violin, before she had mastered Haydn's "Surprise," or "Ah, vous dirai-je, Maman?" upon the Signora's shabby old grand piano. She smeared her pinafores with poor Dick's water-colours, and insisted upon producing replicas of the young scene-painter's sketches, with all the houses lopsided, and the trunks of all the trees gouty. If Dick kept rabbits or silkworms, there was no greater happiness for Miss Vane than to accompany him to Covent Garden market in quest of cabbage or mulberry leaves. I do not mean that she ever deserted her father for the society of her friend; but there were times when Mr. Vane absented himself from his little girl; long days, in which the old man strolled about the streets of the West-end, on the look-out for the men he had known in his prosperity, with the hope of borrowing a pound or two, or a handful of loose silver, for the love of Auld Lang Syne; and longer nights, in which the old man disappeared from the Chelsea lodging for many dreary hours.

Then it was that Eleanor Vane was thrown into the companionship of the Signora and her nephew. Then it was that she read Richard's books and periodicals, that she revelled in "Jack Sheppard," and gloated over "Wagner, the Wehr Wolf." Then it was that she played upon the young man's violin, and copied his pictures, and destroyed his water-colours, and gorged his rabbits and silkworms, and loved and tormented, and admired him, after the manner of some beautiful younger sister, who had dropped from the clouds to be his companion.

This is how these two stood towards each other. They had not met for three years until to-night, and in the interim Miss Eleanor Vane had grown from a hoyden of twelve into a tall, slender young damsel of fifteen.

"You were so altered, Miss Vane," Richard said, as they walked along the boulevard, "that I can't help wondering how it was I knew you."

"And you're not altered a bit, Dick," answered the young lady, "but don't call me Miss Vane—it sounds as if you were laughing at me. Call me Nell, as you used to do, at Chelsea. Do you know, Dick, I contrived to go to Chelsea once last summer. It was against papa's wish, you know, that I should let them find out where I came from at Brixton; because, you see, Chelsea, or at least the King's Road, sounds vulgar, papa thought. Indeed, I believe he said he lived in Cadogan Place, when the Miss Bennetts asked

him the question. He explained it to me afterwards, you know, poor dear; and it wasn't exactly a story, for he had lodged there for a fortnight once, just after his marriage with mamma, and when he was beginning to get poor. So I was obliged to manage so cleverly to get to Regent's Gardens, Dick, and when I did get there you were gone, and the Signora's rooms were to let, and there was a nasty cross old woman in our lodgings, and the scarlet runners in the garden were so neglected, and I saw your rabbit-hutches, all broken and forgotten in the corner by the dust-hole, but the rabbits were gone. The dear old place seemed so changed, Dick, though Mr. and Mrs. Migson were very kind, and very pleased to see me, but they couldn't tell me where you and the Signora were living."

"No, we moved two or three times after leaving Regent's Gardens. You see we're obliged to study the pupils, Nell, rather than our own convenience. Chelsea was a long way from the Waterloo Phoenix, in spite of the short cuts; but wherever the Signora's pupils are thickest we're obliged to pitch our tents. They're thickest about Tottenham-court Road and Euston Square way now: so we're living in the Pilasters, Dudley Street."

"The Pilasters! That sounds quite grand, Dick."

"Yes, doesn't it? *Magnifique et pas cher*. We've a chimney-sweep next door but one, and no end of mangles. The Pilasters would be very nice, if we'd two sides of the way, but unfortunately we haven't; the other side's stables. It isn't my prejudices make me object to that; but the grooms make such an abominable noise cleaning down their horses, and I wake every morning out of a dream in which it's Boxing-night, and my transformation scene is getting the goose."

The young man laughed cheerily, and guided his companion across the road to the other side of the boulevard. It was past ten o'clock when they reached the corner of the Rue l'Archevêque, and the butcher's shop was closed.

Eleanor knew that she had only to push open the little side door, and that she would find the key of her father's rooms in the custody of the butcher's wife. She was very tired, almost ready to drop, poor girl, for she had walked a long way since alighting at the Palais Royal with her father; but she was almost sorry that she had reached her destination. The sense of her loneliness returned, now that she was to part with her old friend.

"Thank you very much for seeing me home, Dick," she said, shaking hands with the young scene-painter. "It was very selfish of me to bring you so far out of your way."

"Selfish of you! Why, you don't suppose I'd let you prowling about the streets by yourself, Nell?"

Eleanor's face flushed as her friend said this: there was a reproach to her father implied in the speech.

"It was my own fault that I was so late," she said. "It was only just nine when papa left me; but I loitered a little, looking at the shops. I shall see you again, Dick, I hope. But of course I shall, for you'll come and see papa, won't you? How long do you stay in Paris?"

"About a week, I suppose. I've a week's leave of absence, and double salary, besides my expenses. They know the value of a clever man at the Phoenix, Miss Vane."

"And where are you staying, Dick?"

"At the Hôtel des Deux Mondes, near the markets. I've an apartment in convenient proximity to the sky, if I want to study atmospheric effects. And so you live here, Nell?"

"Yes, those are our windows."

Eleanor pointed to the open sashes of the entresol: the fluffy worsted curtains were drawn, but the windows were wide open.

"And you expect your papa home—"

"At eleven o'clock at the latest," she said.

Richard Thornton sighed. He remembered Mr. Vane's habits, and he remembered that the little girl in pinafores had been wont to keep abnormal hours in her long watches for her father's coming. He had often found her, on his return from the transpontine theatre at one or two o'clock, with the door of the little sitting-room ajar, waiting patiently for the old man's coming.

"You won't sit up for your papa, Nell," he said, as he shook hands with her.

"Oh, no, papa told me not to sit up."

"Good night, then. You look tired, Nell. I'll call to-morrow, and I'll take you to the theatre, if your papa will let you go, and you shall see 'Raoul l'Empoisonneur.' Such a scene, Nell, in the seventh act. The stage divided into eight compartments, with eight different actions going on simultaneously, and five murders before the fall of the curtain. It's a great piece, and ought to make Spavin and Cromshaw's fortune."

"And yours, Dick."

"Oh, yes. Cromshaw will shake me by the hand in that delightful, gentlemanly manner of his: and Spavin—why Spavin will give me a five-pound note for my adaptation of 'Raoul,' and tell every member of the company, in confidence, that all the great scenes have been written in by him, and that the piece was utter rubbish till he reconstructed it."

"Poor Richard!"

"Yes, Nell, poorer than the gentleman who had the almanack, I dare say. But never mind, Nell. I don't think the game of life pays for much expenditure in the way of illumination. I think the wisest people are those who take existence easily. Spavin's wealth can't give him anything better than diamond studs and a phaeton. The virtuous peasant, Nell, who can slap his chest, and defy his enemies to pick a hole in his green baize jerkin, gets the best of it in the long run, I dare say."

"But I wish you were rich, Dick, for the Signora's sake," Eleanor said, gently.

"So do I, Nelly. I wish I was lessee of the Phoenix, and I'd bring you out as Juliet, with new palace arches for the ball-room, and a lime-light in the balcony scene. But, good night, my dear; I mustn't keep you standing here, like this, though parting is such sweet sorrow, that I really shouldn't have the heart to go away to-night if I didn't mean to call to-morrow. That line's rather longer than the original, Nell, isn't it?"

Eleanor Vane laughed heartily at her old

friend's random talk, as she wished him good night. All the light-heartedness of her careless childhood seemed to return to her in Richard Thornton's society. Her childhood had not been an unhappy one, remember; for in all her father's troubles, he had so contrived as to keep his head above water, somehow or other, and the influence of his over-sanguine spirit had kept Eleanor bright and hopeful under every temporary cloud in the domestic sky.

But the sense of her loneliness came back as she pushed open the door and entered the dark passage at the side of the shop. The butcher's wife came out at the sound of her footstep, and gave her the key, with some kindly word of greeting which Eleanor scarcely understood.

She could only say, "Bon soir, madame," in her school-girl French, as she dragged herself slowly up the little winding stair, thoroughly worn out, physically and mentally, by this time.

The little entresol seemed terribly close and stifling. She drew back the curtains, and looked out through the open window, but even the street itself seemed oppressively hot in the moonless, airless August night.

Eleanor found half a wax candle in a flat china candlestick, and a box of matches, set ready for her. She lighted this candle, and then flung off her bonnet and mantle, before she sat down near the window.

"I shall have a very short time to wait, if papa comes home at eleven o'clock," she thought.

Alas! she remembered in her old childish experiences, that he had *never* come home at the promised hour. How often, ah, how often, she had waited, counting the weary hours upon the church clocks,—there was one which chimed the quarters; and trembling sometimes at those strange sounds which break the night silence of every house. How often she had "hoped against hope," that he might, for this once, return at the time he had promised.

She took the candle in her hand and looked about for a book. She wanted to wile away the dreary interval which she knew must elapse before her father's return. She found a novel of Paul Féval's, in a dirty and tattered cover, on the little marble-topped writing-table. The leaves were crumpled, and smeared with stains and splotches of grease, for it was Mr. Vane's habit to amuse himself with a work of fiction while he took his matutinal roll and coffee. He had taken to novel reading in his frivolous old age, and was as fond of a sentimental story as any school-girl,—as his daughter herself.

Miss Vane drew the lumbering little table to the open window, and sat down before it, with her candle close to her elbow, and the tattered book spread out before her. No breath of air flickered the flame of her candle, or ruffled the golden hair swept back from her brow.

The passers-by upon the opposite side of the street—they were few and far between by this time—looked up at the lighted window, and saw a pretty picture by the dim glimmer of that solitary candle. The picture of a girl, serene in her youth and innocence, bending over her book:

her pale muslin dress and yellow hair faintly visible in the subdued light.

The rattle of wheels and the cries of coachmen sounded far off upon the Boulevard, and in the Rue de Rivoli, and only made the silence more palpable in the Rue de l'Archevêque. Now and then a carriage came into that quiet corner, and Eleanor Vane looked up from her book, breathless, eager, expectant, fondly hoping that her father might have come back to her in some hired vehicle; but the solitary carriage always rolled away, until the sound of its wheels mixed with the rattle of the distant wheels upon the Boulevards.

There were clocks in the distance that struck the quarters. How long those quarters seemed! Paul Féval was very interesting no doubt. There was an awful mystery in those greasy tattered pages; a ghastly mystery about two drowned young women, treacherously made away with, as it seemed, upon the shore of a dreary river overshadowed by willows. There were villains and rascals paramount throughout this delightful romance; and there was mystery and murder enough for half a dozen novels. But Eleanor's thoughts wandered away from the page. The dreary river-bank, and the ghostly pollard-willows, the drowned young women, and the ubiquitous villain, all mingled themselves with her anxious thoughts about her father; and the trouble in the book seemed to become a part of the trouble in her own mind, adding its dismal weight to her anxieties.

There were splotchy engravings scattered here and there through the pages of Monsieur Féval's romance, and Eleanor fancied by-and-by that the villain in these pictures was like the sulky stranger who had followed her father and the Frenchman away towards the Barrière Saint Antoine.

She fancied this, although she had scarcely seen that silent stranger's face. He had kept it, as it seemed, purposely averted, and she had only caught one glimpse of the restless black eyes under the shadow of his hat, and the thick moustache that shrouded his mouth. There is always something mysterious and unpleasant in the idea of anything that has been hidden from us, however trivial and insignificant that thing may be. Eleanor Vane, growing more and more nervous as the slow hours crept away, began to worry herself with the vivid recollection of that one brief glimpse in which she had seen the silent stranger's face.

"He cannot have a good countenance," she thought, "or the recollection of it would not make me so uncomfortable. How rude he was, too! I did not much like the Frenchman, but at least he was polite. The other man was very disagreeable. I hope he is not a friend of papa's." And then she returned to the drowned young women, and the water-side, and the willows; trying in vain to bury herself in the romance, and not to listen so eagerly for the striking of the quarters. Sometimes she thought, "Before I turn over to the next page, papa will be home," or, "Before I can finish this chapter I shall hear his step upon the stairs."

Breathless though the night was, there were many sounds that disturbed and mocked this

anxious watcher. Sometimes the door below shook—as if by some mysterious agency, there being no wind—and Eleanor fancied that her father's hand was on the latch. Sometimes the stairs creaked, and she started from her chair, eager to run and receive him, and firmly believing that he was stealing stealthily up to his apartments, anxious not to disturb the sleepers. She had known his cautious footfall sound exactly thus in her old days' midnight watches.

But all these sounds were only miserable delusions. Quarter after quarter, each quarter longer than the last, hour after hour, struck from the clocks distant and near. The rattling of the wheels upon the Boulevards had died gradually away, and at last had ceased altogether.

It was long past four, and Eleanor had pushed aside her book altogether. It was daylight,—grey, cold, morning, chill and dismal after the oppressive August night, and she stood now in the window watching the empty street.

But still the quarters chimed from the distant clocks; those distant chimes had become terribly distinct now in the early morning stillness. But the silence was not long-lived. The rumble of waggon wheels sounded far away in the Rue St. Honoré. The rush and clatter of a detachment of cavalry clashed upon the asphalt of the Place de la Concorde. The early sound of a horn called out some wretched recruits to perform their morning exercise in the court-yards of the Louvre. The cheerful voices of workpeople echoed in the streets, dogs were barking, birds singing, the yellow sun mounting in a cloudless heaven.

But there were no signs of the coming of George Vane with the morning sunlight, and as the day grew older and brighter, the anxious face of the pale watcher at the open window only grew paler and more anxious.

CHAPTER VI. THE BLACK BUILDING BY THE RIVER.

RICHARD THORNTON was by no means an early riser. He was generally one of the last of those gentlemen who shuffled into the orchestra at the ten o'clock rehearsal of a new melodrama, in which all the effect of a murder or an abduction depended upon the pizzicato twittering of violins, and the introduction of explosive chords at particular crises in the action of the piece. Mr. Thornton was a sluggard, who complained most bitterly of the heartlessness of stage-managers and prompter's minions in the shape of unresting call-boys, who seemed to take a malicious delight in nailing cruel slips of paper to the door-post of the Phoenix; terrible mandates, wherein the Full Band was called at ten; "no ten minutes;" the meaning of this last mysterious clause being that the ten minutes' grace which is usually accorded to the tardy performer shall on this occasion be cut off and done away with.

But Richard was out for a holiday now. The eyes of Messrs. Spavin and Cromshaw would fain have followed him in his Parisian wanderings, to see that he did double work for his double wage; but the proprietors of the Royal Waterloo Phoenix not being blest with the gift of clairvoyance, Mr. Thornton defied and snapped his fingers at

them, secure in the consciousness of his own value.

"If J. T. Jumballs, the author of all the original dramas they've done at the Phoenix for the last ten years, understood French, he'd do 'Raoul' for two pound ten," thought Richard, as he stood before his looking-glass in the blazing August sunshine, rubbing his chin contemplatively and wondering whether the bristles would be too strong if he let them stop till another morning.

If the honest truth is to be recorded, it must be acknowledged that Mr. Thornton was by no means too scrupulous in the performance of his toilet. He had a habit of forgetting to shave until his chin was covered by an appearance of red stubble, dappled here and there by patches of blue and brown, for his beard was wont to crop up in unexpected hues, which surprised even himself. He sympathised with the great lexicographer in not having any overstrained partiality for clean linen, and, indeed, usually wore a coloured shirt, the bosom of which was arabesqued with stray splashes of whitewash and distemper, to say nothing of occasional meandering evidences of the numerous pints of porter imbibed by the young artist during his day's labour. When Mr. Thornton bought a new suit of clothes he put them on, and wore them continuously, and ate and drank and painted in them until they were so worn and frayed, and enfeebled by ill treatment, that they began to drop away from him in rusty fragments like the withered leaves which fall from a sturdy young oak. There were people who declared that Mr. Thornton slept in his ordinary costume, but of course this was a cruel slander.

To walk eight or nine miles a-day to and fro between the place of your abode and the scene of your occupation; to paint the best part of the scenery for a large theatre in which new pieces are brought out pretty frequently; to play second fiddle, and attend early rehearsals upon cold mornings; to jot down the music cues in a melodrama, or accompany Mr. Grigsby in his new comic song, or Madame Rosabini in her latest cachuca, and to adapt a French drama, now and then, by way of adding a few extra pounds to your income, is not exactly to lead an idle life: so perhaps poor Richard Thornton may be forgiven if his friends had occasion to laugh at his indifference upon the subject of soap and water. They even went so far as to call him "Dirty Dick," in their more facetious moments; but I don't think the obnoxious soubriquet wounded Richard's feelings. Everybody liked him and respected him as a generous-hearted, genial-tempered, honourable-minded fellow, who would scarcely have told a lie to save his life, and who scorned to drink a pint of beer that he couldn't pay for, or to accept a favour which he didn't mean to return.

People at the Phoenix knew that Richard Thornton's father had been a gentleman, and that the young man had a certain pride of his own. He was the only man in the theatre who neither abused nor flattered his employers. The carpenters and gasmen touched their caps when they talked to him, though he was shabbier than any of those *employés*; the little ballet girls were fond of him, and came to tell him their troubles when the

cruel stage-manager had put their names down for shilling fines in a horrible book which was to be seen on the treasury table every Saturday morning. The old cleaners of the theatre told Mr. Thornton about their rheumatic knee-joints, and came to him for sympathy after dreary hours of scouring. He had patience with and compassion for every one. People knew that he was kind and tender-hearted, for his pencil initials always appeared in some obscure corner of every subscription list against a sum which was bulky when taken in relation to the amount of his salary. People knew that he was brave, for he had once threatened to fling Mr. Spavin into the pit, when that gentleman had made some insinuation impeaching Richard's honour as to the unfair use of gold-leaf in the Enchanted Caves of Azure Deep. They knew that he was dutiful, and kind, and true to the old music-mistress with whom he lived, and whom he helped to support. They knew that when other men made light of sacred things, and were witty and philosophical upon very solemn subjects, Richard Thornton would leave the assembly gravely and quietly, how eloquent or lively soever he might have been before. People knew all this, and were respectful to the young scene-painter, in spite of the rainbow smears of paint upon his shabby coat, and the occasional fringe of mud upon the frayed edges of his trousers.

Upon this august morning Mr. Thornton made very short work of his toilet.

"I won't go out to breakfast," he thought, "though I can get two courses and a dessert in the Palais Royal, to say nothing of half a bottle of sour claret, for fifteen pence. I'll get some coffee and rolls, and go to work at some of the scenes for 'Raoul.'"

He rang a bell near his bed, pushed a table to the window which looked out into the quadrangle of the hotel, and sat down with a battered tin box of water-colours and a few squares of Bristol board before him. He had to ring several times before one of the waiters condescended to answer his summons, but he worked away cheerily, smoking as he worked, at a careful water-coloured copy of a rough pencil-sketch which he had made a couple of nights before in the pit of the theatre.

He didn't leave off to eat his breakfast when it came, by-and-by, but buttered his rolls and drank his coffee in the pauses of his work, only laying down his brush for a minute or so at a time. The scene was a street in old Paris, the houses very dark and brown, with over-hanging latticed windows, exterior staircases, practicable bridges, and all sorts of devices which called for the employment of a great deal of glue and pasteboard in Richard's model. This scene was only one out of eight, and the young scene-painter wanted to take perfect models of all the eight scenes back to the Phoenix. He had M. Michel Lévy's sixty-centimes edition of the new play spread open before him, and referred to it now and again as he painted.

"Humph! Enter Raoul down staircase in flat. Raoul's a doctor, and the house with the staircase is his. The house at the corner belongs

to *Gobemouche*, the comic barber, and the practicable lattice is *Madeline's*. She'll come to her window by-and-by to talk to the doctor, whom she thinks a very excellent man; though he's been giving her mild doses of *aqua tofana* for the last three weeks. *Catherine de' Medicis* comes over the practicable bridge, presently, disguised as a nun. I wonder how many melodramas poor *Catherine* has appeared in since she left this mortal stage. Did she ever do anything except poison people, I wonder, while she was alive? She never does at the Porte Saint Martin, or on the Surrey side of the Thames. I must sketch the costumes, by-and-bye. *Raoul* in black velvet and scarlet tights, a pointed beard, straight eyebrows, short black hair,—austere and dignified. *Cromshaw* will do *Raoul*, of course, and *Spavin* will play the light-comedy soldier who gets drunk, and tears off *Catherine's* velvet mask in the last scene. Yes, that'll be a great scene on our side of the water. *Charles the Ninth*—he's a muff, so anybody can play him—has just finished reading the arsenicated edition of a treatise on hawking, closes the last page of the book, feels the first spasm. *Catherine*, disguised as a nun, has been followed by *Spavin*—by the comedy-soldier, I mean—to the Louvre, after a conversation having been overheard between her and *Raoul*. The *King*, in the agonies of spasmodic affection, asks who has murdered him. 'That woman—that sorceress—that fiend in human form!' cries the soldier, snatching the mask from *Catherine's* face. — 'Merciful Heaven, it is my mother!' shrieks the *King*, falling dead with a final spasm. That 'it is my mother!' ought to be good for three rounds of applause, at least. I dare say *Spavin* will have the speech transferred from the *King's* part to his own. 'Merciful Heaven, it is *his* mother!' would do just as well."

Poor Richard Thornton, not having risen very early, worked on till past five o'clock in the afternoon before his model was finished. He got up with a sigh of relief when the pasteboard presentment of the old Parisian street stood out upon the little table, square and perfect.

He filled his pipe and walked up and down before the table, smoking and admiring his work in an innocent rapture.

"Poor Nelly," he thought presently. "I promised I would call in the Rue l'Archevêque to-day, to pay my respects to the old chap. Not that he'd particularly care to see me, I dare say; but Nell is such a darling. If she asked me to stand on my head, and do poor old Goffie's gnome-fly business, I think I should try and do it. However, it is too late to call upon Mr. Vandeleur Vane to-day, so I must put that off till to-morrow. I must drop in again at half-price at the Porte Saint Martin, to have another look at the scene in eight compartments. That'll be rather a poser for the machinist at the Phoenix, I flatter myself. Yes, I must have one more look at it, and—Ah! by-the-bye, there's the Morgue!"

Mr. Thornton finished his pipe and rubbed his chin with a reflective air.

"Yes, I must have a look at the Morgue before I go," he thought; "I promised that old nuisance J. T. Jumballs that I'd refresh my memory about

the Morgue. He's doing a great drama in which one half of the *dramatis personæ* recognise the other half dead on the marble slabs. He's never been across the Channel, and I think his notions of the Morgue are somewhat foggy. He fancies it's about as big as Westminster Abbey, I know, and he wants the governors to give him the whole depth of the stage for his great scene, and set it obliquely, like the Assyrian hall in 'Sardanapalus,' so as to give the idea of illimitable extent. I'm to paint the scene for him. 'The interior of the Morgue by lamplight. The meeting of the living and the dead.' That'll be rather a strong line for the bill, at any rate. I'll go and have some dinner in the Palais Royal, and then go down and have a look at the gloomy place. An exterior wouldn't be bad, with Notre Dame in the distance, but an interior—Bah! J. T. J. is a clever fellow, but I wish his genius didn't lie so much in the charnel-house."

He put on his hat, left his room, locked the door, and ran down the polished staircase whistling merrily as he went. He was glad to be released from his work, pleased at the prospect of a few hours' idleness in the foreign city. Many people, inhabitants and visitors, thought Paris dull, dreary, and deserted in this hot August weather, but it was a delightful change from the Pilasters and the primeval solitudes of Northumberland Square, that quaint, grim, quadrangle of big houses, whose prim middle-class inhabitants looked coldly over their smart wire window-blinds at poor Richard's shabby coat.

Mr. Thornton got an excellent dinner at a great bustling restaurateur's in the Palais Royal, where for two francs one might dine upon all the delicacies of the season, in a splendid saloon, enlivened by the martial braying of a brass band in the garden below.

The *carte du jour* almost bewildered Richard by its extent and grandeur, and he chose haphazard from the catalogue of soups which the obliging waiter gabbled over for his instruction. He read all the pleasing by-laws touching the non-division of dinners, and the admissibility of exchanges in the way of a dish for a dessert, or a dessert for a dish, by payment of a few extra centimes. He saw that almost all the diners hid themselves behind great wedges of orange-coloured melon at an early stage of the banquet, and generally wound up with a small white washing-basin of lobster salad, the preparation of which was a matter of slow and solemn care and thought. He ordered his dinner in humble imitation of these accomplished *habitués*, and got very good value for his two francs, and then paid his money, bowed to the graceful lady who sat in splendid attire in a very bower of salads and desserts, and went down a broad staircase that led into a street behind the Palais Royal, and thence to the Rue Richelieu.

He treated himself to a cup of coffee and a cigar at a café in the Place de la Bourse, and then strolled slowly away towards the Seine, smoking, and dawdling to look at this and that as he walked along. It was nearly eight o'clock therefore when he emerged, from some narrow street, upon the quay, and made his way towards that bridge beneath whose shadow the Morgue hides, like some foul and unhallowed thing. He did not much like

the task which Mr. Jumballs had imposed upon him, but he was too good-natured to refuse compliance with the transpontine dramatist's desire, and far too conscientious to break a promise once made, however disagreeable the performance of that promise might prove.

He walked on resolutely, therefore, towards the black, shed-like building.

"I hope there are no bodies there to-night," he thought. "One glance round the place will show me all I want to see. I hope there are no poor dead creatures there to-night."

He stopped before going in and looked at a couple of women who were standing near, chattering together with no little gesticulation.

He asked one of these women the question, Were there any bodies in the Morgue?

Yes,—the women both answered with one voice. There had not long been brought the body of a gentleman, an officer it was thought, poisoned in a gaming-house. A murder, perhaps, or a suicide; no one knew which.

Richard Thornton shrugged his shoulders as he turned away from the idle gossip.

"Some people would call me a coward if they knew how I dislike going into this place," he thought.

He threw away his cigar, took off his hat, and slowly crossed the dark threshold of the Parisian dead-house.

When he came out again, which was not until after the lapse of at least a quarter of an hour, his face was almost as white as the face of the corpse he had left within. He went upon the bridge, scarcely knowing where he went, and walking like a man who walks in his sleep.

Not more than half a dozen yards from the Morgue he came suddenly upon the lonely figure of a girl, whose arm rested on the parapet of the bridge and whose pale face was turned towards the towers of Notre Dame.

She looked up as he approached, and called him by his name.

"You here, Eleanor," he cried. "Come away, child; come away, for pity's sake!"

(To be continued.)

THE PORTRAIT.

HER hair was a golden brown—

The photograph makes it black;

You may take the portrait out, if you will;

You'll find a lock at the back.

Her eyes were a living blue,

And through their splendour rare,

You could gaze right into her soul, and see

The passions that sported there.

Why did we part? God knows!

It may be that she and I

Love still with as true and tender a love

As we swore in the days gone by.

To see a mighty rift

In a mountain, who would think

It was rent in twain by a tiny rill

That had trickled in at a chink

Needs but an angry thought,

Or a light word, lightly spoken,

And a mountain of love may be rent in twain,

And the chain of life be broken.

You may solder it up, if you will,
But the place will always show;
It's better to do, as she and I—
Far better to let it go.

A BAD EGG.

WE men and women are, after all, little better than a set of puppets fastened together by a concatenation of unseen wires, so that when one puppet begins dancing at A, another pirouettes at B, which may be ten thousand miles away. The sentiment conveyed in the above apothegm is neither new nor profound, but it is forcibly suggested by the circumstances hereinafter narrated.

Know, then, that in a certain year—no matter when—a dreadful murrain desolated the poultry-yards of the province of Vologda, in Russia. I don't know whether it was the pip, or the roup, or the gapes, or something quite different to any of these diseases; suffice to say that old Ivan, Count Cochinski's head-labourer, grew quite stiff in the back from stooping to pick up the dead fowls, for no sooner did he go to one end of the yard to gather up the defunct, than he was summoned by half-a-dozen bodies in the opposite direction. Now, if there was one thing that Count Cochinski liked better than another, it was a new-laid egg. A simple natural taste, you will say, and one easily to be gratified by a wealthy Muscovite nobleman. I grant you, in ordinary times; but this was an extraordinary epoch, when the chickens were playing hazard for their very lives, and were a great deal too nervous and excitable to think of laying any eggs. So Monsieur Crèveœur, the count's French cook, was at his wit's end, and, I suspect, by the event that followed, laid in a stock of those kind of eggs which we see in the cheese-monger's shops labelled twenty-four a shilling and not warranted.

At all events, one morning as the Count was seated at breakfast (he was a widower) surrounded by his blooming family, and supported at the other end of the table by the English governess, a most estimable lady, of superior birth and irreproachable principles, who had conducted his half-dozen daughters through the whole of Carl Czerny's hundred-and-one pianoforte exercises with brilliant success, not to speak of other accomplishments: as the Count was seated thus, he suddenly exclaimed in a voice of thunder, which made the glasses on the sideboard ring again, "Send Crèveœur hither!"

In a few minutes, clad in the white robes of his sacred profession, the high priest of the kitchen appeared, bowing reverently.

"Crèveœur!" said the Count, displaying an unmistakable specimen of addledom, "how is this? A bad egg at Count Cochinski's table!"

"Oh! your highness," exclaimed the cook, with an insinuating grimace, and a bow so profound, that the Count was enabled to see the nape of the professor's neck, "that egg was not intended for your highness, it was intended for Madame, the governess."

The governess darted one withering look of scorn at the Frenchman, gathered up her voluminous skirts, and rushed from the table. There had

for long been a smouldering feud between herself and Crèveœur, but this crowning insult was a declaration of open battle. So she retired to her chamber and composed an eloquent letter, in French, addressed to the Count, the purport of which was that either she or the cook must go, and she hinted politely, in conclusion, that she did not much care which. The fact was that Madame was tired of being frozen up six months of the year, and having scraped together a nice little independence, was anxious to return to her ancestral Upper Holloway. The Count read the letter and pondered. There were many governesses in the world—there was but one Crèveœur. Madame was somewhat exacting in temper, besides being well stricken in years. The girls were well grounded now in their Czerny, and he should like somebody a thought prettier and younger at the other end of his long table. So Madame departed, and Crèveœur stayed. Well, the Count thought he also would take a trip to England for the sake of enjoying our delightfully mild winter, and picking up a fresh instructor of his children. The Czar was graciously pleased to grant him permission to travel, and he accordingly proceeded to London. Now you will see how the bad egg in Vologda affected the Reverend Reuben Fowler, curate of Chickenhampstead, Yorkshire.

Reuben was a tall, thin, shambling sort of fellow, whose long legs seemed perpetually apologising for their lengthiness by knocking against each other. He was a quiet youth of simple, contented habits, and was satisfied to do all the parochial work of Chickenhampstead on seventy pounds a-year, while the absentee rector lived in clover at Bath (where he drank the waters for an apoplectic affection), and discharged his conscience of any twinges it might feel by preaching a sermon, once a-year, when he came down for his tithes, and sending Reuben a turkey at Christmas.

Reuben was an orphan, without a near relation in the world, except one sister, and his cup of joy would have been filled to overflowing if that sister had come to live with him. In his collegiate dreams (he was educated at Saint Shells', a remote provincial college,) he had always pictured Leonora sitting in the snug curacy cottage pouring out the tea, or smiling at him over her embroidery, while he put the finishing touches to his Sunday's sermon.

But it was ordained otherwise. Leonora was a good-looking young lady, with a trim figure, bright complexion, and glossy black curls. Now natural attractions are set off by dress—Leonora was fond of dress—and as dress costs money, which was a scarce commodity under Reuben's roof, Leonora preferred going as governess into the family of Sir John Rooster, where she could afford to dress well, and could also be seen when dressed. There she was made quite a pet of. The young ladies loved her like a sister; she talked politics with Sir John, after dinner, to perfection; she flirted with the heir of the house, who was in the Coldstream Guards, when he came down for the hunting season—in short, Lady Rooster, a most amiable woman, troubled with perennial tic-douloureux, became quite uncomfortable about it; and it must have been at her instigation—for I know the

daughters shed floods of tears, and Sir John was as sulky as a bear for three weeks after—that Count Cochinski made such dazzling offers to Miss Leonora Fowler, when he came to stay with the Roosters, that she closed with him at once.

One day Reuben received a letter, of which the following is a true copy :

Hatcham Lodge, March —, 18—.

MY DEAREST REU,—You darling old poky thing! I can just picture you now, going down the village, with your umbrella under your arm, to call on Widow Drum, that old lady who is so distressingly deaf that you have to shout to her as if you were hailing a ship. A ship did I say? That brings me to my news, which I won't put, as horrid men declare *we* do, *all* in the postscript. My dear Reu, I am going among the Russian bears. Only think of it! Doesn't it make you shiver? That great land of ice-palaces, fir-forests, wolves following the sledges, knouts, &c. But I can't believe Count Cochinski is a Tartar. He is a most gentlemanlike man, speaks English with, oh! the least possible accent, and so young-looking; he has a daughter of *eighteen*, and looks only *thirty-five*!! He is very handsome, with small black *mustachios* (I never know how to spell that word). We sail from London for Hamburg, as the Baltic is exceedingly dangerous at this season. I think Lady Rooster has (*entre nous*) behaved rather ungratefully, after all I have done for those *darling* girls, but I will not dilate on my private griefs. I will rather remain, ever

Your loving Sister,

LEONORA FOWLER.

P.S.—After all, I must have a *horrid* postscript. I cannot go to London *alone*. I shall be utterly distracted with so many boxes, &c. You, dearest, must come too. It will do you good. You have *actually* never been to London. Write, like a darling brother, and say you will meet me at Eggleton Junction, on Wednesday morning next, for the 11.34 up-train (am I not commercially accurate?).

L. F.

Reuben was a model brother, and met his sister at Eggleton. While he was waiting for the train, and setting his watch by the station-clock, the glass fell out, and was broken to pieces on the pavement. There was a quarter of an hour to spare, so he ran off to a watchmaker's in Eggleton. The proprietor of the shop was out, but would be in a minute, so the boy said. Reuben waited and waited, but the watchmaker did not come, so he left his watch in the shop, consoling himself with the thought that it was safer there than in his pocket amid the roguery of London. At last the train arrived, and a lovely face, set in a charming bonnet, smiled upon him from one of the carriage-windows. The commercial traveller opposite envied Reuben that resounding kiss. The loving pair reached London without adventure, and drove straight to Clucking's Hotel, a hostelry described in the advertisements of Bradshaw as being within five minutes' walk of the Colosseum, the Bank of England, and all the theatres. Mr. Clucking probably labours under some optical delusion. The evening was spent by Leonora in making sundry purchases of a feminine character, which dipped so deeply into her purse that she begged her brother to discharge the hotel bill, promising early remittances from Russia. The Chanticleer was advertised to sail on the following morning, and at ten o'clock,

on that eventful day, Reuben and his sister went on board. Count Cochinski, who was calmly pacing the quarter-deck, received Miss Fowler with cordiality, and her brother with lofty civility. Reuben soon began to find himself *de trop*. The Chanticleer showed no signs of speedy departure, but kept blowing off her superfluous steam in a recklessly extravagant manner, and receiving into her interior more barrels of porter than Reuben conceived all the English in Hamburg could drink in a twelvemonth. Leonora retired below, where, aided by the officious stewardess, she began to unpack her boxes and arrange her cabin. The Count continued to pace the deck in silence, so Reuben amused himself for awhile watching the cargo being taken in. Here, however, he was perpetually getting in the way, heavy chests were slung with a "By your leave, sir," on to the deck within an inch of his toes, until at last, the second mate, an over-worked person, with a dirty pocket-book in his hand, asked if he was a passenger, and upon Reuben's replying in the negative, said he'd better clear out of the gangway, if he didn't want to do himself a mischief. The bewildered curate retired precipitately into the cabin to bid his sister farewell.

"Then you'll pay the hotel bill, dear brother?" said she in the course of their parting words. "Have you money enough?"

"Oh yes, I've the whole of my quarter's pay, seventeen pounds fifteen," he replied. "I wonder the waiter let us go without paying."

"But you're to sleep there to-night," rejoined Leonora: "besides, you look such a respectable old dear, they'd trust you anywhere."

With a final embrace, and a formal bow to the Count on deck, Reuben took his departure.

Which of the sights of London should he go and see? was his next consideration. He hailed the first omnibus that passed, determining to settle the question there, as being a place of comparative solitude and seclusion. Two young ladies charitably contracted their crinolines, and allowed Reuben to plunge down between them. After he was fairly settled in his seat, he glanced shyly at his fair neighbours. Both were elegantly dressed and nice-looking. One was a *brunette*, something like Leonora; the other was a mild, placid, innocent-looking *blonde*, who sat with her eyes cast down, and her neatly-gloved hands clasped together, the image of a modern Madonna. Reuben was a prudent young man, and took the opportunity of being in such respectable company to examine his pocket-book. The contents were "in order," as commercial men say. He folded the two sovereigns and the half-sovereign into the three five-pound notes, putting five shillings into his waistcoat pocket for casual expenses, as his other money had been exhausted by cabs and portorage, then replaced the notes and gold in his pocket-book, which he carefully lowered into the breast-pocket of his overcoat. In Cheapside the *brunette* got out, followed immediately by the *blonde* lady. Reuben proceeded as far as Charing Cross, where he alighted, and commenced sight-seeing in earnest. He visited the Polytechnic and Zoological Gardens; made one or two trifling purchases in the Pantheon, and then stared into

innumerable shop windows, besides assisting at sundry out-door exhibitions. He witnessed hairs, selected from the heads of promiscuous street boys, cut in two by a razor sharpened with diamond dust; he beheld grease-stains removed from coat collars with magical rapidity; he saw the Caoutchouc family form a human pyramid, so that the topmost member was enabled to survey the internal economy of a third floor in Rupert Street, Haymarket; he admired the skill of the starving artists (expelled from the Royal Academy by the jealousy of the Hanging Committee) who draw fish and moonlight scenes in chalk on the street pavement; finally, about five, p.m., he found himself in the Strand again, somewhat tired and very hungry: suddenly a face passed him in the throng, which he thought he knew. He looked back; the face looked back, too, and was staring at him over its shoulder. Another minute, and a mutual recognition and shaking of hands took place. Jack Dorking was delighted to meet his old College chum, Reuben Fowler. Sooth to say, they had not been very intimate at College, for the current of Jack's career had run too rapidly to please the professors in that abode of learning; in short, Jack had been looked upon as a black sheep, and got rid of in a summary manner. But what did it matter? On a stranger in London, lonely and desolate amid the unsympathising crowd, an old familiar face beams with surpassing brightness; in other and humbler language, Reuben was very glad to see Jack, and they agreed to dine together. The curate's economical mind suggested a modest eating-house, where a reasonable dinner could be obtained for about eighteen-pence ahead, but the ambitious soul of Jack Dorking scorned the suggestion.

"My dear fellow," said he, "you're my guest to-day, and we'll have a really nice little dinner together. Besides, are you aware," he continued solemnly, "that at these 'slap-bangs,' as they are termed, from the feverish method of thumping down the dishes adopted by the jaded waiters, the anchovy paste is entirely composed of red lead and brick-dust, the soup is derived from the carcasses of cab horses (the proprietors contract for those which die in the street), while a Newfoundland dog licks the plates clean, and will, in due course of time, when he has 'shuffled off this mortal coil,' appear in those very plates, whose purity he formerly so faithfully maintained, in the shape of haricot mutton. Now here," said he, as they entered the portals of a magnificent saloon, ornamented with plate-glass, gilding and evergreens in elegantly-designed vases—"here you will dine as sentient beings gifted with stomachs and palates ought to dine."

Let us look at Jack Dorking while he is ordering an elaborate little dinner. He was a well-dressed, rather good-looking fellow, except that his features—especially his nose—were somewhat swollen and inflamed. This may possibly be owing (I throw out the suggestion for the benefit of Dr. Letheby) to the metropolitan fogs, as I have often observed the same appearance in medical students and others, after some years' residence in London. Jack had a restless, wandering eye, and a habit of looking so suddenly over his shoulder at some

imaginary object, as rather to discompose Reuben's tranquillity. He began dinner with a glass of Cognac brandy, which his temperate companion thought was putting the cart before the horse. As the repast proceeded, Jack swallowed a good deal of wine, and became extremely lively. He recalled to Reuben's memory numerous College pranks, and imitated the old Principal of Saint Shells' so admirably, that Reuben burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter. The noise of his mirth attracted several pairs of eyes to their table, which made Reuben blush. Among the persons who gazed with more than usual intensity at them, Reuben observed two well-dressed gentlemen with high features, and a profusion of rings and jewellery. They whispered together, then one of them rose, and advancing to the table, touched Jack Dorking lightly on the shoulder. Reuben thought the stranger must have established contact with the galvanic battery he had that day seen at the Polytechnic, or else that he was the electrical eel himself in a frock-coat; for as soon as Jack raised his eyes to see who touched him, an involuntary shudder pervaded his person, and he sprang up from the table. A few hurried words, in a low tone of voice, passed between Jack and his mysterious acquaintance; then saying to Reuben, "I shall be back in half-an-hour, old fellow—I must settle this outside;" he left the saloon, closely followed by both his bejewelled friends. Reuben stared in silent astonishment—he could not tell what to make of it—he looked at the waiter, and saw him smile significantly to another waiter, who grinned pantomimically in return. The waiter was less obsequious than he had been, as he brought the cheese, and entered into conversation.

"Nice weather for the time of year, sir?"

"Yes," answered Reuben, "the young wheat's looking well."

"Come from the country, sir?"

"Yes. My first visit to London."

"Oh, indeed, sir. Friend from the country, sir?"

"H'm—no," replied Reuben.

"Called away—very particular business—just now, sir?"

"I suppose so. I have no idea on what business."

"Oh, sir. Coming, sir!" answered the waiter, retiring in obedience to a totally imaginary summons from another part of the room.

"I don't like the looks of it," he whispered in confidence to the head waiter: "he's either precious green or precious deep."

After the lapse of some minutes, Reuben began to grow exceedingly uncomfortable. The half-hour had elapsed, and there was no sign of Jack's re-appearance. The waiter brought him the bill. This proceeding seemed to attract the notice of the other attendants in an unaccountable manner. Three or four of them hovered round the table. Reuben opened the bill and read the amount—seventeen shillings and sixpence!

"Waiter!" he said in a tremulous voice, "I—I—you can't expect me to pay this. The other gentleman—"

The circle of attendants drew ominously closer.

"Sir," said Reuben's waiter, in a voluble, not to say insolent manner, "when two gents comes in and eats a dinner, and one gent walks off, the other gent pays the bill. That's law, isn't it?" said he, appealing to the head waiter.

"That's the usual thing, sir," the head waiter politely explained to Reuben, washing his hands with an imaginary cake of soap.

Just then one of the jewelled gentlemen entered the dining-saloon, walked straight up to Reuben's table, and placed a letter in his hand. He opened it, and read thus :

MY DEAR FOWLER,—An unforeseen accident, arising out of the petty malignity of a retail tradesman, prevents my rejoining you at dinner. Would you therefore kindly settle the bill, and if, in recollection of our old happy days at Saint Shells', you could advance me a ten-pound note, the bearer of this missive, Mr. Levison, will take charge of it, and I will repay you on Monday next. No—I like to be particular—on Tuesday next. My remittances will then have reached me.

Your faithful old chum, JOHN DORKING.

This letter, which was dated from a street in the neighbourhood of Chancery Lane, Reuben read with feelings of indignation. "He's a bad fellow," thought he, "claiming assistance on the score of a college intimacy which never existed. However, I must buy my knowledge of the world, I suppose, and this seventeen and sixpence is the beginning of my purchases." Reuben then dismissed Mr. Levison by informing him that there was no reply to the letter he had brought, and proceeded to discharge his bill. The first step necessary to this end was to take out his pocket-book. He accordingly thrust his hand into the breast pocket of his coat. *There was no pocket-book there!* Pale with anxiety and flurried with excitement, he searched pocket after pocket unavailingly. In examining his coat he found that a perpendicular slit had been made through the cloth with some sharp instrument, and the valuable contents abstracted.

Reuben threw himself back in his chair, and covered his face with his hands. When he ventured to look up, the circle of waiters pressed closely and threateningly around him, backed by the various faces of half the customers in the saloon.

"Waiter," at length he said in a broken voice, "I've been robbed; I've no money but this," producing from his waistcoat pocket a threepenny piece and twopence in coppers. "Where is the master of this place?"

"I am the proprietor," said a stout gentleman with an authoritative voice.

"Look here, sir!" exclaimed the unfortunate Reuben, "this morning when I left the steam-wharf I had seventeen pounds ten shillings in my pocket—what am I to do?"

"That's what I want to know," said the proprietor. "I can't afford to pay rent and butcher's bills and find gentlemen dinners gratis."

"Do you believe my intentions were honest?" inquired Reuben.

"I don't know anything about your intentions," retorted the host. "The proverb says, 'Birds of a feather, &c.,' and I know you came here in

company with a man who was arrested for debt as he left the house."

"This letter will prove to you," said Reuben, handing Jack Dorking's epistle to the landlord, "that the writer considers me a fool rather than a rogue."

The proprietor read the letter, knitting his brows, and said in a softened voice :

"Hum, well I don't know, the whole thing may be a dodge. Have you no article of value you can leave as security—your watch, for instance?"

"Unfortunately I left my watch to be repaired in the country, and I never wear rings," replied the unlucky Reuben, spreading out his hands.

The landlord's brow darkened. He said:

"I've been victimised too often this way. Charles" (to Reuben's waiter), "fetch a policeman."

Reuben entreated the landlord to pause a few minutes while he related his adventures, beginning with a short sketch of his birth and education to the moment when he found himself moneyless and unable to pay for his dinner.

"Well, sir," said the landlord, "I hardly know what to say. It's a very unpleasant predicament for all parties. However I won't proceed to extremities. Charles, take this gentleman over to Clucking's hotel, and see if you can arrange anything there."

"You won't object to my taking your arm, sir?" said the waiter, as soon as they got outside. "It looks more gentlemanly, and don't excite observation."

Reuben complied unhesitatingly, although he found that walking arm-in-arm with a bare-headed waiter in low shoes, through the Strand on a chilly March evening, did excite a good deal of comment; but waiters are an extraordinary race of beings, with a chronic aversion to hats.

They reached that celebrated hotel of five-minutes'-walk notoriety, and asked for Mr. Clucking. He was in his inner sanctum—a handsome room well-furnished with books and pictures. Mr. Clucking did not answer in the least to Reuben's preconceived notions of a landlord; being tall, thin, and youthful, with elaborately drooping whiskers, and a languid manner.

Reuben explained the purport of his visit.

"Ya—as," said Mr. Clucking, "it's a very nasty thing, to be sure, to have your pocket picked. Very cleverly done too," continued he, examining Reuben's coat, "upon my word. Well, sir, what can I do for you in the matter?"

"I thought," stammered Reuben, "you would pay this man's claim, and charge it in the bill."

"Ya—as, a very nice, pleasant arrangement," pursued Mr. Clucking; "but don't you perceive, my dear sir, that you would only be transferring the difficulty to my shoulders? Anthony!" he exclaimed in a brisk business voice, quite opposed to the drawling Bond Street manner he had hitherto adopted. "Anthony!"

"Sir," replied a withered elderly man with a pen behind his ear.

"Let me look at this gentleman's account. Let me see" (to Reuben) "what number, sir?"

"Fifty-one and fifty-two," replied Reuben.

"Hum, hum," murmured Mr. Clucking over the bill, "five and four's nine, and five's fourteen: your bill amounts already to one pound one and six. You've had a private sitting-room, sir?"

"Yes," said Reuben.

"May I ask what luggage you have?"

"Only a small carpet-bag."

"Then the lady who was with you, removed all her boxes without discharging the bill."

"Certainly," said Reuben. "It was never asked for."

"Anthony," exclaimed Mr. Clucking, in his severest City voice, "never let this occur again. When parties remove their luggage, parties must settle their accounts."

Anthony murmured a humble assent to this doctrine, and shuffled away.

"Well, my dear sir," continued Mr. Clucking, relapsing into the West-end, "as I said before, it is an awkward affair. I should telegraph to my friends," he continued, subsiding into a chair, and using a tooth-pick.

"What friends?" asked Reuben, naively.

"Oh! that's your own affair. I merely throw out a suggestion."

"I don't know whom to apply to," exclaimed the ill-starred curate, clasping his hands. "I wouldn't have Sir John Rooster know it for the world. Then the rector—he's a close-fisted, hard man. I might try old Bantam, the clerk, though I doubt if he has the cash by him. Stay!" he said, as his eye suddenly lighted on a London Directory which lay on the table. "To think that I should forget William Cox, my dearest friend at college. He went into the medical profession and settled in London. Would you allow me, sir?" he said to Mr. Clucking, stretching out his hand for the Directory.

"Certainly," said Mr. Clucking, calmly regarding Reuben from behind his toothpick with an air of quiet amusement, not unmixed with keen observation. The fact was, that Mr. Clucking could not make up his mind whether Reuben was a real greenhorn or a rogue simulating simplicity, though his knowledge of the world inclined him to the former belief.

"Cox—Cox—Cox—Cox," muttered Reuben, running his finger down the page devoted to the tolerably prolific clan of that ilk. "I have it," he exclaimed in triumph, "William Cox, M.R.C.S., Alector Villas, Bayswater. Mr. Clucking, if you will advance the funds necessary to pay for a cab, I shall be able to settle with everybody."

"May I ask in return," replied the landlord, "for the key of your carpet-bag?"

Reuben handed it to him.

"Now what shall I find in this bag, sir? But stay, Anthony shall examine it."

Anthony returned in a few minutes, and reported that the bag with its contents, if pledged at a pawnbroker's, might fetch about twelve-and-six.

"Take a cab," said Mr. Clucking, in the same tone of voice as when the judge says "Take a rule." "And you fellow, from what's-his-name's in the Strand, go with him."

Mr. Clucking then lit a cigarette and took up a novel.

Reuben Fowler and Charles the waiter grew quite communicative in the cab. The spirits of the former were buoyant at the prospect of a speedy extrication from all his difficulties, while the latter, foreseeing that a private bonus to himself would probably be the result of the settlement, strove to make himself as agreeable as possible. The doctor's house in Alector Villas was easily discernible by the red lamps, and the door was swiftly opened as doctor's doors are wont to be.

"Mr. Cox at home?" asked Reuben.

"Yes, sir," said the footman; "what name, sir?"

"Oh! say an old friend, a clergyman. I'll give him an agreeable surprise," whispered he to Charles.

The doctor upstairs was not in so good a humour as men are generally supposed to be in after dinner. He had just read a slashing review in the "Forces" of his new work on gutta percha as a prophylactic agent; and he had also received a very heavy bill from his wife's milliner. So he entered his consulting room in somewhat ill-temper.

Reuben had left Charles the waiter in the hall. He was staggered at the alteration in his college friend's appearance. Little more than six years had elapsed, and his head had become bald, while one of the attributes of Shakspeare's fifth period in human life had destroyed what used to be a handsome figure.

"Your business, sir?" said the doctor, bowing stiffly.

"Your name is William Cox?" inquired Reuben.

"It is, sir," answered the doctor.

"William Cox, do you recollect your old college friend?"

"I have had a good many college friends, I do not at this moment recognise you."

"Can it be my William Cox?" murmured Reuben. "But it must be. He settled in London as a doctor. My dear Cox," he continued, "will you assist your old friend Fowler in a small matter? I have had the misfortune to be robbed, and I require a small loan—"

"John!" exclaimed the doctor in a stentorian voice.

The footman promptly appeared.

"John," said the doctor, "show this person the door. How dare you, sir, a perfect stranger, come here to demand money of me? At this time of night, too; eight o'clock! I believe it's an organised attempt at robbery. So, sir," he continued, perceiving Charles the waiter seated in the hall, "you're his accomplice, are you?"

"Then you were never at Saint Shells' College?" asked Reuben.

"Never, sir," shouted the doctor. "Never, sir."

"Well, it's a mistake, that's all," replied Reuben mildly; "you need not put yourself in a passion. I'm very sorry, I'm sure."

"And I'll trouble you not to call names," said Charles the waiter. "I never was an accomplice in my life, nor before a magistrate, which is more than—"

Here the door was violently slammed upon them, thereby putting an end to the altercation.

The return trip in the cab was performed in gloomy silence. Reuben was sunk in the depths of despondency; Charles the waiter was sulky with disappointment, while the epithet "accomplice" rankled in his bosom. As soon as the cab arrived at the hotel, he took Reuben tightly by the arm, and led him into Mr. Clucking's private room.

"Well, what success?" said that gentleman.

"Reg'lar sell, sir," answered the waiter, sulkily.

"Instead of advancing the money, Mr. Cox shoved us out of the house, and called me a foul name, which I'll make him pay for."

"Well, Mr. Fowler," said Mr. Clucking, "and what do you say?"

"I can only say," sighed poor Reuben, "that it was an unlucky mistake. We went to the wrong Mr. Cox."

"And I fear," replied Mr. Clucking, "that I've got the wrong Mr. Fowler. Now, sir," continued he in his City voice, "this is a serious matter. You run up a bill at an hotel, you have an expensive dinner at a restaurant, and then you've no money, no references, no anything. And look here, sir," said Mr. Clucking, taking up the evening paper, and reading aloud, "We understand that the police are actively engaged in endeavouring to trace the whereabouts of a person who has lately succeeded in committing several extensive hotel robberies. The party suspected is about thirty years of age, tall, dark complexioned, and frequently assumes the dress and appearance of a member of the clerical profession." Anthony! "shouted Mr. Clucking.

"Sir!"

"Fetch a constable. Now, Mr. Fowler, I don't wish to do anything unpleasantly, but I should prefer a magistrate adjudicating in your case. There, you can read the description in the paper."

"Hurrah! hurrah!" shouted Reuben, after glancing at the paper for a few moments. "I am saved! my character is saved!" And the poor fellow sunk into a chair, and fairly blubbered with excitement.

"The man's crazy, I do believe," said Mr. Clucking. "Never mind the policeman, Anthony. Hang it, I'll let the poor devil go."

"I am not mad!" exclaimed Reuben, recovering his excitement. "Read this."

Mr. Clucking read among the shipping news: "Chanticleer, s.s. for Hamburgh, fouled her screw in Gravesend Reach, and has returned to London for repairs." How does that affect you?"

"A great deal," answered Reuben. "My sister is on board—governess to Count Cochinski."

"Count Cochinski! Why that accounts for that Frenchman turning up again this evening. He wished me good-bye last night. Anthony, my compliments to Monsieur Crèveceur, and if he's in the billiard room, I shall be happy to speak to him."

In a few minutes Anthony returned, ushering in a little gentleman with a closely-cut beard and moustache, attired in a pea jacket and straw hat, à l'Anglaise.

"Why, Crèveceur, my dear friend," said Clucking, "I did not recognise you in that rig."

"Ah, my friend," replied Crèveceur, with a shrug, "what better shall I wear? I reserve my white cap and apron for the kitchen; I array myself in my paletôt and varnished boots for the Boulevards; behold me now, attired for your filthy steam-vessels."

"Well, Crèveceur, I suppose you are sorry to return to our barbarous island?"

"What else can I call a country," smiled the Frenchman, "where they have pockets to their billiard tables?"

Mr. Clucking laughed. He then said, "Crèveceur, what is the name of the Count's governess?"

"Ah, ah, you naughty man, you Clucking; you are married man; you want to know; I shall tell Mistress Clucking."

"I want to know seriously. This gentleman, her brother, is in a difficulty."

"You her brother!" said Crèveceur, with a profound bow. "I salute you as brother to the most lovely, enchanting young lady these eyes have seen. Clucking, I must have a bottle of wine: we will drink the health of Miss Leonora Fowler."

The name at once satisfied Mr. Clucking as to the identity of his unlucky guest; and as Crèveceur remembered to have seen him with his sister on board the Chanticleer, all former disagreeable occurrences were speedily forgotten. Mr. Clucking paid Charles, the waiter, the amount of his master's bill, with a *douceur* for himself, and the remainder of the evening was passed by all parties pleasantly enough.

Count Cochinski was staying with his suite at Mivart's Hotel. Thither Reuben proceeded on the following morning, and received a loving embrace from Leonora, into whose willing ear he poured a recital of all his sufferings on the previous day.

"You dear old thing," she said, "and it was all through my dragging you up from your quiet curacy to naughty London! How fortunately it has happened that that horrid screw should break when it did. And you shall not lose the money, for the Count will lend it me."

"The Count!"

"Yes, I am sure he will. He is so kind. Oh, you can't think how kind he was going down to Gravesend: if he had been my husband he could not have been more attentive."

"Perhaps he will be one of these days," said Reuben, slyly.

"You naughty Reu, to talk so to a poor governess," said Leonora, blushing scarlet. "However, I will ask him."

In twenty minutes she returned in triumph with a slip of paper in her hand. It was a cheque for twenty pounds on a London banker, signed by the Count's secretary and countersigned by himself.

Reuben's prophecy came true. In six months from that time Leonora became the Countess Cochinski. When the engagement was first made public, Crèveceur felt it deeply. He had conceived an intense though secret passion for Leonora, and for several weeks was so affected as to be unable to perform his culinary duties. He had hoped to wed her himself, and display her charms to the eyes of envious neighbours in his

native Burgundy. On the eve of the marriage, however, he said to himself, sternly, "Crève-cœur, no weakness;" and then suddenly arousing his gigantic energies which had slumbered so long, he achieved a series of artistic triumphs in cookery such as will long be remembered in the province of Vologda.

After this happy event, Reuben's tall figure has several times been seen at the dinner-table of the Russian Embassy in London, and it is whispered that through the influence of the ambassador representing that puissant power, he has lately been presented to the rectory of Eggleton.



(See page 391.)

I may mention in conclusion, that a fashionably-dressed young lady, "well known to the police," and styled by them "the Madonna," from her resemblance to a celebrated picture, was lately convicted at the Central Criminal Court of picking pockets in omnibuses. She was provided with a pair of false arms, the hands of which reposed

meekly clasped upon her knees, while her real digits were actively engaged in searching the coats and dresses of her neighbours.

Thus have we shown how curiously human events hinge upon one another, and traced Leonora's title and Reuben's rectory to a Bad Egg.

THE HAMPDENS.

AN HISTORLETTE. BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.



CHAPTER XI. DOING ROYAL ERRANDS IN MERRY ENGLAND.

"My daughter, Harry is right," said Mr. Hampden to Henrietta. "London is no place for you at present. If I were to tell you what our dangers are, you would desire to be gone."

"Whose dangers?"

"In a word, the critical hour of the country has come. The King's friends chide him for having yielded too much; and his enemies know but too well that those concessions are not to be relied on. Hear me, child! The universities teach him that his word is void about church matters while the Archbishop is in the Tower; and he is abundantly ready to apply the same rule to all his promises. The army is entirely unsafe; and lest it should march down upon us, we are taking measures for calling out the trained-bands, to guard the parliament houses. At any moment blood may be shed: some of the best blood in England would have been shed this very week but for our vigilance and our readiness."

"May I know whose?"

"Has not Lady Carlisle told you that Mr. Pym's life is sought?"

"Is it possible! And oh, father, are you safe, if Mr. Pym is not?"

"None of us are safe; but no other man is in

the like danger, because he is the great accuser of the Court party. But the days are charged with peril as they pass, like so many thunder clouds. Do you not see it as you take your airings in the parks? Do you not see it in the face of the congregation at church? The very cries in the streets are hoarse or shrill, as coming out of passionate hearts."

"Will there be war then? Is it war that you mean?"

"It depends on the King. By his plan of going to Scotland I believe that he intends war, whether he strikes the first blow, or compels his people to do so. Whatever the event, my daughter, you should be at home to abide it."

"And you, father?"

"I am at the disposal of the council, who will sit in London permanently henceforth. I doubt whether I shall be much at Hampden this summer: but whether in Scotland or here, or travelling in England, I must have the comfort of knowing that my children are in a safe nest."

Henrietta recoiled from the thought of home. Whether Harry were there or absent, she should be miserable. It was after a conversation with Lady Carlisle that she besought leave to visit Sir Oliver. If she might repose herself at Biggin, with little Dick for her amusement, nothing would tranquillise her so much.

Little Dick might not go to Biggin. Richard would certainly not allow any child of his to live in a royalist house, to incur a debt of obligation, and to receive those strong impressions of childhood which have an incalculable effect on the mature character. Henrietta might pay her duty to her old uncle if she would; but she must so far give up the charge of Dick. It was after another evening spent with the Countess that she announced that she would confide Dick to Aunt Carewe, and go down among her relations in the Fens. The Mashams would take care of her. She would pay her duty to Aunt Cromwell at Ely; and, for a few weeks, she might, as she said to herself, find some peace of mind. She trusted that, as always before, separation from Harry would revive her tenderness for him. They were not now happy together. The dreadful truth could not be hidden from herself. She feared it could no longer be hidden from her father.

Mr. Hampden indeed understood her restlessness. He counselled Harry to indulge every wish of hers which was not utterly unreasonable, as the sole hope of her finding her own way to peace at last. She therefore travelled to Biggin, with her husband for her escort, on one of the brightest days of July.

By the weight of the luggage in the cart which they passed and repassed on the road, it might seem as if Henrietta intended to remain permanently at Biggin. A remark or two had passed upon it at starting; but Henrietta was to be crossed in nothing, and she was left at full liberty. She had been largely supplied with money of late. If Lady Carewe had been in London, such an expenditure must have been accounted for; but Lady Carlisle had been her adviser and companion in making her purchases; and she declared that her young friend had only provided what was due for the child and grandchild of a Hampden and a Carewe.

During the latter stages of the journey, the horses had started more than once, as horses from a distance were apt to do, Harry was assured, in the Fen country, where the fowlers hide themselves in the sedges or behind the banks, to the terror of strange horses. As the travellers were passing a field of ripening wheat, Henrietta was nearly thrown by the shying of her horse, and Harry was angry accordingly, till he had found that no mischief was done. He had seen somebody lurking in the corn, he declared; and he committed Henrietta's rein to one groom, and called the other to follow him. As soon as he had leaped the gate, and ridden a few yards into the corn, several armed men sprang out, and surrounded Harry and his groom, while two or three made their way into the road, and formed a guard round Henrietta. Her husband shouted to her not to be alarmed;—these were friends; and in a moment he was by her side, introducing to her the leader of the party, Major Petherick, whom she perhaps did not recollect, but who had been one of the party at Hampden on the evening of the return from Port Eliot. After a few words of apology from Major Petherick, and an assurance from Henrietta that she had not been at all agitated, the party proceeded, Harry falling

behind, in earnest conversation with the officer in command of this strange ambush.

When he rode up alone, Henrietta was full of curiosity as to what this ambush could mean. The answer she obtained was that the country was in a disturbed state everywhere, more and more armed men appearing in all directions every day. The roads which led to well-known royalist houses were watched by the one party, and the appointments of the agents on the parliament side, and the councils of the leaders, were beset by spies.

"I hope, Henrietta," said he, "that you have nothing in those trunks of yours that you cannot claim as your own: because—. Is there anything wrong with your stirrup? Let me see;" and Harry threw himself off his horse and went round to his wife's stirrup. "Is it right now?"

"Quite right; but because of what, Harry? Why may I not carry about everything I have in the world?"

"Everything of your own, by all means, from your spinet to your watering-pot: but only your own. Carry no letters or chattels for any body. It is not pleasant, to ladies at least, to have their goods turned over by armed men; but it is really dangerous to be the bearer of other people's despatches."

"I did not know," said Henrietta: "but I know now."

"If I had not been with you," continued Harry, "that party of Petherick's men would probably have stopped the cart and searched your luggage. Nay, my dear: do not start so. There is no other ambush between this place and Biggin. Petherick assured me that we might ride as securely as in the park at Hampden."

"How came those men to be watching this road?"

"Sir Oliver is believed to be expecting some guests not quite so innocent as ourselves."

"What guests?"

"I know not. If it is true, you will soon see for yourself."

"I do hope they will not be there to-day," said Henrietta.

"So do I. When they enter the house I must leave it; and I wish to pay my duty to the old gentleman at full leisure and in peace. We owe him much."

Both husband and wife were silent after this. They were thinking of their marriage as they passed into the old avenue, and the thought was not of the happiest.

No guests were there who could trouble Harry's visit. The chaplain, and two gentlemen who had come to fish in the neighbourhood, were all. Helen Masham was coming, and perhaps a sister or two: that, again, was all.

Sir Oliver was older, and he was in graver spirits, and more dignified in manner, than Harry had yet seen him. His bearing reminded Henrietta of the day at Basing House. She did not say so, for she now kept close, as a sacred trust, all her recollections of the King and Queen. She never profaned their names by uttering them to persons who had no feeling or instinct of "the divinity that doth hedge a king." Husband and wife

agreed that Sir Oliver was aged, and that age became him. The rural squire was merged in the ancient gentleman.

In the evening it was certain that Sir Oliver had not drunk too much, nor had the chaplain. The sporting gentlemen perhaps had, for they were not present. They had retired to their apartments from the dining-room. Thus, while the chaplain sat in the west window, reading the news-letter of the week by the last light, the other three sat by the little wood fire talking over some family matters. Sir Oliver said he burned a little billet every evening in the year now. Old bones are chilly; and besides, there was no knowing, in such times, that one would not be glad to burn the contents of one's pocket or escritoire at any moment.

Henrietta told him that till this day she had supposed the country gentry of the Fen safe from such disturbance: and she was proceeding to relate the adventure of the morning, when the chaplain put down his news-letter, the butler entered the room, and Harry put on an air of listening. Sir Oliver was dull of hearing; but when Henrietta started up from his side, and Harry opened a window, he cried out that Helen was about to arrive, no doubt: he had been sure she would come to-night.

The butler and the chaplain held a brief parley; and then they informed Sir Oliver that a party of armed men had entered the park at several points, and that they were surrounding the house.

"Pull up the drawbridge!" shouted Sir Oliver.

The servants had tried to do it; but the structure was very crazy, and some of the strangers had levelled their muskets at the porter and his aids; and before they could effect anything, several horsemen were on the wrong side of the moat.

"Here they are!" said the chaplain from his window; and several figures passed backwards and forwards in the garden, their armour shining in the yellow light from the sky.

"They may be friends," Sir Oliver observed.

"They may be," said the chaplain: "but there is a puritanic cut about them, to my eyes. If any of you have anything to hide or burn, you may have time, for I expect to see them go down on their knees and pray before they cross a Royalist threshold."

Henrietta turned red and pale. Her uncle comforted her, and her husband bent over her, tenderly assuring her there was nothing to fear. It wounded him deeply that she shook him off, laid her head on Sir Oliver's breast, and drew his arm round her.

"Do not flutter so, my little bird," said the old man. "Nobody shall ruffle a feather of my little bird while I am on the nest. Heigho! whom have we here? Cousin Oliver, unless my old eyes deceive me. It is long since we met, but I believe I see my kinsman Oliver."

It was Cousin Oliver; and very great was the relief to everybody in the room. The chaplain, it is true, looked haughtily on the Puritan, and settled down again to his news-letter in the window; but the Carewes greeted Oliver in cousinly fashion, and the old uncle was always courteous as a host. He would have been as

polite to Jenny Geddes in his own house, as to any lady in the Queen's train. Cousin Oliver, however, was not to be outdone in manners by the old cavalier. He entered, hat in hand, as a sign that he was not going to stay. He bent as low to the old man as he had ever bent to the King. He declined to sit down.

"You will not sit!" exclaimed sir Oliver. "Then what are the rest of us to do?"

They were all on their feet at the moment, except the distant chaplain, who now felt himself obliged to rise.

Cousin Oliver desired that no one might be incommoded by his presence: he would but testify his respect for grey hairs.

"Grey hairs! pshaw!" cried the old man. "That is out of Scripture; and the Scripture people did not wear wigs, I suppose. Where is the use of keeping your feet on pretence of my grey hairs, when you see I don't wear my hair grey. If you have no better reason, take your seat, and make yourself at home in your kinsman's house."

"I have another reason, sir Oliver. I am come, if not as an enemy,—and I am an enemy to no man who is not his country's enemy,—yet am I not come altogether as a friend. I am not come of my own will at all. In a work like ours, our own wills are the last to be consulted; but I am sent on an errand which I am in no way free to refuse."

"Let us hear what it is without more beating about the bush. What does my kinsman want of me?"

"Your poor kinsman wants nothing of the reverend chief of his house. Nevertheless the cause needs—"

"Aha! you are come on parliament business. Your troop of armed men might have shown us that. What! you are come to turn us out of the old house, because Mr. Pym wants it, or my Lord Brook fancies it, or some of your new-fangled colonels think it is time to be garrisoning the Fens? If the Lord of the Fens bids me quit, I suppose I have only to obey. It is the fashion to obey now. His Majesty yields up his prerogative and obeys his subjects; so old Oliver must yield up his old house, and the uncle must obey the nephew. How long will you give us to remove?"

"It pleases sir Oliver to jest," said the grave nephew. "He has the choice of all England where to live,—under this roof or any other; and no one desires to trouble him. These armed men shall not enter his presence. All that is asked of him is to permit me to stand in his presence till my men have discharged their office."

"What office? If you will not speak out, kinsman, I must learn otherwise what this means. Carewe, oblige me by seeing what those fellows are doing."

Harry declined to interfere, in the present stage of the affair. He trusted Cousin Oliver would explain it fully. Sir Oliver then desired the chaplain to make inquiry. His reverence was evidently not sorry when Cousin Oliver intercepted him on his way to the door, and plainly intimated that he must not leave the room. It were best, he said, for the avoidance of brawls,

that the needful work should be done in quietness and without disturbance. That work, he said, was (not to lengthen out speech) to assure certain citizens, who were charged with the guardianship of the law, whether or not any persons were laying up the means of setting aside the law for good and all.

"Cousin Oliver," the old man said, in an amused tone, "you need better acquaintance with your own kith and kin. No one here troubles himself about the law, whether to cant about it or to break it."

"Most true, I doubt not," Oliver replied; "but some persons in England have more guile in them than this household and its head, and it may be that certain articles may be secreted within these walls."

"O ho! that is your errand," cried Sir Oliver. "Well! it is not precisely what an old English gentleman would covet to have his house searched like the cellar of a suborner of thieves; but in these times gentlemen have to bear strange slights and novelties. But, Cousin Oliver, let it be once for all. When you have ransacked the place from the leads to the cellars, I shall expect an apology, and a pledge that the insult shall not be repeated."

Cousin Oliver bowed low. He did not smile when the old man desired that his people should seize and carry away whatever they did find hidden, for it could be nothing but the rats from the moat and the mice in the walls.

Harry was attending to his wife, who was trembling in a corner of the sofa, her face as white as the wall. As he brought her a glass of wine from the sideboard, all eyes were turned upon her.

"She must go to her chamber," Harry said to Cousin Oliver. "You will allow me to attend her there, on my engaging not to leave her side?"

Cousin Oliver was under great concern that this could not be permitted. He gave her air; he gave her wine; he offered to withdraw to the other side of the door (after casting a glance round to satisfy himself that there was no other way of leaving the room); but for the very short time that now remained, the four persons present must remain where they were.

Except that Harry spoke to his wife in whispers, as he stood over her, no one said anything more. Sir Oliver looked out at the gathering twilight; the chaplain was as still as a mouse; and Cousin Oliver paced the long room, from the large window at one end, past the door, and to the tall mantelpiece at the other. His boots creaked irritatingly; he talked to himself, his lips moving continually, and some odd sounds escaping him in his reverie, till Harry could scarcely restrain his laughter. He and Henrietta had often amused themselves with Cousin Oliver's oddities; but Henrietta was not amused now. She tried to laugh; but it would not do. She threw her handkerchief over her face, and trembled behind it.

At length there were sounds in the hall which made the visitor stop in his walk, and then bow low to his uncle, saying that he would return,—for a few moments only,—to pay his duty before departing. Henrietta then became so agitated that, on Oliver's re-appearance, some apology was

made about her alarms on account of stories about marauders roving the country.

"I crave no pardon for saying," replied Oliver, "that my kinswoman is the person in all this house who best knows that we are not marauders, and wherefore we have come."

He launched into a discourse on the lightness and deceitfulness of women, and announced that there had been found not only some of the King's plate, but certain jewels of the Queen's, which were to have been conveyed abroad by the two sportsmen who were supposed to be in bed. Their early morning sport was to have been the deportation of these jewels, some of which were national property. Moreover, there were despatches addressed to foreign agents."

"In the pockets of these guests of mine!" exclaimed Sir Oliver. "On the word of a gentleman, I knew nothing of it."

Cousin Oliver needed no assurances on this head.

"But where did you find these despatches?" Harry inquired; "and why should these Jesuits bring them here? I don't understand."

"Faithful men are inapt at dealing with the unfaithful," Cousin Oliver observed sternly. "It was not on these men that the papers were found. They would have been delivered into their hands to-morrow."

"Where then were they?"

"Folded in the garments of a woman—"

"Do send him away!" whispered Henrietta. "I will tell you all."

The intruders were gone presently. No one of the party would touch wine or food in the house. Their leader did not offer to pray, as the chaplain had expected. As the tramp of the horses resounded on the drawbridge, bolts, bars and chains clanged ostentatiously; it was a vain show of indignation, which made Cousin Oliver smile grimly. He had caught a great prize; but in the midst of his satisfaction he bestowed some sorrowful thoughts on his hopeful young kinsman Harry Carewe.

"I ask you this, Henrietta," Harry said to his wife that night in her dressing-room. "And I must have a plain answer. Did you know that those papers were wrapped in your clothes?"

"I did."

"Did you know that they were from the Queen for certain parties abroad? Did you know that you were to transfer them to other hands here?"

"I did: but hear me!"

"Presently. Did you know that those packets contained the crown jewels?"

"I knew that it was some valuable property which their Majesties desired to pledge or sell."

"Now, then, Henrietta, speak. I will hear you. Say what you have to say."

Henrietta began to explain the feelings under which she had undertaken this adventure; but she could not proceed. She said to herself afterwards that it was because there was no sympathy in Harry's countenance,—none in his heart;—and no sense in his mind of the principles and sensibilities of loyal persons. He told her that her weak excuses had no weight with him; and she replied that explanations were thrown away upon

those who could not understand or feel them. He told her that she had madly forgotten her duty; and she retorted that she was devoted to a higher duty than he conceived of. He told her that she had betrayed her husband's honour; and she declared that she despised the low selfishness of common men, who took precious care of their own honour, while trampling under foot the dignity and prerogative of God's vicegerent. Both believed and said that this hour must dispose of their lot; and both felt that they must part. If so, it must be then and there.

"Once more, Henrietta," said he, showing himself at the door, after he had disappeared. "I give you one more chance. You shall go home with me if you decide aright. You must choose between the King and me,—between his cause and ours."

"Then I choose the King and his cause," Henrietta replied without a moment's delay: and Harry was gone.

Some bolt or bar must have been unfastened that night; for before the July dawn, Harry was far on his way to London.

By some means Sir Oliver must have known what had happened; for he stole an anxious glance at Henrietta as she met him in the breakfast-room.

"My brave little one!" he exclaimed as he kissed her glowing cheek, and admired the fire in her eyes. "I am proud of my kinswoman. Cheer up, my love! When the traitors find how true spirits rally round their Majesties, we shall see plenty of quailing. We must keep up our hearts now, and our day will come. Meantime, their Majesties shall hear what such humble servants as you and I can do. Now we will have our breakfast together. Those fellows are gone; but I doubt whether fishing is their game. Unless Helen comes, we shall be alone to-day. I ask no better; for I am proud of you, Henrietta; and you know I always was fond of you."

Henrietta gave him a bright smile. While the passion lasted, she believed herself glad of the parting,—glad to have delivered her soul, and taken the consequences.

(To be continued.)

LIBERTY OF PRIVATE CHARITY.

SOME future explorer of the chronicles of the old nineteenth century will stop to copy a part of a column of some London daily paper of March 5th, 1863, as a curious evidence of the backwardness of our generation in the morality of social management. There is in the newspapers of that date a report of a public meeting held the day before in St. James's Hall, at which the chairman, and, as far as appears, all the speakers, avowed the most extraordinary views, and uttered the most presumptuous condemnation of their neighbours, in comparison with their own method of behaviour, that could be imagined at this time of day. The puzzling thing to readers of their own time is, whether these gentlemen can possibly be the representatives of the moral opinion amidst which they live, or whether they are a group of eccentric persons, exhibiting themselves in fortuitous concourse, for the misleading of a future

generation. For my part, I had rather imagine any explanation than suppose these speakers to be the mouth-pieces of any considerable number of my fellow-citizens; for, if they are, our moral and social condition is less advanced than we have been accustomed to suppose.

The meeting was on behalf of the *Systematic Beneficence Society*. Of this society I know nothing—never having heard of it before. The chairman declared its aim to be to induce "every person to ask himself, not how much he must give, but how much he ought to keep back." This is enough about the society, thus condemned out of the mouth of the chairman, who seems to be entirely unaware that the necessity and habit of almsgiving are a disgrace to any community in which it exists, and that the disgrace is heavy in proportion to the amount of that corrupting, depraving, and humiliating mode of spending money.

The other speakers supported the chairman in the most wonderful manner; first, by producing estimates of the income of the inhabitants of London or the kingdom, and speculating on how far the actual amount of almsgiving fell short of its proper proportion to the income; and next by telling, one after another, how much they have themselves given away out of an income of so much, and for so many years!

Can these clergymen and gentlemen really be unaware that the badness of the social condition, moral as well as physical, of any country is known by the amount of almsgiving in it? Have they yet to learn that to feed beggars at convent gates is to create hunger? The same consequence—a great augmentation of the evil—follows from every endeavour to provide a gratuitous remedy for evils which individuals should be enabled to deal with themselves. Have they never heard that when, half a century ago, the rural labourers throughout the country were fed, amidst their real and indisputable destitution, by charity—legal and private—the poverty spread so fearfully from rank to rank that the national fortunes were saved only by the most vigorous social effort on record? Have these gentlemen never heard how the burst of humanity on behalf of foundlings issued in London, in the last century? and how it operates in Paris now? The Empress talks of opening another Foundling Hospital; and, as I have said before, a Middlesex coroner has seriously proposed the same thing lately, with singular perverseness, as a remedy for infanticide: yet everybody, from empresses to relieving-officers, have the means of knowing the invariable result of such experiments. In the London case, the throwing open of the Foundling Hospital caused an increase of foundlings, in three years, of from 117 to nearly 15,000; and of those 15,000 only 4400 lived to be apprenticed. In Paris, 58 per cent. of illegitimate children are abandoned within the range of the Foundling charity; and wherever alms are forthcoming to support infants, baseborn or other, child-murder increases tremendously. The more institutions are opened as a refuge for them, the faster the need grows; and, as the need can never be overtaken, the infants are put out of the way in tenfold proportion. The early philanthropists

of the Christian church, who were touched with compassion at the fate of the exposed infants in every neighbourhood of celibate houses, and who opened the first Christian foundling hospitals, became very wretched, and sorely perplexed, when they saw more and more infants' bodies floating down rivers, and infesting every hole and corner into which they could be thrust. Our grandfathers wisely and humanely changed their course early in regard to English foundlings, restricting the charity within the narrowest limits that the foundation of the Hospital admitted. Our fathers did the same in the case of the rural labourers, by reforming the Poor-law, and reducing legal almsgiving to the lowest practicable point, and by pointing out a way to independence and comfort for the labourer which would in time place him above the need of private charity, except in cases of emergency. After all this experience, and more of the same kind in every direction in which almsgiving has been practised, we now see men standing up in the middle of London, announcing the average income of their neighbours, and denouncing those neighbours for not giving away such a proportion of their means as to these professors of "systematic beneficence" seems good!

The truth is, one of the most disheartening facts of our social state is its excessive almsgiving, —called "charity" by these gentlemen. Any citizen who is supposed to be in easy circumstances can tell what his experience is. His hand is never out of his pocket. Every day, and all day long, he hears of want and misery, of one kind or another, which he is summoned to help to alleviate. Some evidences reach me occasionally of the prevalent condition of almsgiving in which society is living. Letters come to me from persons I never heard of, begging money for cases which I cannot possibly know anything about; and the writers seem unaware both of the impertinence towards me, and of the folly of asking any person of common sense to give money at random in that way. It seems as if they must live among people who, like these gentlemen on the platform, have settled that they themselves, and everybody else, ought to give away a tenth part of their income at least. That amount being fixed, the first comers have the best chance of being liberally served, and begging goes on vigorously.

The mention of the platform reminds me that the speakers in St. James's Hall include spiritual objects in their programme of duty. They want a vast increase of the fund for "religious" objects. One of the speakers declared that the people of London are responsible to God for the use they make of their 150,000,000*l.* per annum, —immediately proceeding to assume that almsgiving is the highest use to which money can be applied. There is something in this which reminds one of the praise once offered to an eminent man, and the way in which he received it. A great surgeon was congratulated on the skill with which he had performed a severe and critical operation; and his reply was that he could feel no complacency in such an application of his art, for that it was ever present to his mind that such operations (except in cases of accident) are

"the opprobrium of the medical profession." So, in like manner, is the necessity of almsgiving, except in cases of accident, the opprobrium of our civilisation: and those who desire the welfare of society, —spiritual and moral, as well as material, —will refuse to stimulate almsgiving, which aggravates the evils it professes to alleviate, and will apply all the means in their power to supersede the necessity of it. We can see for ourselves that men are most degraded and miserable where the spurious charity of almsgiving most abounds; and we can learn within ourselves that the highest and happiest conceivable state of society would be that in which all the members should be above the reach of want, —independent in their circumstances and their minds, —so that almsgiving would disappear altogether.

Before the people of London will recognise the justice of the rebuke offered them in St. James's Hall, they will inquire into the results obtained by the sums actually contributed for "spiritual objects;" by, for instance, the million and a half of annual income dispensed by Exeter Hall. Perhaps some who are insulted for not contributing are aware that these "spiritual objects" include the maintenance of a large bureaucracy. Perhaps they know something of the extent of the "interest" thus created; —of the costliness of this paid staff of a rich social department; and they may prefer administering with their own hands what they think proper to give away. If they do this, or if they do better still, —applying the money, not in alms of any kind, but in the employment of industry, or the encouragement of beneficial plans of a self-supporting character, they will come under the condemnation of platform censors who have jumped to the conclusion that an income of so much, in anybody's hands, ought to yield so much to their particular "objects." So far from caring for such censure, some of our best and most beneficent citizens are anything but distressed to hear, from one of the speakers, that "there is scarcely one of the religious and charitable societies of London that is not in a condition of anxiety and perplexity, as to openings for further usefulness, for want of funds:" and that one great missionary society has remained nearly stationary in regard to income while the wealth of the country has nearly doubled. As it is undisputed that more money is spent for other than personal objects now than at any former time, the necessary inference is that the citizens prefer other applications of their money than that of pouring it into a treasury where they will never hear more of it, and whence they know that some of it will be drawn for the salaries of secretaries, clerks, collectors, and other officials, constituting a large body, to be supported by public alms at home in the first place, before anything can be done for the heathen, —at such a distance abroad. It is to be hoped that the incomes of all charities approaching to the inscrutable will remain thus stationary, or diminish, till the wisest of the citizens can declare themselves satisfied with the results produced; and that every charity will be in a wholesome "anxiety and perplexity" as long as the suffering it professes to treat grows upon its hands in proportion to the bounty dis-

pensed. The object of real benevolence is to cure the evil; and while the evil increases, instead of disappearing, there is the best possible reason for "anxiety and perplexity," on other grounds than "want of funds."

As for the duties and methods of beneficence which deserves that name, as being a real "doing of good,"—the large and long experience that we have had as a settled community should preclude, generally speaking, both anxiety and perplexity. Nothing can be plainer than the distinction drawn before our eyes, between charity and almsgiving; and, again, between poverty and destitution in the classes whom we must help. Charity means effectual help to whomsoever needs it, and in whatever way it is needed. While almsgiving creates immeasurably more evil than it relieves, the best sort of charity works towards the extinction of almsgiving. Again, the duty we owe towards the poor is widely different from that which we owe to the destitute. The poor are those whose labour, or other means, provides only the necessities of their life, from day to day. They may be as independent as their wealthiest neighbour, in ordinary times: but any accident may render our assistance necessary to save them from destitution. As for the destitute, they must be maintained by the charity of the community, unless they can be raised from destitution into the rank of the merely poor. These simple and clear distinctions make our duty plain enough in a general way.

After discharging our duty in our own households, and among our own friends, the claims of true charity will be sure to present themselves. We must do what we can to save the poor from sinking, and to enable the destitute to rise: and the way to do either is not usually almsgiving. In order to save the morality of those whom we help, there ought to be no ultimate sacrifice of money on our part, though there may be gain on theirs. In other words, our modes of assistance should be self-supporting, as far as possible. This does not mean that almsgiving can be entirely discontinued, under the present circumstances of society,—nor in any age or country as long as famines, or a succession of bad seasons occur, or epidemics break out, or death casts young orphans on the care of society, or a retribution of economical sins, like the cotton famine, falls upon a multitude of innocent persons. The aged poor who are childless; the children who are fatherless; many of the sick, and of those subject to accidents; the helpless, from infirmity of body or mind,—all these are the naturally destitute, who must be supported by society; and we have to see to it, each one for himself, that we do our share.

More thought and pains are required in dealing with the higher class of the poor, whose independence is their one inestimable treasure. They may be effectually helped,—rendered comfortable and happy,—without ever "seeing the colour of our money," or of any money, but their own earnings; and the more certainly, the more thoroughly they understand that we lose nothing by them. For instance, one excellent method of charity—properly so called—is rendering the dwellings of

labourers fit for them to live in, on a paying plan. Model lodging-houses are good things in their way; and the better when they pay a good dividend to shareholders, because then the freedom between the occupiers and the owners is complete. Greater good still may be done by each of us who may have the means, or by groups of us, in the humbler way which has answered admirably wherever the plan has been carried out in a sensible way;—by improving existing dwellings. Where rows of cottages, or courts full of small dwellings, have been properly drained, ventilated, repaired, cleaned, arranged, and fitted up, with an enlightened regard to the health, comfort, convenience, moral habits, and independent feelings of the tenant, the plan has always proved a self-supporting, if not a profitable one. The case is the same with the eating-houses which are now spreading from Glasgow into various parts of the kingdom. My readers can enlarge for themselves the list of good charities which have no taint of almsgiving in them; and it will strike them what an impertinence it is, in such a case, to reckon up the income of a citizen, or of a neighbourhood, and to pass a censure for irreligion or inhumanity because the amount of almsgiving is apparently below the lowest mark,—of ten per cent.

"I always gave away in religion and charity ten per cent.," said one of the speakers in St. James's Hall, "though thirty-five years ago my income was only £75 a-year."

Any one of the censured neighbours of these supervisors of morals may have given away more or less than ten per cent. of his income;—if more, without any possibility of their knowing it; if less, with an excellent chance of having done almost as much real good as their most reckless subscribers have done harm;—which is saying a great deal.

I need say nothing here of schools; both because education never is, and never can be, regarded as on a level with charities which feed and clothe; and because it is generally admitted that schools in which the children pay are better, and answer better, than "charity-schools," commonly so-called. But there is one sort of institution on which a new light seems to be suddenly thrown which has struck me very much. Just at the time when the gentlemen in St. James's Hall were applying their united forces to obtain the utmost possible amount of alms from the public, for the benefit of charity in general, and as a good thing *per se*, a humble rural society was issuing a brief report, the effect of which is to show what great good may be done in every village in the kingdom, without any call for alms at all.

The most rigid purists in political economy have always, I believe, admitted hospitals and dispensaries to be proper objects of the charity of the community. While urging the duty of private charity, in the form of upholding the respectability of the independent labourer, in opposition to the public almsgiving by which funds are confided to irresponsible administrators, to the great damage of the spirit of society, the economists have always admitted that medical advice and surgical treatment should be provided by the public for the benefit of labourers disabled by accidents, or

by illnesses for which they could not have been prepared, and for which their means will not command the requisite treatment. We have all acquiesced in this, and have helped to support the County Infirmary, or the City Hospital or Dispensary nearest to our place of residence. By a movement, not of the economists but the neighbours and friends of the poor in two or three villages, we now see even some hospitals taken out of the short list of unexceptionable or inevitable charities, and placed firmly on a self-supporting basis. This is probably owing to the strong natural demand for the new institution.

Those of my readers who have lived for a shorter or longer time in a rural neighbourhood, have probably seen something of the distress and difficulty caused by any bad accident to a labouring man, or by a long illness in a small cottage. A poor fellow is reported to have fallen from the top of a rick, or to have got stabbed with a pitchfork, or to have tumbled when asleep from the shafts of his master's waggon, or to have been jammed against a gatepost, or to have received a slash from a scythe. A boy out bird-nesting has trusted to a rotten branch, and has been found lying groaning with a broken leg. A cottager's wife has scalded her arm on washing-day; or the baby has pulled over a bowl of hot water. I once saw a child who had been ferociously bitten in the cheek by a horse; and the mother's agitation about getting him to the Infirmary was a thing not to be forgotten. There is, at County Hospitals, a pretty regular and very large percentage of accidents by firearms. All over the kingdom, lovers or playmates are always saying, "I'll shoot you," believing the gun not to be loaded, but finding that it was loaded. The incessant repetition of this kind of accident is, like the mischief of riding upon the shaft of a waggon, something astonishing. Then, there is the bursting of bad guns, or a stray shot from an awkward sportsman. There are little explosions from blowing up wasps' or ants' nests. There are troubles from runaway horses, or angry bulls, and risks from bathing or sliding in or on deep ponds. Till now, the sufferers have had the alternative of being laid up in their own poor homes, where there is no room, nor convenience, nor quiet by day or night, or being carried to the County Hospital. In some parts of England there is a third plan for those who have, or fancy they have, broken a bone. These travel any number of miles, over hill and dale, over good roads or rough stony tracks, to "the bone-setter." I need not describe the journey, nor the effects of it on the tortured and fevered patient. In the best case,—that of immediate removal to the County Hospital,—the evil of the transit is very great. No one who has stood at the gate of an Infirmary on receiving-days, or when a casualty case is brought in, can have any doubt of the mischief and misery caused by the journey. In cases of disease it is a trial which the sick are ill able to bear to be separated from family and friends, and laid down among strangers to endure the days of pain and the sleepless nights they have to go through. It is not wonderful that country doctors everywhere

complain that there is no getting diseased or hurt people to go into hospital.

At last, the idea occurred to somebody, that every place large enough to have a resident doctor might have its own hospital; and within the last three or four years the experiment has been tried in several villages with such unmixed success and satisfaction to everybody, that there can be no rational doubt of the extension of the plan over the whole kingdom. The Report of the Cranley (Surrey) Village Hospital is before me, signed first by Mr. Bradshaw, the present Chairman of the London Farmers' Club.

After reading this Report, we know enough to see how to set about such a plan in our respective neighbourhoods. A house is taken which has room for six beds at least, which is in a healthy situation, and in wholesome condition, and near the doctor's abode. A woman is put into the house to keep it clean, and do the work of it. A trained nurse—one of Miss Nightingale's band, if possible—has the charge of the patients; and when there are none, she attends the women of the village in their lying-in, or in illness, on the payment of a certain fee. The hospital-patient pays a weekly sum, fixed, according to his circumstances, by his employer and the managers; and it does not appear that any difficulty is made about this. Probably it is on the whole an evident saving to the poor man to have his home relieved of the burden, and to have the cure so much accelerated as it is by the advantages of the hospital. The doctors are well pleased to have their most anxious patients close at hand, and under the most favourable conditions. It is a great change to the humane surgeon from having to ride far and wide, only to give orders which cannot or will not be obeyed, and to see the patients suffering from the noise of children, the intrusions of neighbours, the heat of the living-room, or the closeness of the bed-room, and from the miserable cookery of the cottage where the whole family has to live on nine or ten shillings a-week. Instead of this, the kind-hearted doctor finds his patient lying in quiet and comfort, duly physicked and daintily fed, under the charge of a qualified nurse, and of trustees, of whom the clergyman is always one. There is wine in the cellar, there are good things in the larder, bundles of old linen come in, and comforts for the bedridden; and the beds and easy-chairs are adapted for the treatment of broken limbs and the ease of the feeble frame. Wife or child may come in for a gossip at fixed times, and the only restraint is that they may not bring in food or drink without the doctor's leave. Kind ladies, with well-known faces, often look in: and all the news of the village, and some from London and Foreign parts, finds its way into the hospital. The place is far more cheerful and familiar than the great Infirmary, and far more comfortable than the home which has no accommodation for sickness. Is it not natural that such an institution should succeed? and will it not be strange if it does not spring up all over the country? At Cranley, there were 23 admissions the first year (1859), and as many the next: and the number increased to 30 in 1861, nearly the whole being cases which could not

have been properly treated in the homes of the patients.

Here there is no almsgiving, unless it be in the first instance, to open the house. The affair would cut no figure at all on the platform in St. James's Hall, where the speakers, who blow a trumpet before one another, would frown on such a trumpery amount of almsgiving; but to those whose care is for the welfare of their neighbour, the institution is valuable, for the very reason that the good it does is unconnected with almsgiving. The patients and their families are benefited without any danger to their independence, or any loss of self-respect.

This is a single illustration of the best principle and method of charity, as the St. James's Hall speakers are of the worst. There is probably no place and no time in which every one may not find opportunity for true charity, while there is no place or time in which we ought to admit the intrusion of self-appointed censors on our duty to our neighbour. I trust there will be no response to any man or group of men who may lay down the law about how much of our incomes we ought to bestow in alms. I will only add, that at times when, as at present, we are compelled to give alms to an unusual amount, we should be doubly careful not to neglect the higher kinds of charity in which the expenditure is of something better than money.

FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

THE DEAD MAN'S HAND.

I WAS looking over some old family papers in my library one cold winter's night, some years ago, when I met with the following strange story. I well remember the circumstance, for it was the last night of the old year, and there was a deep snow on the ground. After a snug dinner in the library, all alone, I had the fire made up, put my feet on the fender, and was fast going off into a doze, when I remembered that I had left unfinished a box of old family papers which my lawyer had brought up for my inspection a week ago. I drew the tin box well up on to the hearth-rug, made a dive, and fetched up a packet of yellow papers tied up with red tape. Expecting some old deed or other, I was somewhat surprised when my eye fell on the following words: "The Dead Man's Hand; or, Truth is Stranger than Fiction."

I have since ascertained that the papers in question were the property of my grandfather, who was a barrister. I believe he had a large practice at the bar, before he retired on coming into the property. The only other fact I know about him is, that the place is still shown in the ha-ha, where, after a hard run with the Downshire hounds, he was thrown from his horse and carried home to rise no more.

The "Dead Man's Hand" was not a lively subject on a dark December night, with two feet of snow on the ground, and the winter wind howling wildly through the elm trees, and dying away in a sullen roar in the distant chase. However, I snuffed the candles, stirred up the fire, which cast a ruddy glow into the dark corner where the old book-case stands, and read as follows:—

Truth is indeed stranger than fiction. Some years ago I was engaged in a very singular case, the leading points of which I will endeavour to recall. I remember it made a deep impression on me at the time; and, even now, some of the circumstances and persons come to my memory painfully distinct. The face of one old woman often haunts me—there—I see her now, in the witness-box, haggard and withered as a witch; a malevolent smile playing round her face, and her eye—what an evil eye it was—gleaming with a wild light: the whole countenance indicative of suppressed cunning. I was a young man then, and had not at that time met with the success which afterwards fell to my lot. Briefs, in those days, were godsend indeed. I remember very well, that I had sat all day in my dull lonely chambers, and my small boy, dignified with the name of clerk, had sat all day in his duller and lonelier room, when creak, creak, creak, came a footstep on the old stairs. Few steps ever got past the second floor, so I listened anxiously at that critical juncture—yes—no—yes, on it came past the capacious maw of Mr. Deedes, that eminent conveyancer, whose table is covered with hundred-guinea abstracts and twenty-guinea settlements.

Rat-tat-tat came the knock at the door; off rushed the clerk, in such a hurry that he upset the ink over my "Reports," for which he was threatened with instant dismissal on the next provocation, my wrath being only appeased by the extremity of penitence and humility to which he was thereby reduced. I believe we should really have parted shortly afterwards, when I caught the young scamp in my wig and gown, pantomiming out of the back window, had I not remembered his wretched home in Scragg's Court, Fetter Lane, and his mother, who plaintively said, she was "a lone, lorn widder with thirteen childer."

But this by the way. My quick ear caught the word "Brief," uttered by a strange voice in the passage, and I waited in some anxiety, apparently plunged in a mass of papers—Viner's Abridgment, the Statutes at Large, and other works of the same light nature, forming a sort of breastwork round me. My clerk, who seemed suddenly to have increased in height and self-importance, and to be a clerk in large practice, inquired in a sufficiently loud voice, if I could see Mr. — from Messrs. —, a large and wealthy firm—their very names made my mouth water—or should he wait till, &c. &c.

The attorney's clerk was shown in. Why had he wanted to see me, for he had nothing to say, his only observation being about the hour of consultation? I know that attorney's clerk saw in a moment the amount of my business to a T, and I was glad when he was gone. The brief was large and the fee a heavy one; and my leader was Mr. Serjeant Wasp. Why and how had it been given to me? Had Messrs. — & — observed my indefatigable manner in court—of doing nothing? or was legal success written in my countenance?

But I was too anxious for much speculation, and lightly laying to my soul the flattering unction that I certainly deserved it, wherever it came from, unfolded it.

Brief for plaintiff. It was an action of ejectment, and there was, of course, the usual fictitious personage, John Doe; but the substantial plaintiff was a certain Reverend John Miller, and he sued to obtain possession of certain estates in C—shire, now in the occupation of Lady Woodlands, widow of Sir Harry Woodlands, of Woodlands, &c., baronet. The whole question turns upon the will made by the late Sir Harry Woodlands, in favour of the Reverend John Miller, leaving him sole devisee of all his estates, to the entire exclusion of his widow, Lady Woodlands, and her two daughters. The defendants dispute the will, but do not, we believe, intend to call witnesses. Of the three attesting witnesses, two are dead (curiously soon!), but the third, Sarah Varley, will prove testator's signature, and that it was executed the day before the testator died. Such was the substance of my instructions. Turning to the "Landed Gentry," I found "Woodlands, Sir Harry, of the Woodlands and Fairlawns, C—shire, baronet, high-sheriff, 17—." Folding up my brief, I found on the back "Consultation at Serjeant Wasp's chambers on Thursday next, at one." On that day and hour, punctual to a minute, I knocked at the chambers of Serjeant Wasp, was admitted, and on the Serjeant's looking up, I ventured to remark:

"Miller v. Woodlands, consultation to-day, sir, at one," pulling out my watch to point the observation.

"Ah," said the Serjeant, rising and slowly rubbing his hands together. "Good morning, Mr.—Mr.—"

I hastened so supply my name, which he repeated slowly.

"Ah!" he continued in a kindlier tone, as if thawing from a legal frost into every-day life. "Mr. B—; any relation to Mr. B— of Downshire?"

I intimated I was his son.

"Dear me!" said the Serjeant, shaking me by the hand, a genial smile lighting up his face—the frost seemed entirely gone—"dear me! Your father's a very old friend of mine—havn't seen him for these ten years—at college together—lived together on same staircase in Pump Court. Ah! he hadn't come into his property then. I remember once—"

And then followed a story of other days, which lasted a quarter of an hour at least, during all which time he seemed to exhale warmth and summer. During this time I thought, "Could the great Serjeant have given me a helping hand, and mentioned me as a deserving junior?" No! it was ridiculous.

When the story was over I again suggested "Miller v. Woodlands."

"Ah! I know," said he. "Great will case at C— assizes. Let me see, to-day's Thursday; come on about next Wednesday; go down Tuesday—come to my chambers on Tuesday evening at eight—consultation with our side. Good morning, Mr. B—; remember me to your father. Dear me, how time flies!" said the Serjeant, once more turning to his papers. The summer phase was past, and he seemed again frozen up into a

kind of legal iceberg. So ended my consultation with Serjeant Wasp.

The following is from my diary:—

"C—, Tuesday, March 21st, 17—.—Just back from the consultation—great excitement about this will case—the Woodlands family known and much respected about here—great sympathy expressed for Lady Woodlands. I am told the estate has been in the family three hundred years. What was the motive of Sir Harry in cutting them off? No evidence of his having ever had a quarrel with Lady W.—very odd! That's not my business; ours won't be the popular side to-morrow. By-the-bye, the Serjeant calculated quite correctly about the case coming on to-morrow. Lady W., has got Vizzard, Q. C., the leader of the circuit, against us, and Slimy for junior. The Rev. John Miller came to the consultation to-night—large stout man with small eyes. I don't like him, and found a difficulty in being polite to him—says he was at college with the late Sir Harry—pities Lady W.; offered a compromise, which was resolutely declined. N.B. I don't believe a word of it.

"Wednesday, March 22nd.—Plaintiff's case over—crowded court—Lady W. sat it out. I am afraid she hasn't a ghost of a chance. By the way, she looked more like a ghost than a living being—the case was quite straightforward—I opened the pleadings—the Serjeant made a masterly speech—the will was then put in—Sarah Varley, the only one of the three attesting witnesses living (the deaths of the other two witnesses is a *curious* circumstance, but their deaths were proved in the regular way), was called to prove the will; an ugly old woman and very deaf: she swore positively that Sir Harry, before signing the will, expressed his entire satisfaction at it when it was read over to him. In cross-examination, she was so deaf that Vizzard sat down discomfited. The Serjeant summed up his case, and the court then adjourned.

"Thursday, March 23rd.—The case is over. The defendants called no witnesses. Vizzard's speech very eloquent—about three hours. The judge summed up briefly, and the result was a verdict for plaintiff. There was a suppressed groan when the verdict was given. Lady W. had fainted.

"Friday, March 24th.—My head swims, my hand shakes as I write, and I am hardly conscious of my own identity. I have just returned from the strangest scene. On leaving the court this afternoon, where I was conducting a small case, my sleeve was pulled by a tall woman, who asked to speak a few words with me. I stepped aside into an archway, and she said, hurriedly, 'Sarah Varley is dying. She sent me to find Mr. D—, the attorney. I can't find him. She says she would see you—she has something most important to say—some secret. Come quickly, or she'll be dead.' Overcome by the woman's eagerness I followed her, and we passed through several back streets and courts, until she stopped at a door in a dirty court. The woman pointed to an upper window, where a candle flickered and flared, and we passed up a creaking narrow stair. Sarah Varley was lying on a low bed in the corner. She was haggard and ghastly; there was a bottle near

her with a label, and I knew at once she had poisoned herself. She was apparently asleep—what if she were dead? What had she to confess? My fears were momentary, for I found a doctor had just left, who gave slight hopes of her recovering from the large dose of poison she had swallowed. The other woman took up the candle and threw a yellow glare on the sleeper, saying, 'She's a bit mithering at times, sir; don't mind that, she'll soon come to.' In a few minutes Sarah Varley began to speak in broken sentences: 'Money—more! more! Dead men tell no tales.—ha! ha!' She laughed hideously; then she woke up with a start, and fell back exhausted. After a few minutes the other woman said, 'Here's the gentleman you wanted to see, Sarah, that you wanted to tell something to.' Sarah Varley turned her eyes towards me, and said, faintly, 'Quick, I'm dying!—lower, lower,' pulling me convulsively by the arm. I bent down, and she whispered in my ear, 'He was dead, quite dead; that man tempted me with money, more than I had ever seen before. He put the pen in his hand,—it was cold, quite cold, and he signed the paper.' Horrified, I exclaimed, 'Tell me, as you're a dying woman, who signed the will?' She replied slowly and distinctly. 'Mr. Miller; he signed with the dead man's hand,' and then she said, wandering, 'Money! more money!—I will have more!' I made another effort. 'I adjure you, Sarah Varley, as you're a dying woman, is this true?' She raised herself with an effort, and said, eagerly, 'It is! it is! I swear it, so—so help—hel—' Her head fell back—she was dead."

J. A.

ANGLO-INDIA FROM A FRENCH POINT OF VIEW.

A FRENCH NOVEL.—"LA GUERRE DU NIZAM."

PAR MERY.

FEW readers of fiction will deny that, in spite of the grave objections to be urged against French novels, there is an animation and interest in them which the English lack. The descendants of the old *Trouvères* still tell a story with inimitable grace and vivacity; perhaps because, like their romance-weaving ancestors, they are sublimely indifferent to consistency, and to geographical and national realities. Our English novelists are hampered by an innate truthfulness which struggles even with fiction. They cannot endure incorrectness of manners or national habits; they are also checked by the travelled knowledge of their readers. Not so the *Trouvère*, who writes in this nineteenth century. To his readers—generally untravelled—Paris is the world, French nature the only human nature.

Like our next-door neighbours in London, our near neighbours of France know very little about us. They visit us, trade with us, fight beside us, and yet prove by their writings that they see England and the English through a thick veil of misconception. The writers most friendly to us blunder about our "ways" as amusingly as those who bear the strongest prejudice against us.

We have just finished a tale by Monsieur Mery, the hero of which, a perfect *preux chevalier*, is an Englishman; and there is scarce anything more

entertainingly unlike and unreal, than himself, and the events which display his character.

Hear from Monsieur Mery what Anglo-Indian life is, and how Englishmen act in the far East.*

The tale begins with an animated description of a ball at *Smyrna*! given in celebration of the next-day nuptials of a certain Colonel Douglas, who is an officer in the East India Company's service; and "the real, though not the titular" commander of the English army in India. This gentleman was affianced by the late Lord Byron to a beautiful Greek child whom the poet had adopted, and is bound to marry her or pay 12,000 livres as her marriage portion. Having been engaged in a mysterious war in the Nizam with the Thugs, he is sent for to Whitehall, to explain to the Prime Minister the true circumstances of the affair; is intercepted at *Smyrna* by the guardian of *Amalia* (the Greek), and called on to fulfil his engagement. Now, meantime, poor Colonel Douglas has fallen in love with a "Bramahnesse" as she is called, i.e., a Hindoo lady, the daughter of a rich trader in diamonds, and the young Greek has given her heart to a very elegant and melancholy young Pole, who is in exile at *Smyrna*. Nevertheless, neither makes any open objection to the *mariage de convenance* forced on them by the English minister, and the ball is at its height, and the civil contract of marriage to be signed before the consul the next day, when a steamer arrives from England bringing the celebrated Sir Edward Klerbbs, who breaks up the festivities with most admired disorder, by summoning Colonel Douglas (by order of Whitehall again!) to return without an hour's delay to the Nizam, the war having broken out afresh. *Amalia's* guardian, Mr. Tower, a clerk in the Foreign Office, is of course compelled to yield to the orders of his Government, but obliges Colonel Douglas to place the forfeited dowry in a banker's hands for the benefit of his ward. The only person who objects to his departure is a certain young French widow, a Comtesse Octavie de Verzon, who being herself in love with Count Elona, the Pole, is anxious to see a formidable rival removed by the marriage of *Amalia*. But she tries anger and cajoleries alternately in vain, and sees the gentlemen depart, vowing an eternal hatred to Sir Edward Klerbbs. Meantime Count Elona (unable to bear the expected spectacle of *Amalia's* nuptials) has begged a passage in the same vessel, and the three heroes of the tale depart for India together.

We have said the three heroes, but the hero *par excellence* is undoubtedly Sir Edward Klerbbs, who is evidently the beau ideal of an Englishman in a French imagination. Although he is a "dandy of Kensington Gardens," he is possessed by a mania for travelling amongst savage nations and exploring unknown lands, so he abandons his noble mansion in Bond Street—which to English ears does not appear so great a sacrifice—to wander in India, and engage in amateur warfare in company with his friend Douglas. He is imperturbably cool, brave, and careless of peril; ruling everyone around him, and always "master of the situation." This gallant Englishman has a faithful attendant, equally wonderful in his way—a Hindoo, whose

* "La Guerre du Nizam." Par M. Mery.

subtlety and powers of disguising himself are something akin to magic. We are told, as to the relations between master and man, that :

Sir Edward and Nizam were so accustomed to live together and think together, that they could have dispensed with the aid of language in communicating their ideas to each other. They had *raised themselves by efforts of marvellous perspicacity to the height of intelligence of the great Indian quadrupeds!* which in moments of danger act with an admirable concert without requiring the letters of the alphabet. Even signs, the language of the dumb, were suppressed between them.

Of course Nizam, or Tauly, as he is called, is the good genius of the tale. He is a constant spy on the Thugs, from whose machinations he eventually delivers his master and his allies. These Thugs are by no means the secret society of thieves who used to strangle unsuspecting travellers for their gold, and were under a vow to attack no European, because of the risk of discovery (a breach of which vow led to their detection), but an *army of fanatics*, headed by a chief called the "Vieux Sing," and sworn to destroy the English invaders of their country. They always attacked the English at night (hence M. Mery styles them *Fantômes de nuit*). They strangled their foes with their arms and hands, as well as with the noose, and the combats which took place between them and the English were studiously concealed and kept secret—everybody being assured that there were no longer any Thugs, at the very time that nightly encounters were taking place between them and the Sepoys.

We will relate the first of these combats as a specimen of a most singular style of warfare unknown to our own Indian experience, translating (with occasional abbreviations) from M. Mery.

A ladder of rope was fastened to the balcony—[the English gentlemen are quartered in the house of an Indian nabob]—Douglas and Sir Edward descended with the *promptitude and audacity of men accustomed to climb to the summits of palm trees* or the masts of vessels. Everywhere the high grass deadened the sound of their footsteps After two hours of furious walking they stopped on the borders of a lake skirting a forest.

"The Star of Leby has not risen on Mount Lérich," said he to Edward. "The Thugs are still in their caves. The Thugs march only by the light of that star."

He glanced round the country, solemnly lighted by the great Indian constellations, and said :

"My orders have been executed ; Captain Moss is yonder. This palm tree, partly stripped of its leaves, tells me so ; the palms are our telegraphs. We choose always the most lofty."

The old pagoda of Miesour exhibits its honours on the borders of this lake. It is a hill of ruins, the stones of which are veiled with moss, *broom*, and aloes ; at intervals gigantic heads of Indian gods rise from the herbage preserving still beneath the stars the hideous stillness given them by the Mahratta architect of Aurengezebe This awful spot is often enlivened by black tigers, who seek a pedestal of their own colour and extend themselves on it like a sphynx. . . . In this war," said the Colonel, in a whisper, "everything serves as a signal. The wild beasts even are our assistants. Your eyes are excellent, Edward ; you have a cat-like percep-

tion of the mysteries of the night. Look earnestly at those ruins ; what do you behold there ?"

Sir Edward, with the *nonchalance* of his character, declares that he sees fine ruins in the style of a Japanese temple, and starts off into a disquisition on Oriental architecture, which would be signally out of place, if it did not prove how utterly indifferent the brave Englishman is to Thugs and tigers. Colonel Douglas interrupts him with very pardonable impatience, and directing his attention more closely to the ruins, he perceives a tiger, "making his evening toilette," which, after admiring, Sir Edward proposes to shoot.

"Beware of doing so !" replied his friend. "That tiger is my spy."

"Ah ! that is fabulous."

"Wait, and you will see."

The tiger continued his toilette with a care of detail and a *débonnaire* composure which proved a conscience void of offence. . . . Suddenly he shuddered the whole length of his body, and sparks darted from his fur. The caressing paw with which he was smoothing his coat stopped suddenly over his right eye. His ears bent down to his temples ; his open nostrils sniffed the breeze ; a booming noise was heard, prolonged and dull like the sound of an organ, the keys of which are stirred by a storm at night. If the ruins had trembled under the sudden eruption of a volcano, the tiger could not have been more startled. He rose, bounded over the ruins, and disappeared in the wood.

"Let us advance now," said the Colonel. "Captain Moss is arriving from the other side."

"Let us advance," said Edward.

A strange spectacle soon fixed the attention of Edward. All along the crevices of the ruins, the tops of the tall grass trembled, as if shaken by an invasion of reptiles—an army of boas. . . . Several detachments of Sepoys were arriving in the ruins of the pagoda. At their head *crawled* Captain Moss, a young man of twenty-two, already grown old in this war, and who had twice escaped the noose of the Thugs by gliding through their hands like a slippery snake. From this moment words, whispers, even gestures were forbidden. Nevertheless the troop acted in concert wonderfully. Each soldier divined the order of his chief, or followed the sudden and infallible inspiration which fell from heaven upon the head of all.

This marvellous unity of thought impels the Sepoys to range themselves in two ranks on the earth on their faces, leaving a lane between their crouching forms, which are concealed by the high grass. At the rising of the star Leby—which was not, we confess, in our Indian astronomy—the Thugs issue from their caves, and advance towards the ruined pagoda, led by a fakir called Souniacy—a hideous savage, a skeleton in form, with waving black locks (the other Thugs are *bald skeletons*) and a long white beard—

Though the splendour of his eyes, the angular vigour of his temples, the convulsive agitation of his nostrils and the muscles of his throat, belied the colour of his beard, and betrayed the young man in his full strength.

His forehead and arms were painted with white bands, and he was altogether a most grotesque and unsightly devotee. He, alone, walked erect ;

"the formidable pack of Thugs rolling along through the grass like reptiles led by a phantom.

As soon as the fakir "smells the breath of an

Englishman," he becomes a reptile in his turn. From that moment nothing is to be seen but grass; but the Colonel, Edward, and the soldiers, have soon very unpleasant warning of the approach of the unseen enemy.

The wild beasts, surprised by this living torrent overflowing their domains, bounded with furious springs across the herbage to escape from their tremendous enemies. The tigers, springing in prodigious leaps, in a fit of mad fear, cleared at a bound the soldiers of the ambuscade, and they—preserving their ranks motionless—reached the sublime of heroism, placed as they were between the claws of tigers and the gripe of men in the darkness of night and of the woods.

The moment had now arrived when the torrent of Thugs entered—as one may say—the river's bed, the two banks of which were formed by the soldiers of Douglas.

A sharp hiss resounded in the solitude, and was repeated twenty times by the echoes of the lake and the ruins. Three hundred men, armed with pistol and poignard, rose at this signal of their colonel. The Thugs sprang up also, uttering unearthly yells, which appeared to rise from the centre of a volcano, and a fierce struggle began which had not even the stars for witnesses; for the thick foliage of the forest floated above their heads, and the field of battle, bristling with spectres, resembled that dark cavern which is the vestibule of Hell.

The Thugs who escaped the first shock of this attack rushed desperately on their enemies to stifle them in a close embrace; to crunch their skulls with their serpents' teeth, and to drink a little of their blood before dying; for the Thugs have not degenerated from the primitive races of India. Old Bengal has not yet enervated their souls or bodies. They are worthy sons of the giants, who overthrew and crumbled mountains, and made of them a ladder between the depths and heaven. Their arms, cast round the necks of their enemies, pressed the flesh as with fetters of bronze, and their victims, struggling in a convulsive agony, felt a hot, savage breath in their face, and beheld the monstrous grin of the demons who thus fatally caressed them. In the midst of this whirlwind of infernal combats, Edward and Douglas, exercised from infancy in feats of strength, address, and agility, never missed a blow of their *robust fists*, or of their poignards; the monsters fell before them, and those who arose fell again to rise no more. This horrible work of destruction was accomplished in a dull silence, unbroken even by the groans of the dying.

A single voice, a single cry resounded beneath the leafy vaults; a cry strange and even terrible, and foreign to the voice of man. It was that of the fakir Souniacy, who thus gave religious exhortation to his fanatic stranglers. When the Thugs (for a moment discouraged) heard his voice, they ground their *cannibal's teeth*, stiffened their iron forms, spread their huge arms, shook their black tresses, and rushed with fresh fury on the enemy. Those who, pierced by a dagger, rolled on the grass like writhing serpents, revived at the fakir's voice; and *galvanised and blood-stained corpses* clung to the feet of the soldiers and gave up their last breath tearing with their teeth the live flesh of their foes. Suddenly the voice of the fakir ceased. Then it was heard afar off, plaintive and agonised; it seemed as if the sound issued from a sepulchre on the borders of the wood. The Thugs replied by a long cry of despair; and as if the incomprehensible desertion of their fakir had suddenly deprived them of all their courage, they fled with inconceivable swiftness in the direction taken by Souniacy.

Surely this picture of Indian warfare is sufficient

to discourage most candidates for Indian competitive examinations!

Douglas and Edward keep this horrible fight a profound secret, and appear at the Nabob's breakfast table as fresh and *débonnaire* as if just emerged from the fabulous "Bond Street" of the tale. The Colonel—whose inopportune recall to India was a *ruse* devised by himself, and aided by his friend (though it had proved an unconscious prophecy, so far as the Thugs were concerned)—has meantime been wooing the Nabob's daughter, Miss Arinda, who, having been educated in Sir William Bentinck's house, unites the charms of a Hindoo damsel to the graces of a young lady of European civilisation. Sir Edward is delighted at this attachment, as he entertains the very un-English conviction that our worn-out British race is to acquire new life and vigour by intermarrying with the Bengalese! Miss Arinda accepts Colonel Douglas's proposal, and they are to be married in a few weeks, Sir Edward having discovered that Count Elona is in love with the Greek Amalia, which relieves them of all uneasiness on her account. Apropos of which discovery Sir Edward observes:

At length these difficulties are clearing; a son of unhappy Poland, a daughter of unhappy Greece, two orphans of two glorious wars. . . . It was an inevitable and most natural love. . . . It is only *diplomats* who arrange impossible marriages. . . . Love is wiser than Lord Palmerston, though the noble lord calls himself *Cupid*!

and in this story is so remarkable a match-maker.

Colonel Douglas offers the gift of a pearl ornament to his betrothed in these words:

"One ought always to offer gifts of little value to the rich."

Miss Arinda's papa, be it remembered, deals in diamonds.

"Nevertheless this jewel has more than its apparent value; add to it my love! It was I who dived for these pearls in the Sea of Ceylon! I gave them to Hamlet, the king of London jewellers, who would refuse the throne of Denmark occupied by those shadows his ancestors, if it were offered him; and he put his heart in the work. . . . He has engraved on the *agrafe*, which is large as a Bengali eye, his signature, HAMLET, surmounted by the touching words addressed by the Prince of Denmark to Ophelia."

Really the heroes of chivalry sink into nothing beside these Indian officers who fight in such awful contests by night, laugh at the idea of a Thug by day, and dive for their own pearls! The formerly fashionable jeweller, also, is as mystic and sentimental as his "shadowy ancestors."

But Colonel Douglas is not to have it all his own way. The Countess Octavie—irritated by the scandal which ensued after his abrupt departure from Smyrna—writes the whole particulars of the event, and of Amalia's disgrace in consequence, to the "Foreign Office." The Minister is very justly angry, and writes to Colonel Douglas, ordering him either to marry Amalia at once, or

Give up his epaulettes to Captain Moss, and quit the profession.

In order that it may be possible for him to fulfil this command, Mr. Tower is ordered to take

Amalia to India, and Countess Octavie accompanies them. All this intelligence is conveyed to Colonel Douglas by a letter from that fascinating marplot the Countess Octavie herself, who is fully bent on achieving the marriage. Colonel Douglas is in despair, but the indomitable Sir Edward again comes to the rescue. He sends Count Elona to Roujah—wherever that place may be!—to meet and detain Mr. Tower and his fair companions; requesting the guardian to remain there for a fortnight, at the end of which time Douglas will be ready to fulfil his engagement. Countess Octavie is not, however, to be deceived by pretexts or delays; she determines to set out for Nerbuddah herself, and discover at once the reason of this singular request, and she hires the ubiquitous Taully or Nizam to conduct her thither. This faithful servant—who in the heat of the late action had carried off and made prisoner the fakir Souniacy, which accounts for his miraculous disappearance—understanding from a soliloquy of the Countess that she is the enemy of Sir Edward, and that her arrival at Nerbuddah will counteract some of his master's schemes, leads her into the middle of a forest, and there leaves her in a reservoir for rice. After three hours of solitude, Sir Edward, informed by his servant of her position, flies to her rescue, and remains to guard her from tigers during the night. We have then a picture of a tiger pater-familias entertaining himself by sporting with his little ones and Madame Tiger in the moonlight. Scenting his human prey, however, the creature endeavours to climb the ladder leading to the rice-loft, and Sir Edward shoots him. He thus saves the Countess Octavie's life, and behaves with so much chivalrous courtesy, that the feud between them promises to be brought to a conclusion. But other complications shortly afterwards happen, into which we have not space to enter. Mr. Tower, as a specimen of the Scot, deserves some notice. He is a diplomatic fop, divided between "routine" and self-love, and fancies every woman he sees in love with him. This impression is played on by his companions, and in reply to a compliment from Octavie, on his complexion, he answers:

"My father was Scotch, madame; my complexion is hereditary. I could show you in my little dwelling in *Bond Street* the portraits of my father and grandfather. At sixty years of age they had the faces of cherubim. You know, madame, my grandfather was one of the most admired men in Scotland. There were thoughts of making a *royal page* of him. His Christian name was Valentine; Sir Walter Scott clearly indicated him in the *Fair Maid of Perth*. In London they talked of nobody but Valentine Tower. George IV. wished to see him, and he was presented at *Hampton Court*. At sixty-five he bet a hundred pounds that he would climb to the top of Arthur's Seat and *write his name there*. It happened to be Valentine's Day—a great festival in Edinburgh as you are aware! He gained his wager, but committing the imprudence of drinking some iced water afterwards, was seized with pleurisy, and died in two days. One may say all Edinburgh mourned for Valentine Tower."

A most imprudent old gentleman, we must confess, who, to achieve such a perfectly English feat as cutting his name on the rock could undertake such an adventure, and add to it the insanity of drinking iced water during February!

Meantime the story goes briskly on; the Thugs take Count Elona and some Sepoys prisoners, and are about to sacrifice the Pole to the Goddess Deira, whose awful cave-temple is well described, when Taully, speaking from the idols (disguised as one himself), forbids the deed and releases the prisoner. A final battle with the Thugs takes place, in which the English are victors, and the "Vieux Sing" is made prisoner. They imprison him in the Nabob's house at Nerbuddah. One thing which is very amusing throughout the book is the exceeding paucity of English soldiers and commanders in the Nizam. Colonel Douglas has only a captain and lieutenant with their men at his command,—a deficiency for which he confidentially blames the English minister to Taully. Indeed, the English can scarcely be supposed by our neighbours to be very abundant in India, as Miss Arinda for guests at her *bal de nocces* enumerates only—"a Dutch family of three daughters and two sons; a Portuguese family of ten persons; an English family of Clarke, and an American Quaker family called Wallis." Moreover, when introduced to Amalia and the Countess, she thinks them beautiful, but *too white*."

During a ball (with which the book concludes, as it began), the Thugs make a final attack on the English, having undermined the Nabob's house, and entered by the opening they have thus effected. However, Sir Edward, warned of danger by Taully, has posted soldiers outside, who, on the first alarm, are admitted, and succeed in overcoming their insidious foes, and in killing the "Vieux Sing," whom the Thugs had released during the fearful struggle in the interior of the mansion. Sir Edward meantime places the Countess Octavie in a secure corner, and stands beside her to defend her, "for her sake" refraining from mingling in the fight. This grand act of self-denial wins her, and the volume closes with the approaching marriages of Col. Douglas and Miss Arinda, Count Elona and Amalia, Sir Edward and Octavie.

Wild and strange as is this tale, and singular as are the notions it betrays of English life in India, it is well written, animated, and quite free from the slightest shadow of those objections generally made to French novels. Certainly, Colonel Douglas and Sir Edward are deficient in that high sense of truthfulness which an English soldier would be dishonoured if he were not believed to possess, both in their conduct towards Amalia and in their singular denials of the existence of Thugs, but they are evidently intended by the friendly Monsieur Mery as the ideal of chivalrous gentlemen, and the exceedingly high opinion of the English thus incidentally betrayed is most flattering to our national vanity.

The strange notions of English life in India, the revelation of the idea which the French form of us, and the great animation and interest of the story, setting apart its improbability, make "La Guerre du Nizam" quite worth the perusal of English novel-readers.

If Sir Edward Klerbbs embodies the European notion of an Englishman, with all his faults and eccentricities, we do not wonder that the crowns of Europe, when vacant, are laid at the feet of England's sons.

ELEANOR'S VICTORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AURORA FLOYD," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET." &c.



CHAPTER VII. SUSPENSE.

ELEANOR VANE and the scene-painter stood upon the bridge looking at each other for a few moments after Richard's cry of mingled terror and astonishment.

Had not Eleanor's mind been entirely absorbed by one cruel anxiety, she would have wondered at her old friend's strange greeting. As it was, she took no heed of his manner. The shadows of the summer night were gathering over the city

and upon the quiet river; the towers of Notre Dame loomed dimly through the twilight.

"Oh, Richard!" Eleanor cried, "I have been so unhappy. Papa didn't come home all last night, nor yet to-day. I waited for him hour after hour until late in the afternoon; and then the house seemed unbearable; I *couldn't* stay in any longer, and I came out to look for him. I have been far up on the Boulevard where I parted with him last night, and all the way along the crowded streets

about there : and then through other streets, till I found myself down here by the water, and I'm so tired. Oh, Dick, Dick, how unkind of papa not to come home. How unkind of my darling father to give me this misery."

She clasped her hands convulsively upon her companion's arm, and bending her head, burst into tears. Those tears were the first which she had shed in all her trouble ; the first relief after long hours of agonising suspense, of weary watching.

"Oh, how can papa treat me so?" she cried, amid her sobbing. "How can he treat me so?"

Then, suddenly raising her head, she looked at Richard Thornton, her clear grey eyes dilated with a wild terror, which gave her face a strange and awful beauty.

"Richard!" she cried; "Richard! you don't think that there—that there is—anything wrong—that anything has happened to my father?"

She did not wait for him to answer, but cried out directly, as if shrinking in terror from the awful suggestion in her own words:—

"What should happen to him? he is so well and strong, poor darling. If he is old, he is not like an old man, you know. The people of the house in the Rue de l'Archevêque have been very kind to me; they say I am quite foolish to be frightened, and they told me that papa stopped out all night once last summer. He went to Versailles to see some friends, and stayed away all night without giving any notice that he was going to do so. I know it's very silly of me to be so frightened, Richard. But I always was frightened at Chelsea if he stayed out. I used to fancy all sorts of things. I thought of all kinds of dreadful things last night, Dick, and to-day, until my fancies almost drove me mad."

During all this time the scene-painter had not spoken. He seemed utterly unable to offer any word of comfort to the poor girl who clung to him in her distress, looking to him for consolation and hope.

She looked wonderingly into his face, puzzled by his silence, which seemed unfeeling, and it was not like Richard to be unfeeling.

"Richard!" she cried, almost impatiently. "Richard, speak to me! You see how much misery I've suffered, and you don't say a word! You'll help me to find papa, won't you?"

The young man looked down at her. Heaven knows she would have seen no lack of tenderness or compassion in his face, if it had not been hidden by the gathering gloom of the August evening. He drew her hand through his arm, and led her away towards the other side of the water, leaving the black roof of the dead-house behind him.

"There is nothing I would not do to help you, Eleanor," he said, gently. "God knows my heart, my dear, and He knows how faithfully I will try to help you."

"And you will look for papa, Richard, if he should not come home to-night—he may be at home now, you know, and he may be angry with me for coming out alone, instead of waiting quietly at home till he returned; but if he should not come to-night, you'll look for him, won't you, Richard? You'll search all Paris till you find him?"

"I'll do everything that I could do for you if I

were your brother, Eleanor," the young man answered gravely; "there are times in our lives when nobody but God can help us, my dear, and when we must turn to Him. It's in the day of trouble that we want His help, Nelly."

"Yes, yes, I know. I prayed, last night, again, and again, and again, that papa might come back soon. I have been saying the same prayer all to-day, Richard; even just now, when you found me standing by the parapet of the bridge, I was praying for my dear father. I saw the church towers looking so grand and solemn in the twilight, and the sight of them made me remember how powerful God is, and that He can always grant our prayers."

"If it seems best and wisest in His sight, Nell."

"Yes, of course; sometimes we pray for foolish things, but there could be nothing foolish in wishing my darling father to come back to me. Where are you taking me, Dick?"

Eleanor stopped suddenly, and looked at her companion. She had need to ask the question, for Richard Thornton was leading her into a labyrinth of streets in the direction of the Luxembourg, and seemed to have very little notion whither he was going.

"This is not the way home, Richard," Eleanor said; "I don't know where we are, but we seem to be going further and further away from home. Will you take me back to the Rue de l'Archevêque, Dick? We must cross the river again, you know, to get there. I want to go home at once. Papa may have come home, and he'll be angry, perhaps, if he finds me absent. Take me home, Dick."

"I will, my dear. We'll cross the water further on, by the Louvre; and now tell me, Eleanor—I—I can't very well make inquiries about your father, unless I fully understand the circumstances under which you parted from him last night. How was it, my dear? What happened when Mr. Vane left you upon the Boulevard?"

They were walking in a broad, quiet street in which there were very few passers-by. The houses stood back behind ponderous gates, and were hidden by sheltering walls. The stately mansions between court and garden had rather a decayed aspect, which gave a certain dreariness to their grandeur. The fashionable world seemed to have deserted this quiet quarter for the leafy avenues leading away from the Champs Elysées.

Richard and Eleanor walked slowly along the broad footway. The stillness of the soft summer night had some effect upon the school-girl's fever of impatience. The grave, compassionate tones of her friend's voice soothed her. The burst of passionate weeping which had almost convulsed her slight frame half an hour before, had been an unspeakable relief to her. She clung to her companion's arm confidently, and walked patiently by his side, without questioning him as to where he was leading her, though she had a vague idea that he was not taking her homewards.

"I will not be foolish about papa," she said; "I will do as you tell me, Richard, I will trust in God. I am sure my dear father will return to me. We are so fond of each other; you know, Richard, we are all the world to each other; and my poor darling looks so hopefully forward to the

day in which he will have Mr. de Crespigny's fortune. I don't hope for that quite so much as papa does, Dick; for Mr. de Crespigny may live to be a very, very old man, and it seems so wicked to wish for any one's death. The day I look forward to is the day when I shall have finished my education, and be able to work for papa. That must be almost better than being rich, I should think, Dick. I can't imagine any happier fate than to work for those we love."

Her face brightened as she talked, and she turned to her companion, looking to him for sympathy; but Richard's head was averted, and he seemed to be staring absently at the houses upon the opposite side of the way.

He was silent for some moments after Eleanor had left off speaking; and then he said, rather abruptly:

"Tell me, my dear, how did you part with your father last night?"

"Why, we had been dining on the Boulevard; and after dinner, papa took me for a long walk, ever so far, past all the theatres, and he had promised to take me to the Ambigu or the Porte Saint Martin; but as we were coming back we met two gentlemen, friends of papa's, who stopped him and said they had an appointment with him, and persuaded him to go back with them."

"Back with them! Back where?"

"I mean back towards a big stone gateway we had passed a little time before. I only know they turned that way, but I don't know where they went. I stood and watched them till they were out of sight."

"And the two men, what were they like?"

"One of them was a little Frenchman, stout and rosy-faced, with a light moustache and beard like the Emperor's. He was smartly dressed, and had a cane, which he kept twirling when he talked to papa."

"Did you hear what he said?"

"No, he spoke in a low voice, and he talked French."

"But you speak French, Eleanor?"

"Yes, but not as they speak it here. The people seem to talk so fast here, it's quite difficult to understand them."

"But the other man, Nell, what was he like?"

"Oh, he was a disagreeable-looking man, and seemed to have a sulky manner, as if he was offended with papa for breaking his appointment, and didn't care how the matter ended. I scarcely saw his face, at least only for a moment, just long enough to see that he had black eyes, and a thick black moustache. He was tall, and shabbily dressed, and I fancied he was an Englishman, though he never once spoke."

"He never spoke! It was the Frenchman, then, who persuaded your father to go away with him?"

"Yes."

"And he seemed very anxious?"

"Oh, yes, very anxious."

Richard Thornton muttered something between his set teeth, something which sounded like a curse.

"Tell me one thing, Eleanor," he said. "Your poor father never was too well off, I know. He

could not be likely to have much money about him last night. Do you know if he had any?"

"Yes, he had a great deal of money."

"What do you mean by a great deal? A few pounds, I suppose?"

"Oh, much more than that," Eleanor answered. "He had a hundred pounds—a hundred pounds in new bank notes, French notes. It was the money my half-sister, Mrs. Bannister, had sent him, to pay for my education at Madame Marly's."

"Mrs. Bannister," said Richard, catching at the name. "Ah, to be sure, I remember now. Mrs. Bannister is your sister. She is very well off, is she not, and has been kind to you? If you were in any trouble, you would go to her, I suppose, Eleanor?"

"Go to her if I were in trouble! Oh, no, no, Dick, not for the world!"

"But why not? She has been kind to you, hasn't she, Nell?"

"Oh, yes, very kind in paying money for my education, and all that; but you know, Richard, there are some people who seem to do kind things in an unkind manner. If you knew the cruel letter that Mrs. Bannister wrote to papa—the cruel, humiliating things she said only a few days ago, you couldn't wonder that I don't like her."

"But she is your sister, Nell; your nearest relation."

"Except papa."

"And she ought to love you, and be kind to you. She lives at Bayswater, I think I've heard you say?"

"Yes, in Hyde Park Gardens."

"To be sure. Mrs. Bannister, Hyde Park Gardens, Bayswater."

He repeated the name and address, as if he wished to impress them upon his memory.

"I will take you home now, Nell," he said.

"My poor child, you must be tired to death."

"How can I think about being tired, Richard," exclaimed Eleanor, "when I am so anxious about papa? Oh, if I only find him at home, what happiness it will be!"

But she hung heavily upon her friend's arm, and Richard knew that she was very tired. She had been wandering about Paris for several hours, poor child, hither and thither, in the long, unfamiliar streets, following all sorts of unlikely people who looked in the distance something like her father; hoping again and again, only again and again to be disappointed.

They turned into a wider thoroughfare presently, and the scene-painter called the first hackney vehicle which passed him, and lifted Eleanor into it. She was almost fainting with fatigue and exhaustion.

"What have you had to eat to-day, Nell?" he asked.

She hesitated a little, as if she had forgotten what she had eaten, or indeed whether she had eaten at all.

"There was some coffee and a couple of rolls sent for papa this morning. He has his breakfast sent him from a *traiteur's*, you know. I had one of the rolls."

"And you've had nothing since?"

"No. How could I eat when I was so wretched about papa?"

Richard shook his head reproachfully.

"My darling Nell!" he said, "you promised me just now that you'd be a good girl, and trust in Providence. I shall take you somewhere and give you some supper, and then you must promise me to go home and get a good night's rest."

"I will do whatever you tell me, Richard," Eleanor answered, submissively, "but let me go home first, please, and see if papa has come back."

The scene-painter did not for a few moments reply to this request, but he answered presently in an abstracted tone.

"You shall do what you like, Nell."

He told the coachman to drive to the Rue de l'Archevêque, but he would not let Eleanor alight from the vehicle when they reached the corner of the street and the little butcher's shop, eager as she was to spring out and run into the house.

"Stay where you are, Nell," he said, authoritatively. "I will make all inquiries."

Eleanor obeyed him. She was enfeebled and exhausted by a weary night of watching, a long day of agitation and anxiety, and she was too weak to oppose her old friend. She looked hopelessly up at the open windows on the entresol. They were exactly as she had left them four or five hours ago. No glimmer of light gave friendly token that the rooms were occupied.

Richard Thornton talked to the butcher's wife for a long time, as it seemed to Eleanor, but he had very little to tell her when he came back to the carriage. Mr. Vane had not returned: that was all he said.

He took his companion to a café near the Madeleine, where he insisted upon her taking a large cup of coffee and a roll. It was all he could persuade her to take, and she begged to be allowed to sit at one of the tables outside the café.

She might see her father go by, she said, on his way to the Rue de l'Archevêque.

The two friends sat at a little iron table rather apart from the groups of animated loungers sitting at other tables drinking coffee and lemonade. But George Mowbray Vandeleur Vane did not pass that way throughout the half hour during which Eleanor lingered over her cup of coffee.

It was past ten o'clock when Richard Thornton bade her good night at the threshold of the little door beside the butcher's shop.

"You must promise me not to sit up to-night, Nelly," he said, as he shook hands with her.

"Yes, Richard."

"And mind you keep your promise this time. I will come and see you early to-morrow. God bless you my dear, and good night."

He pressed her hand tenderly. When she had closed the door behind her, he crossed the narrow street, and waited upon the other side of the way until he saw a light in one of the entresol windows. He watched while Eleanor came to this window and drew a dark curtain across it, and then he walked slowly away.

"God bless her, poor child," he murmured, in a low, compassionate voice, "poor lonely child!"

The grave thoughtfulness of his expression never changed as he walked homewards to the

Hôtel des Deux Mondes. Late as it was when he reached his chamber on the fifth storey, he seated himself at the table, and pushing aside his clay pipe and tobacco-pouch, his water-colours and brushes, his broken palettes and scraps of Bristol board, and all the litter of his day's work, he took a few sheets of foreign letter paper and a tiny bottle of ink from a shabby leather desk, and began to write.

He wrote two letters, both rather long, and folded, sealed, and addressed them.

One was directed to Mrs. Bannister, Hyde Park Gardens, Bayswater; the other to Signora Picirillo, the Pilasters, Dudley Street, Northumberland Square.

Richard Thornton put both these letters in his pocket and went out to post them.

"I think I have acted for the best," he muttered, as he went back to the hotel near the market-place; "I can do nothing more until to-morrow."

CHAPTER VIII. GOOD SAMARITANS.

GEORGE VANE did not come home. Eleanor kept the promise made to her faithful friend, and tried to sleep. She flung herself, dressed as she was, upon the little bed near the curtained alcove. She would thus be ready to run to her father, whenever he came in, she thought, to welcome and minister to him. She was thoroughly worn out, and she slept; a wretched slumber, broken by nightmares and horrible dreams, in which she saw her father assailed by all kinds of dangers, a prey to every manner of misfortune and vicissitude. Once she saw him standing on a horrible rock, menaced by a swiftly advancing tide, while she was in a boat only a few paces from him, as it seemed, doing battle with the black waves, and striving with all her might to reach and rescue him, but never able to do so.

In another dream he was wandering upon the crumbling verge of a precipice—he seemed a white haired, feeble, tottering old man in this vision—and again she was near him, but unable to give him warning of his danger, though a word would have done so. The agony of her endeavour to utter the one cry which would have called that idolised father from his death, awoke her.

But she had other dreams, dreams of quite a different character, in which her father was restored to her, rich and prosperous, and he and she were laughing merrily at all the foolish tortures she had inflicted upon herself; and other dreams again, which seemed so real that she fancied she must be awake; dreams in which she heard the welcome footsteps upon the stair, the opening of the door, and her father's voice in the next room calling to her.

These dreams were the worst of all. It was terrible to awake after many such delusions and find she had been again deluded. It was cruel to awake to the full sense of her loneliness, while the sound of the voice she had heard in her dream still lingered in her ears.

The dark hours of the short summer night seemed interminable to her in this wretched, bewildered, half-sleeping, half-waking state; far longer than they had appeared when she sat up

watching for her father's return. Every fresh dream was a slow agony of terror and perplexity.

At last the grey daylight stole in through the half-closed shutters, the vague outlines of the furniture grew out of the darkness, duskiy impalpable and ghastly at first, then sharp and distinct in the cold morning light. She could not rest any longer; she got up and went to the window; she pushed the sash open, and sank down on her knees with her forehead resting on the window sill.

"I will wait for him here," she thought. "I shall hear his step in the street. Poor dear, poor dear, I can guess why he stays away. He has spent that odious money, and does not like to return and tell me so. My darling father, do you know me so little as to think that I would grudge you the last farthing I had in the world, if you wanted it?"

Her thoughts rambled on in strange confusion until they grew bewildering, her brain became dizzy with perpetual repetitions of the same idea; when she lifted her head—her poor, weary, burning, heavy head, which seemed a leaden weight that it was almost impossible to raise—and looked from the window, the street below reeled beneath her eyes, the floor upon which she knelt seemed sinking with her into some deep gulf of blackness and horror; a thousand conflicting sounds—not the morning noises of the waking city—hissed and buzzed, and roared and thundered in her ears, growing louder and louder and louder, until they all melted away in the fast-gathering darkness.

The sun was shining brightly into the room when the compassionate mistress of the house found Mr. Vane's daughter half-kneeling, half-lying on the ground, with her head upon the cold sill of the open window, and her golden hair streaming in dragged curls about her shoulders. Her thin muslin frock was wet with the early dew. She had fainted away, and had lain thus, helpless and insensible, for several hours.

The butcher's wife undressed her and put her to bed. Richard Thornton came to the Rue de l'Archevêque half an hour afterwards, and went away again directly to look for an English doctor. He found one, an elderly man with grave and gentle manners, who declared that Miss Vane was suffering from fever brought on by intense mental excitement: she was of a highly nervous temperament, he said, and that she required little to be done for her; she only wanted repose and quiet. Her constitution was superb, and would triumph over a far more serious attack than this.

Richard Thornton took the doctor into the adjoining room, the little sitting-room which bore the traces of Mr. Vane's occupation, and talked to him in a low voice for some minutes. The medical man shook his head gravely.

"It is very sad," he said; "it will be better to tell her the truth, if possible, as soon as she recovers from the delirium. The anxiety and suspense have overtaxed her brain. Anything would be better than that this overstrained state of the mind should continue. Her constitution will rally after a shock; but, with her highly nervous and imaginative nature, everything is to be dreaded

from prolonged mental irritation. She is related to you, I suppose?"

"No, poor child! I wish she were."

"But she is not without near relatives, I hope?"

"No, she has sisters—or at least half-sisters—and brothers."

"They should be written to, then, immediately," the doctor said, as he took up his hat.

"I have written to one of her sisters, and I have written to another lady, a friend, who will be of more use, I fancy, in this crisis."

The doctor went away, promising to send some saline draughts to keep the fever under, and to call again in the evening.

Richard Thornton went into the little bed-chamber where the butcher's wife sat beside the curtained alcove, making up some accounts in a leather-covered book. She was a hearty pleasant-mannered young woman, and had taken up her post by the invalid's bed very willingly, although her presence was always much needed in the shop below.

"Chut," she whispered, with her finger on her lip, "she sleeps, *pauvrete!*"

Richard sat down quietly by the open window. He took out Michel Lévy's edition of "Raoul," a stump of lead pencil, and the back of an old letter, and set to work resolutely at his adaptation. He could not afford to lose time, even though his adopted sister lay ill under the shadow of the worsted curtains that shrouded the alcove on the other side of the little room.

He sat long and patiently, turning the Poison drama into English with wonderful ease and rapidity, and meekly bearing a deprivation that was no small one to him, in the loss of his clay pipe, which he was in the habit of smoking at all hours of the day.

Eleanor awoke at last, and began talking in a rambling, incoherent way about her father, and the money sent by Mrs. Bannister, and the parting upon the Boulevard.

The butcher's wife drew back the curtain, and Richard Thornton went to the bedside and looked down tenderly at his childish friend.

Her amber-tinted hair was scattered on the pillow, tangled and roughened by the constant movement of her restless head. Her grey eyes were feverishly bright, and burning spots blazed upon the cheeks which had been so deathly pale on the previous night. She knew Richard, and spoke to him; but the delirium was not over, for she mixed the events of the present with the Chelsea experiences of long ago, and talked to her old friend of the signora, the violin, and the rabbits. She fell off into a heavy sleep again, after taking the effervescing medicine sent her by the English surgeon, and slept until nearly twilight. In these long slumbers her fresh and powerful constitution asserted itself, and took compensation for the strain that had been made upon it in the past day or two.

Richard went away in the afternoon, and did not return till late at night, when the butcher's wife told him that her charge had been very restless, and had asked repeatedly for her father.

"What are we to do?" the good woman said,

shrugging her shoulders with a despairing gesture. "Are we to tell her?"

"Not yet," Richard answered. "Keep her quiet; keep her as quiet as you can. And if it is positively necessary to tell her anything, say that her father has been taken ill, away from home, and cannot be brought back yet. Poor child! it seems so cruel to keep her in suspense, and still more cruel to deceive her."

The butcher's wife promised to do all in her power to keep her patient quiet. The doctor had sent an opiate. Miss Vane could not sleep too much, he said.

So another night passed, this time very peacefully for Eleanor, who lay in a heavy slumber broken by no cruel dreams. She was very, very weak the next day, for she had scarcely eaten anything since the roll and coffee which Richard had made her take; and though she was not exactly delirious, her mind seemed almost incapable of receiving any very vivid impression. She listened quietly when they told her that her father could not come home because he was ill.

Richard Thornton came to the Rue de l'Archevêque several times during this second day of Eleanor's illness, but he only stayed a few minutes upon each occasion. He had a great deal to do, he told the butcher's wife, who still kept faithfully to her post in the sick room, only stealing away now and then, while Eleanor was asleep, to attend to her business.

It was past eleven o'clock that night when the scene-painter came for the last time. Eleanor had grown worse as the evening advanced, and was by this time terribly feverish and restless. She wanted to get up and dress herself, and go to her father. If he was ill, how could they keep her from him, how could they be so cruel as to keep her from his side?

Then, starting up suddenly from her pillow, she would cry out wildly that they were deceiving her, and that her father was dead.

But help and comfort was near at hand. When Richard came, he did not come alone. He brought a lady with him; an elderly, grey-headed woman, dressed in shabby black.

When this lady appeared upon the threshold of the dimly-lighted little bedchamber, Eleanor Vane suddenly sprang up in bed, and threw out her arms with a wild cry of surprise and delight.

"The Signora!" she exclaimed, "the dear, kind Signora!"

The lady took off her bonnet, and then went close up to the bed, and seating herself on the edge of the mattress, drew Eleanor's fair head upon her bosom, smoothing the tangled golden hair with unspeakable tenderness.

"My poor child!" she murmured again and again. "My poor, poor child!"

"But, dear Signora," Eleanor cried, wonderingly, "how is it that you are here? Why didn't Richard tell me that you were in Paris?"

"Because I have only just arrived, my darling."

"Only just arrived! Only just arrived in Paris! But why did you come?"

"I came to see you, Eleanor," the Signora answered, very gently. "I heard that you were

in trouble, my dear, and I have come to you, to help and comfort you, if I can."

The butcher's wife had withdrawn into the little sitting-room where Richard sat in the darkness. Eleanor Vane and the Signora were therefore quite alone.

Hitherto the invalid's head had rested very quietly upon her friend's bosom, but now she lifted it suddenly and looked full in the Signora's face.

"You came to me because I was in trouble," she said. "How should I be in trouble so long as my father lives? What sorrow can come to me while he is safe? He is ill, they say, but he will get better; he will get better, won't he? He will be better soon, dear Signora; he will be better soon?"

She waited for an answer to her breathless questioning, looking intently in the pale quiet face of her friend; then suddenly, with a low, wailing cry, she flung up her hands and clasped them wildly above her head.

"You have all deceived me," she cried, "you have all deceived me: my father is dead!"

The Signora drew her arm caressingly round Eleanor Vane, and tried to shelter the poor burning head once more upon her shoulder; but Eleanor shrank from her with an impatient gesture, and, with her hands still clasped above her head, stared blankly at the dead wall before her.

"My dear, my dear," the Signora said, trying to unclasp the rigid hands which were so convulsively clasped together. "Eleanor, my dear, listen to me; for pity's sake try and listen to me, my own dear love. You must know, you must have long known, my dear, that heavy sorrows come to us all, sooner or later. It is the common lot, my love, and we must all bow before the Divine hand that afflicts us. If there were no sorrow in this world, Eleanor, we should grow too much in love with our own happiness; we should be frightened at the approach of grey hairs and old age; we should tremble at the thought of death. If there were no better and higher life than this, Eleanor, sorrow and death would indeed be terrible. You know how very much affliction has fallen to my share, dear. You have heard me speak of the children I loved; all taken from me, Nelly, all taken away. If it were not for my dear nephew, Richard, I should stand quite alone in the world, a desolate old woman, with no hope on this side of the grave. But when my sons were taken from me, God raised me up another son in him. Do you think that God ever abandons us, Eleanor, even when He afflicts us most heavily? I have lived a long life, my dear, and I tell you no!"

The Signora waited in vain for some change in the rigid attitude, the stony face. Eleanor Vane still stared blankly at the dead wall before her.

"You have all deceived me," she repeated; "my father is dead!"

It was useless talking to her; the tenderest words were dull and meaningless jargon to her ears. That night the fever grew worse, and the delirium was at its height. The butcher's wife was relieved by a very patient and accustomed

watcher, for the Signora had sat by many sick-beds, hoping against hope, until despair crept into her heart, as the grey shadows of approaching death came over a beloved face, never again to pass away.

The fever lasted for several days and nights, but throughout every change the English doctor declared that Eleanor Vane's constitution would carry her through a worse attack than this.

"I am glad you told her," he said one morning to the Signora, "there will be less to tell her by-and-by, when she begins to get strong again."

There was, therefore, something more to be told.

Little by little the fever passed away; the crimson spots faded out of the invalid's hollow cheeks; the unnatural lustre of the grey eyes grew less and less vivid; little by little the mind grew clearer, the delirious wanderings less frequent.

But with the return of perfect consciousness there came terrible bursts of grief—grief that was loud and passionate in proportion to the impulsive vehemence of Eleanor Vane's character. This was her first sorrow, and she could not bear it quietly. Floods of tears drowned her pillow night after night; she refused to be comforted; she repulsed the patient Signora; she would not listen to poor Richard, who came sometimes to sit by her side, and tried his best to beguile her from her grief. She rebelled against their attempted consolation.

"What was my father to you?" she cried, passionately. "You can afford to forget him. He was all the world to me!"

But it was not in Eleanor's nature to be long ungrateful for the tenderness and compassion of those who were so patient with her in this dark hour of her young life.

"How good you are to me," she cried sometimes, "and what a wretch I am to think so little of your goodness. But you don't know how I loved my father. You don't know—you don't know. I was to have worked for him; I was to have worked for him by-and-by, and we were to have led such a happy life together."

She was growing strong again in spite of her grief. Her elastic temperament asserted itself in spite of her sorrow, which she never ceased to think of night and day, and she arose after her illness like a beautiful flower which had been beaten and crushed by the storm.

Richard Thornton's leave of absence had expired for some days, but the Royal Phoenix Theatre closed its doors in the hot summer months, and he was therefore comparatively free. He stayed in Paris with his aunt, for they were both bent upon one purpose, to be accomplished at any sacrifice to themselves. Thank Heaven! there are always good Samaritans in the world, who do not mind turning backward upon their life's journey when there is a desolate and wounded traveller in need of their help and tenderness.

The Parisian atmosphere was cooling down in the early days of September—faint but refreshing breezes were beginning to blow away the white mists of summer heat upon the boulevards, when Eleanor Vane was well enough to sit in the

little saloon above the butcher's shop, and drink tea in the English fashion with her two friends.

She was well enough to do this, and Richard and the Signora were beginning to think of turning homewards; but before they could well leave Paris there was something that ought to be told to Eleanor—something that she *must* know sooner or later—something that it would be perhaps better for her to know at once.

But they had waited from time to time, thinking that she might ask some question which would lead to the revelation that must ultimately be made to her.

Upon this September afternoon she sat near the open window, looking very beautiful and virginal in a loose white muslin dressing-gown, and with her long golden curls falling upon her shoulders. She had been silent for a long time: her two companions watching her furtively, observant of every change in her countenance. Her cup of tea stood untasted on a little table at her side, and she was sitting with her hands loosely locked together in her lap.

She spoke at last, and asked that very question which must inevitably lead to the revelation her friends had to make to her.

"You have never told me how papa died," she said; "his death must have been sudden, I know."

Eleanor Vane spoke very quietly. She had never before mentioned her dead father's name with so little outward evidence of emotion. The hands loosely locked together upon her lap stirred with a slightly tremulous motion; the face, turned towards the Signora and Richard Thornton, had a look of fixed intensity.

"Papa died suddenly, did he not?" she repeated.

"Yes, my dear, very suddenly."

"I thought so. But why was he not brought home? Why couldn't I see—"

She stopped abruptly, and turned her face away towards the open window. She was trembling violently now from head to foot.

Her two companions were silent. That terrible something which was as yet unrevealed must be told sooner or later; but who was to tell it to this girl, with her excitable nature, her highly wrought nervous temperament?

The Signora shrugged her shoulders despondingly, as she looked at her nephew. Mr. Thornton had been painting all the afternoon in the little sitting-room. He had tried to interest Eleanor Vane in the great set scenes he was preparing for *Raoul*. He had explained to her the nature of a vampire trap in the wainscot of the poisoner's chamber, and had made his pasteboard model limp in his repeated exhibition of its machinery. The vampire trap was a subtle contrivance which might have beguiled any one from their grief, Dick thought; but the wan smile with which Eleanor watched his work only made the scene-painter's heart ache. Richard sighed as he returned his aunt's look. It seemed quite a hopeless case as yet. This poor lonely child of fifteen might go melancholy mad, perhaps, in her grief for a spendthrift father.

Eleanor Vane turned upon them suddenly while

they sat silent and embarrassed, wondering what they should say to her next.

"My father committed suicide!" she said, in a strangely quiet voice.

The Signora started and rose suddenly, as if she would have gone to Eleanor. Richard grew very pale, but sat looking down at the litter upon the table, with one hand trifling nervously amongst the scraps of card-board and wet paint-brushes.

"Yes," cried Eleanor Vane, "you have deceived me from first to last. You told me first that he was not dead; but when you could no longer keep my misery a secret from me, you only told me half the truth—you only told me half the cruel truth. And even now, when I have suffered so much that it seems as if no further suffering could touch me, you still deceive me, you still try to keep the truth from me. My father parted from me in health and spirits. Don't trifle with me, Signora; I am not a child any longer, I am not a foolish school-girl, whom you can deceive as you like. I am a woman, and will know the worst. My father killed himself!"

She had risen in her excitement, but clung with one hand to the back of her chair, as if too weak to stand without that support.

The Signora went to her, and wound her arms about the slight trembling figure; but Eleanor seemed almost unconscious of that motherly caress.

"Tell me the truth," she cried vehemently, "did my father kill himself?"

"It is feared that he did, Eleanor."

The pale face grew a shade whiter, and the trembling frame became suddenly rigid.

"It is feared that he did!" Eleanor Vane repeated. "It is not certain then?"

"Not quite certain."

"Why don't you tell me the truth?" cried the girl, passionately. "Do you think you can make my misery less to me by dropping out your words one by one? Tell me the worst. What can there be worse than my father's death; his unhappy death; killed by his own hand, his poor desperate hand? Tell me the truth. If you don't wish me to go mad, tell me the truth at once."

"I will, Eleanor, I will," the Signora answered gently. "I wish to tell you all. I wish that you should know the truth, sad as it may be to hear. This is the great sorrow of your life, my dear, and it has fallen upon you very early. I hope you will try and bear it like a Christian."

Eleanor Vane shook her head with an impatient gesture.

"Don't talk to me of my sorrow," she cried, "what does it matter what I suffer? My father, my poor father, what must he have suffered before he did this dreadful act? Don't talk about me; tell me of him, and tell me the worst."

"I will, my darling, I will; but sit down, sit down, and try to compose yourself."

"No, I'll stand here till you have told me the truth. I'll not stir from this spot till I know all."

She disengaged herself from the Signora's supporting arm, and with her hand still resting on the chair, stood resolute, and almost defiant, before the old music-mistress and her nephew. I think

the Signora and the scene-painter were both afraid of her, she looked so grand in her beauty and despair.

She seemed indeed, as she had said, no longer a child or a school-girl, but a woman, desperate and almost terrible in the intensity of her despair.

"Let me tell Eleanor the truth of this sad story," Richard said, "it may be told very briefly. When your father parted with you, Nelly, on the night of the 11th of August, he and the two men who were with him went at once to an obscure café in one of the streets near the Barrière Saint Antoine. They were in the habit of going there, it seems, sometimes playing billiards in the large open room on the ground floor, sometimes playing cards in a *cabinet particulier* on the entresol. Upon this night they went straight to the private room. It was about half-past nine when they went in. The waiter who attended upon them took them three bottles of Chambertin and a good deal of seltzer-water. Your father seemed in high spirits at first. He and the dark Englishman were playing *écarté*, their usual game; and the Frenchman was looking over your father's hand, now and then advising his play, now and then applauding and encouraging him. All this came out upon inquiry. The Frenchman quitted the café at a little before twelve; your father and the young Englishman stayed till long after midnight, and towards one o'clock they were heard at high words, and almost immediately after one the Englishman went away, leaving your father, who sent the waiter for some brandy and writing materials. He wanted to write a letter before he left, he said."

The scene-painter paused, looking anxiously at the face of his listener. The rigid intensity of that pale young face had undergone no change; the grey eyes, fixed and dilated, were turned steadily towards him.

"When the waiter took your father the things he had asked for, he found him sitting at the table with his face hidden in his hands. The man placed the brandy and writing materials upon the table, and then went away, but not before he had noticed a strange faint smell—the smell of some drug, he thought; but he had no idea then what drug. The waiter went down stairs; all the ordinary frequenters of the place were gone, and the lights were out. The man waited up to let your father out, expecting him to come down stairs every moment. Three o'clock struck, and the waiter went up-stairs upon the pretence of asking if anything was wanted. He found your father sitting very much as he had left him, except that this time his head was resting upon the table, which was scattered with torn scraps of paper. He was dead, Eleanor. The man gave the alarm directly, and a doctor came to give assistance, if any could have been given; but the drug which the waiter had smelt was opium, and your father had taken a quantity which would have killed the strongest man in Paris."

"Why did he do this?"

"I can scarcely tell you, my dear; but your poor father left, among the scraps of paper upon

the table, one fragment much larger and more intelligible than the rest. It is evidently part of a letter addressed to you; but it is very wildly and incoherently worded; and you must remember that it was written under circumstances of great mental excitement."

"Give it me!"

Eleanor stretched out her hand with an authoritative gesture. Richard hesitated.

"I wish you to fully understand the nature of this letter before you read it, Eleanor; I wish—"

"You kept the story of my father's death from me out of mistaken kindness," the girl said, in an unflinching voice; "I will try and remember how good you have been to me, so that I may forgive you that; but you cannot keep from me the letter my father wrote to me before he died. That is mine, and I claim it."

"Let her see it, poor child," said the Signora.

Richard Thornton took a leather memorandum-book from one of the pockets of his loose coat. There were several papers in this book. He selected one, and handed it silently to Eleanor Vane. It was a sheet of note-paper, written upon in her father's hand, but a part of it had been torn away.

Even had the whole of the letter been left, the writer's style was so wild and incoherent that it would have been no easy task to understand his meaning. In its torn and fragmentary state, this scrap of writing left by George Vane was only a scribble of confused and broken sentences. The sheet of paper had been torn from the top to the bottom, so that the end of each line was missing. The following broken lines were therefore all that Eleanor could decipher, and in these the words were blotted and indistinct.

MY POOR ELEANOR,—My poor injured worst your cruel sister, Hortensia Bannis could not be bad enough. I am a thief robbed and cheated my own been decoyed to this hell upon earth wretches who are base enough to a helpless old man who had trusted to be gentlemen. I cannot return look in my child's face after money which was to have education. Better to die and rid But my blood be upon the head of who has cheated me this night out of May he suffer as he has never forget, Eleanor, never forget Robert Lan murderer of your helpless old a cheat and a villain who some day live to revenge the fate poor old father, who prays that God will helpless old man whose folly madness have

There was no more. These lines were spread over the first leaf of a sheet of note-paper; the second leaf, as well as a long strip of the first, had been torn away.

This was the only clue to the secret of his death which George Vane had left behind him.

Eleanor Vane folded the crumpled scrap of paper, and put it tenderly in her bosom. Then,

falling on her knees, she clasped her hands, and lifted them towards the low ceiling of the little chamber.

"Oh, my God!" she cried; "hear the vow of a desolate creature, who has only one purpose left in life."

Signora Piccirillo knelt down beside her, and tried to clasp her in her arms.

"My dear, my dear!" she pleaded; "remember how this letter was written—remember the state of your father's mind—"

"I remember nothing," answered Eleanor Vane, "except that my father tells me to revenge his murder. For he was murdered," she cried, passionately, "if this money—this wretched money, which he would have died sooner than lose—was taken from him unfairly. He was murdered. What did the wretch who robbed him care what became of the poor, broken-hearted, helpless old man whom he had wronged and cheated? What did he care? He left my father, left him in his desolation and misery; left him after having stripped and beggared him; left him to die in his despair. Listen to me, both of you, and remember what I say. I am very young, I know, but I have learnt to think and act for myself before to-day. I don't know this man's name, I never even saw his face; I don't know who he is, or where he comes from; but sooner or later I swear to be revenged upon him for my father's cruel death."

"Eleanor, Eleanor!" cried the Signora; "is this womanly? Is this Christian-like?"

The girl turned upon her. There was almost a supernatural light, now, in the dilated grey eyes. Eleanor Vane had risen from her knees, and stood with her slender figure drawn to its fullest height, her long auburn hair streaming over her shoulders, with the low light of the setting sun shining upon the waving tresses until they glittered like molten gold. She looked, in her desperate resolution and virginal beauty, like some young martyr of the middle ages waiting to be led to the rack.

"I don't know whether it is womanly or Christian-like," she said, "but I know that it is henceforward the purpose of my life, and that it is stronger than myself."

(To be continued.)

A CONSTANTINE CZAROWICZ IN WARSAW.

PART I.

THE treaties of 1815 were signed and sealed, the dancing attachés had bid adieu to Vienna, and England, after sacrificing thousands of lives and millions of money to humble Napoleon, had ratified some of his most unjust and impolitic acts. Venice, bartered by him to Austria, was to remain under the Hapsburgs, and Poland was still to be the doomed victim of the Holy Alliance. Russia held from the dismemberments of 1772 and 1795 the provinces of Lithuania, the Ukraine, &c., and to these the treaties of 1815 added the eight palatinates constituting the duchy of Warsaw, which was decorated with the title of the Kingdom of Poland. Alexander, with modest benignity, consented to accept the broken crown

of the Jagellons, and govern his new monarchy under the most unimpeachable of constitutions.

Poland, exhausted by the struggles of the last fifty years, still more by the cruel disappointment which had followed her hopes in Napoleon, and for the moment almost despairing of herself, accepted the Imperial pacificator with resignation, if not gratitude. What might not a country hope from a sovereign whose patriotism was undoubted, whose intellect, though of no high order, was yet thoroughly capable of appreciating excellence, whose professed liberality was of the most advanced kind, and who had always expressed a chivalrous admiration for the character, and sympathy with the fate, of the greatest and the most unfortunate of the Slavonic races!

The Poles had not been consulted by the British and Foreign "friends of humanity" at Vienna, who concocted their Constitution; but when they learnt its provisions, since restoration of the ancient Republic was impossible, the sanguine among them tried to forget the lessons of the past, and believe in the blessings to come.

Their own famous Constitution of May 1791 had provided for the emancipation of the serfs, the hereditary descent of the Crown, representation of the kingdom in an Upper and Lower Chamber, freedom of the press, &c., &c.; matters which, by exciting the autocratic jealousy of Catherine II., Frederick II. and Joseph, had brought on the dismemberment of 1795, and involved the last fragments of the old republic in ruin. Even that Constitution was not so broadly liberal as this which the Romanoff dynasty had to inaugurate. Gornicki, the famous Polish publicist of the sixteenth century, had declared, "no country could be lastingly prosperous and happy where either an absolute monarch, a single caste, or the mass of the democracy, direct the government; that it could only be so if king, nobles, and the representatives of the people, unite to make the laws and watch their administration." The views of the great publicist were to be fulfilled. The Holy Alliance—"the bear, the wolf, and the fox, had long since announced '*Nous gouvernerons nos peuples en pères de famille pour conserver la foi, la paix et la vérité.*'" And now the first of the benevolent triad, no rude obtuse bear, but a well combed, softly spoken, admirably tamed specimen, was going to carry out the programme for the benefit of the people, delivered into his gloved claws across a green table by the representatives of Christendom. He was to be constitutional King of Poland, assisted by an Administrative Council. The kingdom to be governed by the House of Nuncios and the Senate. The Constitution recognised the emancipation of the peasants; declared that no one could be legally kept in arrest over three days without being brought to trial; proclaimed the press free from government censorship and the inviolability of the national representatives; that a Polish standing army should be maintained in the country, and that none but Poles were eligible to any appointment, civil or military. A commander-in-chief of the National army to reside in the country, and a viceroy to be appointed in the king's absence.

Yaiouzek, a feeble old man, a convert to the Greek Church, was appointed Viceroy; the Archduke Constantine, Commander-in-chief; an Administrative Council, chosen from men too weak to offer opposition, or too venal to dream of it, assisted the former, who, in fact, from the beginning was completely the tool of his imperial colleague.

A strange phenomenon in the pious turpitudes and decorous infamy of modern times was this wild Czarowicz: debauched as his grandmother Catherine, scarcely less mad than his father Paul, wicked without intellect, proud without self-respect, passionate without courage, weak without compassion, he was scarcely less despised by his enemies than feared by his friends. Kept studiously in idleness all the best years of his life, which were rendered still more irksome by the scanty maintenance doled out to him, his restless activity had found no vent but in the barrack-yard and the parade-ground. Some of his better moments gave glimpses of a character very different to that which he ordinarily exhibited,—of a frank good-nature, and jovial good-fellowship, which, though rarely shown, still endeared him to the Russian soldiers, who, accustomed as they were to contemptuous silence in their officers when best fulfilling their orders, or merciless punishments for the slightest neglect, regarded the rough familiarity of the Czarowicz as a phenomenon of benevolence. He was, too, one of the handsomest men in the army, of immense height, fine limbs, broad shoulders, and the smallest possible waist, could make him so; though his countenance was strangely repulsive, wrinkled in deep crooked furrows, and lighted by eyes that glared so wildly when he fell into his paroxysms of rage, that even those who least feared or most despised him, could not meet them unmoved. His fits of mad fury seized him at the slightest provocation, and were succeeded by periods of complete physical exhaustion; though opposition was alike unendurable in the one or the other state, yet his passions soon made him the tool of men as unscrupulous but more cunning than himself.

Before Constantine's arrival in Warsaw, a crowd of hirelings had been secured to vaunt the simplicity of his tastes, and of his manner of life, his activity, his military enthusiasm, and devotion to his adopted country. He had been so effectually kept in the background by father and brother that nothing was known of his real character,—the Poles could still hope, despite their misgivings.

The Viceregal Court at Warsaw was quickly thronged with a host of nobles, in great part of foreign extraction; the descendants of those who, following the elective kings into Poland, had generally repaid the hospitality they received by selling their influence and senatorial votes to the highest bidder. To these were added a multitude of others created by the new government, all needy men, all ready for any infamy that might bring them a few gold coins or a scrap of ribbon. The Senate, the Chamber of Nuncios, the Ministry, the Military and Civil Services, were soon filled by them, or by aspirants to their honours. Stars and cordons, reprobated by the old republic, were now the first requisites in a public servant;

nor could admission be obtained to a levée at the Belvedere, unless he who sought the honour had at least one "decoration."

Constantine found Warsaw with narrow tortuous streets, unsymmetrical mediæval houses, and palaces in which the means or taste of the owner had been more consulted than their external appearance. Constantine was charged to change all this; Warsaw must become a great and brilliant capital; therefore theatres, palaces, monuments, barracks, handsome squares, and light well-paved streets arose as if by enchantment. The rude city of the ancient republic vanished from fashionable eyes, and a graceful be-stuccoed imperial creation took its place. The squalid dwellings of the poor disappeared, and the poor were drafted off to build canals or make roads through the forests of the kingdom, and to die by hundreds of hunger and misery. The Vistula, one of the most rebellious of rivers, was tamed within stone dykes; manufacturers from Germany were invited to take up their abode in the capital, and the other cities of Poland; trade flourished; the royal revenues within a few years were raised to 10,000,000 Polish florins; the Bank contained 150,000,000, the Treasury a reserve of 30,000,000. The country was in successful process of civilisation; but it was civilisation filtered through a Russian medium—its material advantages without its better aspiration, luxury without refinement, wealth without public spirit or private charities.

The revenue had increased, because the people were so taxed that they would gladly have returned to serfage to secure themselves from dying of starvation; trade was actually in the hands of a few monopolists, who preyed on the necessities of the people, whilst they enriched themselves and bribed the Government. The brewers and distillers of Warsaw were obliged to sell all their produce at a fixed price to certain Jews, who alone were empowered to sell it again to the retail dealers; this regulation was subsequently found too favourable, so under pretence of the demoralising nature of their trade, they were prohibited from exercising it longer, and the whole business was transferred to the favoured monopolists: any person evading the monopoly laws was liable to forty years' hard labour. Nor was this an exceptional instance; it was but part of the system.

The nobles of the kingdom formed far too numerous a class to constitute, generally speaking, a very wealthy body; many of them had in fact no other property than the home farm, the cultivation of which they and their sons superintended. Their patriarchal lives and simple tastes secured their independence; they formed the firmest bulwark of the nation, as the yeomen of old did in England. It was therefore the policy of the new Government to bring these men or their sons to Warsaw, to accustom them to habits and wants beyond their fortunes, and then, when the right moment came, to throw them the bait of some official employment, which, though wretchedly paid, offered a great many unofficial means of enriching its possessor.

To this end, the number of public offices was largely increased, while the salaries were considerably reduced.

The University of Warsaw had been spared, and was supposed to enjoy the peculiar favour of Alexander; but history and truth were banished from its walls. If any of the students had procured some book, perhaps by one of the greatest authors of England, France, or Germany, at the price of its weight in gold, they dared not read it, except in a place of secure concealment, and under mutual oath of secrecy. The debates in the Diet, formerly the scene of such turbulent eloquence, were now confined to the decorous discussion of local improvements, and were scarcely heard of beyond the walls. If one of the members, bolder than the rest, dared to transgress the tacit rules laid down by Constantine, it was at the risk of being dragged away as a felon to a secret dungeon, and to leave it only for exile or death. The Press soon discovered that the promised liberty could be indulged only at like risks, and took refuge in travels in Timbuctoo and French romances, or recounted viceregal levées, the virtues of Constantine, and the blessings of Russian rule.

Such were a few of the milder aspects of the new Government; but these things, though immediately inspired by Constantine, formed as yet but the amusement of his leisure; his real occupation was with the army,—the army that was to realise all his fondest dreams, his proudest ambition. On arriving at Warsaw, he soon collected 30,000 men, the remnants of the old legions, and had little difficulty in fast adding to their number. He devoted himself to the task of organising and drilling them with a patience and devotion truly Russian. For years, perhaps, he meditated an evolution to be carried out at a review: put 40,000 men in motion, to judge whether their coats answered better with nine or ten buttons: and would ransack all the military libraries in the kingdom, to learn the origin of the simplest manœuvre. He soon established a permanent camp at Provonaki, close to Warsaw; there, dressed like a cuirassier, brushed, buttoned, and strapped—a model corporal—he passed day after day in marching his troops up and down through the soft sands of the Nola, to test their discipline. Perhaps after months of drilling to effect some particular manœuvre, a new fancy would seize the Czarewicz; then a council of war would be summoned, with all the solemnity as on the eve of a great battle, the old regulations would be altered, and all the drilling had to be recommenced. By tormenting his recruits in this manner, he at length produced a human machine, unsurpassed in flexibility and precision. The word of command passed down the hierarchy of officers: tramp, tramp, marched the men, as though moved by some strange spell, so unerring was each footfall, so accurate the most complicated evolution. The Czarewicz on each grand field-day fell into ecstasies of delight in his handiwork; he rushed about from rank to rank, distributing slaps on the shoulder here, oaths there, panted for breath, rubbed his hands, and, if everything went off well, would fall to beating his breast, until he had finally exhausted his strength, and was calm again.

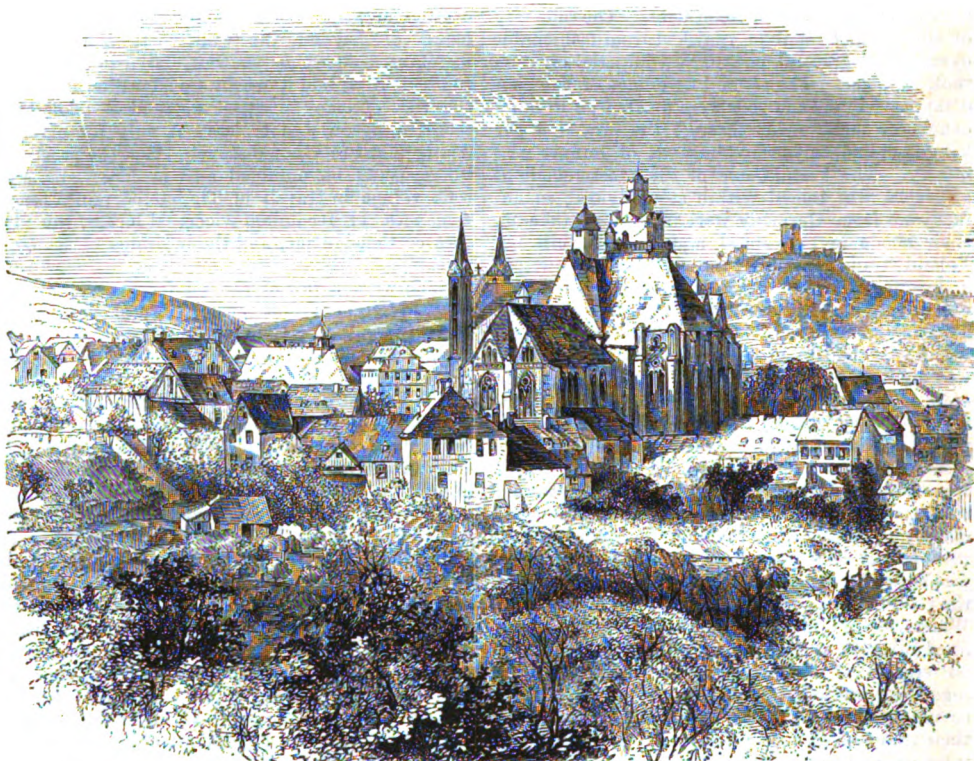
These were his happy moments: and then there was no end to his activity. The army would,

perhaps, be kept under arms for twenty hours in succession, quite motionless, that he might feast his eyes on its docility, though more frequently he kept it continually marching from place to place around the capital, regardless of the burning sun of July or the frosts of winter. In the latter case, and when the snow lay in drifts, or

had been whirled into great hillocks, the inequality of the ground made no interruption to the symmetry of the column; if it did, woe to the offenders; to have their uniforms stripped off, and beaten by the flat of their comrades' sabres until they fell fainting in their blood, was the mildest punishment they could anticipate.

WETZLAR ON THE LAHN.

PART I.



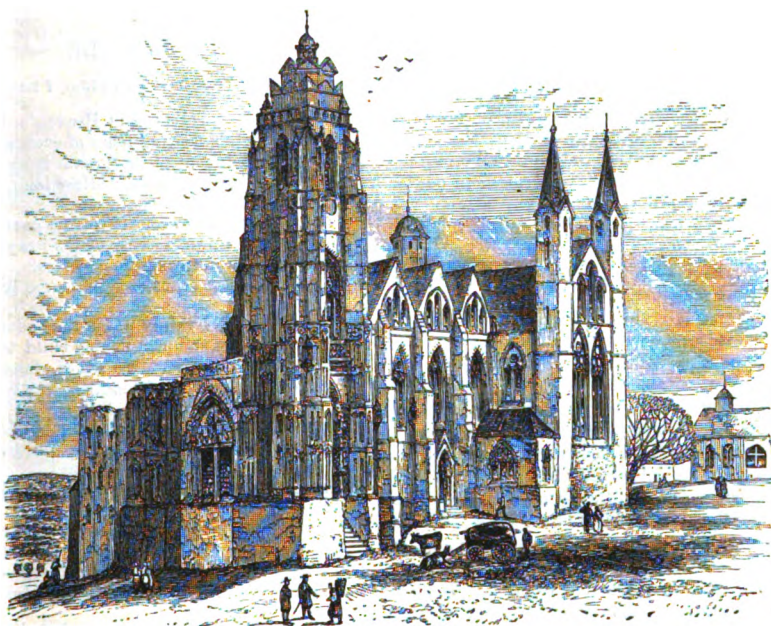
To those whose admiration of Goëthe amounts to a sort of religious reverence (and they are not a few among his countrymen), Frankfort-on-the-Maine is the Mecca, and Weimar the Medina of Germany. At Frankfort, where he drew breath in 1749, his memory is honoured by a square named after him, and a statue in the midst of it, which represents the poet as if he had lain down to sleep in his clothes, and got up suddenly to write down his thoughts, taking the blankets with him. At Weimar, besides the double statue, which sensibly represents him in his ordinary dress, with his arm supporting the less physically strong Schiller, there is a sort of church in the park. On entering it, instead of a crucifix, or an altar-piece, one is struck by the sight of a colossal statue of Goëthe in a sitting position, looking like a Greek god: and ministered to by a miniature nude woman, who represents a Psyche, or the Spirit of Poetry. But between the Mecca and Medina of Goëthe, at a short distance out of the direct road from one to the other, not as the crow flies, but as the train goes (for modern

pilgrims travel by rail), is a halting-place which has been immortalised by Goëthe in his "Sorrows of Werther." This is Wetzlar. Here Goëthe abode in his youth, and in a lunar month wrote off that poetically beautiful, but very youthful romance. Here is to be seen, on the left of a large gloomy building which once belonged to the Teutonic Order, and is now used as a charity school, the little house where that Lottchen lived who charmed the imagination of the poet by cutting brown bread and butter for her eight little brothers and sisters; the latter are seen in an engraving, stretching their little hands up to her, as little birds do their bills to their mother when they are hungry. Here, too, is to be seen, in the lower town, a house by no means remarkable, where that Jerusalem committed suicide for the love of a married lady, from whom Goëthe took his idea of Werther, while he mixed the story up with that of his own passing attachment, from which he seems to have very soon recovered.

The Lahn rises in the so-called Red-Hair Moun-

tains of Westphalia; first runs to the east, then takes a sudden turn to the south, and washes the old walls of the university town of Marburg, in Electoral Hesse; then goes to pay a visit to another university, Giessen, in Hesse-Darmstadt territory; turning a sharp corner to the west, it becomes Prussian for a time, passing Wetzlar; then it winds about through Nassau, by Limburg and Ems, ending in the Rhine at Oberlahnstein, not far above the mouth of the Moselle. Between Giessen and Wetzlar, and a little farther on, it is a sluggish stream, sauntering through water-meadows, and sometimes overflowing them, which makes the walk between Giessen and Wetzlar a very long one in winter. Wetzlar itself, as Goëthe bears witness, is an unpleasant town; the streets are narrow and tortuous, with few open spaces, running with red mud when it rains; the houses

are very high; and, although all ancient and gabled, for the most part monotonous in look, and often washed with a sickly green colour, and many of the streets are steep and awkward as they rise against the face of the hill; but the whole town is crowned by an ancient and most interesting cathedral, which is itself crowned by the semblance of an imperial crown in masonry, unfortunately not quite in harmony with the rest of the structure. The country round Wetzlar is as lovely as every possible variety of undulating hilly outline can make it, especially to the north, where first occur little outcropping hummocks, with old castles and churches at their tops backed by wavy hills, which are again backed by hills of a more mountainous character. These are not so universally wooded as are most of the mountains of central Germany, but there is wood enough upon



The Cathedral, Wetzlar. See page 420.

them to produce variety of colour, light and shade.

The Lahn, winding through its water-meadows, is a fair object in the foreground. Wetzlar is rich in walks and pleasant places; though one of these, a favourite resort of the inhabitants, was destroyed by a selfish proprietor turning the trees into money, an act of Vandalism similar to that of the Frankfurters, when they gave up the glory of their town, the Mainlust Garden, to the use of the goods department of the railway. It was on an excursion to one of these pleasant places that the mischief occurred to Werther's heart which ended in his suicide, by his coming to the conclusion that, as one of three persons must die, (which he somewhat unnecessarily assumed,) it was less a crime to kill himself than either of the others.

But Wetzlar has an interest quite separate

from Goëthe and Werther, and that is, that it was one of the Ancient Imperial Free Towns of Germany, owning no liege lord but the Emperor, and relying upon him for protection against all the petty feudal nobles of the neighbourhood, by whom its territory, however was singularly hemmed in and overlooked. It is also famous as having been, in the oldest historic time, as is generally supposed, the most advanced post of the Romans in the country of the Catti; and the square tower on Kalsmunt, a hill contiguous to the town, is attributed by antiquaries to the epoch of the Roman dominion. Wetzlar with Frankfort, Friedburg, and Gelnhausen, formerly formed one of the four Imperial towns of the Wetterau, possessing the same rights and privileges as the rest. It now belongs, with the surrounding territory, to the crown of Prussia, by a stipulation of the Congress of Vienna. In 1802,

it had been given to the Elector of Mayence, afterwards Prince Primate of the Rhenish Confederacy and Grand Duke of Frankfort, and who had altered all the laws and customs to the French model, until the victory of the Allies restored the ancient constitution. In early times it was very inaccessible, in consequence of the bad state of the roads; the journey to Frankfort could scarcely be accomplished in a day, and old people relate that those who made it were accustomed to make their wills previously. It is now approached by good roads on all sides, and the railroad from Giessen to Coblenz is now open as well as that from Giessen to Deutz, which run together as far as the town. On the Giessen side, on the top of the hill on which the town stands, there are handsome gardens and promenades. The first object of note on entering from that side by the road is the Cathedral, shown on the previous page.

The origin of the town is obscure. It is probable that the church with its foundation stood there in very ancient times, and by the right of sanctuary attracted a numerous population to seek refuge in its neighbourhood; and then there was an ancient Villa Regia in the lower part of the town, which is indicated by the Sala or Selhöfen, the dependents of which would have formed, in course of time, a considerable community, which, by degrees, obtained the privileges of an imperial city. The first date of this, in an old record, is 1180, when Frederick I. grants the town the same privileges as Frankfort. In the times of the ancient Germans all the heights were covered, with few exceptions, with impenetrable woods; it was only in the valleys of the rivers or the slopes of the hills that farm-houses and villas were built, and settlements gathered round them. The common property in the surrounding forests was called a "Mark," and was administered for the common good by definite rules. A place bare of trees on the side of a hill, such as that on which Wetzlar is partly built, was called a "Lar," i. e., a "leer," or void space, and the rest of the name is derived from the Wetzle, a brook flowing at the foot. Near Wetzlar are places called Aslar and Dorlar, possibly resulting from the compound of the same termination with the German words for "ash" and "thorn."

The church probably stood alone on its site in the first instance, for the steep below it is inconvenient for houses. They grew up round it as the building gradually was proceeded with, for this, like most gothic churches, was not built in a day, but was the growth of centuries. As spots devoted to rural pursuits were taken in within the limits of the town, we find near the church two streets, called Duck Lane and Goose Pasture, just as in the heart of London we still have Lincoln's Inn Fields and Covent Garden.

At the time of this early settlement there seems to have sprung up a population below, on the bank of the Lahn, who lived under the protection of the Church, and subsisted on gardening and fishing. This settlement was called Husen, "the houses," and when the town extended itself to meet it, it was included in the limit of the fortifications under the name of the Häuser suburb.

Another settlement formed itself round the ancient royal "Sala" or Palatium, which at first was independent, but afterwards joined with the town under the protection of the Church. Here was the ancient castle where the royal or imperial governor lived, till he found it convenient from the growth of the town to transfer his residence to the castle on the Kalsmunt Hill, whence he could watch over it more independently. Immediately about the cathedral, as time went on, a number of artisans congregated, and they were formed by the imperial government into guilds on strictly protective principles; which served for purposes of co-operation and defence in early times, but which, in the present day, are a great hindrance to improvements in trade, and, as all residents in Frankfort know, a great objection to residence in a so-called free city.

THE CALL.

Isai. xlviii., 15. Yea I have called him, I have brought him.

A WHITE-ROBED angel stood at Heaven's door,
To catch earth's floating tones of even song,
Then, kneeling low upon the crystal floor,
Asks with uplifted hands, "How long, how long?"

"I hear my child's sweet voice from earth arise,
I catch the fragrant incense of his prayer;
But missing him in these serenest skies,
Heaven's fairest beauties seem to me less fair.

"Angel of death, I vainly watch thee pass:
When wilt thou summon me my child to meet?
When shall I welcome, on the sea of glass,
The noiseless coming of his little feet?"

Now through wide air her spotless pinions spread,
With silent wing she cleaves the liquid skies,
And stands a quiet presence by a bed
Where her own image softly sleeping lies.

His parted rosebud lips seem fain to speak,
As though the fair-haired boy would tell his dreams,
While busy fancies make his changing cheek
Like Heaven bright with morning's blushing beams.

The angel watcher guards the sleeping child,
And murmurs music, warbling all the night;
Then, seized with longing love, in cadence wild
She cries, "Oh! let these holden eyes have sight.

"Oh, for one glance of love, one answering gleam,
One look of recognition—one embrace;
Oh, smile on me, not only in thy dream,
Not only in thy sleep,—behold my face."

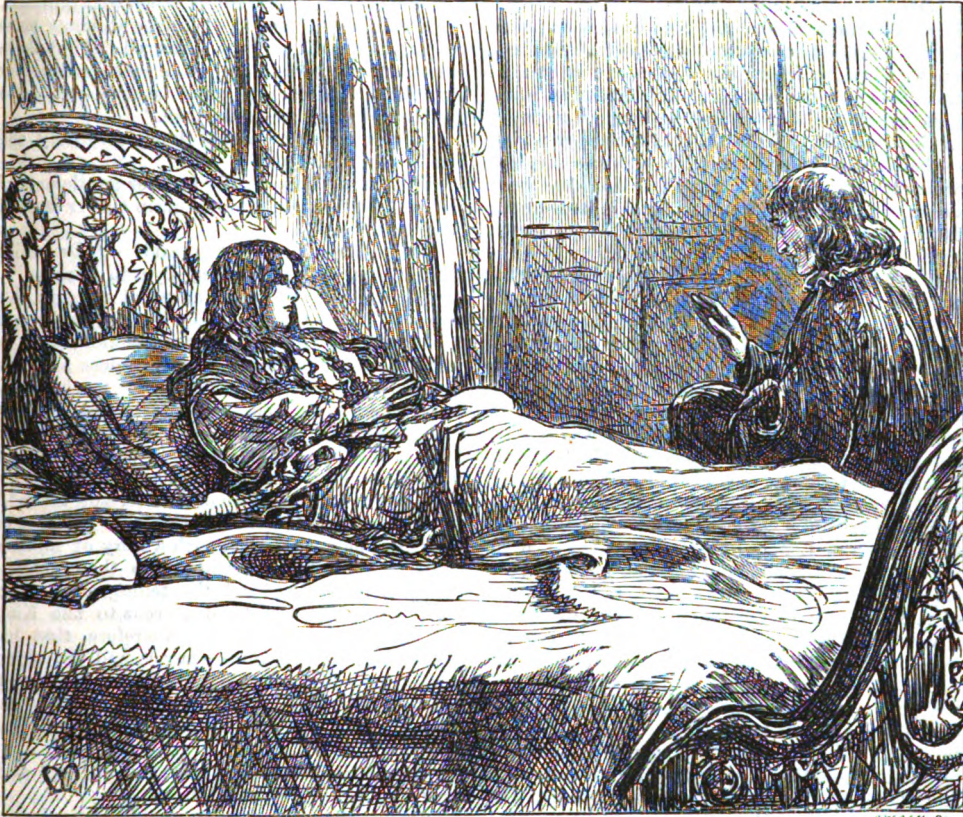
The blue eyes open, and the mother hears
Her child's sweet voice, and sees him face to face
Till morning breaks, and chimes from crystal spheres
Ring out and call her back through boundless space.

"Thy will be done, O Lord, Thy will be done."
So prays she, kneeling at the gates of gold,
Half fearing lest the High and Holy One,
Should deem her earth-born wayward thought too bold.

When, lo! she sees among the seraph bands
Her angel child in spotless garment drest,
Who calls her "Mother," stretching out his hands,
And nestling like a bird upon her breast. R. R.

THE HAMPDENS.

AN HISTORIELLE. BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.



S. BAIN SC.

CHAPTER XII. WINTER STORMS IN MERRY ENGLAND.

WHEN the winter opened, it was with the dreariest weather. The King's friends who had escaped arrests for treason in London by stealing away to the Continent, wrote of having a fearful passage, and of having found the coldest weather in Paris that they had ever known. There was scarcely any water to be had,—so thick was the ice. There was ice everywhere. The ships in the Channel that were returning to England with crews that were counting the days till Christmas, hoping for once to spend their Christmas at home, were overtaken by storms which seemed as if they would never have an end. Bitter blasts succeeded each other like the billows of a raging sea: the sails and rigging were sheeted with ice, and the vessels became unmanageable in proportion as the hurricanes rose higher; so that there was such a scene of wreck all along the south coast as no living man remembered. Few ships arrived safe in port, and many crews were entirely lost. Such mourning was never known as among the seafaring people round our shores. On land the

weather seemed to obstruct everything. The navigable rivers were frozen; the roads were blocked with snow in many places; and the excessive cold made travelling difficult and hazardous. The King had to wait for his news from York; the Scotch messengers to the Parliament could not reach their destination. In every county in England the inhabitants were in a state of suspense which threatened to spoil their Christmas. While no regular conveyance could pass to or from London, there was that dim vague sense of what was passing there which is one of the mysteries of all societies in which men have ever lived. In all times and countries there has been that unaccountable transmission of tidings on great occasions—rapid, mysterious, and generally accurate—which is described by the proverb of a little bird carrying the matter. In the remotest corners of the kingdom rumours were afloat of disturbances in London,—of danger to the King,—of the overthrow of the Church. Sometimes there were exaggerations; such as that the Papists had had a successful gunpowder plot at last, and had blown the Parliament skyhigh; and, again, that

the 'prentice boys of London had captured and imprisoned the bishops; but on the whole there was a truer notion of the state of London than could afterwards be at all accounted for.

There were not many travellers on the roads at such a season; but a coachful of ladies, well escorted by horsemen, was approaching London from Buckinghamshire as fast as circumstances would admit. Lady Carewe was taking her nieces up to town, to spend the rest of the winter, as there was now no chance of Mr. Hampden being able to return home; and he was so worn by anxiety,—or his family thought that he must be,—that it was a duty to make a home for him where his duty lay. A house had therefore been engaged for the family in the Strand: and on the 10th of December the Hampden family coach entered London.

It took a longer time to reach their house, after passing Tyburn, than had been required by the same space of road in the most obstructed part of the journey. It had been easier to dig through the snow-drifts than it now was to penetrate the crowds that were collected before every great house, and from the Haymarket onwards, it was said, to St. Paul's. At Charing Cross there was a long detention. A string of coaches from the City was passing, very slowly, down towards Westminster; and it seemed as if the procession would never end. After sixty coaches, which contained the Corporation of London, there was a long marching train. The London apprentices, including the city shopmen, walked five abreast, to the number of many thousands, the foremost ranks exhibiting a vast parchment, on which their petition was inscribed. On they tramped, more and more and more of these young men coming into view, till the children asked whether it was possible that even London could have so many apprentices as these. Again and again the march was stopped for awhile, and then resumed, while a tremendous roar of laughter or shout of wrath astonished distant hearers. The Hampden grooms became interested and excited, and they made their way down to Whitehall or further, and brought back news of what was doing. The people were making game of the bishops. One bishop had entered Palace Yard amidst jeers and angry threats; and several had been prevented from coming out. At length there was such a roar of rage from that direction, and the passions of the crowd were so evidently rising, that Lady Carewe gave orders to the coachman to draw out of the throng in any direction that was possible. The getting into the Strand was a question to be considered afterwards.

The irritable crowd was not disposed to be incommoded by the passage of the great family coach; and some began to be abusive. A voice shouted that this was a party of the Queen's friends come to count the apprentices; and Alice looked at her aunt in dismay at the cries and gestures of some of the angry people. In a moment the mood was marvellously changed. Somebody recognised the livery; and when the news spread that this was Mr. Hampden's coach, the crowd not only parted to let it pass, but hundreds turned to escort it wherever it might be going. When

the young people alighted, it was amidst the cheers of a crowd; and as each of the City processions passed, its members caught up the cheer, so that before it was done, the young people were satisfied that their father was the greatest man in England.

"Is he not so, Aunt Carewe?" asked Nathaniel.

"Perhaps you and I, and a good many more people, may think so," she answered: "but there is a much greater number who consider another gentleman,—a friend of your father's,—to be a greater and more important man."

"Cousin Oliver?" asked Lucy. "They call him Lord of the Fens."

"But Aunt Carewe said 'another gentleman,'" observed Nathaniel; "and Cousin Oliver is not a gentleman."

"It is Mr. Pym," Alice said. "Dr. Giles told me that he is called King Pym in London."

"Mr. Pym is the most powerful man in this kingdom," Lady Carewe declared; "or perhaps in any country in Europe. But he would not be so powerful, if your father were not so close a friend. It will never be forgotten that, three weeks since, there would have been bloodshed in the House of Parliament, and a failure of the hopes of the nation, but for Mr. Hampden's gentleness and prudence and winning manners."

"About the Grand Remonstrance, you mean?"

"Yes: it requires the most solemn patience of a religious nation to relate such a story of injuries received from the Government as that Remonstrance shows forth; and the telling such a tale of wrongs cannot but be dangerous to the King and his friends. No wonder, therefore, that his partisans in the House were angry, and provoking to the friends of the people. The fury was so great that there would have been fighting, but for the effect of one man's noble temper and religious prudence."

"And that gentleman was my father," said Lucy to herself, very proudly.

Till dark the young people could not be drawn from the windows, even to eat or warm themselves; and several friends who came in by the backway, when there was not room at the front, told them that such a day had never before been seen in London. It seemed as if the whole kingdom was petitioning Parliament on the same day. It was true, there were processions still going after dark: and the flare of the torches which they carried, and the lights which were hung out from every house along the Strand, shone upon faces which were never to be forgotten. In the processions some were angry and loud, some resolute and silent, and more indifferent. At the windows and along the causeways the spectators were alarmed, or animated, or amused, according to their natures; but all were under the one solemn impression that such a day would begin a new period in England.

Lady Carewe's brother, Sir Amyas Denton, came in at dusk. He said that the bishops had overthrown the Church that day, to a certainty. One of them went into a passion at being jeered in Palace Yard: and he hurried eleven of his brethren into a foolish revenge. They sent in a protest to their own House, not only against their being hin-

dered in going to their seats, but against any acts of the Parliament being considered valid which should pass during their absence.

"Who was that bishop?" asked Nathanael.

"Archbishop Williams, I should imagine," Lady Carewe replied.

"Williams, of course," said her brother: "and he will be answerable for whatever may happen before New Year's Day."

"What will happen?" Alice asked.

"Possibly episcopacy may be overthrown altogether. Possibly it may be saved by the bishops humbling themselves. We may see a dozen of them on their knees at our bar in a day or two, begging pardon for their impertinence."

"A dozen bishops on their knees!" cried Kitty, laughing: "I should like to see that."

"I should not," said Nathanael; and his aunt and Alice agreed with him. When the thing actually happened within three weeks, they were sorry for those who were obliged to be present to witness such a humiliation of any ministers of religion.

Other visitors told of the fury of the people against Colonel Lunsford, who had done infinite mischief this day. He had rushed among the apprentices in Westminster Hall, sword in hand, and had slashed right and left, wounding several. It was said that one man was killed.

"That one-eyed bully!" exclaimed Philip Hampden, who had just entered. "Why did not one of them close his one eye with all gentleness, and lead him home to the Tower?"

"Is he gone to the Tower? Did the King—?"

"Yes, the King sent him there. Not as a prisoner. Do not suppose that. He is gone as Lieutenant of the Tower."

"Surely that is not possible!" exclaimed Lady Carewe.

"It is too true," Philip declared. "My father confirmed it when I asked him an hour ago. The appointment will be annulled. The country will not endure it."

"But will the King yield?"

"He must."

"He will make no difficulty," Sir Amyas declared. "He has become accustomed to take back his acts: and it now costs him almost as little as to forsake his word."

"Sir Amyas Denton, do you know you are speaking of the King?" cried Nathanael, turning from the window with a kingly air of his own.

"I do, my boy; and sorry I am to remember it. We will not argue the matter now; but do you fix your attention from this night forward on the King's words and acts, and then judge for yourself whether he is to be trusted."

Nathanael said that other people might play the spy upon his Majesty, but he never would. His brother Philip told him that it was now the first duty of every good citizen to do what Sir Amyas Denton had said. It could not be permitted that more royal promises should be broken. Then Nathanael supposed that Colonel Lunsford would remain Lieutenant of the Tower.

"What is the truth about what Colonel

Lunsford has done?" asked a lady who now entered the room, thickly veiled. It was Lady Carlisle.

"Surely, Lady Carlisle, you would be better at Hampton Court?" said Lady Carewe.

"Better anywhere than in London on such a day as this," said Philip.

"Never mind about me: I am safe enough," replied Lady Carlisle; "and if I were not, their Majesties' friends must run some risks in such times. My dears, I am so glad to see you all!" she said to the young people, embracing the girls: "We have much to say to each other; but I must know now, before all things, what is the truth about Colonel Lunsford. What has he actually done?"

The story of the scene in Westminster Hall was told by degrees by one and another witness of parts of it. When Lady Carlisle was gone, it was agreed by all present that she had a right sense of the ruffianism of the man, and that there was therefore a strong probability that Colonel Lunsford would be sent adrift,—a thing which also came true within a few days. Not, however, without the army of apprentices having come armed to the doors of Parliament, challenging Colonel Lunsford to fight them now.

As it grew late the crowds went home. There were still knots of people in the road, voluble and vigorous in gesture: and there was a patrol which was understood to be established for the night: but the torches burned out and were not renewed. The shouts from the river behind ceased. It became too cold for the citizens to remain abroad without strong reason, and Mr. Hampden's house was closed. The young people sat up till late in hope of seeing their father; but at length they gave in, and went to rest;—the more willingly because it was not certain that he would come home at all that night. On some less portentous occasions he had been detained in the House till morning.

It was not so now, however. Lady Carewe and Philip were talking by the fireside when he entered. He looked jaded and old; but he declared it was hunger that made him look so; and he sat down at once to the supper that was on the table.

It was not the time, Lady Carewe saw at once, for the conversation she desired to have with him. She was sorry; but she saw she must wait. He was so hoarse, and so exhausted after the clamour and the portentous proceedings in the House, that he must have no further fatigue, nor any working upon his feelings.

"Only this, father," said Philip, as all rose at the end of Mr. Hampden's supper. "Lady Carlisle has been here."

"No doubt, Philip. She was at Pym's house all day. It was certain that she would come also to mine."

"Is Mr. Pym sufficiently wary about that lady?" asked Lady Carewe.

"I believe he is. My own opinion is that she is not dangerous. Not dangerous to us."

"She came here," said Philip, "to inquire about some of this day's transactions: and such inquiry cannot tend to danger, and may to safety;

as here she, and the King through her, is likely to learn the truth."

"Had she no other errand?" Mr. Hampden asked of Lady Carewe.

"She spoke of Henrietta. It was natural. She always does."

"What did she say?"

"What our own hearts have said before. She dwelt upon the innocence of Henrietta's intentions,—and upon the poor child's ignorance of the contents of the despatches."

Mr. Hampden said nothing. It needed no explanation that these excuses had no bearing upon the fact that Mr. Hampden's daughter, the wife of a Puritan patriot, had been engaged in an intrigue of the Queen's.

"Let me ask you one question, brother," said Lady Carewe. "Are there any circumstances, any conditions, under which you could receive our poor child under your roof again?"

"Do not say 'No,' father!" Philip entreated.

"Harry is so unhappy! We are all so unhappy!"

"Is *she* unhappy, Philip?"

"There can be no doubt of it," Lady Carewe declared. "The first fever of her passion is over. Her mere perplexity must be very great; but what is that in comparison with—Brother, I need not tell you that there is nothing in political passion which can fill the void of loneliness after a wedded life."

"Let her stay among the friends whom she has chosen. Such is *my* judgment. Harry will act for himself."

"Do you mean never to see her more?"

"I do not say that."

"If you should enter the Government, father," said Philip: "if you should become Secretary of State, and become a counsellor of the King—"

"That will not come to pass, Philip. The plan is too uncertain: the King's intrigues and misadventures are warnings too strong."

"Mr. Pym thinks so?"

"We think alike on the matter. But it does not follow that Pym may not have charge of the Exchequer some day. As to my poor daughter, when Harry's honour permits her return, her father's tenderness will not be lacking."

"Bless you, brother!" "Thank you, father!" were the answers.

Though he had been standing with his lighted candle in his hand, Mr. Hampden did not go. He observed, after a moment's musing, that he had something to say which would be best said now. Yet his voice wholly failed when he would have proceeded.

"To-morrow, brother," said Lady Carewe.

"Rest now, and speak to us to-morrow."

He spoke now, however.

"I did not think," he said, "to have taken any order in regard to my own remaining years. I was content to have lived to the end as I have lived for many years: but I have lost my daughter Margaret, who was a dear friend: I have lost my child Henrietta, who was very dear to me. It has pleased God to make my life very desolate—" He stopped.

"We understand, brother; do we not, Philip?"

Philip was silent and very pale.

"I am about to marry again," Mr. Hampden resumed. "I am about to wed a lady at Reading, about whom I will communicate all you wish at another time. Sister, she is worthy of the place once filled by one whom we have mourned so long. Philip can scarcely remember his mother."

"I do," said Philip, in great emotion. "But, father, far be it from me to say—(if you would learn my mind upon this)—that you are not right. You have been sorely tried, and of late—"

"Truly desolate, my son, though I have had such friends as you two."

"You need the solace," said Lady Carewe.

"Yet more, the country needs that we should have stout and cheerful hearts, sister: and God knows, mine has of late been neither." There was a moment's pause, and then he said, "Her name is Letitia Vachell. And now good-night, good sister and good son!"

When the door closed after him, Lady Carewe asked, "Had you any thought of this, Philip?"

"None whatever. Is it as new to you, and as—as strange?"

"It is neither new nor strange to my expectations, Philip. When he did not marry for some years, I believed he would live as he said just now. But see how grave his countenance is, remember whether you have seen him smile since Margaret's death, think how we have lost Henrietta, and then marvel if you can that he inclines to renew the life of his heart."

"I am not wondering, aunt."

"For my part, Philip, I approve it. I remember what my sister's love for him was; and on her part I say it is a thing to be desired. Is it not so?"

Philip intimated, in the fewest words, that the times were very grave for new enterprises, involving the domestic happiness of any. He believed that a season was coming during which men's lives would be as clouds before the wind. If, however, his father was to live to wear grey hairs, and to see his great grandchildren, this new marriage would be looked upon as a great blessing.

"Right," said Lady Carewe. "And Philip, I know you are not thinking of danger to the interests of the eldest son—"

"Aunt Carewe, I never thought of it at all."

"So I perceived. But if you had, I would have assured you that your due expectations will be duly regarded. As it is—"

"Aunt Carewe, where all men's lives are precarious, mine is at risk with the rest. I cannot spend thought on what may be behind the black curtain which the Devil and the King have let down between our eyes and the prospects of England. As my father has lost daughters, he may lose sons."

"It is not like you, Philip, to speak thus."

"True: but I speak,—perhaps not without reason."

"God save us from outliving you, Philip!"

"Blood was nearly shed to-day," said Philip.

"If it is not to-morrow, it will be next week or next month. And how many heads will fall like Stafford's? Aunt Carewe, the land will be full of widows."

They parted for the night with full hearts.

The uppermost thought in both their minds was, how Henrietta's heart would smite her when she heard the news. She would say to herself that she had made Harry a widower, and had caused a young bride to be brought home to Hampden, to fill her mother's long sacred place.

CHAPTER XIII. MAN-HUNTING IN MERRY ENGLAND.

"You are very good to me, Philip," was Henrietta's word when the coach which brought her from Biggin drew up in the Strand.

"I promised my father and Aunt Carewe to bring you to them in cheerfulness and serenity, as far as depended on me," said Philip. "You are not afraid to meet them now?"

"Not much," she replied; but she was trembling. "But how is it that my father forgives me, if Harry cannot?"

"You will soon see whether Harry cannot," Philip replied with a smile. "We all feel that the times are sorely perplexing to those to whom they are not wholly clear: and we who are clear must be gentle with those who are perplexed. Now, Henrietta," he said, as the coach advanced to the door and stopped, "be open and sincere with us. This is all we ask."

Henrietta said she never meant to be otherwise: she would now promise anything that was asked.

"What is all this?" Philip exclaimed, as he stood on the step of the coach. "The house seems to me to be guarded. These must be some of the trained-bands."

The house was guarded, front and back: and Henrietta had to pass through rows of armed men into the hall. At the foot of the stairs there were guards; and on the landing above, where Aunt Carewe folded her in her arms. Henrietta's confinement was so near that it was necessary to spare her from agitation, if possible. But how was it possible in these days of trouble?

These guards were friendly, she was assured. It was well that Henrietta had not arrived the day before when there really was alarm in the house. The King's officers had come to seal up Mr. Hampden's study, and all his papers, and his clothes, and everything that could contain evidences of treason. He and five others had been fixed on as the King's chief enemies; and they had been impeached in the House of Lords: but this was held to be a mere form, as the accusers had broken through all rules in the conduct of the business, and the Parliament was fully resolved to protect its own leaders. The guards now present had been sent to protect the Parliament officers in the act of breaking the seals. An hour ago, the seals were removed, and care would be taken that Mr. Hampden should be safe in his own house.

Safe or not, Mr. Hampden did not come home that night. It was an anxious evening for his family. Philip came in once; and other friends succeeded each other with news. The King's Sergeant-at-arms had been at the House almost all day. He had come by royal command to accuse five members of the Commons of high

treason, and to demand their persons. There had been no debate; and no answer was given to the Sergeant-at-arms to report. The time was come when the King must be kept to strict order in his dealings with his subjects, or there would, in a week, be no Parliament at all. The House had promised to send a reply to Whitehall as soon as the conference between the two Houses on the breach of privilege of the preceding day should be over.

It was late at night before the King got his answer. His palace of Whitehall was only one of many houses to which news was brought from one half-hour to another. The diurnal writers were up all night, and the printing presses in the City were issuing sheets of news as fast as they could be worked off; so that the story of the collision between the King and the Parliament had spread far into the country by the morning. All the friends of the families of the accused members were full of excitement, and far better pleased to administer news than to sit by their own firesides, that bitter January night.

First in importance was the assurance that the accused members would not be delivered up on the King's mere demand; but they must meet any charge that was legally advanced. One friend came in to say that he had just seen how that matter was settled. Mr. Pym and his four fellow-sufferers under the King's displeasure had been addressed by the Speaker. The House was very full. It had been much agitated; but the extremity to which the King had gone had created a great solemnity. Every member looked grave: few conversed with each other; and those who did, spoke in a low tone. In so quiet a House, the Speaker's voice, though neither loud nor steady, was heard by every one. When the five names were spoken, and the respective members rose and faced the chair, the command was laid upon them to attend the House from day to day till the injunction should be withdrawn: which command they received with an obeisance.

Why did not Mr. Hampden come home? his family asked with great anxiety, as the clocks struck nine.

The House was awaiting the return of the four representatives who were carrying its reply to Whitehall.

Then some one came in who had seen the deputation alight at Whitehall, and enter. Two of them, Lord Falkland and Culpeper, were friends of the King, and Privy Counsellors; and the other two, Sir Philip Stapleton and Sir John Hotham, could hardly be offensive to His Majesty. What was the message they carried? It was an assurance that the House would give its earliest and gravest attention to His Majesty's message, and that the five members would be ready to meet any legal charge against them. Then, while news was arriving that the streets were full of City soldiery, sent by the City authorities in response to the demand of the Commons of protection, Philip and another went out again, to see the deputation leave Whitehall, and to ask Sir Philip Stapleton where Mr. Hampden could be found.

For two hours the family waited anxiously for

Philip's return. Weary as Henrietta was, she would not go to rest; and no one else could think of it. At length they heard the last news that could reach them that night. The King had at once admitted the messengers; but it did not appear that he had considered what he should say. If he had, he had forgotten it. He took notice of no one of the four but Lord Falkland; asked a question, and did not wait for the answer before giving his own. He would send an answer in the morning to what the Commons had said: and he dismissed the messengers so hastily, that their coach was half-way between Whitehall and Westminster Hall before Philip could overtake it.

What of his father?

Mr. Hampden was in good health and heart. Yes, Philip had seen him. He could not say where he had seen him. A quiet night was needful to all the accused members after so memorable a day, and in face of such a day as the next. Mr. Hampden sent his love to his household, and prayed them to have no uneasiness on his account. He was firm in his innocence; and he was under the pledged protection of the Parliament, because the cause was that of the Parliament. He bade his children good night, and was himself going to rest.

His children went to rest, awe-struck at the thought of their father being under public accusation as a traitor, and wondering what could come of such an impeachment of such a man, but in no way doubting of his personal safety. The war which had been so long spoken of in whispers as too probable seemed now very near. It would be fearful; but their father was safe for this night. Little did they imagine how the night was passed by the King's household. Some of his gentlemen went to rouse the lawyers of the Four Inns with commands to form themselves into a guard early in the morning. Some went into the City to hold consultation with the chief magistrate, and demand the use of the trained-bands in the King's service. The night was so used, that by the time the Houses met at ten o'clock, the streets and roads were swarming with armed men. It seemed scarcely likely that the day would pass over without bloodshed,—so furious were the Royalist guards at the spectacle of the trained-bands marching past Whitehall, instead of stationing themselves there. They were going to protect the Parliament. The King had miscalculated when he supposed, from his late reception in the City, that its forces were on his side.

Philip went out immediately after breakfast, having arranged with Lady Carewe for a service of messages throughout the morning, by means of the grooms.

The first tidings were simply that Mr. Hampden was in the House, looking well, and in his usual quiet spirits. After that, all the rest was astounding.

The King's coach was ordered and brought up in great haste. The King was going to Westminster. The King was attended by an army of guards; and their insolence was so great that it was scarcely possible that the peace should be preserved. The boast among them was that the King was going to put down rebellion with a high

hand: he was going to lay his grasp on his enemies in their own House, and pull them out of the very seats from which they had uttered their treasons: he was going to take such order that he should really reign from this day forward, and that turbulent men should trouble the kingdom no more.

Then came the news that the King had gone to Westminster surrounded by his prodigious armed escort, who had filled all the passages of the House, and crowded up to the very door of the Commons chamber, and within it. The King had surprised the House—or intended to surprise it—by his rapid approach and sudden entrance; but the intention must have got wind.

Lady Carewe was glad she had prevailed with Henrietta to keep her chamber this morning; for it was overwhelming, even to her, to hear that the King had himself gone down without notice, to apprehend the accused members. Strong news however is seldom or never concealed. A scream from Henrietta's chamber told that she knew all. She had come out upon the landing, and learned from the servants what had been told below.

It was to little purpose that Philip himself soon assured her that their father was safe. "He had escaped—"

"Escaped!"

"Yes,—escaped from the King's grasp. It was the barest escape! By some means Mr. Pym was warned of the danger; and the five members had just withdrawn when His Majesty entered. 'Where are they?' Why, that is what all the world is asking. What is certain is that they passed out by boat just as His Majesty descended from his coach; and that the City will take no less precious care of those five members of their House than of the choicest treasures of old London."

Philip was, in another moment, gone. He was thirsty as on a midsummer day, and hoarse; but he was very happy. His honoured father was that day a representative of the national cause; and his proud son had no serious apprehension of any immediate personal danger. Before returning to the scene of excitement, Philip sent off a messenger to Hampden with the news. It was well that his report of Henrietta was not an hour later in date.

The agitation was too great for her, "O! if I could see Lady Carlisle for one quarter of an hour!" she sighed, when she knew what was about to happen.

She was indulged. By the river the distance was not great, and the passage was clear; and Lady Carlisle came during the hour that was her own, after the Queen's passion at the King's misadventure had subsided. Lady Carlisle's heart was too full for control when she and Henrietta were alone. She answered freely the agonised questions which were put to her.

No doubt Mr. Hampden and Mr. Pym and their comrades had been in great danger of arrest for high treason. 'How had they escaped?'—Mr. Pym had been warned. There had been distinct but ill-explained warnings for some days; but—Well! she would let Henrietta know the truth,—sure that her dear child would make no ill use of it.

The Queen had roused His Majesty to this unfortunate attempt by more than entreaties,—by reproaches,—by taunts of cowardice.

"You are not in earnest!" cried Henrietta.

"Can I be otherwise, my love, on such a day as this? I heard the word 'poltroon,' I heard (for she spoke shrilly)—I heard her demand that he, the King, should bring her the traitors with his own hand. Ah! my love! we are all children of passion at times; and if ever I saw faces moved by passion, it has been at Whitehall to-day."

"Did you know what the King was going to do?"

"Not precisely; but I was dreadfully anxious. It was a weary morning. The Queen seemed lost in thought, but restless. She looked at the time-piece every minute: at last she smiled in my face, and told me that by that moment His Majesty and his crown were secure. By the time the hour struck which was then about to strike, Mr. Pym (the rival king she called him) and his abettors would be under arrest for high treason. I thought I should have died: but it was necessary to act: and, Heaven be praised! the delay of the King's coach in the crowd saved him!—saved all the five."

"What was it that you did?"

"I sent him a note by a quick and sure hand—"

"To my father?"

"No; to Mr. Pym. I cannot tell you more: and you are not fit to hear it now. My child, let us be thankful they are safe! Yes,—safe. The people of England will never let a hair of Mr. Pym's head be touched."

Henrietta was infinitely perplexed: but all such perplexities must wait. The agitations of the day were consummated by Henrietta's condition. Before night her child was born; and the child, a boy, was living, and likely to live.

It was no use now wishing, as Lady Carewe did many times, in the course of that night, that the family had remained at their lodging in Gray's Inn Lane, or, better still, at the house at Chelsea, where they had spent some weeks of the autumn, till the troubles brought them into London. Mr. Hampden and she had thought that they could send the young people away into Buckinghamshire, if the public quarrel should ripen into war: but that Henrietta should be brought to bed in this town lodging had never been imagined. And this very night was the noisiest and most alarming that had yet occurred. Henrietta was in the quietest room in the house; but the sailors and wherry-men made almost as much clamour on the river as the citizens did in the streets. Everywhere the people were banding themselves together for the defence of the Parliament: and the assemblages in boats and on the wharves, the nautical cries, the shouts for privilege of Parliament, the cheers for the City bands, when the news spread that the King could not have their services because they were pre-engaged,—these movements broke up the quiet of the night. Then, gunshots were heard occasionally; and the river flared under the torches which traversed it in all directions.

All this was bad for Henrietta; but it was a

small disturbance in comparison with what was in her mind. She wept so that it was vain to recommend sleep to her.

"Believe me," said Lady Carewe, "we are in no serious fear for your father's present safety. He is doubtless hidden in the City. But, if I err not, it is another thought which afflicts you now, my child."

Henrietta's redoubled sobs showed that this was true; and Lady Carewe went on:

"In a few short days—possibly in one single day—you and Harry will be smiling together over the folly of two young persons who did not know when they were blessed enough, and threw their bliss away. In a few hours possibly, Harry and you will be adoring this new little idol of yours. Ah yes! it is a pity that Harry was not here when his firstborn saw the light: but, this retribution over, further lamentation will be wrong."

Harry was coming then! On this consolation Henrietta slept at last.

Harry did not come in one day,—nor in two, nor in three. The trouble of the time was answerable for this. No man could be more impatient; and his messengers brought ample evidence of it; but Mr. Hampden's tenantry, and many more of the yeomanry of Buckinghamshire prepared to ride up to London, to the number of four thousand, to protect their member, and to offer their support to the Parliament; and they chose to have Mr. Carewe for their leader. They could not be brought up, in complete readiness for any sort of action, in less than a week. Meantime, it required all Philip's judgment, and all his cheerfulness, to keep up the courage of the family. The King's friends gave out at one hour that the accused members had fled to foreign countries whence they could never return, and at the next that His Majesty knew where they were lying hid, and had them as in a trap. Again, everything went wrong with the King. He gained nothing by a visit to the City, the day after the fatal Tuesday when he failed in the object for which he had violated the privilege of Parliament. Wherever he went shouts of "Privilege!" arose: copies of the Protests of the Commons were thrust into his coach: the City bands were not well affected towards him; and his seamen, whom he had supposed as loyal to the Crown as to the sea itself, openly went over to the other side. Finally, after a week, His Majesty had to hear of the return of the five members whom he had called traitors, to their seats. It was easy to go to Hampton Court or elsewhere, out of sound of the cheering; but it was useless; for the news brought of what the people of London, and thousands from the provinces were doing in Westminster was worse to listen to than the shouts themselves. Lady Carlisle related afterwards how anxiously the King inquired all the particulars of the passage of Mr. Pym and his comrades through the streets, escorted by all London; and how he caused himself to be informed of every word that could be remembered of Mr. Hampden's speech, which opened the business of the House that day; and how scandalised the Queen was at the freedom with which

a gentleman who was a mere layman spoke of the Old and of the New Testament, and of a new religion which a man might live and die for. The audacity with which this was adventured proved, Her Majesty thought, that these Puritans were given over to Satan : an opinion strengthened by the observation of some of Her Majesty's attendants, who declared that neither Mr. Pym nor Mr. Hampden looked as they were wont. There was a fierceness in their countenances and in their discourse which made their own friends remark that they were now the King's irreconcilable enemies.

With Henrietta, however, Mr. Hampden was not severe. Grave he now was always ; stern a man might well be who had been so often trifled with ; and fierce any Puritan gentleman might be who had seen the word of a King so broken, and the purposes of the highest gentleman in the realm so easily shaken and so deeply depraved by the influence of a woman of strong passions, herself in the hands of a clique of Popish conspirators.

"You see, my daughter," said Mr. Hampden, when he took Harry's seat by Henrietta's couch, "you see what it is to trust persons to whom superstition is more dear than the most indispensable and common virtue. You see what it is to be the messenger and tool of persons to whom power is worth any perfidy. I speak not as one guiltless in this particular. There are but few who have not been beguiled, at one time or another, into some trust or hope that the enemies of our country were repentant, or were becoming reasonable ; and of those few I am not one. It is not many weeks since it seemed to me possible that this sore quarrel might be appeased, and even turned to a good use by the yielding of the King to God's clear Providence ; and I might then, but for that mode of Providence which we call accident, have become a minister of the King's. Therefore I am far from thinking harshly of some things that you have done through a too confident trust in unworthy claimants of our trust. And as for the spirit,—the temper—"

Henrietta bowed her head, and Harry implored that that misery might never be spoken of again. Mr. Hampden replied :

"Far be it from me to speak severely of any loss of the Christian gentleness and candour and grace which are so easy in quiet days. I have trouble enough with my own spirit to pity others who are under the same temptation. Only this, my children,—this one word for you and for myself,—such passion is unholy : it must never prevail again."

Both thought it never could. They had suffered too much. Harry added in his own mind that the King and Queen were too far disgraced to serve as idols any more ; and Henrietta settled it with herself that, as her family could never hear any side but their own, and would never be able to enter into the King's reasons and feelings, her part was utter silence on royal affairs. She did not herself understand some recent proceedings, and probably she never should. She would withdraw to the country, read no news-letters, interdict political discourse in her own house, devote herself to her child, and never offend her husband more. She

must teach her child to pray for the sovereign and the royal house. Nothing could absolve her from that duty : but it should be done in secret, and so as never to offend Harry.

"How does it go with our father, do you think ?" Harry asked, when the door had closed upon Mr. Hampden. "How does he look in your eyes, after being hunted for a week as a traitor ?"

"Harry," whispered she, "his looks are such that I was glad when he took this child upon his arm. I hoped the gentle feelings which he seems to have lost would come back again. Surely, Harry, they cannot be lost for ever."

"I know not," said Harry. "It is said that where civil war is possible there mercy dies with the first drop of blood that is drawn."

"Civil war ! Is that inevitable ? And when and how will blood be drawn ? Does Mr. Pym think civil war certain ?"

"Not only Mr. Pym, but every sane man thinks so. The first blood does not remain to be shed. Colonel Lunsford cast the die when he drew his sword on the apprentices at Westminster. Yes, it was a low and unworthy beginning ; but our trial is that precisely,—the task of contending with the low and unworthy on behalf of what is to every religious citizen noble and precious."

Henrietta sighed ; and hour by hour the best delights of her present happy days were mingled with fear and grief at the thought of civil war. Her father's happiness did not now depend on his children as it had done : and, as for the rest, she would not think about it.

(To be concluded in our next.)

FROM THE FRENCH OF MALHERBE.

O, FATHER ! will thy grief cease never !
Must each sad word that shall remind thee
Of fathers' love for children blind thee
With tears for ever !

Thy sorrow for thy darling yonder—
Is it a maze, where thy soul, trying
In vain to still its ceaseless crying,
Shall always wander ?

Death ever strikes in cruel scorning
The fairest flowers ; thy rose so cherished,
Thy rose, that like the rest hath perished,
Bloomed but one morning !

Black death, our little life's span weighing,
Sternly works out his dread commission,
And spurning peers' or pawns' petition,
Disdains our praying.

Thou weepest, father ! There is weeping
In lonely homes, where Squalor crouches.
Hosts cannot banish Death from couches
Where kings lie sleeping.

B. J.

A CONSTANTINE CZAROWICZ IN WARSAW.

PART II.

SAVAGE and ferocious, however, as he was on ordinary occasions, an unbuttoned coat, or a collar an inch too high, would make the General-in-Chief bellow with rage, and strike, con-

damn to the casemates, to the rods, or to instant death, every one that came in his way. His favourite officers, of course, exaggerated, if possible, the fury of their master. One soldier returning drunk to barracks, caused, perhaps, four divisions to be punished, or the whole infantry corps to be sent to expiate the crime by forced marches through the sands of the Vola. So strictly was discipline maintained, that on one occasion, when a non-commissioned officer ventured to send in a petition to the Czarowicz, knowing the hopelessness of obtaining redress from his own officers, the insubordination was punished in the following manner. He was bound to a truck, and so dragged through the ranks of five battalions, each man in them striking his back with a rod; long before the sentence was completed, the blows fell upon a senseless, macerated corpse. This was the usual punishment for a breach of discipline. Nor was the brutality of Constantine confined to the rank and file of his army. We will but cite one instance of the treatment to which officers of the most honoured families in the country were alike subjected. The Czarowicz in his rounds one day found a young Polish lieutenant absent from his post—it was within the town—the lad having left for a moment to procure a sheet of paper from a shop close at hand, on which to draw up the report he had to give in at head-quarters. Constantine had scarcely arrived when he returned; he explained his absence, but to no purpose; the Romanoff tore the epaulets from the lieutenant's shoulders, and made the Russian soldiers on duty beat him "*bez pozadi*" (without mercy), until at the end of half-an-hour he lost all consciousness, and was carried to the hospital. Strange to say, the Czarowicz repented the next morning of this proceeding, and summoning the regimental surgeons, charged them to cure the young man under pain of being sent to Siberia. They, doubtless, tried to obey; but the poor boy died within a few days. His mother, who all that time watched at the hospital door, was not allowed to see him until he no longer lived, when Constantine sent for her, expressed his regret that the affair should have terminated so unpleasantly, and by another strange freak of (what he doubtless thought was generosity, offered her 5000 Polish florins (121*l.*).

"Do you think, barbarian, I will make a bargain with you for my child's tortures? His blood be upon your head!" was the only reply she gave.

Constantine soon found it necessary to change the military system he found existing in the remnant of the Polish army: promotion by merit was neither profitable nor politic. He immediately consulted with his brother upon the subject, and the result was the gradual introduction of the Russian system, by which a military hierarchy was secured, bound alike by interest and common infamy to the Russian dynasty. Colonelcies and generalships were put up to sale; in an infantry regiment the latter was found a profitable investment to the buyer at 26,000 florins, in a cavalry regiment it usually went for 5000 less. The dress and food of the men became

a business speculation of their officers, and the poor wretches perished of cold and hunger to enrich those who preyed on their misery. With rare exceptions the old generals who had served under Napoleon, held aloof, as much as possible, from their new master; and though few among them threw up their commands, their opposition, though silent, made them not less hateful to him. One of the number was a man whose bravery, shown in a hundred battles, and personal character, had made him so popular with the troops, that even the Czarowicz dared not insult him without some pretence. At length the opportunity, so long desired, came: on a grand field-day, a certain trooper in the general's division appeared with his breast padding somewhat unsymmetrical: the Czarowicz's hawk's-eye at once detected the abomination, and the Imperial hand the next instant dragged the man out of his saddle, 'unbuttoned his coat, pulled from it we know not what soiled linen, and threw it in the general's face. The white-haired veteran instinctively grasped at his sword-hilt; then, as the miserable character of the insult rushed on his mind, he turned pale, and fell insensible into the arms of his friends. Constantine succeeded in his aim—the general resigned.

Even the most favoured of the Commander-in-chief's officers, those who held a high position in his secret police system, were scarcely less exposed to his rage than honest men. One of them, General Gendre, was thrice degraded to the ranks, and thrice restored to his generalship, finally obtaining besides a high appointment in the civil service.

Constantine took great pains in organising military colleges; they were eagerly attended by the youth of the noblest and most patriotic families, and in his blindness he thought he thus secured an infallible means of subjecting the country by the arms of its own children. The year 1831 was strangely to undeceive him. All the subaltern officers were soon supplied from these colleges, and the men for years before the revolution was spoken of as a definite necessity, felt it coming, and more and more attached themselves to their young leaders. The first years after 1815 passed quite quietly; the country, paralysed by its previous sufferings, gazed with a helpless wonder at the changes going on.

In 1819, some signs of discontent appeared, and the government was greatly alarmed. Arrests, courts-martial and tortures followed; but these were kept as quiet as possible, and no one condemned to the horrors of Constantine's dungeons was allowed to speak of them to living man.

The Emperor visited Poland in 1821, and was received with enthusiasm: the people knew nothing of him but from the "Constitution" to which he had sworn in 1815; and as the amnesties and pardons he had since frequently issued, were most discreetly worded, his brother had little trouble in evading their apparent intention. Possibly Alexander felt some compunction at the policy on which he had entered; at any rate, he promised the country a regeneration based on the union of all the Russian provinces once included under

the Polish crown. The people were too grateful, too overjoyed, to doubt his sincerity; and were resigned to the abuses of Constantine's rule, in the hope of a future when Poland would no longer be bound to Russia as a petty dependent State, but as a great kingdom, whose superior wealth, and infinitely superior intelligence, must give it equality, if not a preponderance, in the councils of the Crown. Thus, as long as Alexander lived, servitude was not quite hopeless; and only at his death did Poland awake to the full horror of her position.

Constantine, who had married a beautiful and virtuous Polish girl, immediately dismissed his seraglio, and gave up his debauched habits: for a little while the country hoped to find a protector from its tyrant in her; but though on every opportunity she never failed to intercede on the side of mercy with her husband, and he rarely refused her anything, she was permitted to know so little of all that was passing in the country, that her power for good was scarcely felt. Day after day she might sit in the silent, curtainless rooms of the Belvedere—for Constantine could endure no shadows or dark corners where he lived—and no echo reached her of the horrors he was perpetrating in the city and the camp.

Alexander died, and Constantine, to the astonishment of the world, declined the throne in favour of his younger brother, Nicholas—a brother who, totally devoid of moral qualities, and but very meagrely endowed with intellectual ones, was destined by mere force of will so to impose on the world, that his monstrous egotism should pass for genius, his brutal recklessness for power. This Old Man of the Sea, who so long crushed down in awful reverence some of the proudest crowns of Europe, was then scarce thirty years of age, and quite unknown to his own empire or to Europe. His real character was shown after Pestal's conspiracy in 1825, by the wholesale hanging and torturing of those concerned in it, and condemning them in scores and hundreds to the mines of Siberia. The plot had large ramifications in Warsaw, and many Polish officers, and great part of the garrisons, were implicated in it.

Everything was prepared for the outbreak, when the wretched spy, Krasinski, who had wormed himself into the confidence of the patriots, denounced their projects to the Grand Duke. The chief leaders were arrested, and brought before the Senate for judgment. Constantine, by bribery and intimidation, felt confident of bending the high tribunal to his will, and his astonishment was scarcely less than his fury, when, of all the members, not one but his minion Krasinski voted for the condemnation of the prisoners. He swore that no others should so escape again; and in the meantime consoled himself with their suffering during the three years spent in the examinations, and by the death of the intrepid Bielniski, who defended the accused, but, worn out by the mental excitement and fatigue of the trial, scarcely survived its close. His burial almost caused an insurrection, and furnished a rich harvest of arrests.

Zaionek shortly afterwards died, the vice-royalty was abolished, and was Constantine invested with absolute power. His first care was to purge the Administrative Council, which still contained many honest, if not very courageous men; thenceforth every moment he could spare from the army, was given to perfecting his police system. A secret police had long since been organised by the Grand Duke, but its power had not been greatly felt until after Alexander's death.

But from the date of Pestal's conspiracy, scarcely a day went by without arrests; suicides were of constant occurrence; and over the smooth granite pavement of the bestrewn city, the kibitka bore its nightly victims to the mines or the fortresses of Siberia.

Poland grew impatient under this unendurable tyranny, and silently prepared for the coming struggle. The Emperor was engaged in war with Turkey for the deliverance of Greece; and the Poles, with ill-considered generosity perhaps, resolved to wait, rather than hinder the deliverance of another oppressed people; though, had they risen then, the chances were immensely in their favour. The Czar, tired of his Asiatic triumphs, now turned his attention to Europe; the bear entered into solemn league with the fox; the Romanoff and the Hohenzollern embraced each other at Berlin, and the latter was promised all the offal left by his still hungrier companion in the chase they proposed together. The wolf at that time was fitting on a new sheep-skin, and as he had plenty of troublesome flocks in the home-farm, he declined joining his friend; at least, until he saw how the sport was likely to turn out. Nicholas now felt the wisdom of conciliating the Poles, as Poland must be the basis of his future operations; and therefore he gave them the pleasure of seeing him crowned king in Warsaw. All went well at the grand ceremony: the new king was affability itself, walked unattended in the public promenades with his family, met with enthusiastic *vivas* and respectful deference everywhere; but when, on convening the Diet, instead of healing the heartburnings inflicted by constant prorogations, he answered the constitutional demands of the deputies by talking only of his prerogative, the hopes excited by his first appearance vanished; the *vivas* sunk into silence. The oppressor and the oppressed looked each other calmly in the face, and made their resolve. Nicholas felt that such favours as he was disposed to offer must be scorned by the country, so he determined to govern by terror. He cared little for this; his system would soon overcome all ill-conditioned discontent. He shortly left, to make the famous convention with the King of Prussia, and returned, for a few days, to Warsaw, to scatter stars and cordons among the venal aristocracy who crowded the antechambers of the Belvedere.

Lubeckoi, the Minister of Finance, was a man completely after the Emperor's heart, loving nothing on earth, and fearing nothing but his imperial master, cruel as he was passionless, without prejudices as without principles, believing in no one, and false alike to friends and enemies; yet highly talented, full of expedients, never elated by success,

nor depressed by evil fortune. He soon acquired complete ascendancy over the new Administrative Council; and even the wild Czarowicz was obliged in some degree to curry favour with the minister who held the purse-strings. This little suited the eldest of the Romanoffs; but his soldiers, and still more his spies, must be paid, and he found himself obliged to submit.

The Council quickly became the market for all offices in the State—for bishops' mitres, chamberlains' wands, and even all the higher appointments in the army. Lubeckoi resigned to Constantine the duty of carrying out its decrees; but the Grand Duke found these duties insufficient for his civic ardour, and with the same mad energy with which he drilled a regiment of recruits, he now set about reorganising the secret police. He soon established through this means a tribunal completely devoted to his will, immediately under his favourite, General Roznicski, as president, assisted by various other generals, three favourite jailers, His Highness's late tutor, General Karouta, a confidential valet de chambre, a Jew (broker and poisoner to the tribunal), gendarmes of peculiar acumen, and one or two other villains. The decrees of this council were carried out by a legion of Thugs, composed of pick-pockets, Jew usurers, pimps, dismissed galley-slaves, and other vile instruments, such as can always be found to carry out the will of iniquity in high places.

The tribunal held its sittings at Warsaw, generally in a vault of the Belvedere, and its dread power was soon felt to the farthest limits of the kingdom: its spies contrived to introduce themselves into every family. The attention of the secret police was no longer confined to persons in government employments; barracks, colleges, cafés, public gardens, the boudoirs of courtesans, monks' cells, Jewish synagogues, and freemasons' lodges were alike the field of their operations. They were no longer a gang of insignificant scoundrels, but a great State institution, with their own system of administration, their *esprit de corps*, and peculiar privileges. No person employed in the secret police could be charged with felony or theft, nor could any civil action be brought against its agents but by their immediate superiors; no one had such facilities of travelling as they: the services of the gendarmes were absolutely at their disposition, and they could always demand an escort of Cossacks if necessary. It must not be supposed all this was earned without some trouble. After the Revolution, no less than fifty-nine large volumes of manuscript reports were found in General Karouta's office alone, all drawn up by his own hand. He was chief paymaster of the force, and a man of untiring devotion; he frequently received as many as 107 agents in one morning; those who had a more than usually interesting conspiracy, or piquant bit of household scandal, were sent on to the Grand Duke; the rest left their reports with him. This indefatigable ex-pedagogue had some human weaknesses: he was bitterly annoyed that Constantine would not grant the secret police a distinguishing uniform to be worn at court balls and levées. General Roznicski was a man of less ambition but far more practical than the Greek; he used to place

the greater number of his private creditors on the lists of the secret service, and send them to Karouta with their bills; being, moreover, of an economical disposition, when he acted as his own paymaster he managed to save a good deal of money by receiving his spies in a chamber whilst another agent listened behind the door; after the first man had told his story, Roznicski would storm at him as a lazy rascal, then call in the eaves-dropper, who repeated the same declarations, declaring he had long since furnished them. But this manœuvre could only occasionally be put in practice.

Nor was this institution spoken or written of by its authors with any touch of cynicism: no, it was "a means employed by the Government for the better preservation of public morality, and of guarding the innocent from evil-doers." We have not space to quote the oath taken by the police agents in full, but here are some extracts:—

I swear to God the Omnipotent in the Holy Trinity, and in the presence of the Holy Virgin, all the saints, and my own blessed patron saint, that I will fulfil the public trust placed in my hands with my best power and ability, and pay the strictest regard to all the instructions communicated to me; that I will neither communicate the duty with which I am charged either to persons of my own family, to persons serving in another section of the Police Administration, nor to the superiors of the latter; that I will faithfully report all I learn in the discharge of my functions to my own superiors, that I will not deceive them on any occasion, nor conceal anything from them; that I will report everything with strict veracity, and betray nothing of the work with which I am charged, so long as I live, etc., etc.

The oath concluded with:

May the one only God in the Holy Trinity, and all the saints, help me to keep this oath, in its fullest and strictest meaning.

Roznicski, who had acquired complete ascendancy over the Grand Duke, soon became omnipotent through this army of spies, of whom there were 8000 employed in the capital alone. As the Grand Duke paid so much per head for arrests, without reference to quality, and as victims were absolutely necessary, Tartars, Jews, Hungarian herdsmen, Wirttemberg tailors, or gipsy tinkers, were all made to furnish the quota when no better subjects could be found. They heeded very little whom they seized; indeed, the bigot kneeling at his confessional, the drunkard shouting over his cups, the laughing rattlepate, the careless school-boy, were in far more danger than the silent conspirator preparing his arms in secrecy, content to stifle his indignation and wait. The spies loved especially to haunt the long corridors of the colleges, the cafés where lights were fewest, and the shady promenades of the public gardens; it was there the young officer, the student, advocate, the old soldier of Koskiausco, now hidden in the cowl of a Capuchin friar, and enthusiasts of all classes, met to talk together of their country's wrongs and hopes, or to devour by the uncertain light of a flickering oil lamp, a scrap of some French newspaper that by strange chance had escaped the searchers at the Customs in a box of Provence oranges or case of champagne. It was enough to

find men together and pre-occupied, to prove their treason. In a quarter of an hour the decree was pronounced, and the next morning the antechambers of the President of Police, or those of Constantine's aides-de-camp, were crowded with victims waiting to learn their sentence. In vain the distracted mother might entreat to bid her child adieu: the sentinel drove her away with his bayonet, whilst the well-brushed, tight-laced officer gracefully saluted her as he rode off to learn the will of His Highness Constantine.

General Roznicaki established a servants' registration office in Warsaw, whence every one was required to take their domestics; and, as the servants were thus brought completely into the power of the police, family secrets were soon as fully at its mercy.

The most trifling incident in the life of every person who held any position in society was carefully reported by the spies. From papers found in the police bureau at the Revolution, it appeared that multitudes of the citizens had been watched from the moment they rose in the morning until they retired to rest. One gentleman was reported to Constantine as "having taken a walk into the country, there looked through a telescope, and walked home again without speaking;" on another occasion as "having passed a full half-hour at a confectioner's, though he scarcely ate anything." Nothing was too insignificant for their gleaning.

After the Pestal Conspiracy, Senator Count Soltik, then upwards of eighty years of age, one of the most respected men in Warsaw, was seized upon suspicion, thrown into a noisome dungeon, left without trial for three years, and, when apparently at the point of death, was set at liberty on condition of sending twice a day a minute report of his proceedings to the police. Those who were so fortunate as to be released from prison, could only be set free on taking a solemn oath to reveal nothing they had suffered or seen during confinement, nor were they ever after allowed to leave the country, even though they were not Russian subjects; this at least held good where Prussians were concerned. Prisoners were further required, when no trial had taken place, to sign an acknowledgment of their culpable indiscretion. Papers were delivered to all householders with blanks for the number of the persons under their roofs, their professions, &c.; these had to be sent daily to the police. Constantine set spies upon his spies, who again set spies upon him; he even had the Emperor and Empress watched by his agents during their stay at Warsaw. The graves of the famous writer, Staszic, and Colonel Godelski, one of Napoleon's bravest officers, offered a rich harvest for the Grand Duke's underlings. The name of every person visiting them was marked down, especially of such as stopped to pray, or to place a few flowers in honour of the dead. When the Grand Duke was leniently disposed, the perpetrators of such crimes as these were made to work chained to a barrow or a roller in his pleasure gardens, or sweep the streets and market-places of Warsaw in fetters. Often an enthusiastic exclamation, the refrain of an old Polish song, a thoughtless word, or the possession of some book distasteful to Czarism, was sufficient to furnish the denouncers with mate-

rial from which to fabricate a deadly conspiracy. The victim was nearly always arrested at midnight. Before he had time to recover the terror of the first moment, he was hurried away before the secret tribunal, though not before the usual garotte-collar had been secured round his throat. His conductor, bound to silence, led him through a secret door into the Belvedere, then descended with him down the dark stairs and long vaulted passages, in which no sound was heard but the dull echo of their own footsteps. At length their destination was reached. The prisoner stood in the judgment-hall. It was large, and seemed still larger, for the darkness was but faintly dispelled by the few candles that burnt sickly and dimly in the damp unwholesome atmosphere. The silence was unbroken for some minutes, save by the grating of a pen over the leaves of the "black book," as the name of the prisoner was registered.

In the chief seat at the central table (there was no other furniture in the place) sat the president Roznicaki, with cadaverous wrinkled face, blanched hair, and hands trembling from age and debauchery; near him, Karouta, the keen-eyed, eager Greek; Kochanowski, the Grand Duke's valet, perfumed and dressed to perfection; Birmbaum, the Jew, gloating with fierce delight on the misery of the Polish noble, whose fathers had doubtless, a thousand times, given bitter insult to his own, even whilst granting them protection. If the prisoner was of importance, all the members of the tribunal would have been summoned; but we need not recapitulate their names.

The scene in the subterranean chamber of death was well fitted to wring from the victim some sign of terror or hesitation. If he replied with self-command and dignity, he was condemned for contumacy; if he hesitated, he was *suspect*; if silent, then clearly guilty. The informer never, or very rarely, appeared; he had but to furnish his report and proceed to other business. Witnesses were easily obtained. The cheapest and most effectual plan was to seize some poor Jew, who, though he might never have seen the prisoner in his life, was soon taught, under threat of the knout, to swear whatever was required against him. At midnight the Kibitka arrived; the condemned was carried out loaded with chains; the doors turned heavily and noiselessly on their well-worn hinges; he was borne away never to return; his name perished from among the living, or could be whispered only at the risk of sharing his fate.

As Constantine carried his system ever wider, the prisons in Warsaw soon proved insufficient to contain all the accused; so that hospitals and convents and monasteries had to be employed in the service. The vaults below the Czarowicz's own palaces were retained for those whose tortures he wished to superintend personally.

When a prisoner could not or would not implicate his friends, he was generally consigned to certain dungeons thirty feet below the surface of the earth; there, a prey to deadly miasma and the horrors of perpetual darkness and hunger, he was left to writhe in hopeless misery. General Karouta discovered a rapid way of making the

most obstinate break silence. He allowed him no other nourishment than salt herrings; the torments of thirst soon drove the poor wretch to the verge of insanity, and he vainly sought relief by licking the moisture impregnated with saltpetre from the walls of his dungeon. Then, when burning with the fever and delirium of approaching death, if he unconsciously pronounced some beloved name, his words were a death warrant: his door was immediately opened, and one or other of the members of the tribunal, motionless hitherto, listening for the important syllables, entered, and said carelessly, "You would have saved yourself much inconvenience by confessing the names of your accomplices sooner."

Often, however, even hunger, thirst, hot braziers, pincers, and the lash were all applied in vain, and the heroic sufferer kept silence amid the worst tortures that even Constantine and his favourites could devise. When a person was compromised who could pay well for indemnity, the conspiracy was frequently hushed up; but every means were set on foot to track out the author of a seditious pamphlet, or the wearer of a tricolour cockade. The perusal of national poetry or history, Catholic observances, a square cap, moustaches of a particular fashion, and chivalrous manners, were all signs of rank treason, and led to torture or Siberia. To establish schools for the peasantry, or in any way to ameliorate their condition, was a still more deadly sin.

As an aid to his secret service, the Grand Duke established a certain "perlustration" bureau in the Warsaw Post-office, presided over by General Karouta, who, we have forgotten to say, was "chevalier of many foreign and all the Russian and Polish orders, and decorated with the Cross of Honour for distinguished services," and Colonel Legtynski. The latter did all the work, and business enough he had on the Petersburg post day, when scores of letters were sent copied in full to the Czar, and as many used for extracts. Constantine allowed no letters to be excepted from this inquisition except those of his wife.

Perhaps of all classes the men of higher education and literary attainments were the most exposed in this reign of universal suspicion. Intellectual acquirements were above all things a protest against Russia, unless those acquirements were restrained within the calm regions of the exact sciences, or the harmless fancies of romance. For any one to speak or write of modern progress, of the endeavours of France for liberty, or of the heroic struggles by which it had been gained in England, was to challenge ruin. All men who loved their safety avoided such a mad enthusiast; and those who loved him and truth still better, soon had bitter cause to learn the price that it cost them. If a person persisted, and escaped arrest, he might perhaps secure his safety in the woods until it was possible to cross the frontier; but he was far more likely to die of hunger and exposure, or to be seized to wear out life chained in a casemate, or in the still more degrading misery of a soldier in the Siberian army.

Next in the detestation of the Czarowicz was the National Church. Alexander had taken great trouble to secure its good will, built churches and

monasteries, and kissed the Primate's ring with exemplary reverence; but, though by bribery and terrorism many of the higher dignitaries had been gained over, they formed but an insignificant minority, and by their very subserviency soon lost all power of aiding their masters, who learned to despise them as much as the people did.

(To be continued.)

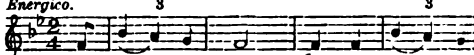
THE MARCH OF ARTHUR.

(FROM THE BRETON.)


M. DE VILLEMARQUÉ, to whom we owe the Breton original of "The March of Arthur," which he obtained from the recitation of an old mountaineer of Leuhan, called Mikel Floih, informs us that these triplets were sung in chorus, as late as the Chouan war, by the Breton peasants, as they marched to battle against the Republican soldiers. The belief in the appearance of Arthur's host on the mountains, headed by their mystic chief,—who awakens from his charmed sleep in the Valley of Avillion whenever war impends over his beloved Cymry,—is common to all the Celtic races. Sir Walter Scott has recorded the belief entertained in the Highlands of the apparition of mounted warriors riding along the precipitous flanks of the mountains, where no living horse could keep his footing. The apparition of this ghostly troop is always held to portend war; and it is no doubt the same which the Celtic bard has here described as arrayed under Arthur. The ancient air to which the triplets are sung (and of which I have appended the musical notes) is a wild and warlike march; and the peasant who chanted it to De Villemarqué told him it was always sung three times over. The composition is an ancient one, and contains many words now obsolete in Brittany, though still found in the Cymric of Wales. The last triplet is a late addition.

BALE ARZUR (THE MARCH OF ARTHUR).

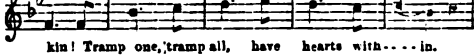
Energico. 3 3



Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp to bat . . . tie



din! Tramp son, tramp sire, tramp kitu and



kin! Tramp one, tramp all, have hearts with . . . in.

TRAMP, tramp, tramp, tramp to battle din!
Tramp son, tramp sire, tramp kith and kin!
Tramp one, tramp all, have hearts within.

The chieftain's son his sire address,
As morn awoke the world from rest:
"Lo! warriors on yon mountain crest—

"Lo! warriors armed, their course that hold
On grey war-horses riding bold,
With nostrils snorting wide for cold!

"Rank closing up on rank I see,
Six by six, and three by three,
Spear-points by thousands glinting free.

"Now rank on rank, twos front they go,
Behind a flag which to and fro
Sways, as the winds of death do blow!

"Nine aling-caste' length from van to rear—
I know 'tis Arthur's hosts appear ;—
There Arthur strides—that foremost peer !

"If it be Arthur—Ho ! what, ho !
Up spear ! out arrow ! Bend the bow !
Forth, after Arthur, on the foe !"

The chieftain's words were hardly spoke,
When forth the cry of battle broke—
From end to end the hills it woke :

"Be't head for hand, and heart for eye,
Death-wound for scratch—a-low, on high,—
Matron for maid, and man for boy !



Breton Peasants singing "The March of Arthur" (see p. 433).

"Stone-horse for mare, for heifers steers,
War-chief for warrior, youth for years,
And fire for sweat, and blood for tears.
"And three for one—by strath and scour,
By day, by night, till near and far
The streams run red with waves of war !

"If in the fight we fall, so best !
Bathed in our blood—a baptism blest—
With joyous hearts we'll take our rest.

"If we but fall where we have fought,
As Christian men and Bretons ought,
Such death is ne'er too early sought." TOM TAYLOR.

ELEANOR'S VICTORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AURORA FLOYD," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," &c.

CHAPTER IX. LOOKING TO THE FUTURE.

The story which Richard Thornton had told Eleanor Vane was the simple record of an unhappy truth. The gay and thoughtless spendthrift, the man about town, who had outlived his age and spent three fortunes, had ended his life, by his own desperate hand, in an obscure *café* near the *Barrière Saint Antoine*.

Amongst other habits of the age in which George Vane had lived, gambling was pretty prevalent. Mr. Vane's sanguine nature was the very nature which leads a man to the gaming-table, and holds him there under the demoniac fascination of the fatal green cloth, hoping against hope, until his pockets are empty, and he must needs crawl dispirited away, having no more money to lose.

This was the one vice of George Vane's life. He had tried to redeem his every-day extravagances by the gamester's frenzied speculations, the gamester's subtle combinations, which are so infallible in theory, so ruinous in practice. Eleanor had never known this. If her father stayed out late at night, and she had to wait and watch for him through long weary hours of suspense and anxiety, she never knew why he stayed, or why he was often so broken down and wretched when he came home. Other people could guess the reason of the old man's midnight absences from his shabby lodging, but they were too merciful to tell his little girl the truth. In Paris, in a strange city, where his acquaintance were few, the old vice grew stronger, and George Vane spent his nights in gambling for pitiful stakes in any low haunts to which his disreputable associates deluded him. He picked up strange acquaintance in these days of his decadence, as poor people very often do: young men who were wandering about the world, out at elbows, professionless young reprobates, getting a very doubtful living by the exercise of their wits, men who were content to flatter and pay court to the old beau so long as they could win a few francs from him to pay for the evening's diversion.

With such men George Vane had associated for a long time. They won pitiful sums of him, and cheated him without scruple; but his life was a very dull one, remember; he had lived for the world, and society of some kind or other was absolutely necessary to him. He clung, therefore, to these men, and was fain to accept their homage in the hour of his decline; and it was with such men as these he had spent the night before his death. It was such men as these who had robbed him of the money which, but for an unhappy accident, would have been safely handed over to the schoolmistress in the Bois de Boulogne.

The old man's death caused very little excitement in Paris. Public gambling-houses had been abolished by the order of the Government long before; and it was no longer a common thing for desperate men to scatter their brains upon the table on which they had just squandered their money; but still people knew very well that there

was plenty of card-playing, and dice-throwing, and billiard-playing, always going on here and there in the brilliant city, and the suicide of a gambler more or less was not a thing to make any disturbance.

Mrs. Bannister wrote a stiffly-worded letter in reply to that in which Richard Thornton told her of her father's death, enclosing an order on Messrs. Blount for the sum she considered sufficient to pay for the old man's funeral, and to support Eleanor for a few weeks.

"I should advise her early return to England," the stockbroker's widow wrote, "and I will endeavour to find her some decent situation—as nursery governess or milliner's apprentice, perhaps—but she must remember that I expect her to support herself, and that she must not look to me for any further assistance. I have performed my duty to my father at a considerable loss to myself, but with his death all claim upon me ceases."

George Vane had been buried during the early days of his youngest daughter's illness. They placed him amongst a cluster of neglected graves, in a patch of ground upon the outskirts of *Père la Chaise*, and Richard Thornton ordered a roughly hewn cross from one of the stonemasons near the cemetery. So, far away from the lofty monuments of the Russian princes and the marshals of the First Empire; far away from *Abelard* and *Heloise*, and all the marble chapels in which devoted survivors pray for the souls of the beloved dead; in a desolate and unhallowed patch of weedy turf, where the bones of the departed were only suffered to rest peaceably for a given number of years, and were stirred up out of their coffins periodically to make room for new-comers, George Vane slept the last sleep. He might have been buried as a nameless suicide but for the chance which had taken Richard Thornton to the Morgue, where he recognised Eleanor's father in the unknown dead man who had been last brought to that gloomy shelter; for he had had no papers which could give any clue to his identity about him at the time of his death.

Upon the morning after that quiet September afternoon on which Eleanor Vane had learned the true story of her father's death, Signora Piccirillo for the first time spoke seriously of the future. In the intensity of her first great grief, Eleanor Vane had never once thought of the desolation of her position, nor yet of the sacrifices which the Signora and Richard were making for her sake. She never remembered that they were both lingering in Paris solely on her account; she only knew that they were there, and that she saw them daily, and that the sight of them, good and kind as they were, was pain and weariness to her, like the sight of everything else in the world.

She had been singularly quiet since the revelation made to her. After the first burst of passionate vehemence which had succeeded her perusal of her dead father's letter, her manner had grown

almost unnaturally calm. She had sat all the evening apart near the window, and Richard had tried in vain to beguile her attention even for a moment. She kept silence, brooding upon the scrap of paper which lay in her bosom.

This morning she sat in a listless attitude, with her head resting on her hand. She took no heed of the Signora's busy movements from room to room. She made no effort to give her old friend any assistance in all the little household arrangements which took so long to complete, and when at last the music-mistress brought her needle-work to the window, and sat down opposite the invalid, Eleanor looked up at her with a dull weary gaze that struck despair to the good creature's heart.

"Nelly, my dear," the Signora said, briskly, "I want to have a little serious conversation with you."

"About what, dear Signora?"

"About the future, my love."

"The future!"

Eleanor Vane uttered the word almost as if it had been meaningless to her.

"Yes, my dear. You see even I can talk hopefully of the future, though I am an old woman; but you, who are only fifteen, have a long life before you, and it is time you began to look forward to it."

"I do look forward," Eleanor said, with a gloomy expression upon her face. "I do look forward to the future; and to meeting that man, the man who caused my father's death. How am I to find him, Signora? Help me in that. You have been kind to me in everything else. Only help me to do that and I will love you better than ever I have loved you yet."

The Signora shook her head. She was a light-hearted, energetic creature, who had borne very heavy burdens through a long life; but the burdens had not been able to crush her. Perhaps her unselfishness had upheld her throughout all her trials. She had thought and cared so much for other people, that she had had little time left for thinking of herself.

"My dear Eleanor," she said, gravely, "this will never do. You must not be influenced by that fatal letter. Your poor father had no right to lay the responsibility of his own act upon another man. If he chose to stake this unfortunate money upon the hazard of a pack of cards, and lost it, he had no right to charge this man with the consequences of his own folly."

"But the man cheated him!"

"As your father thought. People are very apt to fancy themselves cheated when they lose money."

"Papa would never have written so positively, if he had not known that the man cheated him. Besides, Richard says they were heard at high words; that was no doubt when my poor dear father accused this wretch of being a cheat. He and his companion were wicked, scheming men, who had good reason to hide their names. They were pitiless wretches, who had no compassion upon the poor old man who trusted them and believed in their honour. Are you going to defend them, Signora Picirillo?"

"Defend them, Eleanor? no: they were bad men, I have no doubt. But, my darling child, you must not begin life with hatred and vengeance in your heart."

"Not hate the man who caused my father's death?" cried Eleanor Vane. "Do you think I shall ever cease to hate him, Signora? Do you think that I shall ever forget to pray that the day may come when he and I will stand face to face, and that he may be as helpless and as dependent upon my mercy as my father was on his? Heaven help him on that day! But I don't want to talk of this, Signora: what is the use of talking? I may be an old woman, perhaps, before I meet this man, but surely, surely I shall meet him sooner or later. If I only knew his name—if I only knew his name, I think I could trace him from one end of the earth to the other. Robert Lan—Lan—what?"

Her head sank forward on her breast, and her eyes fixed themselves dreamily on the sunlit street below the open window. The French poodle, Fido, lay at her feet, and lifted up his head every now and then to lick her hand. The animal had missed his master, and had wandered about the little rooms, sniffing on the thresholds of closed doors, and moaning dismally for several days after Mr. Vane's disappearance.

The Signora sighed as she watched Eleanor. What was she to do with this girl, who had taken a horrible vendetta upon herself at fifteen years of age, and who seemed as gloomily absorbed in her scheme of vengeance as any Corsican chieftain?

"My dear," the music-mistress said presently, with rather a sharp accent, "do you know that Richard and I will be compelled to leave Paris to-morrow?"

"Leave Paris to-morrow, Signora!"

"Yes. The Phoenix opens early in October, and our Dick will have all the scenes to paint for the new piece. Besides, there are my pupils; you know, my love, they cannot be kept together for ever unless I go back to them."

Eleanor Vane looked up with almost a bewildered expression, as if she had been trying to comprehend all that Signora Picirillo had said; then suddenly a light seemed to dawn upon her, and she rose from her chair and flung herself upon a carpeted hassock at the feet of her friend.

"Dear Signora," she said, clasping the music-mistress's hand in both her own, "how wicked and ungrateful I have been all this time! I forget everything but myself and my own trouble. You came over to Paris on my account. You told me so when I was ill, but I had forgotten, I had forgotten; and Richard has stopped in Paris because of me. Oh, what can I do to repay you both, what can I do?"

Eleanor hid her face upon the Signora's lap, and wept silently. Those tears did her good; they beguiled her for a little while, at least, from the one absorbing thought of her father's melancholy fate.

Signora Picirillo tenderly smoothed the soft ripples of auburn hair lying on her lap.

"My dear Eleanor, shall I tell you what you can do to make us both very happy, and to repay

untenfold for any little sacrifice we may have made on your account?"

"Yes, yes; tell me."

"You have to choose your pathway in life, Nelly, and to choose it quickly. In all the world you have only your half-sisters and brothers to whom you can appeal for assistance. You have some claim upon them, you know, dear, but I sometimes think you are too proud to avail yourself of that claim."

Eleanor Vane lifted her head with a gesture of superb defiance.

"I would starve rather than accept a penny from Mrs. Bannister, or from her sister or brothers. If they had been different, my father would never have died as he did. He was deserted and abandoned by all the world, poor dear, except his helpless child, who could do nothing to save him."

"But if you don't mean to apply to Mrs. Bannister, what will you do, Nelly?"

Eleanor Vane shook her head hopelessly. The whole fabric of the future had been shattered by her father's desperate act. The simple dream of a life in which she was to have worked for that beloved father was over, and it seemed to Eleanor as if the future existed no longer: there was only the sad, desolate present,—a dreary spot in the great desert of life, bounded by a yawning grave.

"Why do you ask me what I mean to do, Signora?" she said piteously. "How does it matter what I do? Nothing I can do will bring my father back. I will stay in Paris, and get my living how I can, and look for the man who murdered my father."

"Eleanor," cried the Signora, "are you mad? How could you stay in Paris, when you don't know one living creature in the whole city? How, in mercy's name, could you get your living in this strange place?"

"I could be a nursery-governess or a nursery-maid; anything! What do I care how low I sink, if I can only stay here, where I am likely to meet that man?"

"Eleanor, my dear! For pity's sake do not delude yourself in this manner. The man you want to find is an adventurer, no doubt. In Paris one day, in London another, or away in America perhaps, or at the further extremity of the globe. Do you hope to find this man by walking about the streets of Paris?"

"I don't know."

"How do you expect to meet him?"

"I don't know."

"But, Eleanor, be reasonable. It is utterly impossible that you can remain in Paris. If Mrs. Bannister does not claim the right of exercising some authority over you, I claim it as your oldest friend. My dear, you will not refuse to listen to me, will you?"

"No, no, dear Signora. If you think I mustn't stay in Paris, I'll go back to England, to the Miss Bennetts. They'll give me fifteen pounds a-year as junior teacher. I may as well live with them, if I mustn't stay here. I must earn some money, I suppose, before I can even try to find the man who caused my father's death. How long it

will be before I can earn anything worth speaking of!"

She sighed wearily, and fell again into a gloomy silence, from which the poodle vainly tried to arouse her by many affectionate devices.

"Then we may consider it settled, Nelly, my dear," the Signora said, cheerfully. "You will leave Paris to-morrow morning, with Richard and me. You can stay with us, my dear, till you've made up your mind what to do. We've a little spare room, which is only used now as a receptacle for empty boxes and Richard's painting litter. We'll fit it up for you, my darling, and make you as comfortable as we can."

"Dear, dear Signora!" said Eleanor, kneeling by her friend's chair. "How good you are to me. But while I have been ill there must have been a great deal of money spent: for the doctor, and the jelly, and fruit and lemonade you have given me—who found the money, Signora?"

"Your sister, Mrs. Bannister, my dear; she sent some money in answer to a letter from Richard."

Eleanor's face crimsoned suddenly, and the music-mistress understood the meaning of that angry flush.

"Richard didn't ask for any money, my love. He only wrote to tell your sister what had happened. She sent money for all necessary expenses. It is not all gone yet, Nelly; there will be enough to pay your journey back to England; and even then something left. I have kept an account of all that has been spent, and will give it to you when you like."

Eleanor looked down at her white morning-gown.

"Is there enough left to buy a black frock?" she asked, in a low voice.

"Yes, my darling. I have thought of that. I have had mourning made for you. The dress-maker took one of your muslin frocks for a pattern, so there was no occasion to trouble you about the business."

"How good you are to me, how very, very good!"

Eleanor Vane could only say this. As yet she only dimly felt how much she owed to these people, who were bound to her by no tie of relationship, and who yet stepped aside from their own difficult pathway to do her service in her sorrow. She could not learn to cling to them, and depend upon them yet. She had loved them long ago, in her father's lifetime; but now that he was dead, every link that had bound her to life, and love, and happiness, seemed suddenly severed, and she stood alone, groping blindly in the thick darkness of a new and dreary world, with only one light shining far away at the end of a wearisome and obscure pathway, and that a lurid and fatal star, that beckoned her onward to some unknown deed of hate and vengeance.

Heaven knows what vague scheme of retribution she cherished in her childish ignorance of the world. Perhaps she formed her ideas of life from the numerous novels she had read, in which the villain was always confounded in the last chapter, however triumphant he might be through two volumes and three-quarters of successful iniquity.

George Vane's sanguine and romantic visions of wealth and grandeur, of retaliation upon those who had neglected and forgotten him, had not been without effect upon the mind of his youngest daughter. That plastic mind had been entirely in the old man's hands, to mould in what form he pleased. Himself entirely the slave of impulse, it was not to be supposed that he could teach his daughter those sound principles without which man, like a rudderless vessel, floats hither and thither before every current in the sea of life. He suffered Eleanor's impulsive nature to have full sway; he put no curb upon the sanguine temperament which took everything in the extreme. As blindly as the girl loved her father, so blindly she was ready to hate those whom he called his enemies. To investigate the nature of the wrongs they had done him would have been to take their side in the quarrel. Reason and Love could not go hand-in-hand in Eleanor's creed; for the questions which Reason might ask would be so many treacheries against Love.

It is not to be wondered, then, that she held the few broken sentences written by her father, on the threshold of a shameful death, as a solemn and sacred trust not to be violated or lost sight of, though her future life should be sacrificed to the fulfilment of one purpose.

Such thoughts as these, indistinct, ignorant, and childish, perhaps, but not the less absorbing, filled her mind. It may be that this new purpose of revenge, enabled her the better to endure her loss. She had something to live for, at least. There was a light far away athwart the long gloomy pathway through an unknown world, and, however lurid that guiding star might be, it was better than total darkness.

CHAPTER X. HORTENSIA BANNISTER HOLDS OUT A HELPING HAND.

SIGNORA PICIRILLO was very well contented with her morning's work. She had obtained Eleanor's consent to a speedy departure from Paris; that was the grand point. Once away from the scene of the terrible catastrophe of George Vane's death, the young girl's sunshiny nature would reassert itself, and little by little the great grief would be forgotten.

In all this dreary period of sickness and misery the good music-mistress had grown to love Mr. Vane's daughter even more than she had loved her long ago, when Eleanor's childish fingers had first stumbled slowly over the keys of the pianoforte, in a feeble endeavour to master the grand difficulties of Haydn's "Surprise."

The widow's life had been a very sorrowful one. Perhaps its most tranquil period had come within the last ten years. It was ten years since, her Italian husband and her children having one by one died, she had found herself alone in the world, with a gaunt, long-legged hobadahoy of eighteen, her dead sister's orphan son, for her sole protector.

This long-legged hobadahoy was Richard Thornton, the only child of the Signora's pretty younger sister and a dashing cavalry officer, who had married a penniless and obscure girl for the love of her pretty face, and had died within a

couple of years of his marriage, leaving his widow to drag out the remnant of a fretful, helpless life in dependence upon her sister. The Signora had been used to carrying other people's burthens from a very early age. She was the eldest child of a clever violinist, who had been for twenty years leader of the orchestra in one of the principal London theatres; and from babyhood had been a brave-hearted, self-reliant creature. When her sister died, therefore, and with the last words upon her pale, tremulous lips prayed the Signora to protect the helpless boy, Richard Thornton, Eliza Picirillo freely accepted the charge, and promised to perform it faithfully. The poor faded beauty died with a smile upon her face, and when Signor Picirillo—who was a teacher of languages at a few suburban schools, and a lazy, good-tempered nonentity—came home that evening, he found that there was to be another member of his domestic circle, and another mouth to be fed henceforth.

The Signora's cruse of oil held out bravely, in spite of the demands upon it; and by-and-by, when the honest-hearted music-mistress would otherwise have been terribly desolate, there was Richard, a tall lad, ready to stand by her sturdily in the battle of life, and as devoted to her as the most affectionate of sons. The boy had shown considerable talent at a very early age, but it was a versatile kind of talent which did not promise ever to burst forth into the grander gift of genius. His aunt taught him music, and he taught himself painting, intending to be something in the way of Maclise or Turner by-and-by, and scraping together some of the shillings he earned with his violin in order to attend a dingy academy somewhere in Bloomsbury.

But the great historical subjects after Maclise—"The Death of the Bloody Boar at Bosworth," a grand battle scene, with a lurid sunset in the background, and Richmond's face and armour all ablaze with crimson lake and gamboge, from the flaming reflection of the skies, was the *magnum opus* which poor Dick fondly hoped to see in the Royal Academy—were not very saleable; and the Turneresque landscapes, nymphs and ruins, dryads and satyrs, dimly visible through yellow mist and rose-coloured fog, cost a great deal of time and money to produce, and were not easily convertible into ready cash. So, when Richard had gone the usual weary round amongst the picture-dealers, and had endured the usual heart-burnings and agonies which wait upon ambitious youth, he was glad to accept the brush flung aside by a scene-painter at the Phoenix, where Dick received a scanty salary as second violinist; a salary which was doubled when the young man practised the double duty of second violin and assistant scene-painter.

These simple people were the only friends of Eleanor Vane's childhood. They were ready to accept the responsibility of her future welfare now, when her rich sister would have sent her into the world, lonely and helpless, to sink to the abject drudgery which well-to-do people speak so complacently of, when they recommend their poor relations to get an honest living and trouble them no longer.

Richard Thornton was enraptured at the idea of taking this beautiful younger sister home with him, although that idea involved the necessity of working for her till she was able to do something for herself.

"Nothing could be better for us than all this sad business, aunty," the young scene-painter said when he called in the Rue l'Archevêque, and found his aunt alone in the little sitting-room. Eleanor was lying down after the morning's excitement, while her friend packed her slender wardrobe and made all preparations for departure. "Nothing could be better for us," the young man said. "Why, Nell's golden hair will light up the Pilasters with perpetual sunshine, and I shall always have a model for my subject-pictures. Then what a companion she'll be for you in the long dreary nights when I am away at the Phoenix, and how capably she'll be able to help you with your pupils; for, of course, she plays and sings, like anything, by this time."

"But she wants to go back to the Miss Bennetts, the people at the Brixton school, Dick."

"But, Lord bless you, aunty, we won't let her go," cried Mr. Thornton; "we'll make a prima donna or a leading tragedy-actress, or something of that kind, of her. We'll teach her to make a hundred pounds a-week out of her white arms and her flashing gray eyes. How beautiful she looked last night when she was on her knees, vowing vengeance against that scoundrel who won her father's money, with her yellow hair all streaming over her shoulders, and her eyes flashing sparks of fire! Wouldn't she bring the house down, if she did that at the Phoenix? She's a wonderful girl, aunty; the sort of girl to set all London in a blaze some day, somehow or other. Miss Bennett's and Brixton, indeed!" cried Richard, snapping his fingers contemptuously, "you could no more chain that girl down to a governess's drudgery, than you could make a flash of forked lightning do duty for a farthing candle."

So Eleanor Vane went back to England with her friends. They chose the Dieppe and Brighton route for its economy; and over the same sunlit landscape upon which she had gazed so rapturously less than a month ago, Eleanor's eyes wandered now wearily and sadly, seeing nothing but desolation wherever they looked. She recognised swelling hills and broad patches of low verdure, winding glimpses of the river, far-away villages glimmering whitely in the distance, and she wondered at the change in herself which made all these things so different to her. What a child she had been a month ago; what a reckless, happy child, looking forward in foolish certainty to a long life with her father, ignorant of all sorrows except the petty troubles she had shared with him, ready to hope for anything in the boundless future, with a whole fairy-land of pleasure and delight spreading out before her eager feet!

Now she was a woman, alone in a horrible desert, over whose dreary sands she must crawl slowly and wearily to the end she hoped to reach.

She sat back in a corner of the second-class carriage with her face hidden in a veil, and with the dog Fido curled up in her lap. Her father

had been fond of the faithful creature, she remembered.

It was early in the gray bleakness of a September morning when the cab, carrying Eleanor and her friends, rattled under an archway leading out of Dudley Street, Bloomsbury, into the queer little retreat called the Pilasters. The rooms were already at work in the mews, and the neighbourhood was enlivened by that hissing noise with which horses are generally beguiled during the trials of the equine toilet. The chimney-sweep had left his abode and was whooping dismally in Northumberland Square. Life began early in the Pilasters, and already the inmates of many houses were astir, and the sharp voices of mothers clamoured denunciations on the elder daughters who acted as unsalaried nursemaids to the younger branches of the family.

The place popularly known as the Pilasters is one of the queerest nooks in London. It consists of a row of tumble-down houses, fronted by a dilapidated colonnade, and filled with busy life from cellar to attic. But I do not believe that the inhabitants of the Pilasters are guilty of nefarious practices, or that vice and crime find a hiding-place in the cellars below the colonnade. The retreat stands by itself, hidden between two highly respectable middle-class streets, whose inhabitants would scarcely tolerate Alsatian habits or Field Lane proclivities in their near neighbours. Small tradesmen find a home in the Pilasters, and emerge thence to work for the best families in Dudley Street and "the Squares."

Here, amongst small tailors and mantua-makers, cheap eating-houses, shabby beer-shops, chimney-sweeps and mangles, Signora Picirillo had taken up her abode, bringing her faded goods and chattels, the remnants of brighter times, to furnish the first-floor over a shoemaker's shop. I am afraid the shoemaker was oftener employed in mending old shoes than in making new ones, but the Signora was fain to ignore that fact, and to be contented with her good fortune in having found a very cheap lodging in a central neighbourhood.

This was a shabbier place than any that Eleanor Vane had ever lived in, but she showed no distaste for its simple arrangements. The Signora's hopes were realised by-and-by. At first the girl sat all day in a despondent attitude, with the French poodle in her lap, her head drooping on her breast, her eyes fixed on vacancy, her whole manner giving evidence of an all-absorbing grief which was nearly akin to despair. She went to Brixton very soon after her return to England; but here a very cruel disappointment awaited her. The Misses Bennett heard her sorrowful story with pitiful murmurs of regret and compassion, but they had engaged a young person as junior teacher, and could do nothing to help her. She returned to the Pilasters, looking the image of pale despair; but the Signora and Richard both declared to her that nothing could be happier for them than her consenting to remain with them.

So it seemed very much as if the Pilasters was to be Eleanor Vane's permanent abode. The neighbours had stared at her a great deal at first, admiring her pale face and flowing hair, and pity.

ing her because of her black frock ; but they were familiar with her now, and gave her good-day in a friendly manner as she passed under the shadow of the colonnade on her way out or in.

Little by little the air of dull despondency gave way before this young woman's earnest desire to be of use to the people who were so kind to her. She played remarkably well, for she had had plenty of the drudgery of pianoforte-playing at the Brixton school, and she was able to take some of the Signora's pupils off her hands. She sang, too, in a rich contralto, which promised to be powerful and beautiful by-and-by ; and she practised the ballads in the old operas which the Signora kept, neatly bound, but yellow with age, in her feeble music-stand.

As her friends had hoped, her sunshiny nature re-asserted itself. The outer evidences of her great sorrow gradually passed away, though the memory of her loss still filled her mind ; the image of her father, and the thought of that father's unhappy death, were still for ever present with her. It was not in her nature to be long reserved or unsocial ; and by-and-by, when she had been nearly six months in her new home, and the London sparrows were chirping in the bright spring sunshine about the mews and under the colonnade, Miss Vane began to sing at her work as she flitted to and fro in the low rooms, dusting the grand pianoforte and the old china—touching up the frame of Richard's unsaleable picture, the flaring Battle of Bosworth, which illuminated one side of the room. Wherever she went the faithful French poodle ran frisking by her side ; whatever sunshine could find its way into the dusky London chamber seemed to concentrate itself about her golden head. Gaiety, life, and brightness, went with her up and down the dark staircase—in and out of the dingy rooms. Her youth and beauty turned the shabby lodging into a fairy palace, as it seemed to Richard and his aunt. When she sat down and ran her agile fingers over the piano, dashing into fantasias and scenas, sparkling and rippling with joyous treble meanderings among the upper notes, the old Clementi grew young again beneath her touch, the worn-out strings were revived by the wondrous magnetism of her youth and vitality. The flute-like treble trills and triplets seemed like the joyous chirpings of a hundred birds. The music-mistress and the scene-painter used to sit and watch her as she played ; their admiring eyes followed her as she flitted to and fro, and they wondered at her grace and beauty.

She had her father's aristocratic elegance, her father's power of fascination. All the dangerous gifts which had been so fatal to George Vane, were inherited by his youngest daughter. Like him, a creature of impulse, spontaneous, sanguine, volatile, she influenced other people by the force of her own superabundant vitality. In her bright hopefulness she made an atmosphere of hope in which other people grew hopeful. The dullest rejoiced in her joyous vivacity, her unconscious loveliness. Yes, perhaps Eleanor Vane's greatest charm lay in her utter ignorance of the fact that she was charming. In the three years' drudgery of a boarding-school she had never learned the

power of her own fascination. She knew that people loved her, and she was grateful to them for their affection ; but she had never discovered that it was by some wondrous magnetic attraction inherent in herself, that she obtained so much love and devotion.

Nobody had ever taken the trouble to tell her that she was beautiful. She had generally worn shabby frocks, and the rippling golden hair had not very often been smooth, so perhaps the school-girls at Brixton scarcely knew how lovely their companion was. The delicate aquiline profile, the flashing gray eyes, pale face, red lips and amber hair, were counterbalanced by the silk dresses and lace furbelows of young ladies, whose wealthy fathers paid full price for their education. Poverty learns its place in the little world of a young ladies' boarding-school quite as surely as in the larger world beyond the garden wall which bounds that establishment. But Eleanor had held her own at the Misses Bennett's seminary by some mysterious power against which her richer companions had in vain rebelled. Her frank acknowledgment of her poverty, coupled with the fact of her father's former wealth and grandeur, perhaps enabled her to do this. If she wore shabby frocks, she looked more aristocratic in her shabbiness than the other young ladies in their stiff silks and prim finery. They recognised this fact, they acknowledged something in their playfellow which lifted her above themselves, and the half-boarder dealt out patronage and regal condescensions to the most remunerative pupils in the school. She reigned by reason of her unacknowledged beauty, and that divine something, dimly recognised by all about her, but as yet wholly undeveloped. The school-girl was clever, brilliant, fascinating, but it was yet to be discovered what the woman would be. It was yet to be discovered whether these budding qualities would develop into the many flowers of a bright and versatile mind, or burst forth suddenly and mysteriously into that rare tropical blossom, that mental once-in-a-century flourishing aloe, which men call Genius. The good music-mistress watched her young protégée with love and wonder, not unalloyed by fear. What was she to do with this strange and beautiful bird which she had brought home to her nest ? Would it be right to fetter this bright spirit for ever ? Was it fair to immure all this joyous loveliness in that shabby lodging ; to stifle such superabundant vitality in the close atmosphere of a dull and monotonous existence ?

The faithful creature had been accustomed to consider others, and she thought of this seriously and constantly. Eleanor was contented and happy. She was earning money now by giving lessons here and there, and she contributed to the family purse. The days slipped by very rapidly, as it seemed, in that peaceful monotony. Miss Vane's frocks appeared to grow shorter and shorter as the young lady sprang up into bright womanhood. She was nearly seventeen now, and had been more than a year and a half living under the shadow of the Bloomsbury Pilasters. Richard and his aunt consulted together as to what her future life ought to be ; but they never came nearer to any conclusion.

"It's all very well to talk of her going away

from us, you know, aunty," the scene-painter said; "but what are we to do without her? All the sunshine and poetry of our lives will go away with her when she leaves us! Besides! what is she to be? A governess? Bah! who would doom her to that ladylike drudgery? An actress? No, aunty carissima, I should never like to see that bright young beauty behind the glare of the foot-lights. I think I'd rather she should live here for ever and ever, than that her nature should ever be vulgarised by contact with the world. Let us keep her, aunty; she doesn't want to leave us. Those who have any actual claim upon her have abandoned her. She came across my pathway like some wandering homeless angel. I shall never forget her face when I first saw it on the lamplit boulevard, and recognised the little girl I had known three years before in the fair-haired young beauty of fifteen. She doesn't want to go away. Why should you talk of her leaving us, aunty dear?"

Signora Picirillo shrugged her shoulders with a sigh.

"Heaven knows I have no wish to part with her, Dick," she said; "but we ought to do what's right for her sake. This is no place for George Vane's daughter."

But while the music-mistress and her nephew were speculating and theorising upon the future of their protégée, practical Mrs. Bannister was contemplating the infliction of a death-blow which was to shatter the happiness of the humble Bloomsbury circle with one merciless stroke. Early in the bleak March of 1855, Eleanor received a coldly-worded epistle from her half-sister, to the effect that an opportunity had now arisen for her advancement in life; and that if she wished ever to attain a *respectable* position—the adjective was mercilessly underlined—she would do well to avail herself of it. For further information and advice she was to call early the next morning in Hyde Park Gardens. Miss Vane would fain have left this letter unanswered, and at first stoutly refused to obey Mrs. Bannister's summons.

"What do I want with her condescension and patronage?" she said, indignantly. "Does she think that I forget the cruel letter she wrote to my father; or that I forgive her for its heartless insolence? Let her keep her favours for those who solicit them. I want nothing from her. I only want to be left in peace with the friends I love. Do you want to get rid of me, Signora, that you persuade me to dance attendance upon Mrs. Bannister?"

It was very hard for poor Signora Picirillo to be compelled to urge the child's acceptance of the hand so coldly extended to her, but the good creature felt that it was her duty to do so, and Miss Vane loved her protectress far too dearly to persist in opposing her. She went, therefore, early the next morning to her half-sister's house at Bayswater, where the spacious rooms seemed doubly spacious when compared with the little sitting-room over the colonnade, the sitting-room which was more than half filled by Clementi's old-fashioned piano. Here the gorgeous Erard's grand, in a case of carved walnut wood and ebony,

and with all manner of newfangled improvements, was only an oasis upon the great desert of splendid Brussels carpet.

Hortensia Bannister was pleased to be very gracious to her half-sister. Perhaps she was all the more so because Eleanor made no pretence of affection for her. This cold, hard-natured woman would have been suspicious of mercenary motives lurking beneath any demonstration of sisterly love.

"I am glad to hear you have been learning to get your own living, Eleanor," she said, "and above all, that you have been cultivating your talent for the piano. I have not forgotten you, you will find. The people with whom you have been living sent me their address when they brought you from Paris, and I knew where to find you when any opportunity should present itself for your advancement. This opportunity has now presented itself. My old acquaintance, Mrs. Darrell, the niece of your father's friend, Maurice de Crespigny, who is still living, though very old and infirm, has written to me saying that she requires a young person who would act as companion and musical governess to a lady who lives with her. This young lady is no relation of Mrs. Darrell's, but is a kind of ward or pupil, I believe. Your youth, in this instance, Eleanor, happens to be an advantage, as the young lady requires a companion of her own age. You will receive a moderate salary, and will be treated as a member of the family. Let me hear you play, by-the-by, that I may be able to speak positively as to your qualifications."

Eleanor Vane sat down to the piano. The strings of the Erard vibrated under her touch. She was almost frightened at the grand tones that came out of the instrument as she dashed over the keys. She played very brilliantly, however, and her sister condescended to say so.

"I think I may conscientiously give a good account of your playing," she said. "You sing, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes."

"Very well, then; I think you may consider the engagement a settled thing. There is only one question to arrange. Of course you must be aware that the position which your father occupied was once a very elevated one. His most intimate friend was Mr. de Crespigny, the uncle of the lady whose house I wish you to enter. Under these circumstances you cannot wonder when I tell you that I should strongly object to Mrs. Darrell's knowing who you really are."

"How do you mean, Hortensia?"

"I mean that I shall recommend you as a young person in whose career I feel interested. If you go to Hazlewood at all, you must go under an assumed name."

"Hortensia!"

"Well!" cried Mrs. Bannister, lifting her handsome black eyebrows.

"I don't want this situation, and I should hate to take a false name. I would rather stay with my friends, please. I love them very dearly, and am very happy with them."

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Mrs. Bannister, "what is the use of trying to do some people a

service? Here have I been scheming as to how I could manage to avail myself of this chance, and now this ungrateful girl turns round and tells me she doesn't want the situation. Do you know what you are refusing, Eleanor Vane? Have you learnt your father's habit of pauperism, that you prefer to be a burden upon this penniless music-teacher and her son, or nephew, or whatever he is, rather than make an honest effort to get your own living?"

Eleanor started up from the piano: she had been sitting before it until now, softly fingering the white ivory keys, and admiring the beauty of the tones. She started up, looking at her sister, and blushing indignantly to the very roots of her golden hair.

Could this be true? Could she be indeed a burden to the friends she loved so dearly?

"If you think that, Hortensia," she said, "if you think I am any burden to the dear Signora, or Richard, I will take any situation you like, however hard. I'll toil night and day, and work my fingers to the bone, rather than be a trouble or a burden to them any longer."

She remembered how little she earned by her few pupils. Yes, Hortensia was no doubt right. She was a burden to those good people who had taken her to their home in her hour of desolation and misery.

"I'll take the situation, Hortensia," she cried. "I'll take a false name. I'll do anything in the world rather than impose upon the goodness of my friends."

"Very well," answered Mrs. Bannister, coldly. "Pray do not let us have any heroics about it. The situation is a very good one, I can assure you, and there are many girls who would be glad to snap at such a chance. I will write to my friend, Mrs. Darrell, and recommend you to her notice. I can do no more. I cannot, of course, ensure you success; but Ellen Darrell and I were great friends some years since, and I know that I have considerable influence with her. I'll write and tell you the result of my recommendation."

Eleanor left Hyde Park Gardens after taking two or three sips of some pale sherry which her half-sister gave her. The wine seemed of a sorry vintage, and tasted very much as if the grapes of which it was made had never seen the sun. Miss Vane was glad to set down her wine-glass and escape from the cold splendour of her half-sister's drawing-room.

She walked slowly and sorrowfully back to Bloomsbury. She was to leave her dear friends there; leave the shabby rooms in which she had been so happy, and to go out into the bleak world a dependent upon grand people, so low and humiliated that even her own name must be abandoned by her before she could enter upon the state of dependence. The Bohemian sociality of the Pilasters was to be exchanged for the dreary splendour of a household in which she was to be something a little above the servants.

But it would be cowardly and selfish to refuse this situation, for no doubt cruel Mrs. Bannister had spoken the truth. She had been a burden upon her poor friends.

She was very gloomy and despondent, thinking

of these things, but through every gloomy thought of the present a darker image loomed far away in the black future. This was the image of her vengeance, the vague and uncertain shadow that had filled her girlish dreams ever since the great sorrow of her father's death had fallen upon her.

"If I go to Hazlewood," she thought, "if I spend my life at Mrs. Darrell's, how can I ever hope to find the murderer of my father?"

(To be continued)

OUR SEA FISHERIES.

AFTER being made the subject of several scientific essays—which may have deserved more attention than they obtained—the declining productiveness of our sea fisheries has been taken up by those to whose warnings every one will listen. The fishermen of Northumberland and Durham have recently held large meetings upon the subject, and are unanimous in condemning the practice of trawling, as the main cause of the scarcity of fish. It is well for a class when the grievance of which they complain affects, as this does, the whole community; and not as an article of food only, but also as an important item in the national trade. It has been suggested by irreverent foreigners, that the English people are nowhere more sensitive than in their stomachs and in their breeches pockets: and certainly both are concerned in the complaints of the north-country fishermen.

But we must not too hastily take their word as to the cause of the deficiency. We will admit that by far too little attention has been given to this important matter. Our fish-producing mines of wealth are out of sight, and therefore they have been too much out of mind. It has not been sufficiently considered to what a large extent fish has become the food of the people. Listening to stories of "schools" of mackerel innumerable—to accounts of the extraordinary reproductive powers of the herring, and of the marvellous fecundity of the ood and other fish—we have too readily supposed that the supply was practically inexhaustible. This happy idea must, however, be rudely dispelled. There are inextinguishable facts, which are proof to the contrary even more logical than the evidence of a herring's roe.

There was indeed some ground for the delusion. When naturalists discovered, from careful calculations, that the ova of a single codfish amount to four millions, and that the roe of herrings and the spawn of flat-fish exhibit similar powers of reproduction, it would seem that we might well be careless as to the mode adopted for obtaining our supplies. But nothing is more certain than that this estimate gives a very delusive notion of the actual increase of fishes. Yet even this disappointment should not disturb our conviction that "whatever is, is right." For, if all the fish that swim could bring to life all the eggs they deposit—and if the produce of these were to continue the work of propagation in the same manner—we should find the sea gradually rising above our shores, and the dominion of the world slowly but surely passing to the fish themselves. But their

natural enemies will prevent such an undesirable state of things.

We know but little, far too little, of the life and habits of sea fish; and therefore we can only speculate upon their actual rate of reproduction. But we have already learned that fish are not migratory. The codfish is faithful to his bank, the oyster to his bed, and the herring to his bay. This is proved by the different marks by which fish are known as coming from certain localities. Fishermen know a Doggerbank cod from one caught on the coast of Newfoundland; a Tay salmon is easily distinguishable from one taken in the Tweed; and herrings also have their local peculiarities. They are not always to be met with in one place; indeed there is no doubt that at spawning time they come in nearer to the shore in order to deposit their eggs in shallow water. This latter fact discloses the ground of complaint which the fishermen who use the drift-net to take herrings have against the trawlers, who rake the seashores in their endeavours to catch the flat-fish tribe, and indeed whatever comes into their net: for a trawl is an *omnium gatherum*, and takes everything that is not strong enough to break its meshes. The cod and herring fishers say that these trawl-nets destroy the spawn of the fish by breaking it up, and also by raking the stones and mud over it. The consciences of the trawlers must smite them with the truth of this statement. They know how laboriously they traverse the shores, just in such places as the fish would choose to deposit their eggs. But it should be remembered that trawling is not a common practice on the herring grounds, nor upon the cod-banks; and therefore, though we do not dispute the facts stated by the unlucky fishermen of the north, we cannot entirely accept their argument.

Perhaps it would not be deemed an insult by the majority of our readers, if we inform them that while codfish are generally taken with long lines armed with hundreds and sometimes with thousands of hooks, herrings are caught with nets suspended in the sea by bladders which drift along between the herring-boats. The open meshes are the herrings' trap, in which those that are caught get hung by their gills. Some idea of the importance of the herring trade may be gathered from the fact that nearly ten years ago it furnished employment for 10,974 boats, 41,045 seamen, and 81,934,330 square yards of netting. It is subject to government inspection, and the barrels, containing on an average 850 fish, are packed under careful supervision. At Wick, the metropolis of the trade, there are during the season a thousand boats at work, and not unfrequently from twenty to thirty thousand barrels of herrings are cured there in a single day. Large exportations are made to the ports of Germany and Holland. But we must not forget our own share in the consumption. London is fed with an annual meal of 2,100,000 fresh herrings, with about double that number of bloaters, and with 60,000,000 red herrings. When to this demand are added sprats to the value of 150,000*l.*, one hundred millions of soles (to say nothing of the smaller fry), five hundred millions of oysters, and all the codfish we can get, it

will be seen that London is not without an important interest in the sea-fisheries of the country.

In giving judgment in the case of the northern fishermen, we feel the great need which exists for a larger knowledge of the natural history of fishes. The men engaged in the fisheries know nothing of it whatever. They will tell you, perhaps, that when the gulls are perched upon the high rocks, the herrings are far from land, and when these birds hover about the shore, that the fish are not a long distance off. Such rude wisdom as this is the extent of their fish lore. But they are reliable witnesses as to the falling-off in the produce of the fisheries. And there are not wanting facts to confirm their assertions. It appears from the published returns, that during the year 1861 the average take of 1100 boats engaged in the herring fishery amounted to 81 "crans" of 42 gallons each; whereas in 1820, 604 boats, with probably not more than one-third of the netting used in the former period, averaged a take of 148 "crans." Last year's catch was very short of an average, but fully supports the evidence of this statement.

And the same diminishing return for labour is observable in the capture of cod and other "white fish." Time was when upon our coasts a short line furnished with a score of hooks was tackle sufficient to capture a freight of a few thousand fish. Formerly it was considered that 800 hooks would take about 750 fish. Now, a line carrying as many as 4000 hooks sometimes does not take more than four score of fish. The same story comes from the Doggerbank, and from the cod-banks of Newfoundland, establishing the fact, that with all the improvements of tackle and boats, the fisheries are less productive than formerly.

It is much easier to point to the cause of this than to suggest the proper remedy. The railways have excited "over-fishing" by giving the means of carrying fresh fish to every town and village throughout the kingdom. An enormous "take" no longer depresses the price to a manuring value, for panting locomotives are ready to rush with it in every direction. The supply has made every effort to keep pace with the demand; and, so far as men and boats and tackle are concerned, it would have done so. But now the commodity itself is falling off, and the amount of ignorance prevailing upon the subject is so great, that no one knows for certain whether we are not eating our geese as well as her golden eggs. No one has yet ventured to decide the claim of the sprat to exemption from our service on the ground that he is a young herring. No one knows at what age a codfish assumes the honours of maturity, or, indeed, what is the time required to bring any of the "white fish" to maturity. As both codfish and herrings seek the shores in spawning time, it is more than likely that we catch them at the very time when we ought to leave them busily engaged in reproduction. The common assumption under which the fishery is at present conducted seems to be that there always were and always will be "as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it." In future we must act with greater wisdom than this. It is not fair to lay all the blame upon the poor trawlers. They only follow the general opinion, that everything is fair in fishing. It will

be necessary for us to obtain a more accurate knowledge of the natural history of fishes. Then we shall quickly learn that there is a proper time for catching fish as well as for all things, and the rest will follow in due course. We can wait for our soles until there is no fear of the trawl-nets disturbing the spawn. And then we shall be in no danger of taking codfish, mackerel, or herrings at a time when they are multiplying themselves for our advantage.

R. A. A.

DOGS IN PUBLIC.

It is evident that much capital is to be made out of dogs, otherwise Mr. E. T. Smith would not have thought it worth his while to call together such a fine company of competitors for canine honours as he has recently done. Twelve hundred animals, yelling, howling, and snarling, under the same roof! Our readers may imagine the chorus. And the company that collected to meet and do them honour, what a distinct section of the population! That man influences the dog, we had at the recent show a complete proof in the extraordinary instances of breeding evinced in the bull-dogs and terriers; but it may be doubted if dogs do not influence man in nearly as marked a degree. Why should the company of dogs dictate to a man the kind of coat, and hat, and trousers he shall wear; the nature of his necktie—nay, even the amount of the hirsute appendage he shall allow himself upon his chin, and the very expression of his face? That the canine race do dictate to man in these particulars, a glance at the style of the company present day by day at this show, was sufficient proof. What sympathy must there be between the two races to produce such mutual influences! We are not going to write an account of the Ashburnham Hall Dog-Show from a sporting point of view; for, in the first place, we are not of the fancy; and, in the second place, we don't believe in the fancy. Jemmy Shaw, for instance, thinks that it is the highest effort of human skill to breed a terrier down to the size of his "Little Wonder," or about four and a half pounds—"As beautiful as a racehorse, as hard as steel, and as courageous as a lion." This process of reduction may be very interesting to Mr. Darwin, but we very much question its utility, and we altogether deny and disdain the standard of beauty set up by the "fancy" in matters canine. When one comes to think of it, does it not stagger one's belief in the aspirations of mankind after the true and beautiful? Does not one doubt the truth of Keats' line,

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever,

when one sees our race of dogs reduced by extraordinary care to the utmost conceivable pitch of ugliness, and to find people—reputed to be knowing ones—actually believing in that ugliness as the acme of perfection and beauty? Thank God, the utmost effort of the breeder's art cannot make anything but a noble gentleman out of the blood-hound. How judiciously the few hounds of this class carried themselves! and how, with their deep-set eyes and solemn sad faces, they seemed to look down upon the crowd of bipeds collected to inspect them! We saw Mr. Boom's "Rufus," to wit, "taking stock" of two gentlemen dressed

in tight trousers and Belcher handkerchiefs, and with hard, heavy jowls—just as Chief Baron Pollock might survey two felons in the dock.

The mastiff race we always understood had dropped out of the chain of animal life; but here they put in an appearance: though, we fear, not altogether a satisfactory one. There was evidently a good deal of the heavy Mount St. Bernard blood in many of them, and only two or three came up to our ideal of the old English mastiff—lithe, powerful, and long in the body, with something of the panther in their movements, and with a jaw firm and solid, but far less heavy than those possessed by the hippopotamus breed shown as mastiffs. "Rover" and "Bran," selected by the judges, were near the mark, but not quite up to it. The Newfoundlanders were, with scarcely an exception, mongrels. Indeed, any very big dog with a curly coat is believed to be a Newfoundland; and if his name is "Sailor," and if he will fetch a stick out of the water, that is evidence enough to the public generally that he is a thoroughbred one. The Mount St. Bernards, again, were of all shapes and sizes.

As regards the sporting dogs, any one who knows the value of good animals of this class will not be surprised to find that the best in the country were not represented here. Indeed, dog-shows have not yet made such way among us as to entice the great sporting magnates to send their dogs, and only a second class of animals was to be expected.

The silver cup, value fifty guineas, and the second prize, value twenty-five guineas, were not competed for; the offer was not likely to tempt Badminton or Belvoir. Pointers were very well represented, and the prize dog, "Ranger," was really a noble animal as regards form. How he would work in the field is, however, quite a different matter. English setters were very badly represented, but the black and tan Irish dogs of this class were really beautiful animals. Retrievers were very plentiful: indeed every person who possessed an animal of this kind, apparently sent him for the mere vanity of saying he had competed, and possibly for the sake of obtaining a free entry. It is a great pity that some method of selection was not adopted, as dog-fanciers did not go to see 1200 indifferent dogs, and the public generally would have been better pleased with a third of the number. However much owners may be delighted, Mr. Smith must take care that his next show is something better than a collection of household pets. We could not help noticing, however, No. 373, a Russian retriever, with a very odd long, wiry coat, very much like that of a Scotch deer-hound. Among the quaint dogs present there were some very clever-looking fox-terriers with uncut ears, just like those of bats: these and the beagles, and the Clumber spaniels attracted a great deal of attention. After these small dogs, and indeed after everything also in the show, the boar-hound, at the top of the large room, astonished the visitors. This powerful animal, with limbs like those of a lion, stood at least four-feet high, and his fangs were something terrible to behold. This dog is of the true breed of boar-hounds which we see in those powerful pictures of

Snyders and Rubens,—heroic animals, by the side of which our sporting-dogs are insignificant pets.

With the dogs in the large hall "the Fancy" proper were little interested; it was only on entering the smaller shed running parallel with it that this class of the *genus homo* showed itself. Each bull-dog and bull-terrier of eminence had its master present, who appeared to be a kind of inferior appendage to the animal itself. In the large room there were a few powerful bull-dogs which maintained the character of this class as an animal of physical power as well as of surpassing pluck; but in the little room they grew "small by degrees and beautifully less," until some of them appeared to be but a four-legged kind of tadpole, all head and jaw. The bull-terriers were equally small, but as a rule, finely bred, and of a high class. The London breeders have brought this dog to the highest perfection, and we may say the same of the black and tan terriers, of which there was really a splendid show. The changing fashion in pet dogs is one of the notable things of the time. A dozen years ago no lady was complete without her Blenheim or King Charles spaniel. There were plenty of these breeds present, but as a fashion they are decidedly on the wane, and the Maltese and the pug are now in favour among the *haut ton*, whilst Dandy Dinmonts and Skyes find congenial homes among the upper middle-classes. Some of the Maltese were too ethereal to be handled, and were fenced off from the rough public by glass cases. One large case contained a pure white Maltese, with his back hair parted with a perfection that could not be matched by Lord Dundreary. The Skye terriers were, on the whole, below par, but the pugs must be considered fine, as they were so very ugly. The little five-pound terriers and the Italian greyhounds shivered continually, and watered at the eyes, as all of these little high-bred, thin-skinned, over-nerved animals do; but the ladies much admired them, and therefore we must not be hard upon them, we suppose. We have heard of blue boars and blue lions, but we confess we were puzzled at the heading "Blue Scotch Terriers" in the catalogue. The black has certainly a shade of blue in it, like that on a raven's wing, and there is a reddish tinge, which gives the dog a very odd appearance. The real curiosities of the Exhibition, however, were found among the foreign dogs. It brought to mind at once the pictures in Arctic voyages and travels to look at some of the little Esquimaux dogs—fat, short little fellows, with fox-like heads, and bushy tails curled tight over their backs. "Etah," a very large dog of this class, suggested a sad tale, as he is the only survivor of a pack used by Dr. Kane in his search after Sir John Franklin.

We can readily understand a dozen of such fine fellows as this, doing weeks of heavy sledging-work, but the physical powers of the smaller Esquimaux dogs seem scarcely up to such heavy work, unless employed in large numbers. Possibly this exhibition introduced first to the British public a dog we are all familiar with in books of travel, but whom very few of us have seen—a thoroughbred Australian dog, or dingy. A nearer likeness to a wolf we never saw, and his appearance cer-

tainly suggests that he is the missing link between the dog and that animal. There was a truffle-hunter to be found in this odd corner—a queer little fellow apparently of no particular breed. The wolf-hounds shown here seemed but light animals to tackle such an enemy; but we are told that the sire of the specimen exhibited by Mr. Frank Buckland is known to have killed several hyænas and wolves in the neighbourhood of Constantinople. A common hound to be found in Turkey and Asia Minor—the scavenger of the country, in fact—was also exhibited here, and attracted a good deal of attention. It seems to us that dogs abroad are pretty much in a state of nature, if we except the French poodle, who does such credit to the canine peruquiers of that country: and with this state of nature they seem to have retained a degree of vigour which our breeders are sacrificing to produce certain qualities which are not compatible with the general health and energy of the animal, and consequently with his powers of reproduction—a matter which dog-fanciers may not care about, but which, if true, proves that we are working upon a wrong system, which, sooner or later, will correct itself.

A. W

WETZLAR ON THE LAHN.

PART II.

The supposition that the church, whose origin dates beyond all history, was erected at the introduction of Christianity in a pagan holy grove, appears to have much to be said for it. The old sacred places of heathen times were consecrated by the missionaries with less violence to



Old Portal in Wetzlar Cathedral.

the feelings of the people than if entirely new sites had been chosen. It is worthy of remark that still the tower of the oldest church, which has been partly preserved in the midst of the unfinished newer building, is called the Heathen Tower. It is said that, until the time of the Thirty-Years' War, a strange head was seen on

this tower, which the soldiers then destroyed, called by the people "the head of the idol." It may have been that the people called it the heathen head because they did not recognise in it a likeness to any particular saint, as they called the heads on the Roman coins by the same name. There was a tradition that the church was built by two counts—Udo and Hermann, sons of Gebhard, the Count in the Oberrheingare, at the end of the ninth century, but it appears that this tradition arose through those personages being named in the anniversary of founders and benefactors; and, as it was thought that they must have been buried in the church, some dilapidated and nameless graves were shown as theirs. Of the earliest church scarcely anything remains, as the colossal pillars which bear the vault of the nave are much younger, as shown by their general structure. As the newer building proceeded, the older was broken away. When the fine tower to the right, whose foundation was laid in 1336, according to an historian of the place, was begun, the old part was still standing to the left. Behind the beautiful, richly-ornamented principal portal of the very purest Gothic, the old portal of the Byzantine style is still left standing. The choir, which is separated from the nave, is part of an older and smaller church, and has been separately devoted to the Catholic worship. In consequence of these circumstances the church is a strange intermixture of the Byzantine and Gothic styles, so that the architect, Müller of Darmstadt, says that the cathedral of Wetzlar is one of the most remarkable architectural monuments extant, in the abundance of the materials it presents for studying the transitions of one style of architecture into another. This church was never finished. Even in the year 1423, the town and chapter were soliciting subscriptions to complete it, as considerable debt had been incurred. But the zeal for church-building was then past. The beautiful tower could never be completed by a spire, and the upper part, built of wood, was burnt by lightning in 1561. The bad taste of the sixteenth century erected that roof in the shape of a crown, which serves for the watchman of the tower to dwell in, as a similar construction does at Frankfort. Both Wetzlar and Frankfort cathedrals would have been most imposing structures, had their plan been carried out as it has been at Strasburg. But we are thankful for even an unfinished specimen of Gothic architecture, while a Grecian building is nothing if it is not complete. The mind can supply what is wanting in the former case. Gothic architecture seems to grow out of the ground by degrees, like a tree, while a Greek building is, from first to last, artificial, and seems to stand where it is placed simply by its weight.

The old gateway of the earlier church, which perhaps dates from the eleventh century, has a vestibule, and over this is a little chapel difficult of access, with remains of fresco-painting from the fourteenth century. The remains of the old tower consist of basalt masonry, and in its time the building of the new tower, which is opposite that almost finished on the right side, was begun.

The work, however, was interrupted before the old tower was dismantled. The main portal belonging to the fourteenth century, which has been left incomplete, is singularly rich in ornamentation and sculptures. One of the most conspicuous is the fine statue of the Blessed Virgin with the Infant Christ, which stands above the portal. The nave, with its lofty and ample pillars, has a grand effect. The south side appears to belong to the thirteenth, the north to the fourteenth century. On the north side are also to be seen the arches of an old cloister. In the southern wall stands an older door, which appears to have been built at the same period as the choir, consequently belonged to the old church, and was allowed to stand on account of the rich carvings about it. It is surrounded with saints and symbolic figures. Over this door is also a statue of the Blessed Virgin. Under the bracket on which she stands, there is a devil pressing down a human being, which the people have taken for a nun. Thence it was said :

Zu Wetzlar an dem Dom
Sitzt der Teufel auf der Nonn.

But these figures are probably only intended as a contrast to the Virgin and Child. The nave of the church belongs to the Protestants, who cleared away what they considered its rubbish in the side altars and other Catholic internal arrangements, and with the taste of the period erected commodious galleries instead, painting the pillars at the same time with divers colours. A more modern taste has, however, cleared the nave again, and restored it, if not to its original splendour, to a grand simplicity. Doubtless, much that is ancient and curious in the interior has been destroyed in the course of time. There remain, however, two human heads placed on brackets : one is a female head, surrounded with vine leaves, and the other a man's head, out of the eyebrows, cheeks and mouth of which vine leaves grow. It is probably an illustration of Christ's parable of the vine. An old stone font, circular and surrounded by eight pillars, is believed to belong to the twelfth century. In the nave there are also in a lateral hall two looked shrines, which are only opened to the Catholics on festivals. One contains a wooden figure of Saint Mary the Virgin, with the body of our Saviour in her lap. The figures are larger than life, and are attributed to the fourteenth century. Other figures were added later,—two angels, who hold up the curtains of a canopy—and by the large figures two small angels, who hold the instruments of the Passion. In the second and smaller shrine is a wooden figure of our Saviour bearing the cross, and another figure behind him assisting. This work appears to belong to the first half of the fifteenth century. The choir displays the transition from the twelfth to the thirteenth century, from the Byzantine to the Gothic style, and is closed at the east end with the five sides of an octagon. It is separated from the nave by a wall, by which the new building when in construction was shut off, to admit of service being performed in the choir. Amongst other curiosities here, is a monument with an old inscription, which is supposed to have been erected by the

person it commemorates during his lifetime, since the date of his death has only the first two figures, namely, 14—. Here also is preserved a copper crucifix, of the twelfth century. The arrangement by which the Protestants have one half of the church for their service and the Catholics the other, is the same as that which obtains in the town church at Heidelberg. At the eastern angle of the church stands a chapel, dedicated to St. Michael, in which the niche representing the Crucifixion is chiefly conspicuous. It is mentioned as early as 1306; but the present building appears scarcely to represent the original one. All about Wetzlar are bits of old fortifications, remains of religious houses, and names of streets that suggest them. For instance,

there is the "Blau Nonnengasse" or Blue Ladies' Lane, not far from the church. Those blue ladies are supposed to have been not regular nuns, but Beguines, who performed holy and charitable offices without being bound by irrevocable vows.

From the square where the church stands a narrow street leads up to the Teutonic House, with its ample court-yard. As early as 1286 an old record mentions a house of the Teutonic Order in the town. It is now a school for poor children. The general effect of the building is gloomy and heavy: but the little house to the left of the court has a special interest, as it was that where the Amtmann Buff lived, and from the window of which the celebrated Lotte welcomed her friend Goëthe. He relates in a letter to Rüstner how he



Old Teutonic House, at Wetzlar.

fled from Wetzlar, and with what feelings he mounted early in the morning in the carriage at the Kronprinz, and how wistfully at the turn into the Schmidtgasse he looked at the old walls of the Teutonic house, and saw the four steps by which he had so often passed up to that interesting abode. The four steps are still there, but the inhabitants of that time are dispersed.

From the Silbhofer Gate a way leads up to the height of Kalsmunt. On Kalsmunt are the remains of the mediæval castle where the imperial governor resided, and in the midst of them a square tower ascribed to the Romans. It is supposed that a Roman military road led up the valley of the Lahn from Confluentia or Coblenz, and, as there was then, in all probability, no bridge, was con-

nected with a ford on the shallow part of the Lahn below this castle. This may possibly have been connected with another Roman road passing nearly in the present direction of the Main-Weser railroad, and connecting this outpost with the settlements in the neighbourhood of Frankfurt and Homburg. If we consult Spruner's map of the "Roman Empire at its Greatest Extent," we find that the frontier here runs into the territory of the Catti at an acute angle. In no case would the courses of the rivers, with their sinuosities, have been exactly followed, as the Romans regarded short-cuts as of more consequence than engineering facilities, and chose to go over the tops of the hills to avoid hostile ambuscades in the defiles. The place where the Lahn is ford-

able has been called since time out of mind "at the iron hand." This designation is common as applied to the places where the Romans fortified fords and passes. The presence of the Romans in these parts is testified by a fortified encampment at a short distance off, and also by the fact of abundance of their coins having been found. But the masonry of the square tower appears also to speak for itself. It is built in the style that Vitruvius calls the "ars rustica," in which the outer blocks of stone are left rough outside, though smoothed and fitted accurately at the places of junction with each other. The pipes or canals, also, in the middle wall of rubble, about a foot square, denote Roman work. These are supposed to have ventilated the vault of the cellar, and to have communicated with air-holes close under the door on the third storey. Even those who are inclined to think that this tower was not Roman, agree that it must have been built by the early Germans in imitation of a Roman structure, long before the rest of the castle, which belongs to the exterior system of fortification of the later middle ages. The name Kalsmunt itself is supposed by many learned authorities to betoken a Roman occupation, as being a corruption of "calvus mons." This appellation occurs elsewhere where traces of the Romans are found; for instance Kalw in Württemberg, the Kalmutt mountain between Edenkoben and Neustadt in the Palatinate, and also the hill Kalmuth near Wertheim on the Main. And this view is supported by such names as the "Villa Calmunt," or "Calmont," existing in old French records. The same corruption of a Latin into a German word is found in the numerous names of places, in which the forms "weiler," "weil," "wil," "weiher," occur, being corruptions of "villa." This theory, however, has found opponents, who derive the name from the German word "kahl," which means, as "calvus" does, "bald," or "bare," and "mund," which in old German means "force," or "defence." Kahl is either derived from "calvus," or has a common origin. We may easily suppose that the neighbourhood of this imperial fortification, with its resident governor, was an extreme discomfort to the free town of Wetzlar, as well as an occasional protection, and that the burghers were not sorry when it was suffered to fall to ruin. Wetzlar formed a league, in 1236, with the other free towns of the Wetteran for mutual protection, to take effect expressly during the imperial elections. But Wetzlar suffered most of them through the feuds of the nobles, as it was the most outlying; and although the burghers became valiant warriors, their trade was stunted from this cause for many hundred years. Nor did it escape the ravages of the Thirty Years' War, when political enmities were aggravated by theological hatred. The year 1646 was a fearful one for Wetzlar, when the Swedish General Wrangel formed a camp in its neighbourhood, in order to wait for the French General Turenne, with a view of a combined attack on the Imperialists, who had fortified themselves in Friedburg. Other misfortunes came on the town in the course of the century—viz., a great flood in 1643, and a fire which destroyed seventy houses in the Lahngaase.

In the year 1687 lightning struck the town and burnt fifty houses and twenty granaries; the anniversary of this event was afterwards kept as a fast. In the Seven Years' War the French felled and burnt for their camp fires a fine wood that stood in the Kuhmarkt. But towards the end of the seventeenth century a new source of prosperity developed itself in the town through the Imperial High Court holding its sittings there. It was opened solemnly on the 15th May, 1693, by the Elector of Treves. Not far from the Oberthor of Wetzlar a path leads to a narrow pretty little dell, called the Kaisersgrund. Here, it was said, was burnt alive an impostor named Tilo Kolup, who gave himself out as the Emperor Frederick II., reusucitated. He was taken by Rudolph of Hapsburg, and executed at Wetzlar, in the year 1286.

The village of Garbenheim, amongst other pleasant places in the neighbourhood of Wetzlar, deserves notice as having been a favourite resort of Goëthe. It is mentioned by him in the "Sorrows of Werther," under the name of Wahlheim:

"The position of the place on a hill is very interesting, and if one ascends by the footway to the village, one overlooks the whole valley at once. A good landlady who is obliging and cheerful in her old age, provides wine, beer, coffee; and what surpasses all else, is a pair of lime trees, which cover with their wide-spreading boughs the little space before the church, which is surrounded with peasants' houses, barns and bartons. I have scarcely ever lighted on a little spot so friendly or so homelike, and I have my table and chair brought there out of the inn, drink my coffee there, and read my Homer."

The spot before the church is still there, with its little houses and courts, but the two lindens with the spreading branches are gone. Many years since there died in one of the smallest houses a widow of ninety years old. She had known Goëthe and Jerusalem, and made much of her knowledge. She used to show visitors a glass out of which Goëthe drank milk, and a rustic chair which she had placed for him, as well as for Jerusalem, under the limes. She bequeathed the glass to her daughter, and the chair to her son, with the old cottage. She had twelve children, and is the young woman of whom Goëthe speaks in the ninth letter, praising her obliging manner and that placidity of temperament which doubtless conduced to her longevity.

Garbenheim now possesses a large inn with a spacious garden at the end of the village. It was formerly a seat of the Proctor of the Imperial Court. In the time when "Werther's Sorrows" were the rage, the owner put up a mound with an urn to the memory of Jerusalem. A Russian general, in 1813, appropriated the urn and carried it off to St. Petersburg. Visitors are sometimes shown the mound as the grave of Werther, while to others—or, it may be, to the same at a different time—a spot is indicated by the cicerone as having the same interest, in the churchyard at Wetzlar. It is supposed that Jerusalem's real grave is never shown, but that he was buried in a sort of trench, which was filled with rubbish after a great fire, towards the end of the last century. The unfortunate manner of his death was likely enough to condemn him to obscurity in the grave.

G. C. SWAYNE.

THE HAMPDENS.

AN HISTORIELLE. BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.



CHAPTER XIV. PATRIOT FAREWELLS TO MERRY ENGLAND.

THOSE who would not look forward, and those who did, found themselves ere long involved in the fearful experiences of civil war. For three months from the failure of the King's scheme to seize the Parliament leaders by trespass and violence in their own House, there were attempts at a treaty between the King, who insisted on ruling without a parliament, and the nation, which insisted on its right of parliamentary government. The King wanted those months, and a few more, for preparation; and he therefore kept up the pretence of negotiation as long as possible. At last it was over. At last the parliament and people were wearied out. At last Lady Carlisle had done all she could to restrain her friends from deadly conflict; and things must take their course. She could go on seeing the right side of everybody's conduct, and worshipping the ablest man she knew, whether on the one side or the other: she could still perplex passionate and simple-minded people by her practice of helping both parties in turn, or even at once: but she could not, after all, avert civil war. She had notified to certain friends, so that it could not but

reach Cousin Oliver's ears, the discouragement which had struck the hearts of the Royal family when the King's standard was overthrown by a storm, the first night of its erection: and wild was the exultation in the prayers of the Puritan camp in consequence. She had placed her services at the Queen's command when Her Majesty stole away with her children to France; but the Queen had preferred foreign attendants, unmitigated papists, and thoroughgoing champions of Divine Right, and had given gracious permission to her dear friend the Countess to remain behind. Thus Lady Carlisle was at liberty to devote herself to the care of any suffering friends, and especially of Mr. Pym, whose health and strength were impaired by the prodigious toils and anxieties of recent years. She had saved the country by frustrating the King's (or rather the Queen's) plan of seizing the five members, and using the opportunity for putting down the parliament by force of arms. She hoped she had saved the King by securing him an interval for negotiation with men far less disposed to violence than himself: but the King had not sincerity enough for negotiation with honest men. When it appeared clear to such a mind as Lady Carlisle's

that Mr. Pym and his coadjutors were contending for rights which the King could not understand, and did not believe in, it was a settled thing that nothing more was now possible than to keep up each mind to its true temper, and to ensure the fullest play to the greatest ability. Henrietta did not pretend to comprehend this : but she revered a cast of mind so much above her own, as she supposed. She saw that Colonel Urrey (as he now was) kept up his intimate acquaintance with Lady Carlisle and other royalists, while acting in full concert with Mr. Hampden in the war ; and she had no further doubt of the ability of such very enlightened friends to judge of their own course, without being insulted by criticism from such as herself. She prayed to be made as enlightened as they were ; for she was very unhappy. Both of them approved and encouraged her deepest persuasions and strongest emotions in regard to the King ; yet each acted with the Parliament leaders,—the one in council and the other in the field. There was nothing for herself, she felt, but to do nothing.

Therefore she busied herself in affairs which must be innocent. She had charmed back Margaret's child to her house and her heart. She made Harry believe her the very best of mothers, by the fine promise of her own infant. She adorned Hampden House for the reception of her father's bride, and welcomed the lady with a grace which won something of his old tenderness from her father. When the dreadful blow fell on him which caused the royalist scribes to exhibit him in lampoons as a reprobate from God's favour, a man marked by calamity in retribution for his treason to the King,—when Philip died of fever at the outset of the war, Henrietta was the consolers of the household and the widespreading family ; so that Cousin Oliver himself considered that Mr. Hampden's probation was not complete while such an one remained to him of his elder children. A man who had at home the solace of a wife after so many widowed years, and of such a daughter, redeemed from the snare of the fowler, and snatched as a brand from the burning,—a man so specially favoured could not be said to have drunk his fill of the cup of bitterness. Such things could be discussed only in Mr. Hampden's absence ; for he was impatient when any thoughts or words were wasted on such a question as whether this or that person was happy or no. It was no time for caring about pain or pleasure. It was one of those junctures when all that had been done by good men of an elder time for the purification of religion and the security of liberty was at stake. The Bible and Magna Charta were now to be sustained or thrown into a corner and trampled under foot ; and no man in possession of his understanding could decline any sacrifice in their defence, or stop for a single moment in his work to weep over losses of his own, or sigh for blessings that were swept away. No mention of Philip therefore passed Mr. Hampden's lips ; and his joy in a wife worthy of him was shown by the trust he reposed in her as a helper in his work rather than by any change in his manner and discourse.

Such change as might be observed was not in the direction of lightness and cheerfulness. He

had many cares, and he found them very burdensome. He was rarely at home, because he held what was called a joint command with Lord Essex ; and Lord Essex was the most vexatious of partners in any business, from his delays and his fickleness. There were many losses incurred, and many successes missed by lack of ability or of zeal in officers of various ranks ; but the vexation which gnawed Mr. Hampden's heart was his colleague's unfitness or unworthiness.

Meantime the work went on well in Buckinghamshire. Cousin Oliver had raised a body of troops which were the pride of the whole family connexion. Harry was resolved that the Hampden troop should not be far behind the Cromwell Ironsides ; and he had fine material ready to his hand. The sportsmen who knew every hollow of the hills, and were familiar with the passes of the Chiltern range, and could ride as English hunting-men only do, were the very stuff out of which to make a trusty force for the service of the Parliament ; and great was the rejoicing when Mr. Hampden returned for a few hours now and then, and his approbation of the soldierly trim of his country neighbours could be obtained. At his own house all hands were busy. The women were laying in stores of food and medicines and clothing, in case of any siege of Hampden House ; and they diligently set themselves to learn as much as women might of the art of defence. Henrietta was meantime at Prestwood, for the most part ; and there she passed her days with the two children, much as if no civil war was raging within a hundred miles, and might roll that way any hour.

The day came when Harry's household must move to a safer place. Mr. Hampden foreboded that Prince Rupert would fall upon such of the Parliament force as was in and about Thame : and when Lord Essex failed to secure those posts by reinforcements, advice came to Harry and Colonel Urrey and other officers to bring their troops together to join Colonel Hampden on his descent from the short cut across the hills. Harry and all his neighbours but one obeyed. That one was Colonel Urrey ; and he had other work to do.

It was a busy day at Hampden House. The ladies were finishing the embroidering of the Hampden motto on the colonel's standard. *Vestigia nulla retrorsum* : such was the text which illustrated the life of their father, as the daughters said while plying their needles in haste. They had given out the knots of riband which distinguished the Hampden green men. They had provided a new orange scarf for their father to wear over his armour, as an officer of the Parliament. The one he had worn hitherto was soiled and stained ; and now, when he rode forth from his own gate, all should be bright upon him. And so it should be with Harry. Hitherto every service had been appointed to him but actual fighting. If he was now on the verge of his first battle, he should go forth in gay trim. Dusty day marchings and damp night watching had dimmed his lustre ; but now he should be as trim as any cavalier in the King's army.

They little knew how near the event was. There came a message that Gunter's force was

hard pressed and needed reinforcement, at Chalgrove Field. Colonel Hampden was gone there, having put himself at the head of Sheffield's horse, and picked up some of Gunter's dragoons, wherewith to harass Prince Rupert on the right of his position, and get round to the aid of the Parliament force, till Essex should bring up the main body of troops. Harry was to dispatch as many horse as he could spare, with due regard to the safety of Hampden House, where he was to stay in command of a sufficient guard.

Harry did not stay. Colonel Hampden never wore the scarf; but his standard went to the fight on Chalgrove Field.

Henrietta had not known nor conceived what it would be to send men forth to fight against their King. If she had imagined what passion it was that she had been smothering within her for so many months, and how the dread of battle and the horror of blood would work upon her, she would rather have hidden herself and the children in any chalk-pit of the hills than have been at Hampden House that day.

Her husband had but a moment. He asked her to pray for her father and her husband, first that they might do their duty, and next that they might come home to those who loved them best.

No,—she could not so pray. She could not mock Heaven by such a prayer when her husband was going forth on the most unprofitable errand in the world. She could not pray for the success of crime against an anointed King.

"You will not pray against us, Henrietta?"

"Will I not? Day and night I pray for the King; and shall I not now?"

Harry was bursting away, when she called after him:

"I pray for you too, Harry. I pray that you may be spared the punishment of your crime,—of you— I will not say what."

"Henrietta," he said, approaching her again, "I believe you despise me."

"I do, most heartily, in your hours of waywardness, which you are so proud of."

"I believe you hate me, Henrietta."

"I hate your treason. Lift your hand against your King, and I shall abhor you. Save him,—turn the battle if it goes against him, and I will forgive you everything."

"Is this your dismissal of your husband to his duty as an Englishman?"

"I have heard enough talk of public duty. I should like to see something of the thing."

"Is this the way you strengthen your husband's heart now the hour has come?"

"Make what you can of it. Go!"

He was gone. She saw his face as he rushed past the window. Her heart was in her mouth at the sight, and she flung her child on the floor, and burst from the room and from the house, crying upon Harry to come back—to come back for one moment. Whether he heard the cry was never known. None others who heard it ever forgot it. Harry deputed another to his post of guard at Hampden, and galloped to Chalgrove Field.

The first news thence was that Colonel Hampden was coming. Next, that he was coming because

he had received some slight hurt. No one in the house believed this. He would not come away from a battle-field, or from the merest skirmish, for a slight hurt. The nearest surgeons had been sent for before he alighted. His head drooped, he had clung to his horse with one hand, the other arm being disabled; and he was in great pain. He said he believed he should live, and the surgeons said the mischief was not of a fatal nature; but, as the household all acknowledged afterwards, they never had any hope. His frame had long been so worn, and his spirit so jarred, that his vital forces were low.

Henrietta was missed from his bedside. No one knew where she was, till little Dick Knightley said that uncle Carewe and she had been angry, and he had run away, and aunt too. She came back and took up the baby, and Dick believed she had carried baby away.

She came back. Some one who knew her had met her on the road hastening towards Chalgrove, and had turned her back, and taken her into his own house. She would not have been safe at Prestwood, and there was no persuading her to set foot within the Hampden gates again. She had accused herself of murdering her husband; and this might be in a manner true. Mr. Carewe had been even less like himself than Mr. Hampden in the fight. Both fought like desperate men, and Mr. Carewe especially seemed to thrust himself in the way of danger. His horse stumbled in the growing corn: he did not shelter himself by the hedgerows as he might have done: he pushed his horse wherever the enemy were thickest. The enemy helped him to his death only too willingly. Colonel Urrey showed himself openly on the King's side to-day, and he seemed to glory in it. "That is Colonel Hampden," he had shouted to the prince's officers, "that is Mr. Carewe," "that is Luke," "that is Gunter," and few of those whom he pointed out but fell or were wounded. Mr. Carewe was among the dead.

During the week that Colonel Hampden lived there was much for everybody to suffer, and but little consolation of any kind. There was no triumph in the case, nothing creditable or hopeful in the conflict of the day, and nothing that was encouraging in prospect. Four hundred troopers had engaged prince Rupert's far larger numbers, in expectation of the Lord General coming up in force; but he never came. Colonel Hampden's assumption of the command of Sheffield's troop was needless, and his rush into the fight was precipitate. It was a mistake to come down from the heights to attack the King's force in the corn-fields, where they had taken up their own ground. There was rank treason abroad that day, and Colonel Urrey had slain, as if by his own hands, the neighbours, and acquaintance, and comrades of many years, whose confidence he had no doubt sought in the King's service. The whole business was humiliating, the affliction almost intolerable: and the noisy triumph of the royalists made itself heard even in the innermost chambers of Hampden House.

The dying man there was not one to be troubled by vexations so low. To him it was a small thing to be judged of man's judgment, and his soul was

not moved by misgivings such as were haunting more than one mind about him. He endured sore pain of body; and he concealed neither that nor the anguish of his mind. His country's fate was dark to his eyes. If Mr. Pym died,—as was but too probable,—who was to guide affairs, and how was the valour of the people to be led? He was too religious a man to doubt that the kingdom would be cared for by the Ruler of the world; and he was too upright and generous a gentleman to doubt now of his own part in what had been done for the preservation of the liberties of England, or to repent of any sacrifice made in the cause. He was clear that if the people and their parliament had not withstood the King, worse miseries would have overtaken the nation. Yet, while neither doubting, repenting, nor distrusting, he mourned with a bitter grief. "Confound and level in the dust, O Lord!" he prayed, "those who would rob the people of their liberty and lawful prerogative. Save my bleeding country! Have these realms in thy special keeping!"

The same words were uttered in prayer, with the change of one word, on the King's side. So it is in all civil wars.

Not all the sweet and solemn strains that she was afterwards wont to hear overpowered in Henrietta's heart the echoes which came to her ear from her father's grave;—the muffled drums, the volley fired over his coffin, and the rise and fall of the psalm sung by the troop as they marched back from the churchyard—

Why go we mourning,—mourning,—mourning,
Because of the oppression of the enemy?

CHAPTER IV. ROYALIST FAREWELLS TO MERRY ENGLAND.

THAT sweet and solemn music which Henrietta heard daily for the rest of her life was in France. When Uncle Oliver had passed from dotage to death, when the King lay in his bloody grave, and Cousin Oliver vexed all pious souls by sitting in the King's seat, Henrietta was still on the rack of her misery. She had murdered her husband, after failing in every duty she had undertaken, and disappointing every expectation she had encouraged; and her remorse corroded her soul. But she could not die, and she dared not pray for death. At length, Queen Henrietta Maria came over to England for a time: and Lady Carlisle, impelled by some sense of duty towards the young creature whose enthusiasm she had fostered, brought her under that notice from the Queen which she avoided for herself. The Queen's griefs, with all the trials of sore poverty in addition, had not worn her so low as Henrietta's; and the compassionate gaze which the Queen cast on the image of woe before her was a strong hint to her priestly followers.

The result was natural enough; and Henrietta was soon in retreat for life in the Queen's nunnery at Chaillot. She felt how great the mercy was; and the relief was beyond all previous conception. Her new guides satisfied her, in due time, that she was in no way guilty, though singularly unfortunate. She had sinned, indeed, so far as that everybody sins; but with the particular guilt which she mourned she was in no way chargeable.

She learned to see—what was so very clear to Catholic eyes—that her whole life had been a conflict between her personal instincts of loyal duty and the delusions of her education, and of the people about her. Her very strifes with her husband had been a divine voice protesting against the impiety of her nation and her family, and asserting her own higher intelligence and virtue. Her Puritan relatives were answerable for all that had happened: and she had only to give thanks, day and night, for her rescue from perplexity and misery, and for the complacency and peace in which she was now resting at last.

There was one trouble still,—a pain which did not die out as her understanding sank to the level of the minds of her sister-recluses. She was in pain for the souls of her father and her husband,—so dreadfully guilty as they had been of rebellion, and cut off from salvation by their making the Bible and not the Church the anchor of their hope. She did what she could: she prayed for them as long as she lived, and when they were dead, obtained as many masses as possible for the repose of their souls.

Thus Henrietta passed her life, up to the age of grey hairs,—her own having been grey from the week of the Chalgrove fight. Her son was in no danger as to his faith and his prospects in life, however it might be about his morals. He was first a page of the Queen's, and then of the young King's. When too old for a page he became a courtier, and was liked none the less for being a Catholic, even after the Restoration.

Before Henrietta breathed her last, she heard some awkward news from England: but it did not trouble her very deeply. She was cured of her keenness of feeling; and she lived and died peacefully in the assurance that if men do but revere and obey their King without reserve, it rests with Heaven to see to the quality of the King.

If her countrymen had but been aware of this in time, whatever else might have happened, there would have been no middle-class heretic, like Cousin Oliver, thrust in upon the line of English Kings, to make the nation blush to its latest day at the comparison between him and the Stuarts,—the family evidently appointed to reign over Old England for ever.

Such was the view in which Henrietta lived and died.

(Concluded.)

A BRITISH FRIENDSHIP.

AT this time thirty years ago there were three young men at Christ Church, Oxford,—almost of the same age, all good students, all interested in matters which lay outside their books, and all cordially respecting and admiring each other. Two of the three were of a reserved cast of character, while the third was frank and fluent, though perhaps as discreet at bottom as his prouder-looking friends. Each desired to do something to distinguish his name, and benefit his generation: and each had high expectations of what the other two would do. In February last, some memorable observances took place which have brought back some moving old associations with those three youths.

Thirty years ago, James Bruce was two-and-twenty, and carried an air of seniority over his comrades who were but one-and-twenty. Yet he was the frank and fluent one, and they the shy and reserved. James Andrew Ramsay was Scotch, as Bruce was. The third, Charles John Canning was, I need not say, English. Ramsay was the son of an earl; Bruce of an earl also,—the Earl of Elgin, who brought over the marbles which visitors to the British Museum know so well: and Canning was no doubt prouder of the title of son of his father than his friends could be of their ancestral honours. We should be glad to know now the turn that conversation took between these youths when they anticipated their careers of active life: and there is something very solemn in looking back upon the unconsciousness in which they were living of the remarkable relation their three lives were to bear to each other. All three no doubt assumed that political service would occupy their years and their energies, and they might often imagine how they would act together, and what guidance their co-operation might impress upon events: but no speculations, plans or dreams of their own could approach in singularity and gravity the actual developments which have been witnessed by some of us who were men when they were schoolboys, and who live to tell their story over two of their three graves.

It was in 1833 that they took their honours at Oxford. In another ten years, Bruce, having succeeded to his father's title, and been thereby removed from the House of Commons, was governing Jamaica. He ruled with sense and courage, but with a heavy heart; for on arriving with his young wife, they underwent a fearful shipwreck; and she escaped death at the moment only to die immediately after in childbed. The daughter then born was the bridesmaid of the Princess of Wales last month. The other two friends were in the public service also. Ramsay had become the tenth Earl of Dalhousie; and he was now Vice-President of the Board of Trade, and a Privy-Councillor. Canning was Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs in the Peel ministry of that time. Thus far, the duties of the three comrades lay wide apart, and there was no indication of any peculiar bond which was to unite their names for posterity. The time, however, was approaching.

When the second ten years came to an end, Lord Elgin had made himself a sound and high reputation as Governor-General of Canada. His second wife, the eldest surviving daughter of Lord Durham, was living among the scenes she had known when her father was saving and regenerating Canada, and seeing her husband carrying out, with great energy and discretion, her father's policy. Lord Canning was now at the Post Office, relinquishing his patronage, and devoting his energies to carry to perfection a department of the public service which could never bring him any brilliant honours or rewards. Some of us may be able to recal some feelings of mortification on the one hand, or of amusement on the other, at the son of George Canning being known as the steady and diligent man of business, of moderate ability

and languid ambition, satisfied to have something useful to do. Such was the common notion of the man: but he had two friends at least who could have told us that we did not know him yet.

And where now was Lord Dalhousie? He seemed to stand as much higher than Elgin as Elgin stood higher than Canning. He was Governor-General of India.

At first, the public wondered that a man should be taken from the Board of Trade to rule such an empire as India: but it was not very long before the world became occupied with him as a statesman, far more than as an economist; and we heard a great deal of his policy. The Indian policy of Lord Dalhousie became one of the chief topics of public interest; and it was felt that there must be something remarkable about the man who was the youngest statesman ever appointed to a position of such responsibility. Great mistakes were made about his policy,—partly from the ignorance of Indian affairs then prevalent in England, and partly from his own excessive reserve. Because the Punjaub came into our possession in his time, and then some smaller States, and at length Oude, it was assumed that Lord Dalhousie's policy was one of "annexation." It may be better seen elsewhere how untrue this was, and how much more earnestly the Governor-General desired many things than any extension of our Indian territory. In this place I can point out only two or three incidents which mark the spirit of his rule, and link his destiny with that of his early friends.

He was, if not the father, the guardian of the Great East Indian Railway: and when he stood to witness the departure of the first train, he was witnessing the doom of the hitherto invincible ignorance, prejudice, and superstition of India. Within a little while, he saw the Hindoo priests, and teachers, and public, discussing the subject of pilgrimages,—the merits of which seemed to be largely affected by the ease with which the country could now be traversed by steam. He established in some regions a system of vernacular schools, and advanced the education of the people with as much zeal as any predecessor, and with far more wisdom than the wisest. While our Indian empire itself was growing, and while the minds and fortunes of the people within it were growing in full proportion, Lord Dalhousie had a heavy care on his mind. So many officers were withdrawn from military duty for other service,—political, civil engineering, and administrative in various ways;—that he was alarmed about the military efficiency of the forces in the country. Again, those forces were declining in number, while the new extensions of territory required an increase. He was anything but an alarmist; but he urged a strong reinforcement of officers; and also a distribution of the troops, by which the safety of the country might be better secured than it could be while European battalions were withdrawn from Bengal, for service in the Crimea and in Pegu, and to garrison our new territories to the north-west. He said there must be three more battalions in Bengal; and the distribution of the troops must be rearranged. When he

went from one to another of our military stations, — Cawnpore, no doubt, for one, whenever he passed between the seat of Government and the Upper Provinces,—he made the most penetrating inquiries into the state of mind and temper of the forces, native and European, and insisted with all his authority and influence on the vital importance of cultivating a frank and considerate intercourse with the native soldiery, of all races and persuasions. It was regarded as impossible to distribute the forces as he advised and desired. If his word had been taken for the probable consequences, the effort might have been found practicable; and, among other results, the lives of his two comrades would have been very different from what they have actually been.

After seven years of tremendous work, during which he passed through the labours of all his lieutenants, so far as that his mind was always accessible to them, and his interest engaged in their duty, Lord Dalhousie was worn out; and in another year he came home.

It must have been a remarkable day in his life, when he sat in Government House at Calcutta, hearing the salutes down the river, and the noise outside, which told of the arrival of his successor; and when he went to the door to meet and bring in that successor,—his old comrade Canning!

We know how they met. The worn-out man handed to the fresh man a telegram just arrived, which announced that all was well in Oude—newly annexed.

The consultations of the few following days must have been of the deepest interest,—far transcending anything they had imagined in their Christ Church days, though there are romantic dreams in college of political friendships more potent than rivalries. The freshman had not everything to learn; for he had been a member of the Government which had co-operated with and guided the Governor-General. Their intercourse was not that of guide and disciple so much as that of statesmen in partnership, one of whom was now retiring. When the worn-out one was carried on board ship, he left his successor impressed with the sense of the constant danger of the Europeans in India, till the old terms of confidence with the native troops could be restored, the forces better officered, and the whole more prudently distributed. The new territories were far less dangerous in themselves than as abstracting the securities of the oldest districts: and one of the warnings delivered to Lord Canning by Lord Dalhousie was, that there was more peril in the region about Calcutta than beyond the Sutlej.

We were disappointed of Lord Dalhousie's accounts of Indian affairs in parliament. There was again much wonder that a Postmaster-General, as before a Vice-President of the Board of Trade, should be sent out to rule hundreds of millions of men: and there was no little vexation that Lord Dalhousie was neither seen nor heard. He was very ill; and soon, when bad news began to arrive from India, he was bitterly blamed, and wildly misjudged. His pride and his humility, his temperament and his judgment, co-operated to keep him silent. He would wait for justice. He would some day show that the mutiny was

owing to other causes than any policy of his. He could not endure to thrust his own complaints on public attention at a time of national calamity: and so he sank in dumb submission to misconstruction and self-reliance as to the wisdom as well as the rectitude of his course. No doubt he was well aware that he would be justified by the faithful efforts of his friends, and especially of the successor who could best appreciate and explain his policy.

While he was lying ill, and deprived, as he thought, of the honour due to his rule, there was a time when his sympathies must have been strongly with his two old friends. Lord Elgin was on his voyage as ambassador to China in 1857, when the news of the Indian mutiny reached him. After an hour of anxious meditation, he resolved on a step worthy of a patriotic statesman, and singularly graceful under the circumstances. He decided to suspend his own mission in order to give India the benefit of the regiments he carried with him. Many as had been the pleasant meetings he and Lord Canning had had in the course of their lives, none could have compared in satisfaction with that on the steps of the Government House at Calcutta, when Lord Elgin followed in person the wonderful and welcome news that he was coming up the Ganges with reinforcements, which could not have astonished the natives on the banks more if they had come up from the river or down from the sky. During the weeks of Lord Elgin's detention in India, before the new batch of forces for China reached Calcutta, his presence and his counsel were infinitely supporting to his old friend. Nothing could be finer than the calm bearing of Lord and Lady Canning from the beginning of the season of horror, when it seemed probable that the last European in India might be slaughtered before any adequate help could arrive. The natives gazed in the great man's face day by day, and they saw no change. Every evening Lady Canning was seen going out for her airing as if nothing was happening: and when another great man came up from the sea with ships and soldiers, the audacity of rebellion was cowed in Calcutta, and far beyond it.

The horrors of the Cawnpore massacre were enough to have turned the brain of a woman of less calmness and devotedness than Lady Canning; and her husband and his friend must have felt more for her than she did for herself. The officers and their wives and children, whom the Cannings knew face to face, and some of whom they had visited in their cantonments at Cawnpore, were slaughtered like cattle; and the ladies and children cut to pieces and thrown into the well, which I need not describe. Here were realities of life, such as the young Bruce and Canning had little thought of encountering together, in the old college days. Lady Elgin was safe at home; but she was not much the happier for that; and from no friend at home had Lady Canning a more anxious and cordial sympathy.

Lord Elgin proceeded to his great work in China, thinking of anything rather than that he should again be welcomed by his friend Canning on those steps of Government House, and taken

into council over the same desk, about the affairs of the same empire. There had been great changes in less than five years. Lord Elgin had established the new relations between China and our country; and Lord Canning had saved our Indian empire. Their old friend had sunk into his grave, interested to the last in their great achievements when his own were over, and were apparently misjudged and almost rejected.

There were other changes, as both painfully felt.

Lady Canning's face and voice were absent. She had sunk under the climate, and partly perhaps from the consequences of the suspense and agony of the year of the rebellion. Her husband was not like the same man. His spirit was broken when he lost her; and Lord Elgin saw this in his face at their meeting.

Once more,—knowing that it was for the last time,—the friends exchanged confidence. They spent many hours in discussing the interests of the hundreds of millions of human beings whom the one was turning over to the rule of the other. Lord Elgin's hope was that his friend would still be, for a time, an effectual aid to India and to him in parliament; and, though they would hardly meet again, they might yet work together at the same great task. Still, he must have had misgivings that all was over when he looked upon the haggard face and wasted form which sanguine people said would be restored by the voyage.

It was a great and memorable administration,—that of Lord Canning. Many of us were fully aware of it; and it was generally appreciated much less imperfectly than that of Lord Dalhousie. Not only was public attention more earnestly directed to India than ever before; but India, having come under parliamentary government, had converted an anomalous and external kind of interest into a national one. No expectations were too high of the honours that would be awarded to the first Viceroy of India, as soon as he should have recruited enough from the fatigues of his return to appear in public. But, while his friend in India was looking for the news of Lord Canning's reception, and of the beginning of his services to India in parliament; and while we were waiting to see him come out into our streets and parks, he was slipping away. Before he could receive the first instalments of the national acknowledgments, he was dead. When his friend at Calcutta was hoping for some revival of his strength, however temporary, the news came of a funeral in Westminster Abbey, and of the long and noble train of great citizens who were eager to follow the son of George Canning to his grave.

Amidst the overwhelming cares and pressing business of his Indian rule, Lord Canning had lost nothing of the keenness of feeling with which he thought of the Englishwomen and their young daughters who filled the horrible tomb at Cawnpore. He took a deep interest in the plans for laying out the grounds round the well, by which the graves of the soldiers who perished were to be enclosed with the hideous one of the ladies and children, and the whole made a monument of the year of tribulation. It was reserved

for the friend who had mourned over the calamity with him to fill his place at the consecration of this monument; and this was done by Lord Elgin on the 11th of February last.

Each friend has always been worthy of the other in the thorough devotedness to duty and the national service which gives heroic composure to the statesman in office, as well as to the general in command. As Lord Elgin stood "like a statue" on the upper pavement of the well, in the sight of all the people, his countenance and bearing were as calm as Lord Canning's were in his daily rides in 1857, when the people looked in his face for a reflexion of the news from the upper country, and always saw grave composure. But there was sorrow in the heart of the survivor, as there had been in his who was gone. There was sorrow in all hearts, no doubt;—in all within the enclosure, and, we are assured, in those of the natives outside. But Lord and Lady Elgin were mourning others than those who were buried there. They were thinking of the brave-hearted and unselfish woman who lay in her grave at Calcutta, and of her husband under the pavement of Westminster Abbey. To them at such a moment it must have seemed as if they had had more to do with death than with life. Something of this is disclosed in the address of Lord Elgin on the evening of the great day of the opening of the East Indian railway line to Benares, when he remarked on Lord Canning having proposed the health of Lord Dalhousie at the opening of a former portion of the line. He referred briefly, and evidently because he could not help it, to the relations which had existed between the three friends of a lifetime. "It is a singular coincidence," he said, "that three successive Governors-General should have stood towards each other in this relationship of age and intimacy." The singular condition of welfare at which India is evidently arriving shows that the circumstance is as happy as it is remarkable.

Amidst the brightest times to come, and the most blessed fortunes that can be in store for India, there will always be,—as there ought always to be,—a strain of melancholy mingled with the rejoicing. The address of the Bishop of Calcutta, delivered from the monument, will probably be the best and longest remembered sermon of the age. Lord Elgin appears to the people now as the survivor of a series of regenerating rulers of India, who have sacrificed themselves to their work: and when his monument is reared (long hence may it be!) it will be remembered how it was that he was in India during the summer of the mutiny, and that he presided at the dedication of the sacred enclosure at Cawnpore. In all time to come the spirit of the inscription on the monument will hang round the statesmanship and the statesmen of the period of the mutiny, as well as round the memory of the sufferers under its agonies. "These are they which came out of great tribulation," says the monument; and the sentiment of a future day, happier even than the present, may include under the description many more of the contemporaries of the transition stage of India than those whose bones lie there.

In the midst of the great moving picture of Indian history, during the middle period of our century, we may have a moment's attention to spare for the friendship of the three rulers of the time; and some sympathy for them under the discovery so clearly appointed to them,—that the fulfilment of the highest and most lawful dreams of youthful ambition involves a very full experience of the mournfulness of human life.

FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

THE FAIR OF BALLINASLOE.

(A TRUE INCIDENT. BY THE AUTHOR OF
"RECOMMENDED TO MERCY.")

A GREAT time *entirely* in the troublesome little island "over the say" is the yearly Fair of Ballinasloe. All the world is there—all the Irish sporting and farming world at least; and they, and their stock together, are a sight worth coming some little distance to behold. The ground where the animals stand is a sea of mud of course—of mud up to the fetlocks of the horses; but nevertheless they trot and gallop gallantly through the same, urged thereto by the "boys," who have a name, and a just one, all the world over for making the best of their "horse bastes," and for understanding the art of circumventing their natural enemies, *id est*, the Saxon and the stranger. The sun shone—no very common event—on the horse day of the great fair, in the year 185—, and the scene on which the rare luminary looked down was, as I have said, a curious one enough. There were knots of sporting gentlemen, composed both of English and Irish, although the latter element preponderated, and they were one and all occupied in discussing the merits of the many magnificent, weight-carrying hunters which the grooms were now riding, as quietly as it is in the nature of Paddy to do, for the gentlemen's inspection, and now leaping backwards and forwards over the high bar erected for the acrobatic performances of the equine race. There were crowds upon crowds of the finest peasantry in the world standing about amongst the rough country ponies in the slippery, tenacious mud of the park; and amongst them might be seen many a closely shorn face above its priestly coat, while Fathers Conway and Daly, apparently thoroughly in their element, loafed about through the throng with words of counsel to the members of their flock, and a scowl for the *inimies* who were on the watch to enter and despoil the sheepfold. The business of the day had gone on briskly enough, and many a Celtic steed had changed its owner, whilst not a few had passed into the hands of the useful, though hated Saxon. It was still early in the afternoon; but nevertheless not a few of those who had attended the fair, but who lived at a distance from Ballinasloe, had already betaken themselves to the railway station, and were waiting for the overdue train from the west which was to carry them and their gains to "Daublin." There was, amongst the waiting crowd, none of the order and seeming patience, and certainly none of the taciturnity which is characteristic of the English traveller at a railway station; but on the contrary, the sounds of blarney, chaff, and laughter filled the air, and everywhere your ear might

catch the import of racy words redolent of fun and harmless satire, while jests at the expense of such unlucky countrymen as were, with crest-fallen countenances, taking back their tired animals to their little "holdings," seemed to be amongst the most popular of the witticisms which were flying about.

"Bedad! and she's a fine baste entirely," said a countryman, in a long-skirted frieze coat, and with shirt collars up to his eyes, and who was alluding to a low-shouldered, over-worked pony, which was being placed in a crowded truck. "A fine little baste that you had along wid you, Dominick; and you niver to be so much as axed where you was going! Well!—well!"

"It isn't the likes of her that does be selling along wi' the tip-top cattle for the gentle folks," remarked another man—a snug farmer doubtless, for his "Carolina" hat was very new and tall, and his stout frieze coat of the thickest and the best. "It isn't for a poor man's baste a man would be coming to the fair. It's them's the lads as makes the money," he added, in a lower tone, and pointing to a stout, middle-aged man who, with an air of conscious importance, was walking up and down the platform. The countryman whom the last speaker had been addressing had no time to reply, for at that moment the feeble apology for a whistle which is the best approach to that inspiring railway music which Irish skill has yet arrived at, gave warning of the train's approach, and in another moment every one was engrossed in the struggle for places in the already nearly filled carriages.

The frieze-coated small farmers were hustled with very little ceremony, and but small amount of consideration as regarded their powers of compression, into a third-class carriage; but such poor accommodation as it afforded was apparently not to the taste of the stout and self-satisfied individual I have alluded to, for, after glancing at its humbler occupants, he turned away, and ensconced himself in a more aristocratic vehicle. In the same compartment, and amongst other passengers whom it is not necessary to describe, were two young men of the *buckeen*, or very small landed gentry class. They were brothers, too, and students at Galway College, being withal tolerably wild specimens of the aborigines of the far west; with happy tempered faces, and eyes brimming over with the "fun" which they "poked" at every one who gave them the chance of a merry thrust at his or her expense.

When the stout cattle-dealer (for such he was) settled himself in his place alongside the Galway brothers—whose names, as I may here remark, were O'Flaherty—he looked a placid and contented man enough; but another moment sufficed to change the expression of his countenance entirely, for an almost livid hue overspread his cheeks, and his eyes glared with the wide, open aspect of despair. In another instant he sprang upon his feet, and cried with what was something very nearly approaching to a howl, the while he patted his rotund person vigorously:

"My notes! By —, my notes! Two hunder pound I had in the fair, the price of the large brown hunter, and by the powers! but the

ruffians have been and stolen them from me the day!"

The unhappy man's broad fat face was now perfectly crimson with excitement; indeed, so imminent did the danger of apoplexy appear to Manus O'Flaherty, the younger of the brothers, that he retreated hastily to avoid the possible consequences of the stout man's collapse. At that moment, however, a "boy," the waiter of some half-century's standing at the Ballinasloe Hotel, rushed, bareheaded and breathless, on the platform, exclaiming as he did so:

"Is the jintleman in it as slept in the big room with the small little bed in the corner of it?"

"Shure it's mysel' was in it," responded the stout man, leaning forward, and speaking with great eagerness.

"And did ye be laving anything afther ye at all?"

"I did—some notes, shurely."

"Was it two hunder pound, now?"

"It was."

"Shure it's mysel' as found 'em a-rowling on the flure."

"And is it along wid ye, ye have them?"

"It is—in my fhist, bedad!"

The stout man held out his hand, and grasping the notes which the honest old waiter placed unsuspectingly within them, he turned them over rapidly, in order to ascertain if the dirty, crumpled paper which he held were actually identical with his missing treasure.

"Bedad, an' it's all right!" was his joyous exclamation when the examination was concluded; and then, thrusting the money deep into his huge breeches-pocket, he buttoned it up with an air as though he would say, "They've got the better of me once, but they'll be wide awake if they do it a second time, and be hanged to 'em!"

But during the second or two wasted in this imaginary Saxon soliloquy, the exceptional inn waiter—for may he not well be called so?—stood gazing on the man he had so signally befriended, with a face compounded of mystification and remonstrance. Small time had he, however, to put his looks into words, for, ere his mouth could open, the train was set in motion, and Paddy—totally unrewarded for his disinterestedness, and the considerable trouble he had taken—was left standing on the platform, regretting, in all probability, his lost opportunity, and telling himself in his own language that honesty is not always the best policy. And now—although I do not look upon myself as a peculiarly sensitive individual—I must confess that I should not exactly like to have stood either in the shoes or the situation of Mr. John Burke—for such was the "snug man's" name—that day. Public opinion is a tremendous engine, and public opinion was hard at work against him. It is true it was only expressed in the countenances of five common-place and second-class men whom he might never set eyes on again in the course of his mortal career; but still, for the nonce—that is to say, for several hours probably—those contemptuous faces were turned upon him, and, what is more, the niggardly traveller was painfully aware of the fact. But whilst shrinking, in spite of his self-importance,

from the glances of those opposite to him, it was in reality of the Galway brothers that John Burke stood most in awe, for he had caught a word or two of whispered commentary far from complimentary to himself, and the farmer had not now to learn to what lengths the spirits of frolicsome Irish youths of the O'Flaherty stamp are capable of carrying their possessors. Still Mr. Burke, to the best of his power, put a good face on the matter; and, after telling himself more than once that his money was his own, and that he had a right to do what he liked with it, he, soothed doubtless by the previous imbibing of sundry glasses of whisky, yielded his ponderous person to the embraces of Morpheus, and slept as soundly as though he had been both just and generous. It appeared, however, that even in his slumbers the imagination of the fortunate owner of the "brown hunter's" price, was still running on his almost miraculously restored property, for his fingers sought the solace of its agreeable touch, and, diving into the lowest recesses of the pocket where the dirty specimens of filthy lucre were reposing, they brought the flimsy paper gradually, but all unwittingly, to the orifice, where the thick brown hand was so lovingly lingering. Not long, however, did those protecting fingers retain their hold, for as the slumbers of the unconscious man grew more intense his grasp relaxed, and the hand falling inertly by his side, the precious paper was left exposed—a considerable portion of the roll of notes actually protruding from the pocket of their slumbering owner.

Manus and Val O'Flaherty caught sight at one and the same moment of this unexpected apparition, and a thought—the offspring of fun and frolic—flashed in an instant through the minds of each.

"The mane fellow!" said Val in a whisper to his brother—although the precaution of low speaking was wholly unnecessary from the fact that all the other inhabitants of the carriage were sleeping soundly under the influence of fatigue and whisky. "The mane fellow! nivr so much as to offer the poor boy a sixpence, and he running fit to knock the life out of him!"

"The dirty schroundrel!" responded Manus, in the same tone. "It's myself 'ud like to play him a thrick about the money."

"I'd just like to give him the fright," said Val, who was seated the farthest from the object of their animadversions. "Shure, thin, an' it 'ud be grate *foon* enthirely to make him shake agin the day! An' wouldn't I like to see the big long face he'd be making for the minute when he'd wake up, and find his notes gone astray on him agin, the spalpeen!"

They were scarcely more than boys, and the love of a joke was almost irresistibly strong within them, or they would never have yielded so instantaneously to the temptation into which they had been led. They took no time, indeed, for thought, or the consideration of consequences, for Manus's hand was already on the roll of notes, and, gently drawing it from the pocket of the unconscious farmer, he held it triumphantly towards his brother.

Val had looked on at the operation with dilated

eyes, and a mouth bursting with suppressed merriment, whilst the train, which had been for several seconds gradually decreasing in velocity, came at last to a stand-still at Athlone station.

"Athlone! Athlone!" shouted the officials. "Change here for Longford," &c., &c., &c.

The repose of the stout cattle-dealer was too deep to be more than momentarily disturbed by the stoppage, but to Manus O'Flaherty it was an event which (combined with the boyish practical joke I have just narrated) gave a gloomy colouring to years of his after-life. Looking from the window of the carriage, with his fingers just removed from the notes which he had concealed in his breast coat-pocket, the Galway student, as his evil stars would have it, recognised in one of the many loungers on the platform the face of a friend.

"Ah! by the powers, now!" he shouted. "If there isn't that thief of the world Dinis Grady! Let me out, guard, will ye? It's three minutes here, and it isn't one I'll be stopping in it;" and with that Mr. Manus O'Flaherty, with all the agility of his energetic eighteen summers, sprang from the carriage, bearing with him the grazier's gains, and followed by the anxious eyes of the half-repentant Val, who still retained his seat within the carriage.

He had a bold spirit of his own, and bore a light heart within his breast, did cheery Val O'Flaherty, or he would have been still more agitated than in truth he was when the moments sped by, and he, leaning with his thin little body from the carriage window, looked in vain for the return of his absent brother. The time was nearly up, and with a heart which was beginning to beat faster than was altogether agreeable, he was preparing to jump out, and search for the truant, when a banging of doors, and the rapid steps of the guard on the platform gave notice that the moment of departure had arrived.

"Och, thin, wait a moment, will ye, now?" cried the poor fellow, resisting the closing of his particular door, and speaking in appealing tones of entreaty to the official. "Jist a moment—there's a gentleman coming—or—let me out—will ye—I'm ill—I'm—och, Jasus!" but at that moment the door was closed and locked, the whistle sounded, and Val, with a white face and dire consternation in his breast, was carried on his way.

For a few minutes the unhappy victim of a joint practical joke was in a state of bewilderment so complete, that he could barely realise the extent of the misfortune that had befallen him. Before him sat and snored the unsuspecting man whose awaking to a sense of his bereavement could not be long delayed; and heavy on his own breast sat the demon of fear, as he glanced towards the other travellers, who must in so short a time become the witnesses of his disgrace. And yet—he asked himself, as the cold sweat broke out upon his forehead, and his heart beat wildly with the dread of coming retribution—and yet what proof was there that he had aught to do with what to all the world must seem a robbery? And then, of course, the truth must soon become apparent. His brother, stupid fellow, had but

missed the train, bad cess to him! and by the next he'd hurry on, and bringing back the money, nothing bad would come of it. And comforting himself with these reflections, Val stilled the pulses in his frame, and leaning back in his corner kept a sort of fascinated gaze on the fellow-travellers, whose slumbers, greatly as such a consummation was to be wished for, could scarcely be expected to last for ever.

At Mullingar—and no wonder, for the excitement and clamour were there increased by a more than usual amount of screeching drunkenness—Mr. John Burke awoke for good.

"Now for it!" said Val to himself, with an internal groan, as obeying the strong instinct of money preservation, the grazier's hand dived into his breeches-pocket. "Now for it!" and putting on with a very ill grace a face of intense interest in the scene enacting on the platform, Mr. Valentine O'Flaherty stared vacantly from the window of the carriage.

The stout traveller, as we have said, thrust his hand into the pocket in which he remembered having placed his treasure, and not finding it there he tried the other side, but all in vain! The pockets were empty, and the frightened man roared lustily in the extremity of his agitation for the guard.

It was not a small body that he thrust through the window, and Val was almost thankful at the moment for the respite which the eclipsing of his own slender person afforded.

"Guard, I'm robbed and destroyed," he cried. "Let me out. I've lost two hunder pound, and it's a ruffian as got out at Athlone as took it of me! Let me out, I say, and be d—d to you."

But the busy officials on the platform (the ball having already rung for departure) were too much occupied to attend to Mr. Burke's complaints, so the train, jolting, swaying, shaking, as only Irish trains (when they are pressed for time) can do, carried the frantic man and his unhappy companion on their way. The former sank back in his seat, in what Val almost trusted was a state of collapse, and he was beginning to hope that Dublin might be reached, and he make his escape without being subjected to the indignity of suspicion, when he was roused by an exclamation from his unfortunate neighbour, and by a clutch at his own neckcloth which nearly strangled him.

"You villain!" exclaimed Mr. Burke, passionately. "You villain! It's you as was the friend of him as robbed me—the thief of the world!—and he to make off that way!" and he shook the pale-faced student vigorously, whilst his hold on his thick woollen comforter never relaxed for a moment, and his knuckles dug into the veins of the boy's throat.

"I say, hold hard there, old gentleman," said one of the other passengers, who chanced to be an Englishman. "Fair play's a jewel, and though the matter looks queer, you'll get no good by murdering a fellow," and, suiting the action to the word, he, with the assistance of the fourth traveller, loosened the grazier's hold, and pushed him back, not too tenderly, into his place. Val was anything but sorry to be released from a grasp which, had he chanced to have been *ille-d-*

the with the infuriated Mr. Burke, might have ended in choking the life out of his far feeblar body. As it was, indeed, he felt very sick and shaken, and it was some little time before he found breath enough to thank his rescuer. But with that breath there came a strong feeling of virtuous indignation, and a keen desire for vengeance on his foe.

"There, an' it's yourself as is the big coward to be laying hould on a man half your size, ye mane blayguard ye. And is it the dirty notes you're afther talking of? It's my belief you never had them of your own at all at all, or it's more than the bare thanks you'd have given to the poor boy as brought them to ye."

But in this hasty expression of his anger, Val O'Flaherty overstepped the bounds of prudence, and went far to convince his hearers—and more especially the Englishman who had momentarily taken up his defence—that he, that blundering, blustering Galway boy was, if not actually, the dangerous animal called a pickpocket, a companion, at least, and accomplice of one who was anything but a safe and respectable member of society.

"Hold hard there, young fellow," said again the Saxon dealer, in a peremptory tone. "We can't have none of that blarney. The notes was there, for I saw 'em counted, and if they isn't now, why—" and he scratched his head with a musing air, being mentally divided probably between the rather pleasurable excitement of thief-detecting, and a natural and good-natured dislike to make an unpleasant remark.

Another station reached—a small place evidently, but still large enough to contain some officers of justice, some magistrate by whom that shivering, miserable youth might be tried and sentenced. These were the grazier's thoughts as, jumping from the carriage, he called lustily for aid to secure the prisoner.

"Hands off," cried Val, who, when the moment for action, and perchance for fight arrived, felt strong within him the pugnacious instincts of his countrymen. "Hands off; I'll be afther ye in a hand's turn, old boy, and then we'll see who'll have the best of it, and be d—d to ye."

During his short and not over-agreeable walk to the residence of the stipendiary magistrate, Val O'Flaherty fully made up his mind to tell that gentleman the whole truth, nothing doubting but that this straightforward explanation of facts, combined with the certain and speedy reappearance of his careless brother, would procure his own immediate restoration to liberty. But the inexperienced Valentine had not reckoned with any degree of accuracy on the various suspicious circumstances which told so terribly against himself in the opinion of the gentleman who received his confession with such a grave and unsympathising air.

"It was jist *foon*, your worship—jist hoom-bugging we was—and Manus he got the notes, and seeing a frind on the platform, he disremembered the train and the money enthirely. But there'll be no delay at all, your worship. Shure there's another train to-night, and its mysel' will be there to hurry him."

But Mr. Sullivan, though a good-natured man, as well as an experienced magistrate, did not happen to see the matter in the same light, for, to set against a good deal of criminating evidence there was only the student's very improbable story, to say nothing of the shabby hat and well-worn coat which, in order to save his only holiday suit, the prudent Val had deemed it wise to put on duty for the journey.

Such being the view taken by the magistrate of the matter, he declined to let the prisoner go, and the unlucky Val, infinitely to his surprise and consternation (for the obtaining the blessing of bail was as completely out of his reach as would have been the landed proprietorship and the well-to-do look which might have induced the worthy Mr. Sullivan to look more favourable on his case), the unlucky Val, I repeat, was placed under lock and key to think over his unlooked-for disgrace, and to wait impatiently, but alas! in vain, for the arrival of the brother whose testimony in this emergency could alone avail to rescue him from the unhappy position in which he found himself.

But we must leave the incarcerated student for awhile, in order to account for the absence of the actual perpetrator of the so-called robbery. He had small experience in railway travelling, that raw *buckeen*, who had scarcely ever left his native mountains, and to whom the "city of Dublin" was as yet a scene of only dreamt-of pleasure. Yes, he had very little experience in rapid locomotion, or, in the small Junction of Athlone, he would not have so completely lost his head as to allow the train by which he had travelled to depart without him; whilst he, staring into the windows of another which was on the point of starting for Longford, looked in vain for his brother's familiar face, and for the portly figure of the horse-dealer.

"By the powers!" he cried at last, addressing a man who was employed in banging too the doors. "By the powers, but I was in it a minute ago, and now divil a one of them is in it afther."

The words had scarcely passed the lips of Manus O'Flaherty when the train for Longford moved slowly away, and he was left on the platform alone! In a moment the full horror, not only of his own, but of his unlucky brother's situation flashed across his mind. To have left the carriage with another man's two hundred pounds (and how obtained was a reflection that now filled his brain with dismay unutterable), to have left his seat, I say, under such circumstances, seemed now to him an act little short of madness. But what was now to be done to remedy the evil? This was a question that even the greatly bewildered Connaught youth asked himself the instant the first shock was over; but it was a query easier asked than answered. He had no acquaintance now to aid him, for the fellow-student whom he had so eagerly greeted was by this time miles away in an outside jaunting car that had been waiting for him, and hours, too, must elapse before he could get on to Dublin, whilst in that time to what terrible suspicions would he not be subjected, and his brother,—his poor, guiltless, lonely Val—ah, that was the

thought that preyed upon him most; and as he cursed his own reckless folly, the tears filled the eyes of Manus O'Flaherty as he drew a mental and scarcely an exaggerated picture of his young brother's sufferings.

"May the devil take the ould fellow's money, and himself along with it," he muttered, as after a few more minutes of reflection he decided on the wise course of depositing the notes without delay in the hands of some "respectable man," if such were to be found in the neighbourhood of the solitary-looking little station. This resolution was no sooner arrived at, than with almost a mechanical action he felt in his pocket for the unlucky cause of all his misery; and lo!—horror of horrors! and to his terror unutterable, the notes were no longer there.

"My God!" he exclaimed aloud, as he made certain of the awful fact; "I'm ruined and destroyed entirely!" and Manus O'Flaherty, rushing madly from the place where he had been left standing, flew to the station-master with his complaint.

The man took the news very coolly—so coolly, indeed, that the poor young fellow grew exasperated thereat, and his Milesian blood getting the better of his fear of consequences, he was preparing to enforce his arguments in a manner anything but agreeable to the official, when a hand was laid upon the student's shoulder, and a "peeler," alias a policeman, informed him that he was a prisoner.

Manus was in a state of mind which rendered him incapable of the sensation of surprise, or he would have been wonderstruck at the celerity with which, by electric means, justice had thus come so quickly on his track. But, though bewildered and miserable, he was anything but silenced, and continued, in spite of the policeman's warnings, to pour forth explanations which, in the eye of the law, were so many evidences of his guilt.

There is no reason to dwell in detail on the examination, trial, and committal to prison of the unfortunate lad, whose wealth of juvenile spirits had led him into a "fix" so inextricable. The money was gone, and, by his own confession, he had been the purloiner. What was it to either judge or jury that Manus and his brother had both told the same (in the opinion of most) improbable story? What mattered it that their family was respectable, themselves of good repute, and that their widowed mother was broken-hearted? Facts and circumstances were against them, and Manus O'Flaherty was condemned to expiate his crime by a lengthened term of imprisonment, whilst Val—who had forgotten himself to the extent of using strong language on the occasion to the judicial authorities—was severely admonished, and removed with ignominy from the precincts of the court.

Months passed away after this sad event, and the eldest brother was still in prison; whilst the youngest, who had lacked courage to return to his college, where he had already begun to give good promise of future success, was living in gloomy retirement on the hundred-acre estate with his mother, and fancying the while that he

saw contempt for and avoidance of him everywhere.—Months, I repeat, had passed away, and the adventure had almost become forgotten save by those who had suffered from it, when one bright spring morning, as Val was in melancholy mood watching the turf-cutting, and thinking regretfully of his happy college days, when he and Manus were together, he was roused from his sad thoughts by the approach of the old parish priest. He was a good, kind man was Father Moriarty, and one who had not only entered warmly into the family sorrows, but had from the first believed in the innocence of the boys whom from their infancy he had loved. The priest came forward on this occasion with a kinder smile than usual on his face.

"Val, my son," he said, "God bless you!"

"What is it, sir?" responded the lad, as he took the offered hand. "Your reverence has heard good news the day, I'm thinking."

"Indeed an' I have. The best news I have to tell this many a day. I've got the notes, boy! There, now, don't cry out, because of the mother, and she so wake and ailing. They're restitution from a poor sinner who is gone this day to God." And Father Moriarty crossed himself devoutly, whilst tears of gratitude rolled slowly down the pale cheeks of the once robust-looking Galway student. "It's all to the fore but twenty pounds, and we'll make that up amongst us by the blessing of God! In with ye, boy! and tell the mother gently, now."

And patting him on the back, whilst he placed the recovered money in his hands, Father Moriarty went with a light heart upon his way.

My story is nearly over now, for the restoration of the notes worked a miracle in the belief of the two brothers' story, and soon liberated, and once more light of heart and countenance, Manus clasped his mother in his arms. From that time, too, all prosperity has attended them, for Val, successful in a competitive examination, obtained a comfortable little civil service post in Dublin, while Manus, living on in the old homestead, and still watching with filial care the declining years of his only remaining parent, has been fortunate enough to obtain the agency of a neighbouring estate, the duties of which he fills to the satisfaction of his employer, and—what is far more rare—for the welfare, as far as lies in his power, of those who, despite the many assertions to the contrary, are still, and it is to be feared ever will be, poor indeed!

SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHDAY AND NAME.

FIRST in point of time, the Stage, and then the Printing Press, have made familiar to mankind the illustrious name of William Shakespeare. He ("the divine William," as actors affect to call him) has stood long prior to the Hanoverian succession—long prior to the fall of the House of Stuart—antecedent to the Revolution—antecedent to the Restoration—antecedent to the Protectorate—the Great Genius of our Land, unapproached, and apparently unapproachable.

But who was he? Why the very spelling of

his name (we say it tremblingly) has long been, and is still, a war-cry for critical arrogance and hard words. O, quoth Mr. Malone, with many men of talent to back him, it is "William Shakspeare;" rather, quoth Mr. D'Israeli, Mr. Collier, and Mr. Dyce, "William Shakespeare." Nay, but stop, say both Sir Frederick Madden and Mr. Charles Knight, after all it is surely "William Shakspeare."

The controversy, like that of the Big-Endians and Little-Endians in Swift, is matter of little moment, and may be shut up in an egg-shell. My only wonder is that the Christian name, "William," has been left alone, and that the consonants comprising the great man's name have not been called in question with the vowels.

When the illustrious author of "Tom Jones" was asked by his kinsman, the Earl of Denbigh, why he always wrote his name Fielding, and not Feilding, the reply was to the point,— "For no other reason, I suppose, my lord, than this: my ancestors *could* spell and your lordship's *couldn't*."

When Elizabeth was Queen, there were many men who stood out illustrious in an age which does not seem to have suffered the existence of little men. Cecil, Lord Burleigh, now best known by his critical nod, wrote his name in at least three different ways. Dudley, Earl of Leicester, known to all by the "Kenilworth" of Walter Scott, wrote "Leycester," and "Lecester" too. Shakespeare's own Earl of Southampton—the same earl to whom he addresses his only dedications, his "Venus and Adonis" and "Rape of Lucrece," and now best known through Shakespeare—signs his name to an original document now before me, "H. Southampton,"—the document so signed describing him as "Henry Earle of Sudhampton." Sir Walter Raleigh (who gave us Ireland's curse, the potato), wrote both "Ralegh" and "Rawley;" and Spenser, who gave us the "Faerie Queene," seems to have prided himself on the second *s*, which distinguished his name from the noble house of Althorp, from which, however, it was his boast that he was sprung.

There is, says Mr. Malone, but one *complete* autograph signature of Shakspeare's, and that is to the third and last brief of his Will. There the poet has written his name distinctly enough, "William Shakespeare;" and as the poet wrote his own name with his own hand, it is binding upon us to spell it. But we deny, rejoin the antagonists of Malone, that the poet has so written his name; the *Shak* is distinct enough, but the *speare* we cannot recognise. The truth is, the three signatures of his surname to the Will of the great poet are three hieroglyphs—past deciphering—and only to be read by another Cadmus hatched into life for the purpose—or, better still, by the rebirth of the poet, for the sole object of telling us what, and how many, vowels, how many *ee*'s and how many *aa*'s, really compose the letters of his world-wide name.

The combatants who have reduced this myriad-minded man's name down to its lowest possible proportion of letters, are of a mushroom growth. They owe their origin to the accidental discovery, some thirty years since, of a folio "Florio" of

1598, that belonged, as they allege, or rather assert—to no less a person than "the divine William." And why? The folio is produced; let the *prophanum vulgus* "with reverence look." That Florio, says an authority from Montagu House Museum, belonged to Shakespeare; of his little library this alone is left—this alone of Shakespeare's library of the year 1616 has been spared to the reign of Queen Victoria: and there, *He*, "who was not of an age, but for all time," has written his name unmistakeably "William Shakspeare." "Certainly," we reply, "it is 'Shakspeare,' but is it genuine? Will it ring? Warwickshire, we admit, but Brummagem by—the Master of the Mint." A snort, a scowl, a shrug, and a turn on the heel meet us, and nothing more; and thus we are left to ponder on the Smiths, Smyths, and Smythes, the Sidneys and the Sydneys, and every variety connected with the surnames of Brown, Green, Grey, and White—for every colour has its caprice of spelling save "staid Wiadom's hue" funeral Black—unless, after all, Blake is but a whitening or softening of that sable surname.

While we are in this mood we remember that the true pronunciation of "the divine William's" name seems settled by a discovery of our own. In the manuscript accounts of the Master of the Revels of King James I., written and rendered and signed by the Master, when Shakespeare was alive (many years before Sir J. Romilly), the name attached to more than one of his never-dying plays is "Shaxberd." We therefore drew our inference that *Shakspeare* was his own way of pronouncing his own name, until we remembered (how devious are the ways to truth!) that the printers of his plays in his own lifetime gave the full *Shakes* to the Revels' "Shax;" and that on two books (his two poems)—the only works of his own to which he gave an imprimatur of publication—his name stands affixed, in unmistakeable printers' type, as "William Shakespeare."

The spelling of the poet's name being once settled after this very unsatisfactory fashion, both commentators and biographers agree that William Shakespeare, alias Shakspeare, alias Shakspeare, alias Shaxberd, was the son of John S—, &c., and Mary Arden, his wife, and that he was baptised (vide parish register) at Stratford-upon-Avon on the 26th of April, 1564. But when was he born? On Sunday, the 23rd, it is said. And why? Because the poet died on the 23rd of April; and it is only fair to believe that if the poet was destined to die (as die he did) in April, he, or rather his Fates, would have made him die on his birthday; for what says Pope?

Is this a birthday? 'tis alas too clear
'Tis but the funeral of a former year.

Thomas De Quincey inclines to allow of more than three days' grace, and would fix the "natal day" on the 22nd. The Opium Eater has his "why," like Hudibras:

Whatever sceptic could inquire for,
For every why he had a wherefore.

And what are the grounds of his assertion? Ten years after the great poet's death, his granddaughter, Elizabeth Hall, chose that day (Shake-

spere's supposed birthday, the anniversary of his death, certainly) for the day of the solemnization of her own marriage:—a curious rattling together, it must be owned, of christening cups, apostle spoons, wedding rings, and bed-curtain rings, fonts, favours, altars, candle cups, wine cups, cradles, beds of Ware, coffins, and funeral baked meats.

As there is no authority for fixing the twenty-third (the day of St. George, the patron saint of England) as Shakespeare's birthday, and no real ground for fixing a particular day, and setting it apart as one to be observed with the honours due to the day that gave us a giant among giants—let us see what was the ordinary interval of time observed between birth and baptism when Shakespeare was in the flesh, and even later. Edward Alleyn, the actor (a man well known to Shakespeare), was baptised the day after his birth. Oliver Cromwell was baptised four days after his birth, and Milton eleven days after. Aubrey, the antiquary and astrologer, was born on the 11th of March, 1625, and being "very weak and like to die," was christened before morning prayer the same day. Ashmole, the astrologer and herald, was born on the 23rd of May, 1617, and was baptised the 2nd of June following. The great Earl of Clarendon was baptised four days after his birth. Coming nearer to our own time, the author of "The Seasons" was four days old when carried to the font; and the author of the "Pleasures of Imagination" twenty-one. Eighteen days elapsed between Hogarth's birth and his baptism; and Boswell's "Johnson" was baptised ten days after birth. I will not weary my readers with other instances.

As to the godfathers of the "divine William"—who were they? The question is put, and Echo answers of necessity, "I do not know." In this dilemma, Malone rushes to our aid with his "perhaps" and "may be," forgetting that perhapses are seldom profitable, and that "Maybes are never honey-bees." In a borough of the size of Stratford-upon-Avon in 1564, more than one William was to be found when Shakespeare was born. The parish register would fully prove this fact, and to this Malone had recourse, as the only Post Office Directory, Blue Book, Red Book, Trades' Directory, and Court Guide of Stratford-upon-Avon in the year 1564. He unearthed two Williams,—both Smyths (of course)—the one a mercer, the other a haberdasher. It is idle to attempt to guess which Smyth gave the name of William to England's greatest poet. Could it have been William of Cloudealey, or William Rufus, or that William of Hastings, who reigned before Richard the Third, celebrated in seventeenth-century story books of scandal as William the Conqueror, or, peradventure, William of Malmesbury?

Next year, A.D. 1864, is the third centenary of Shakespeare's birth. What day in April shall we choose for our exhibition of gratitude and admiration to this great benefactor of mankind—to the great poet who has given, and will long continue to give, employment and bread to printers, stationers, binders, and publishers, to actors and to scene-painters? To take no higher view than is

implied in this mercantile estimate of the great poet's value, even in this lowest sense think what a true benefactor to the world has this man, William Shakespeare, been. What day, then, shall we choose? "Nay, Gots lords and his ladies," says Sir Hugh Evans, "you must speak possitable." What mulberry-tree table shall we find large enough to give ample room and verge enough for his still circling admirers? What chairman's voice will ever reach the furthest seat of the Walhalla of that day—be it the 22nd or the 23rd of April, 1864,—when we shall celebrate with all due honours the third centenary of William Shakespeare's birth?

PETER CUNNINGHAM.

SPRING.

I.

THE violet beds are flushed again,
Purple and white commingled run,
And countless yellow daffodils
Are flashing in the morning sun!

II.

I take the path beside the brook,
O'ershadowed by the hawthorn tree;
I love to see the crystal stream
For ever falling to the sea.

III.

For as I tread the bright green grass,
Shooting towards heaven its tender spears,
Then many happy thoughts come back,
And memories of other years.

IV.

Full fifty winters passed away,
Full fifty summers quickly fled,
And many friends have left me here,
And many, many more, are dead,

V.

And well I mind a day like this,
Now fifty long, long years ago,
I brought my wife this way
To see the early violets blow.

VI.

But she has gone these many years,
('Twas such another April day),
Into the land beyond the sun,
Where flowers of spring shall bloom for aye.

VII.

And so as spring returns again,
Again I love to wander here;
I think my winter must be gone,
And spring-time drawing very near.

VIII.

I love the flowers, the fields, the grass,
Lit with the happy morning sun,
And think, as by the brook I pass,
Sure, winter must at last be done!

IX.

One gentle lesson still remains,
It comes with every year anew,—
These flowers have waited for the Spring,
And I must wait in patience too!

1863.

J. A.

ELEANOR'S VICTORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AURORA FLOYD," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," &c.



CHAPTER XL. RICHARD THORNTON'S PROMISE.

ELEANOR VANE looked very sadly at all the common, every-day sights connected with the domestic economy of the Pilasters, when she went back to Bloomsbury, after her interview with Mrs. Bannister. She had only lived a year and a-half in that humble locality, but it was in her nature to become quickly attached to places as well as persons, and she had grown very fond of the Pilasters. Everybody about the place knew her

and loved her. The horses looked out of their open stable-doors as she passed; the dogs came tumbling from their kennels, dragging half-a-dozen yards of rusty iron chain and a heap of straw at their heels, to greet her as she went by; the chimney-sweeps' children courted her notice; and at all the little shops where she had been wont to give orders and pay bills for the Signora, the simple tradespeople tendered her their admiration and homage. Her beauty was a

pride to the worthy citizens of the Filasters. Could all Bloomsbury, from Dudley Street to the Squares, produce sunnier golden hair or brighter gray eyes than were to be seen under the shadow of the dilapidated colonnade when Eleanor Vane went by?

In this atmosphere of love and admiration, the girl had been very happy. She had one of those natures in which there lies a wondrous power of assimilation with the manners and habits of others. She was never out of place; she was never in the way. She was not ambitious. Her sunny temperament was the centre of perpetual peace and happiness, only to be disturbed by very terrible thunder-claps of grief and trouble. She had been very happy with the Signora; and to-day, when she looked round the little sitting-room, her eyes resting sadly now on the old piano, now on a shelf of tattered books, romances dear to Richard and herself, and not too well treated by either; now on the young man's flaming *magnum opus*, the picture she had loved to criticise and abuse in mischievous enjoyment of the painter's anguish; now as she looked at these things, and remembered how soon she must go away from them, the slow tears trickled down her cheeks, and she stood hopeless, despondent on the gloomy threshold of her new life.

She had found the familiar rooms empty upon her return from Bayswater, for the Signora was away teaching beyond the regions of the New Road, and Richard was hard at work at the Phoenix, where there were always new pieces to be produced and new scenes to be painted. Eleanor had the little sitting-room all to herself; she took off her bonnet and sat down upon the old-fashioned chintz-covered sofa. She buried her head in the cushions and tried to think.

The prospect of a new existence, which would have been delightful to most girls of her age, was utterly distasteful to her. Her nature was adhesive; she would have gone to the furthest end of the world with her father if he had lived, or with Richard and the Signora, whom she loved only less than she had loved him. But to sever every tie, and go out alone into the world with nothing between her and desolation, was unspeakably terrible to this affectionate, impulsive girl.

If it had been simply a question of her own advantage, if by the sacrifice of her own advancement, her every prospect in life, she might have stayed with the friends she loved, she would not have hesitated for a moment. But it was not so. Mrs. Bannister had clearly told her that she was a burden upon these generous people who had sheltered and succoured her in her hour of misery. The cruel word pauperism had been flung in her teeth, and with a racking brain this poor girl set herself to calculate how much her maintenance cost her friends, and how much she was able to contribute out of her own pitiful earnings.

Alas! the balance told against her when the sum was done. Her earnings were very, very small as yet; not because her talent was unappreciated, but because her pupils were poor, and a music-mistress, whose address was Bloomsbury Filasters, could scarcely demand high payment for

her services, or hope to obtain a very aristocratic connection.

No, Mrs. Bannister—stern, uncompromising, and disagreeable as the truth itself—had no doubt been right. Her duty lay before her, plainly indicated by that unpleasant monitor. She was bound to leave these dear friends, and to go out into the world to fight a lonely battle for herself.

"I may be able to do something for them," she thought; and this thought was the only gleam of light which illumined the darkness of her sorrow. "I may be able to save money enough to buy the Signora a black silk dress, and Richard a meerschaum. I should so like to buy Dick a meerschaum; I know the one he'd like—a bulldog's head, with a silver collar round the neck. We looked at it one night at a shop in Holborn."

She rose from the sofa at last with an aching heart and troubled brain, when the early shadows of the spring twilight were gathering in the room. She made up the fire and swept the hearth, and arranged the tea-things on the comfortable round table, and then sat down on a low stool by the fender to toast great rounds of bread which would be as nothing in comparison to Richard's all-devouring capacity after a hard day's work in the scene-room at the Phoenix. How pleasant it was to perform all these little familiar offices of love and duty. How sorrowfully she looked back to her simple, free-and-easy life, now that she was to go amongst strangers who would exact all manner of ceremonious observances from her. The Bohemianism of her existence had been its greatest charm, and this poor benighted girl trembled at the prospect of a life in which she would have to go through all those terrible performances which she had read of, fearfully and wonderingly, in certain erudite essays upon Etiquette, but which had never yet come within the range of her experiences.

"It is my duty to go away from them," she kept saying to herself; "it is my duty to go away."

She had schooled herself in this difficult duty by the time her friends came home, and she told them very quietly that she had seen Mrs. Bannister, and had agreed to accept her patronage and services.

"I am going to be a sort of companion or musical governess—I scarcely know which—to a young lady at a country house called Hazlewood," she said. "Don't think I am not sorry to leave you, dear Signora, but Hortensia says it is better that I should do so."

"And don't think that I am not sorry to lose you, Nelly, when I tell you that I think your sister is right," the Signora answered gently, as she kissed her protégée.

Perhaps Eleanor was a little disappointed at this reply. She little dreamed how often Eliza Piccirillo had struggled against the selfishness of her affection, before she had grown thus resigned to this parting.

Mr. Richard Thornton groaned aloud.

"I shall go out and pull down a couple of the Filasters, and bury myself under them, à la Sampson," he said piteously. "What is to become of us without you, Eleanor? Who will come over

to the Phoenix, and applaud my great scenes with the ferule of an umbrella? Who'll cut up half-quartern loaves into toast when I am hungry, or have Welsh rarebits in readiness on the hob, when I come home late at night? Who'll play Mendelssohn's 'Songs without Words' to me, and darn my stockings, and sew buttons—absurd institutions, invented by ignorant people, who have never known the blessing of pins—upon my shirts? Who'll abuse me when I go unshaven, or recommend blacking as an embellishment for my boots? Who'll career in and out of the room with a dirty white French poodle at her heels, looking like a fair-haired Esmeralda with a curly-coated goat? What are we to do without you, Eleanor?"

There was a sharp pain at poor Dick's heart as he apostrophised his adopted sister. Were his feelings quite brotherly? was there no twinge of the fatal torture so common to mankind mingled with this young man's feelings as he looked at the beautiful face opposite to him, and remembered how soon it would have vanished from that shabby chamber, leaving only dismal emptiness behind?

The Signora looked at her nephew and sighed. Yes, it was far better that Eleanor should go away. She could never have grown to love this honest-hearted, candid, slovenly scene-painter, whose coat was a perfect landscape in distemper by reason of the many coloured splashes which adorned it.

"My poor Dick would have fallen in love with her, and would have broken his good, honest heart," Eliza Picirillo said. "I'm very glad she's going away."

So from the road which Destiny had appointed for her to tread, there was not one voice to call Eleanor Vane aside. The affectionate and the indifferent alike conspired to urge her onward. It was only her own inclination that would have held her back.

"If I could have stayed in London," she thought, "there might have been some chance of my meeting that man. All scamps and villains come to hide themselves in London. But in a quiet country village I shall be buried alive. When I pass the threshold of Mrs. Darrell's house, I bid good-bye to the hope of crossing that man's pathway."

The letter came very quickly from Mrs. Bannister. Mrs. Darrell had accepted her dear friend's recommendation, and was ready to receive Miss Vincent. It was under this name the stock-broker's widow had introduced her half-sister to the notice of her friend.

"You will receive a salary of thirty pounds a year," Hortensia Bannister wrote, "and your duties will be very light. Do not forget that your name at Hazlewood is to be Vincent, and that you are carefully to avoid all reference to your father. You will be amongst people who knew him well; and must, therefore, be on your guard. I have described you as the orphan daughter of a gentleman who died in reduced circumstances, and have thus strictly adhered to the truth. No questions will be asked of you, as Mrs. Darrell is satisfied with my recommendation, and is too well bred to feel any vulgar

curiosity as to your past history. I send you, per parcel delivery, a box of dresses and other wearing apparel, which will be of use to you. I also send you five pounds for such little extra expenditure as may be necessary. Hazlewood is thirty miles from London, and about seven from Windsor. You will go down by the Great Western, and stop at Slough, where a conveyance will meet you; but I will write further upon this matter before you go. Mrs. Darrell has kindly accorded you a fortnight's delay for such preparations as you may require to make. You will be expected at Hazlewood on the 6th of April.

"I have only one other remark to make. I know that your father cherished a foolish notion upon the subject of the Woodlands property. Pray bear in mind that no such idea has ever been entertained by me. I know the Darrell family quite well enough to feel assured that they will take care of their own rights, which I am content to acknowledge. Remember, therefore, that I have no wish or expectation with regard to Maurice de Crespigny's will; but it is, on the other hand, perfectly true, that in his youth he did make a solemn promise that, in the event of his dying a bachelor, he would leave that money to my father or his heirs."

Eleanor Vane took very little notice of this final paragraph in her sister's letter. Who cared for Maurice de Crespigny's fortune? What was the good of it now? It could not bring her father back to life; it could not blot out that quiet, unwitnessed death-scene in the Parisian café; it could not rehabilitate the broken name, or restore the shattered life. What could it matter who inherited the vile and useless dross?

The fortnight passed in a feverish unsatisfactory manner. Richard and the Signora took care to conceal the poignancy of their regret at parting with the gay-hearted girl, who had brought such new brightness into their narrow lives. Eleanor wept by stealth; dropping many bitter tears over her work, as she remodelled Mrs. Bannister's silk dresses, reducing those garments to the dimensions of her own girlish figure. The last night came by-and-bye, the night of the 5th of April, the eve of a sorrowful parting, and the beginning of a new existence.

It happened to be a Sunday evening, and Eleanor and Richard walked out together in the quiet Bloomsbury streets while the bells were ringing for evening service, and the lamps glimmering dimly from the church windows. They chose the loneliest streets in the old-fashioned middle-class quarter. Eleanor was very pale, very silent. This evening walk had been her express desire, and Richard watched her wonderingly. Her face had an expression which he remembered in the Rue l'Archevêque, when he had told her the story of her father's death—an unnaturally rigid look, strangely opposed to the changeful brightness common to that youthful countenance.

They had strolled slowly hither and thither in the deserted streets for some time. The bells had ceased ringing, and the church-goers had all disappeared. The gray twilight was stealing into the streets and squares, and the lights began to shine out from the lower windows.

"How quiet you are, Nelly," Richard said at last; "why were you so anxious that we should come out together alone, my dear? I fancied you had something particular to say to me."

"I have something particular to say."

"What about?" asked Mr. Thornton.

He looked thoughtfully at his companion. He could only see her profile—that clearly-defined, almost classical outline—for she had not turned towards him when she spoke. Her gray eyes looked straight before her into empty space, and her lips were tightly compressed.

"You love me, don't you, Richard?" she asked presently, with a suddenness that startled the scene-painter.

Poor Dick blushed crimson at that alarming inquiry. How could she be so cruel as to ask him such a question? For the last fortnight he had been fighting with himself—Heaven knows how sturdily and honestly—in the heroic desire to put away this one fatal thought from his mind; and now the girl for whose sake he had been doing battle with his own selfishness, strikes the tenderest of all chords with her ignorant hand, and wounds her victim to the very quick.

But Miss Vane had no consciousness of the mischief she had done. Coquetry was an unknown science to this girl of seventeen. In all matters connected with that womanly accomplishment she was as much a child now that her seventeenth birthday was past, as she had been in the old days at Chelsea when she had upset Richard's colour-boxes and made grotesque copies of his paintings.

"I know you love me, Dick," she continued, "quite as much as if I were your real sister, instead of a poor desolate girl who flung herself upon you and yours in the day of her affliction. I know you love me, Dick, and would do almost anything for my sake, and I wanted to speak to you to-night alone, because I am going to say something that would distress the dear Signora, if she were to hear it."

"What is it, my dear?"

"You remember the story of my father's death?"

"Only too well, Eleanor."

"And you remember the vow I made when you told me that story, Richard?"

The young man hesitated.

"Yes, I do remember, Nelly," he said, after a pause; "but I had hoped that you had forgotten that foolish vow. For it was foolish, you know, my dear, as well as unwomanly," the young man added gravely.

Eleanor's eyes flashed defiance upon her friend, as she turned to him for the first time that evening.

"Yes," she cried, "you thought that I had forgotten, because I was not always talking of that man who caused my father's death. You thought my sorrow for my father was only childish grief, that was to be forgotten when I turned my back upon the country where he lies in his abandoned grave—his unconsecrated grave, poor dear! You thought that nobody would ever try to avenge the poor, lonely old man's murder—for it was a murder, Richard Thornton! What did the wretch who robbed him care for the anguish of the heart

he broke? What did he care what became of his victim? It was as base and cruel a murder as was ever done upon this earth, Richard, though the world would not call it by that name."

"Eleanor, my dear Eleanor! why do you talk of these things?"

The girl's voice had risen with the vehemence of her passion, and Richard Thornton dreaded the effect which this kind of conversation might have upon her excitable nature.

"Nelly, my dear," he said, "it would be better to forget all this. What good can you do by cherishing these painful recollections? You are never likely to meet this man; you do not even know his name. He was a scamp and an adventurer, no doubt; he may be dead by this time. He may have done something to bring himself within the power of the law, and he may be in prison, or transported."

"He may have done something to bring himself within the power of the law," repeated Eleanor. "What do you mean?"

"I mean that he may have committed some crime for which he could be punished."

"Could he be punished by the law for having cheated my father at cards?"

"That sort of charge is always difficult to be proved, Nell; impossible to be proved after the fact. No, I'm afraid the law could never touch him for that."

"But if he were to commit some other crime, he might be punished?"

"Of course."

"If I met him, Richard," cried Eleanor Vane, with a dangerous light kindling in her eyes, "I would try and lure him on to commit some crime, and then turn round upon him and say, 'The law of the land could not avenge my father's death, but it can punish you for a lesser crime. I have twisted the law to my own purpose, and made it redress my father's wrongs.'"

Richard Thornton stared aghast at his companion.

"Why, Eleanor," he exclaimed, "you talk like a Red Indian! This is quite shocking. You frighten me, really; you do indeed."

"I am sorry for that, Richard," Miss Vane answered meekly. She was a child in all things which concerned her affections alone. "I wouldn't grieve you or the dear Signora for the world. But there are some things that are stronger than ourselves, Richard, and the oath that I took a year and a-half ago in the Rue l'Archevêque is one of those things. I have never forgotten, Dick. Night after night—though I've been happy and light-hearted enough in the day, Richard dear, for I could not be otherwise than happy with you and the Signora—night after night I have lain awake thinking of my father's death. If that death had been a common one; if he had died in my arms at the will of God instead of by the cruelty of a wretch, my grief might have worn itself out by this time. But as it is, I cannot forget; I cannot forgive. If all the Christian people in the world were to talk to me, I could never have one merciful feeling towards this man. If he were going to be hung to-morrow, I should be glad; and could walk barefoot to the place of his execution to see him

suffer. There is no treachery that I should think base if employed against him. There is no slow torture I could inflict upon him that would seem cruel enough to satisfy my hatred of him. Think what a helpless old man my father was; a broken-down gentleman; the sort of man whom everybody pities, whom everybody respects. Remember this; and then remember the cold-blooded deliberation of the wretch who cheated him out of the money which was more than money to him—which represented honour—honesty—his child's future—all he valued. Remember the remorseless cruelty of the wretch who looked on while this helpless old man suffered a slow agony of six or seven hours' duration, and then left him alone in his misery and desolation. Think of this, Richard Thornton, and don't wonder any longer if my feelings towards this man are not *Christian-like*."

"My dear Eleanor, if I regret the vehemence of your feeling upon this subject, I do not defend the man whose treachery hurried your father to his unhappy death; I only wish to convince you of the folly you commit in cherishing these ideas of vengeance and retribution. Life is not a three-volume novel or a five-act play, you know, Nelly. The sudden meetings and strange coincidences common in novels are not very general in our every-day existence. It is not at all likely that in the whole course of your life you will ever again encounter this man. From the moment of your father's death all clue to him was lost; for it was only your father who could have told us who and what he was, or, at least, who and what he represented himself to be. He is lost in the vast chaos of humanity now, my dear, and you have not the faintest clue by which you might hope to find him. For Heaven's sake, then, abandon all thought of an impossible revenge. Have you forgotten the words we heard in the Epistle a few weeks ago: 'Vengeance is mine,' I will repay, saith the Lord. If the melo-dramatic revenge of the stage is not practicable in real life, we know at least, my dear—for you see we have it from very high authority—that wicked deeds do not go unpunished. Far away at the remotest limits of the earth, this man, whom your puny efforts would be powerless to injure, may suffer for his crime. Try and think of this, Eleanor."

"I cannot," answered the girl. "The letter which my father wrote me before he died was a direct charge which I will never disobey. The only inheritance I received from him was that letter; that letter in which he told me to avenge his death. I dare say you think me mad as well as wicked, Richard; but in spite of all you have said, I believe that I shall meet this man!"

The scene-painter sighed and relapsed into despondent silence. How could he argue with this girl? What could he do but love and admire her, and entrust himself to her direction if she had need of a slave. While he was thinking this, Eleanor clasped both her hands upon his arm and looked up earnestly in his face.

"Richard, dear," she said in a low voice, "I think you would serve me if you had the power."

"I would go through fire and water to do so, Nelly."

"I want you to help me in this matter. You

know as little of this man as I do, but you are much cleverer than me. You mix with other people and see something of the world; not much, I know, but still a great deal more than I do. I am going away into a quiet country place, where there is no possible chance of meeting this man; you will stay in London—"

"Where I may brush against him in the streets any day, Nell, without being a shade the wiser as to his identity. My dear child, for any practical purpose you will be as near the man in Berkshire as I shall be in Bloomsbury. Don't let's talk of him any longer, Nelly. I can't tell you how this subject distresses me."

"I won't leave off talking of him," said the young lady, resolutely, "until you have made me a promise."

"What promise?"

"That if ever you do come across any clue which may lead to the identification of the man I want to find, you will follow it up, patiently and faithfully, sparing neither trouble nor cost; for my sake, Richard, for my sake. Will you promise?"

"I will, my dear," Mr. Thornton answered. "I do promise, and I will keep my promise honestly if ever the chance of doing so should come to me. But I must tell you frankly, Nell, I don't believe it ever will."

"Bless you for the promise, notwithstanding, Richard," Eleanor said, warmly. "It has made me much happier. There will be two people henceforth, instead of one, set against this man."

A dark frown over-shadowed her face. It seemed as if she had uttered those last few words in the form of a threat and a defiance, which the man, whoever he was, and wherever he was, might hear.

"You know all the strange things they say now about second sight, clairvoyance, odic force, magnetic attraction—all sorts of long words whose meaning I don't understand, Richard—I wonder sometimes if this man *knows* that I hate him, and that I am watching for him, thinking of him, praying to meet him day and night. Perhaps he does know this, and will hold himself on his guard against me, and try and avoid me."

Richard shrank from entering upon this subject; the conversation had been altogether disagreeable to him. There was a horrible discrepancy between this girl's innocent youthful beauty and all this determined talk of fierce and eager vengeance, which would have been more natural to a Highland or Corsican chieftain, than to a young lady of seventeen.

It was dark now, and they went back to the Pilasters, where Eliza Piccirillo was spending that last night very sadly. The shabby room was only illumined by the glimmer of a low fire, for the Signora had not cared to light the candles until her two children came home. She had been sitting by the dingy window watching for their return, and had fallen asleep in the darkness.

There is no need to dwell upon that last night. It was like the eves of all partings, very sad, very uncomfortable. Everything was disorganised by that approaching sorrow. Conversation was desultory and forced, and Richard was glad to be

employed in cording Eleanor's boxes. She had two trunks now, and had a wardrobe that seemed to her magnificent, so liberally had Mrs. Bannister bestowed her cast-off dresses upon her half-sister.

So the last night passed away, the April morning came, and Eleanor's new life began.

CHAPTER XII. GILBERT MONCKTON.

ELEANOR VANE was not to go down to Berkshire alone. The beginning of her new life, that terrible beginning which she so much dreaded, was to make her acquainted with new people.

She had received the following communication from Mrs. Darrell.

"Hazlewood, April 3rd, 1855.

"Madam,

"As it would of course be very improper for a young lady of your age to travel alone, I have provided against that contingency.

"My friend, Mr. Monckton, has kindly promised to meet you in the first-class waiting-room at the Great Western Station, at three o'clock on Monday afternoon. He will drive you here on his way home.

"I am, Madam,

"Yours faithfully,

"ELLEN DARRELL."

Eliza Picirillo worked harder upon a Monday than on any other day in the week. She left the Pilasters immediately after an early breakfast, to go upon a wearisome round amongst her pupils. Richard was in the thick of the preparations for a new piece, so poor Eleanor was obliged to go alone to the station, to meet the stranger who had been appointed as her escort to Hazlewood.

She quite broke down when the time came for bidding farewell to her old friend. She clung about the Signora, weeping unrestrainedly for the first time.

"I can't bear to go away from you," she sobbed piteously, "I can't bear to say good-bye."

"But my love," the music-mistress answered tenderly, "if you really don't wish to go—"

"No, no, it isn't that. I feel that I must go—that—"

"And I too, my dear girl. I believe you would do very wrong in refusing this situation. But Nelly, my darling, remember that this is only an experiment. You may not be happy at Hazlewood. In that case you will not fail to remember that your home is always here; that come to it when you may, you will never fail to find a loving welcome; and that the friends you leave behind you here are friends whom nothing upon earth can ever estrange from you. Remember this, Eleanor."

"Yes, yes, dear, dear Signora."

"If I could have gone with her to the station, I shouldn't have cared so much," Richard murmured despondently, "but the laws of Spavin and Cromshaw are as the laws of Draco. If I don't get on with the Swiss chalet and moonlit Alpine peaks, the new piece can't come out on Monday."

So poor Eleanor went to the station alone, and was overcharged by the cabman who carried the two trunks which Richard had neatly addressed to Miss Vincent, Hazlewood, Berks.

She was received by a civil porter, who took

charge of her luggage while she went to the waiting-room to look for the stranger who was to be her escort.

She was no more a coquette than she had been nearly two years before, when she travelled alone between London and Paris, and she was prepared to accept the services of this stranger quite as frankly as she had accepted the care and protection of the elderly gentleman who had taken charge of her upon that occasion.

But how was she to recognise the stranger. She could not walk up to every gentleman in the waiting-room, to ask him if he were Mr. Monckton.

She had in almost all her wanderings travelled in second-class carriages, and waited in second-class waiting-rooms. She shrank back, therefore, rather timidly upon the threshold of the spacious carpeted saloon, and looked a little nervously at the occupants of that gorgeous chamber. There was a group of ladies near the fire-place, and two or three gentlemen in different parts of the room. One of these gentlemen was a little man with gray hair and a red face; the other was very young and very sandy; the third was a tall man of about forty, with close-cut black hair, and a square massive face and head, not exactly a handsome face, perhaps, but a countenance not easily to be overlooked.

This tall man was standing near one of the windows, reading a newspaper. He looked up as Eleanor pushed open the swinging door.

"I wonder which of them is Mr. Monckton," she thought. "Not that fidgetty young man with the red hair, I hope."

While she still stood doubtfully upon the threshold, hesitating what to do—she little knew what a pretty picture she made in that timid, fluttering attitude—the tall man threw down his newspaper upon the sofa beside him, and walked across the room to where she stood.

"Miss Vincent, I believe?" he said.

Eleanor blushed at the sound of that false name, and then bent her head in reply to the question. She could not say yes. She could not fall into this disagreeable falsehood all at once.

"I am Mrs. Darrell's friend and legal adviser, Mr. Monckton," the gentleman said quietly, "and I shall be very happy to perform the duty she has entrusted to me. We are in very good time, Miss Vincent. I know that young ladies are generally *ultra* punctual upon these occasions, and I came very early in order to anticipate you, if possible."

Eleanor did not speak. She was looking furtively at the face of Mrs. Darrell's friend and legal adviser. A good and wise adviser, Miss Vane thought: for the face, not strictly handsome, seemed to bear in its every feature the stamp of three qualities—goodness, wisdom, and strength.

"I am sure he is very good," she thought; "but I would not like to offend him for the world, for though he looks so kind now, I know he must be terrible when he's angry."

She looked almost fearfully at the strongly-marked black eyebrows, thinking what a stormy darkness must overshadow the massive face when they contracted over the grave, brown eyes—serious and earnest eyes, but with a latent fire

lurking somewhere in their calm depths, Eleanor thought.

The girl's mind rambled on thus while she stood by the stranger's side in the sunlit window. Already the blankness of her new life was broken by this prominent figure standing boldly out upon its very threshold. Already she was learning to be interested in new people.

"He isn't a bit like a lawyer," she thought; "I fancied lawyers were always shabby old men, with blue bags. The men who used to come to Chelsea after papa were always nasty disagreeable men, with papers about the Queen and Richard Roe."

Mr. Monckton looked thoughtfully down at the girl by his side. There was a vein of silent poetry, and there were dim glimpses of artistic feeling hidden somewhere in the nature of this man, very far below the hard, business-like exterior which he presented to the world. He felt a quiet pleasure in looking at Eleanor's young beauty. It was her youthfulness, perhaps, her almost childlike innocence, which made her greatest charm. Her face was not that of a common beauty: her aquiline nose, gray eyes, and firmly-moulded mouth had a certain air of queenliness very rarely to be seen; but the youth of the soul shining out of the clear eyes was visible in every glance, in every change of expression.

"Do you know much of Berkshire, Miss Vincent?" the lawyer asked, presently.

"Oh, no, I have never been there."

"You are very young, and I daresay have never left home before?" Mr. Monckton said. He was wondering that no relative or friend had accompanied the girl to the station.

"I have been at school," Eleanor answered; "but I have never been away from home before—to get my own living."

"I thought not. Your papa and mamma must be very sorry to lose you."

"I have neither father nor mother."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Monckton; "that's strange."

Then after a pause he said, in a low voice:

"I think the young lady you are going to will like you all the better for that."

"Why?" Eleanor asked involuntarily.

"Because she has never known either father or mother."

"Poor girl!" murmured Eleanor, "they are both dead, then?"

The lawyer did not answer this question. He was so far professional, even in his conversation with Miss Vane, that he asked a great many more questions than he answered.

"Do you like going to Hazlewood, Miss Vincent?" he said, by-and-bye, rather abruptly.

"Not very much."

"Why not?"

"Because I am leaving very dear friends to go to—"

"Strangers, who may illtreat you, eh?" muttered Mr. Monckton. "You need have no apprehension of that sort of thing, I assure you, Miss Vincent. Mrs. Darrell is rather rigid in her ideas of life; she has had her disappointments, poor soul, and you must be patient with her: but

Laura Mason, the young lady who is to be your companion, is the gentlest and most affectionate girl in Christendom, I should think. She is a sort of ward of mine, and her future life is in my hands; a very heavy responsibility, Miss Vincent; she will have plenty of money by-and-bye—houses, and horses, and carriages, and servants, and all the outer paraphernalia of happiness: but Heaven knows if she will be happy, poor girl. She has never known either mother or father. She has lived with all manner of respectable matrons, who have promised to do a mother's duty to her, and have tried to do it, I daresay; but she has never had a mother, Miss Vincent. I am always sorry for her when I think of that."

The lawyer sighed heavily, and his thoughts seemed to wander away from the young lady in his charge. He still stood at the window, looking out at the bustle on the platform, but not seeing it, I think, and took no further notice of Eleanor until the bell rang for the starting of the train.

"Come, Miss Vincent," he said, rousing himself suddenly from his reverie; "I have forgotten all about your ticket. I'll put you into a carriage, and then send a porter for it."

Mr. Monckton scarcely spoke to his companion half a dozen times during the brief journey to Slough. He sat with a newspaper before him, but Eleanor noticed that he never turned its leaves, and once, when she caught a glimpse of the lawyer's face, she saw that it wore the same gloomy and abstracted expression that she had observed upon it as Mr. Monckton stood in the window of the waiting-room.

"He must be very fond of his ward," she thought, "or he could never be so sorry because she has no mother. I thought lawyers were hard, cruel men, who cared for nothing in the world. I always used to fancy my sister Hortensia ought to have been a lawyer."

By-and-bye, as they drew very near to the station, Mr. Monckton dropped his newspaper with another sigh, and turning to Eleanor, said, in a low, confidential voice:

"I hope you will be very good to Laura Mason, Miss Vincent. Remember that she stands quite alone in the world; and that however friendless, however desolate you may be—I say this because you tell me you are an orphan—you can never be so friendless or so desolate as she is."

(To be continued.)

A CONSTANTINE CZAROWICZ IN WARSAW.

PART III.

The Catholic Church in Poland was always exceptional in character. It was rather Polish Catholic than Roman Catholic in its instincts and tendencies. It was never disgraced by the Smithfield fires of England, the autos-da-fé of Spain, or the St. Bartholomew of France. Once only in its annals do we find a trace of those terrible phases of by-gone ages, the murder of the Protestants at Thorn; but that was contrived and carried out by French and Italian Jesuits, brought thither in the train of a Duke of Anjou.

Religion to the Pole is not so much a creed—a thing to be brought into formulas, a subject for

neat controversy and theological fine-drawing—as a sentiment, an outlet for the poetical instincts of his Slavonic nature; intensely prone to mysticism, a tendency perhaps painfully exaggerated by his deprivation of well-nigh every intellectual pursuit. It therefore forms more a resource for his heart than a subject of speculation or of calm study. Religion to him means not only the practice of domestic virtues, but still more the faithful observance of public duties: enervating asceticism, or tame submission to wrong, forms no part of it; nor can he conceive religious excellence practised at the expense of patriotism.

The proselytizing efforts of the Czar were to little purpose. The lower clergy were too numerous and too poor to be bribed; and their ranks were now reinforced from the students of the University, members of some of the most honourable families in the country, who renounced all the flatteries of their Russian masters, and the attractions of a life of ease, to devote themselves to the improvement of the peasantry in far-away villages.

Hope and resolution were kept alive in the hearts of the people by their spiritual teachers, from whom they learned not merely lessons of self-denial, and those precepts of patience and submission so beloved of tyrants,—not merely their duties with reference to another world, but those which, as brave men and faithful citizens, were demanded of them in this. Strange as it may seem to our western ideas, liberty found no more enthusiastic apostles than in the monastic orders. The monks at that period formed a peculiar class, recruited in great part from Dombrowski's old troopers, who thus escaped enlistment under a foreign master. They made no pretence to a false asceticism; they "prayed to the God of mercy, as they had prayed to the God of battles," like honest, simple-hearted soldiers, who felt that, come what would, they had done and would do their duty, though they as little imagined themselves heroes as saints.

With strong religious feelings, like all their countrymen, they made no parade of their profession, but took an honest satisfaction in turning out a good soup, and still more in sharing it with the poor of their village. They were careful farmers, proud of their pigs and their poultry-yards, apt surgeons, too, ready at any moment to join a wolf-hunt, or seek out some wanderer lost in the winter snow-drift. Though many joined the fraternities who, under other circumstances, would have lapsed into idleness and self-indulgence, they were insensibly influenced by the example of their companions, and shamed into following their example. Hidden behind the altar, or safe in their driest cellar, the good brothers kept their old swords and muskets, trusting the secret only to those whose faith was sure, for in every monastery and cloister it was seldom that one of Rozniecki's agents had not found admission. Then from time to time, when the spy was safe in his cell, the brave old tanned warriors stole silently down to inspect their treasure, carefully cleared off each spot of rust from the well-hacked blade, and polished the trusty barrel, as they whispered together of the day that must come soon when they should be used against the Moskovite.

Such, is a brief sketch of the "system" which brought about the Polish Revolution of 1831. As the time of the outbreak approached, Constantine made his "preventive," "repressive," and "retributive" measures still more and more severe. The censorship of the press was thought not strict enough, so a commissioner was sent to Vienna to study that system which had condemned Silvio Pellico to his long martyrdom. From 12,000 to 13,000 Russian soldiers, with their officers, were garrisoned in Warsaw. A vague feeling of the "coming struggle" penetrated even Constantine's obtuse brain; never had the secret police so much to do, never were the dungeons and "piombi" so full. At the prison windows, spies were constantly posted to note down the names of all persons who, in passing, looked up with any expression of interest. But the very excess of this rigour defeated its own object: men became reckless, as they do in sieges or in a long-continued plague, when death grows too familiar to be feared. There was, moreover, no conspiracy—only the whole country was weary of the weight of passive endurance, and felt that an appeal to arms must soon become inevitable.

It was at this time that the Commander-in-Chief, driving through the streets of Warsaw one day, suddenly caught some notes of "Dombrowski's Mazurek," the famous national song of Poland, which he had shortly before prohibited under the heaviest penalties. He at once made the coachman draw up, and commanded an adjutant in attendance to arrest the disobedient wretch who dared whistle the incendiary air.

"Pardon me, your Imperial Highness," cried the adjutant, returning without the culprit, "but—"

"Hold your tongue, sir! I heard the cursed 'Mazurek' distinctly: I have prohibited it, and I will see that the rascal is punished who presumes to defy my orders."

"Your Highness, it is only necessary—"

"Not another word! Bring the wretch directly!"

"May it please your Imperial Highness, I cannot,—the offender is—"

"Not possible? What! when I command it! Do you want to share his fate?"

"May it please your Imperial Highness, the creature is a starling."

"So much the better; if it is only a bird, that's no reason it should escape the law. Buy it—there's a ducat. It shall be taken to the guard-house, and its head chopped off. It will serve as an example."

There were 40,000 Polish infantry and 15,000 cavalry in the kingdom, and as Constantine, despite the most harassing requirements and all the efforts of his police, could find no signs of disaffection in their ranks, he blindly believed that "his children," as he called them, were willing to become the executioners of their countrymen if he but willed it. But the army submitted to his discipline the better to defend the rights of the country it represented when the proper moment came. The soldiers, with few exceptions, were all devoted to the patriotic cause; and, while gradually prepared for the coming struggle by

their young officers, they were taught by them to repress every slightest sign of discontent which might endanger success by arousing suspicion.

Among the young officers who were most indefatigable in the cause was Lieutenant Wysocki, head master of the Military Academy, whose bravery in the Revolution, and whose long martyrdom at the mines of Nerchinsk, and the far more terrible fortress of Akatoega, have made his name immortal.

The elder generals held aloof from the movement; every means were taken to secure their support and to induce them to assume the direction of the coming struggle; but, though they wished it success, their hopes had grown too faint: they did not betray, but they would not aid the work.

The propaganda was presently commenced throughout the country by the friends and devoted adherents of Wysocki and his brother officers. There needed none: the people but waited the sign to be given to take the field. Scythes were sharpened and kept in readiness, and every peaceful implement of husbandry that could be made into a weapon of destruction was carefully prepared and hidden away. So came and went the first months of 1830.

It has been again and again repeated that the Revolution of 1831 was originated wholly by the aristocratic classes. No idea is more unfounded: not a single workshop throughout the country but had its adherents to the cause; the very shoemakers and cobblers were all as enthusiastic as the proudest noble in the land.

The Minister of Finance, Lubeckoi, warned the Czar of the disaffection existing throughout Poland; but Constantine quieted his brother's misgivings by the assurance that the secret police, if a little more vigilant, were quite sufficient to secure the loyalty of the country.

Thus November approached. Meantime the Revolution of July had taken place in Paris, and Nicholas at length hoped to put his Prussian convention to profitable account. A detailed list of all the Prussian fortified places and their garrisons had been supplied from Berlin. The Hohenzollern was as conveniently servile as his forebears or descendants, and his great ally was daily engaged in reviewing the troops which were to restore legitimacy to France, and to correct the map of Europe.

No details of the great event in Paris had reached Poland until long after its consummation; but, despite all the vigilance of custom-house and censorship, the truth at length oozed out, and then came intelligence that the Czar was about to call upon his Polish soldiers to complete their degradation by aiding to enslave the nation to which they still fondly looked for sympathy and aid themselves.

This was a depth of infamy to which the country could not sink. A rising had been contemplated in the following spring, but it was now impossible to defer it so long, and the night of the 29th of November was fixed upon for the commencement of the rebellion. Warsaw, during those last four weeks before the Revolution, was strangely tranquil; the spies found even some

difficulty in keeping Rozniecki's lists sufficiently supplied. Now and again some one inconsiderately lost in thought would be arrested for not pulling off his hat with sufficient celerity when the Commander-in-Chief's carriage appeared, but his Highness met with no open marks of disrespect, except, perhaps, a notice scribbled on the walls of the Belvedere—"This house to be let, the proprietor leaving,"—an intimation which employed all the available forces of the secret service for some days, though they never discovered the author.

The streets of the capital were deserted at night; few idlers stood about by day, except Russian officers and Russian spies. The theatres and cafés found few Polish visitors—all might have indicated some approaching catastrophe; but Constantine was occupied with some new drill regulations, and heeded it not; and the ministers had their heads full of preparations for the French campaign.

On the 28th of November the Insurrectional Committee (Wysocki, Zaliski, Urbanski, Paszcwicz, military officers, and the famous sava, Lelewel) met in an obscure café, the Anusia, and drew up the plan for the next day's proceedings.

The night of the 29th came at length: it was dark and stormy; great threatening clouds covered the sky, and the streets were deserted even earlier than usual. At six o'clock the military conspirators quietly joined their several companies, and commanded them to their respective posts without loss of time. Orders had been issued by the Grand Duke that the troops should be so centralised in case of any unusual occurrence, such as a fire or a riot, that if the present enterprise failed, even Russian suspicion could not make the troops responsible for a movement which their officers had directed in apparent conformity to orders. The men quickly obeyed, many suspecting the meaning of the nocturnal alarm, the rest quite content to follow mechanically the columns, guided by the young conspirators. The chief points of the capital were secured. The Arsenal, guarded by Russian troops, was to be the first point of attack, and it was secured with little difficulty or bloodshed by a well-concerted surprise. The Russian Infantry Barracks were close to the Arsenal, but the officers were in gaming-houses for the most part, the men quietly asleep. The next object was to seize the person of the Czarowicz. The proximity of the Military College to the Belvedere favoured this design, but the numerical weakness of the boy-heroes who claimed the honour made success doubtful: it was necessary to give them support. So four companies of riflemen, quartered four thousand paces from the Belvedere, and two companies of the line, were appointed to this duty. Only eight companies of the line and Kuratowski's regiment refused to join the popular movement. Such were the preliminaries of the insurgents. Open hostilities were to follow when Constantine was secured. It was now midnight. The Russian cavalry, quartered a cannon-shot from the palace, gave no sign of alarm, and the Belvedere was wrapped in silence and darkness.

The Czarowicz, wearied by his labours of the

day, had thrown himself on a couch to snatch a moment's sleep. Presently a strange unaccustomed sound was heard in that silent palace,—a cry for mercy; doors were burst violently open, and, in another instant, Lubowicki, one of his infamous favourites, rushed into the Grand Duke's presence, and, pale and trembling, told his master, who was still paler and more panic-stricken than he, that insurgents had forced the guards at the gates, and were fast approaching. It was the eighteen young volunteers from the Military College. The clank of arms sounded nearer and nearer; Constantine, shaking in every limb, threw a dressing-gown over his uniform, and, accompanied by a valet, sought refuge in the gardens of the palace, passing some of the insurgents on his way. They did not recognise him in the crouching, colourless wretch, the loud-voiced arrogant tyrant of whom they were in search. Lubowicki was less fortunate than his master; he fell, a few minutes after, pierced by thirteen bayonet wounds,—the number of murders he had lately consummated. The Grand Duchess, awakened by the report of fire-arms, was on her knees: was it to pray for the tyrant, whose love was little better than infamy, or for the country he had steeped in blood?

But the Czarowicz has escaped, and the alarm is given; and whilst the Jews barricaded their shops and got ready the Polish colours in case the insurrection succeeded; whilst the Russian troops vainly struggled against the desperate bravery of the patriots; whilst the eighteen young assailants of the Belvedere abandoned their search in despair, and, seeing none of the signals agreed on, almost feared they were betrayed, and, falling in with a party of the enemy, escaped only by miracles of bravery; so, through all the mistakes and terrors of those hours between midnight and dawn, Warsaw was awakening to a morrow of freedom, and Sass, Makrott, Gendre, three of Constantine's best spies, were hung or bayoneted.

The people, supplied with arms from the arsenal, enthusiastically obeyed the directions of the pupils of the Military College, and rushed on to deliver the prisoners. Alas! in some instances, they came too late: Constantine's satellites, knowing the value he placed on his favourite victims, secured them in time, chained them to gun-carriages, and so dragged them to the Russian camp beyond Warsaw. General Rozniecki escaped thither disguised as a coachman. Constantine, after in vain waiting for any of his followers to whom he could trust himself, at length ventured to leave the gardens; he got beyond the town, and was presently startled by a well-known voice. It was that of the Prussian ambassador, who, after seeking the Czarowicz in every place not in the power of the triumphant insurgents, at last encountered and recognised his Imperial Highness, who returned his greeting by exclaiming, piteously: "All is lost, Schmidt; you must get away—get away with me." In vain the ambassador tried to infuse some courage into his companion:—

"What measures does your Imperial Highness propose to take?"

"None at all—I must think of that to-morrow."

The ambassador declared he at least must send off news of the occurrence to his master, and

finally persuaded Constantine to despatch intelligence to the Czar.

A group of cottages belonging to one of the new factories was at hand; the two fugitives entered the first door, and the Prussian asked the housewife for pen, ink, and paper. She was a good-hearted German woman, and, having placed a seat for the fine gentleman who addressed her, brushed past Constantine, who stood shivering by the stove, and presently returned with the desired articles.

"Ah, your honour!" she cried, "you look as if you had passed as uneasy a night as we have. Does your honour know what has become of the Czarowicz? He'll be in a nice taking. I shouldn't like to come across him! Though I don't belong to the country, I must say the people are right. The pitcher that goes—ah, your honour wants some sealing-wax."

Constantine was spared any further gossip, and in half an hour the despatches were on their way to Petersburg and Berlin. When General Dieast, at Posen, was wakened up from a doze he was enjoying to forward the document onward, on seeing the dirty scrap of paper which represented it, he exclaimed:

"What's this? Schmidt! A revolution in Warsaw, and all upon a scrap of paper like that. Oh, it's a d—d mystification!"

He lay down quietly to sleep again, but could not rest, and after sending round to all the "State councillors," finally found one who recognised the signature, and then, with trepidation and loyal haste, the despatch was sped on to the King at Berlin, who might read in it the destruction of all his fondest hopes of French plunder.

We have little more to say of Constantine: the close of his crimes and his life was fast approaching; and the latter only concerns us here through its connection with Warsaw. With Warsaw, or one very dear to it, his existence was still linked: Major Lucasinski was still in his power, with many other Polish prisoners. Lucasinski, though imprisoned since 1819, and subjected to every ingenuity of torture, had never confessed anything of the plans with which Constantine affected to believe him mixed up. Hunger, thirst, the burning brazier, and hot pincers had been employed in vain; so the Czarowicz, made still more cruel by his humiliation, fell on the idea of driving his victim into temporary insanity, thinking to gather from his ravings the clue desired. Lucasinski was chained to a machine for grinding ashes, that turned night and day in his Russian dungeon, permitting no sleep or rest; but it was still in vain; no word passed his lips that could be tortured into an accusation even by Russian ingenuity. Constantine dragged his prisoner about with him in chains wherever he went. The Grand Duke was once more to enter Warsaw, and to leave it in panic fear. Lucasinski accompanied him, and could hear the shouts of his countrymen, who would have proudly risked their lives for his rescue; but it was not to be: he was doomed to die in a Russian prison,—none know where but those who murdered him.

But a little time and the world was told the Czarowicz was dead; that his wife and child were

also dead ; that Nicholas was freed from an elder brother whose wild fury was incompatible with his own discreeter crimes ; whilst the Czar feared his ascendancy over the Russian troops as much as he scorned his character.

We must stop here. We cannot follow the Revolution through its varying phases of heroism, treachery, devotion, and disaster. France was saved by it from a terrible war ; but "*La paix à tout prix*" was the maxim of Louis Philippe's government ; and England, though she highly sympathised with the Poles, of course could not interfere in the home affairs of a friendly power. Then came long lists of proscription and systematised robbery. Ukases promising mercy, whilst they beggared its recipients—death by torture and wholesale massacre. Constantine was dead, and finally Nicholas died, but the system has survived—made, perhaps, still more odious by the hypocrisy of liberality, and the cheap trickery which has won for the new Imperial practitioner the epithet of the "well meaning." He also has signalled his reign by the cold-blooded massacre and the exile of hundreds whose only crime was the probability of future disaffection. The epitome of his policy—so admirable an appendix to that of his uncle Constantine and his father Nicholas—is best given in his own words as King of Poland to the nobles of Poland?—"What my father did was well done, and I maintain it."

E. S.

(Concluded.)

ON INSTINCTS.

They also know,
And reason, not contemptibly.

MILTON.

THE instincts of animals are so extraordinary, and some of them are so nearly allied to reason, that a few instances of these faculties may not be thought uninteresting. It is, however, difficult to define where instinct ends and reason begins in animals, and therefore I will state some facts which may enable readers to judge for themselves.

There are different sorts of instincts. One is the migratory instinct, which leads birds, animals, and even insects to leave one locality for a far distant one. For instance, the whole tribe of swallows, and about forty other sorts of little tender birds, which have amused us with their songs during the summer months, leave this country in the autumn for more genial climates. In the vast prairies of North America, large herds of buffaloes quit one locality, impelled by a strong migratory instinct, for one, perhaps, many hundred miles distant, and neither rivers nor swamps stop them in their progress. Even the butterflies in South America have been known to quit the woods and prairies of that country, in myriads, and to fly over vast seas in search of fresh flowers and plants, having exhausted those in the country they have left..

Then there is the extraordinary instinct which leads one animal to benefit itself by the operations of another. For instance, there is the well-known fact of a colony of ants making slaves of other ants to assist them in their work, thus holding

them in subjection. Then the cuckoo lays her eggs in the nests of other birds, in order that her young may be brought up by them. The man-of-war's bird feeds upon fish ; but he is so formed that he is unable to catch them himself, and therefore he lives on the prey caught by other fishing birds, and from which he takes his name.

I must also mention the instinct of commiseration in some animals. It is a well-known fact, that when a sheep has produced two lambs, and has died in bringing them forth, other ewes of the flock have suckled and brought up the helpless young ones. I have seen sparrows feed young canary birds, which have been placed for the first time outside of a window, when they have cried for the food their parents had been in the habit of supplying them with. Sparrows, also, have been known to feed one of their companions, who was caught by the leg by a long piece of worsted which she was conveying to her nest in the thatched roof of a building, and was so fixed among the straws, that she could not extricate herself. She was thus fed for many days, until the worsted gave way, when the whole of her companions appeared to rejoice at her escape, by making clamorous noises. But what shall we call the instinct of the elephant, which, when a child, unable to walk, has been placed under its care, has allowed it to crawl as far as the extent of the animal's chain, and then gently lifted it up with its trunk, and replaced it in safety ? It is evidently an extraordinary effect both of care and intelligence, and is also a proof of that noble animal's gentle nature. Again, there is the powerful instinct of self-preservation. A hunted and hard-pressed fox has been known to plunge into a weedy pond, cover itself with weeds, and only leave its nose out of the water, so that it was just able to breathe. Another fox was frequently hunted from a certain cover, and after a good run was always lost at a particular close-clipped hedge. Casts were made with the hounds in every direction, but the scent could never be taken up. At last one of the sportsmen one day looked up at a rook's nest, on the top of a high tree which grew in the hedge, and saw the end of a fox's tail projecting from it. The cunning animal, on the day in question, had omitted to curl his tail sufficiently round him ; this led to the discovery of his retreat, from which he was speedily driven, and after a short run, I am sorry to add, he was killed. Some animals, and even some insects, will put on the semblance of death when their lives are in danger. The common snake, I happen to know, will do this on some occasions. At others he will emit so horrible a stench, that no one will feel inclined to molest him. The hedgehog rolls himself up and remains perfectly still when molested. When he thinks the danger is over, he unrolls himself by degrees and looks about, and if all appears safe, he runs to a secure retreat. The common wood-louse will do the same. But what shall I call that instinct which leads a young wasp, within an hour after it has left its cell, to sally forth and collect that curious paper, for it is nothing else, with which they either form their cells, or make that shell-like covering for their nest, which must add so much to the warmth so

necessary for the well-being of the infant grubs? In like manner a young bee, almost directly after it has left its cell, will fly away not only to collect honey from flowers, but will return with its little thighs loaded with what is called bee-bread. Nor is this all. Instinct leads it to discharge the honey from its stomach into some cell prepared for the purpose, and to scrape off the farina from its thighs into another cell, and then trample it down as a deposit to be used as food for the infant grubs.

Ants have a peculiar instinct, indeed a very curious one. On the tender shoots of a poplar tree a number of little green insects called aphes may often be seen clustered together. Ants find their way to these shoots or small branches, and tickle the aphes with their antennæ: this process appears to give pleasure to the aphes, who emit a sweet fluid from their bodies, which the ants greedily devour. I have myself witnessed this operation too often to admit a doubt of its truth.

But let me give a few more anecdotes of contrivances of animals to procure their food.

Dr. Darwin tells us that there was, many years ago, an old monkey at Exeter Change, that had lost all his teeth. Visitors were in the habit of giving him nuts, but the old fellow was unable to crack them. He was furnished with a stone, and would thus break them on the floor of his prison.

Crows and rooks have been known to rise in the air with a muscle in their mouth, and to drop it on a rock, in order to break it, so as to enable the bird to feed on its contents. I have heard of a jackdaw, who was seen to drop stones in a hole in which there was some water, which it could not reach, till the water was raised sufficiently high to enable it to quench its thirst. I have also known a cat, when she was shut up in a room and wanted to get out, ring the bell, and make her escape when the servant answered it.

Many other instances might be given of extraordinary instincts in animals, and which may almost be thought to approach to reason, or to a degree of intelligence very nearly allied to it. An elephant has been called, and with truth, a half-reasoning animal, and dogs, who associate so much with man, have a just right to the same appellation. For instance, a dog will come in search of his master to a place where three roads meet. He will first smell at two of them, and, not finding that his owner has passed along either, he will come to the third and run along it, feeling that he must have proceeded that way, without thinking it necessary to put his nose to the ground as he had done at the other two roads. This fact has always appeared to me an extraordinary instance of intelligence; and it need not be doubted, for I witnessed it myself when I was one day riding on Hampton Common.

It is certain that some dogs have hereditary instincts. I have seen a young deer-hound the first time it has been slipped at a deer in Richmond Park, seize the animal by the ear, or by the skin of the forehead, thus preventing the dog from being hurt by the antlers of the animal, and holding it till the keepers came up and secured it. This instinct is peculiar to this breed of deer-hounds. A puppy of the St. Bernard breed has been seen to scratch up the snow the

first time it was placed upon it, in imitation of that noble breed of dogs who are known to search for bodies buried in snow on the Alps, and thus preserve many lives. I have seen a young pointer, when only a few weeks old, point steadily at a chicken in a poultry-yard; and young ducks, which have been hatched under a hen, will, by a natural instinct, take to the water. If they were hatched in an oven they would probably do the same. But what can be more curious than that instinct which leads swans, many of whom make their nests on the small aits or islands on the river Thames, to raise their nests, as I have seen them do, some two or three feet in height, in order to protect their eggs from an apprehended sudden rise of the water after much rain.

But I must give here an anecdote of a dog as a proof of great intelligence. Two old women kept the toll-bar at a village in Yorkshire. It appears that they had a sum of money in the house, and feared lest they should be robbed of it. Their fears prevailed to such an extent, that when a carrier, whom they knew was passing by, they urgently requested him to remain with them all night. This, however, his duties would not permit him to do: but in consideration of the alarm of the women, he consented to leave with them his large mastiff dog. When the carrier started, the dog became violent and would not remain behind his master, upon which one of the women ran after the man, who returned and left his coat for the dog to watch, after which the animal remained quietly in the toll-house. In the night the women were disturbed by the uneasiness of the dog, and heard a noise as if an entrance was being forced into the premises through the window. On this they escaped by the back door, and ran to a neighbouring house, which happened to be occupied by a blacksmith. They knocked at the door, and were answered from within by the smith's wife. She said her husband was absent, but that she was willing to accompany the terrified women to their home. This was agreed to, and on their reaching the house, they heard a savage, but half-stifed growling of the dog. On entering the house, they saw hanging half in and half out of their little window, the body of a man, whom the dog had seized by the throat, and was still worrying. On examination the man proved to be their neighbour the blacksmith, dreadfully torn about the throat, and quite dead. This faithful dog would appear to have known that he was left in the cottage to protect his master's coat, and we have seen the result of his watchfulness.

To pass on to the instincts of bees. Every keeper of bees knows that these insects form three sorts or sizes of cells, one for workers, the two others for drones and females. Now the queen bee, in laying her eggs, has the wonderful instinct of distinguishing the three different kinds of cells, never putting a royal or a drone egg into the cells destined for the reception of the working bees. In passing over the cells which form the combs, the different sizes of which are much intermixed, she looks first into each of them and then lays her egg, never making a mistake as to the proper grub to be deposited in it. I have often witnessed this curious process with great interest. There is one other extraordinary

fact which may be mentioned. It is that the number of cells made is always proportioned to that of the different bees to be produced. Another curious fact is that when several queen bees are produced they are all killed but one. If more than a single female were allowed to remain in the hive, a greater number of eggs would be laid than the working bees would be able to supply with cells.

Monkeys are very fond of birds' eggs. In some countries where these animals abound, birds, in order to preserve their eggs, will make their nests at the end of the slender branches of trees, so that the monkeys cannot reach them.

Woodpeckers will carefully remove the bits of wood which they break off a tree in making a hole in it for their nest—evidently to prevent persons discovering their abode. For the same reason many birds carefully remove the excrements of their young from the neighbourhood of the nest.

There is in South America a very large species of spider which in a similar way throws out strong threads from one tree to another, each of them many feet apart. When this has been accomplished, it is easy for the spiders to convey their threads backwards and forwards, until a web or network has been completed, sufficiently strong to capture any small birds which may fly against it, and on which these spiders feed.

Let me give one more anecdote of a spider, which was communicated to me by three eyewitnesses of the fact, persons of the highest respectability, who were residing at Oporto at the time it took place. In the house of one of the principal ecclesiastics in that town, there was a room which was set apart for the reception of grains of Indian corn which had been threshed out. Each of these grains must be at least as heavy as two or three of our common wheat. On visiting this room one day, the owner of it perceived a grain of the maize suspended from the ceiling of the room by a single thread thrown out by a spider, and which was being slowly but gradually drawn upwards. Surprised at this very unusual sight, he invited several persons, and among others, my three informants, to witness it. How the spider contrived to fix its thread to the grain, or what its motive was in drawing it up to its nest, must remain in doubt, but it is a curious circumstance. There are, indeed, a thousand little facts in natural history, either in this or other countries, which escape being recorded, either from their being thought too trivial, or from a want of a ready mode of communicating them.

It is said that when a scorpion is surrounded by a circle of burning coals or wood, and begins to feel the heat, it runs about to seek some mode of escape, but finding none, it stings itself and immediately dies. It is a common amusement among the soldiers at Gibraltar, where these reptiles abound, to witness the fact above stated. Here we have an instance of self-destruction, and of a knowledge of a mode of getting quit of a painful existence.

It is an interesting fact that all birds make the size of their nests, not in proportion to the number of their eggs, but in proportion to the number and size of the young it will have to contain.

EDWARD JESSE.

DUCIE OF THE DALE.

FAIR Ducie with her reaping-hook
Went homeward through the vale,
Where shaws are steep and waters deep,
High up in Harwood Dale.

The rooks were cawing overhead ;
The beck ran loud below ;
The hills were red with hazy light ;
The sun was large and low :

She had not walk'd a mile or more,
A mile, but barely twain,
When she was ware of some one there
Came riding up the lane.

"Now who are you," the stranger said,
"You lissome lass and blithe ?
And is it in John Ashton's fields
To-day ye whet the scythe ?"

He look'd upon her bonny face
Or ere he spake ; and yet
He saw not that her lips were closed,
And both her eyes were wet !

"Kind sir, you're tied to come frae far,
Or you would know the tale ;
John Ashton's dead this very day,"
Said Ducie of the Dale ;

"We ken not where the body lies,
Nor how he came to die ;
But he was slain, the neighbours say,
Through some foul jealousy."

"Now God defend your father's house,
The homestead and the farm !
But who could be John Ashton's foes ?
And who should do him harm ?

"For, as I rode by Hackness woods
And sweet Saint Helen's cell,
The sawmill folks they told me there
He was both wick and well."

"I wish he was !" the maiden said ;
"To bring him back to me
I'd creep by night round Helen's cell
Upon my bended knee :

"For, sir, he was my master dear,
My sweetheart true and all ;
And while he lived, to me and mine
No evil could befall.

"It chanced upon the Lammas tide
(I mind the day so well
Because for him we all of us
Were reaping, down the dell),

"While I was throng with binding work,
And stooping at the sheaves,
He puts a posy in my hair
Of poppies and of leaves,

"And 'See,' he says, 'upon your head
How close they stick, the flowers !
So my heart will, through good or ill,
For ever stick to yours."

"'Tis but a twelvemonth's time since then—
And now, to think he's gone !
But I'll awand we'll know the hand
That did it, 'ere we've done !"

Now was it fear, or fret of spur,
Or sudden strain of nerve,
That shook the rider in his seat,
And made his good horse swerve ?

But, if 'twere pity, if 'twere pain,
His voice was thick and low,
And " 'Tis no news," he said "to hear
You loved John Ashton so !
"I knew you, and I came to see—
But since he's dead, with you
I'll go at once to seek the corpse ;
And haply find it, too !"

Full simple was the lassie's heart,
For all her angry tears :
She would have fear'd her lover's death ;
She had no other fears :
She laid her reaping-hook aside,
And stoop'd beneath the boughs,
And follow'd with undoubting foot
Among the hazel knowes.



A shaggy fell was just beyond ;
The village lights were far ;
And all was dusk, and all was still,
Beneath the evening star :
Her mother was a mile away :
No ear on earth to know
What sounds might scare the hooting owl
Or hush the beck below. —

That night a stranger horseman rode
Full fiercely down the glen :
And he may ride, or he may rest,
Or he may come again,
But never more shall Ducie reap
The harvests of the vale :
Her maiden sleep is sound and deep
At foot of Harwood Dale. ARTHUR J. MUNBY.

A FOGGY STORY.



(See page 483.)

SOME years ago, a physician was hastily summoned to the apartments of a young man of fashion. He was shown into a class of room which may or may not be known to the reader; where tarnished gilded chairs, faded velvet cushions, and showy yet shabby curtains, give an impression at once of elegance and dinginess strongly suggestive of worn-out theatrical properties; and where it is apparent that the shabbiness pervading every expensive article of the room

results from careless indifference on the part of the occupant, rather than poverty.

It was night, and a solitary reading-lamp stood upon the table. During the statement of his case the doctor noticed how carefully the patient disposed the light, so that the glare should fall upon the face of his visitor, while he remained far back in the surrounding shadow.

"What you require, Mr. Endwin," said the doctor, "is rest; by which I am far from meaning

absolute idleness. Let us hope that, with youth on your side and the advantage of—"

He hesitated : for, although the patient's countenance was beyond his view, he somehow felt that his eye was fixed keenly upon him.

"Go on, doctor. You were saying that, with youth on my side, and the advantage of—"

"I was about to say that, with care and a strict adherence to a healthier regimen, you have everything to hope ; but, then, it is my duty to add, that without it, and in the event of your continuing the same round of hard labour which you young men christen pleasure, you will have everything to fear."

As the young man came forward out of the gloom, and in an easy careless way lifted the paper shade from the lamp, and threw it upon the floor, the circle of light, before concentrated upon the table, seemed suddenly to expand and fill the whole room, so that doctor and patient stood face to face, and saw each other distinctly for the first time.

The doctor was right. The young man's eyes were very bright, the face a little pale and worn, the chestnut hair—which was very abundant—a little wild and disordered, and he was startled at the similarity between the picture his imagination had formed of the man and the original now suddenly disclosed to his view.

"You doctors," said Endwin, walking towards the mantelpiece, and lolling against the marble slab, "are great hypocrites ; perhaps you are obliged to be so. One would think that the art of lying—lying naturally and with an air of authority—was included in your studies, and ranked among the most essential branches of your professional education."

"I scarcely understand your meaning."

"It is this," replied Endwin ; "that if you had uttered your thoughts aloud, instead of the set phrases of professional prudence, you would have said, 'This young man has squandered his health, and perhaps his fortune too, in dissipation and reckless folly. The fortune might have been regained, but the health is gone for ever, for his constitution is undermined beyond permanent remedy. He may live a year, he may live two years, but—' Yes, you may shake your head. I am sick of evasions—always in the same strain—and know their value. You will recommend travel in a minute. You all do."

"My friend, if you take this absurd, excited view of the matter, how can I speak to you?"

"On the contrary, I have known the truth and faced it for several days." He stopped for a moment to listen to the noise of carriage wheels passing along the street. "And, after all, why should such as I live ? Why have I lived all this time ? There is no one action of my life that has made the world one degree the better for my existence."

As this was said half jocularly, the doctor laughed, and endeavoured to reassure his patient in the same bantering tone ; but the only answer he obtained was, "Go on, doctor," uttered with a strange mixture of good-humour and defiance. A little later he sat down to write a prescription, and, with an uneasy suspicion that it was received

with as little confidence as it was given, he took his leave, remarking to himself that this was one of the strangest patients he had met with for many a month.

Alone in the dingy chamber, Endwin sat for several minutes lost in thought. It was not through any inherent melancholy in his constitution, but only in a spirit of vague and listless curiosity that he had sometimes, in former days, speculated on the manner and circumstances that would attend that certain event, so unimportant to all the world—his death.

Sometimes it was a hot struggle, and a great crash, and then life slowly ebbing away. Sometimes it was a road, in the chill night air, with hedges on either side, a sighing music among the trees, and the cold stars looking down upon him. Sometimes it was a room—quaintly furnished and far away from England—while cathedral bells clanged loud, and tried to enter the closed shutters in company with a dazzling burst of sunlight. Sometimes it was a closely-curtained, very quiet room in England ; the warm glow of a dying fire-light ; the ticking of falling embers in the grate ; the lulling sound as of a large, hushed city ; the pressure of a hand—a small, thin hand stretched out from behind the curtain, as of somebody watching through the dreary night hours—and life slowly ebbing away.

Suddenly waking from a reverie somewhere in this strange direction, he discovered himself mechanically playing with a little pink-coloured note received that morning from his Cousin Cissy.

"I think I'll go and see Cousin Cissy," he said to himself.

A few years ago he was to have married Cousin Cissy, for she was a gentle, bright-eyed, little creature, and she loved him with all her heart. But when it became rumoured abroad—and not altogether without foundation—that extravagance and careless living had deteriorated the value of Charles Endwin's purse—by no means an empty one when he commenced life—Cissy's father suddenly discovered he had a duty to perform, and very prudently broke off the match. None the less willingly, perhaps, that he saw, not very far distant, the probability of a richer and in every respect more eligible suitor in George Turlton, the clever, wealthy, broad-shouldered proprietor of the "Mountain Mills." And so it fell, when the usual gradations of grief and pettish opposition to the change of suitors were gradually passed, that Cissy was married to George Turlton, and lived in the fine lawn-fronted villa he had built within view of the mills. In his own hard matter-of-fact way, George Turlton loved his wife. She liked jewels, and he brought her glittering cases from London ; she was fond of flowers, and he festooned the garden with the brightest and the gayest. He always took her to the county balls, and was proud of his wife, and petted her, and worked harder than ever at the mills. He bore no ill-will towards Charles, who had, indeed, lately become to be regarded as a little bit of a scapegrace ; but was rather inclined to extend to him the pity he always felt for those who lived without any regular employment or definite object in life. Whenever Charles came to pay them a few days'

visit, he would stretch out his hand, and say, "Welcome, Charles!" while Cissy would smile upon him pleasantly, and without the least show of awkwardness, call him "Cousin Charles," the same as ever.

It was a curious impulse that led Charles towards the Mountain Mills that foggy November evening, and one which he did not stay to explain or analyse. The express train would convey him to a station half a mile's walk from the Mountain Mills, in about three hours; and he soon found himself installed in the cushioned carriage, with no other company than the yellow, unhealthy fog and the dim oil lamp above.

To the tune of the monotonous jarring he thought again. He thought of great statesmen, great heroes, great philosophers, great writers. Under certain circumstances, and barring the crust of habits long formed, he speculated whether there was not a something in every living man—however distorted and disguised—which would impel him also to make life a great and a noble thing. But in all this he never thought of himself and his wasted life; he only thought of some imaginary men, who might have done so much to ennoble their names and better their fellows, and who had really done so little; and he was inclined to pity rather than blame them. His mind, too, wandered to the Mountain Mills much sooner than the express could manage it, and he was there in the cosy parlour, and saw how contented Cissy was, and what a happy home she had. He had long ceased to reflect that that happy home might have been his too, as well as Cissy's.

Arrived at the station, he walked by a short path across the fields towards the villa. It stood a little behind the Mountain Mills, and having to pass through the factory yard, he was a little surprised at that late hour to see a light gleaming through the fog (for it was foggy there too) from the little glass counting-house, where George was in the habit of writing and arranging accounts on Saturday afternoons. He said to himself, "George is more than usually busy," and went towards the counting-house door with the intention of shaking hands with George, and giving him notice of his visit, before going in to see Cissy and the children. But as his footsteps echoed in the deserted yard, and the bull-dog began to bark fiercely and clank his iron chain, the light suddenly disappeared. His first movement was towards the house, but on second thoughts he concluded it must be George on the point of leaving, and they could walk towards the house together; so again he walked towards the glass counting-house.

Then it was that he observed the light had reappeared at the little glazed window. He walked quietly that time, turned the latch of the door softly, and stood in the little passage, screened from observation by the darkness, but able to see and hear all that passed in the office. It was not George.

His attention was arrested by the sound of one of the sweetest and most melodious voices he had ever heard. It proceeded from a pleasant-looking gentleman of fresh-coloured complexion and thin

silver hair. His eyes beamed kindly and gently upon another man—whom by his dress and general appearance Charles judged to be one of the workmen—and who leant carelessly against a desk, and brought his hard, sullen features near to the one candle which served to illumine the office.

The gentleman with the charming voice was speaking to this man in a kind, expostulatory tone, and from the stray words that caught his ear, Charles inferred that he was endeavouring to dissuade him from an interview with some person which he seemed determined to obtain. So determined, indeed, that the gentleman was finally obliged to bend to the man's wishes: but laying his hand on his shoulder, he said, "Have the interview, my dear friend, by all means, if you wish it. But knowing the character of the pitiless man you have to deal with, I can prophecy the result of it."

The man muttered something about "giving his boy one more chance."

"Very sorry indeed should I be for one word of mine to deter you," the gentleman said. "Speak with him by all means. But stay! It is dangerous to enter the house with that packet about you. I will meet you at the corner of the lane at ten o'clock to-night, and I will give it you then."

The man twisted a fur cap he held in his hands as if he were strangling a rabbit, and suddenly clapping it on his head, lounged towards the door.

"Stay, Abel," said the gentleman, raising his hand. "We need not speak when we see each other in the lane later this evening. You shall say 'ten o'clock,' as if speaking to yourself, and hold out your hand carelessly—so—I will give you the packet, and then you will have nothing to do but to hurry as fast as you can to London, and carefully follow my instructions when you arrive there."

Abel seemed to be thinking of something else, and again turning his sullen countenance towards the door, passed so close to Charles that his flannel jacket touched him. Charles walked quietly across the yard, resolved to give George an account of this strange conversation, and pondering in his own mind what could be the meaning of the strange importance they seemed to attach to the papers.

Five minutes afterwards he reached the house; and, entering the reading-room, he found George seated alone, and buried in accounts and papers.

"You come at an unhappy time, Charles," he said, shaking hands in his usual cold, stolid manner: "but nevertheless we are glad to see you."

"Is anything the matter?"

"Cissy and the children are well. But within the last few days troubles have followed so rapidly one upon the other, that I am quite bewildered. First of all, Cissy's sister, Lucy, left this house the night before last, and eloped with one of my junior clerks—young Thornberg—a man I had taken into my employ some years ago from motives of pure charity."

Cissy's sister Lucy! He remembered her well. She had brighter eyes even than Cissy, and her

merry laugh—for a merry laugh it used to be—seemed to sound at that moment in his ears.

"Besides robbing me of my sister-in-law, it seems he has broken open my desk and stolen bank notes to the amount of several thousand pounds; and as the duty devolved usually upon him of noting their numbers, and he has purposely inserted fictitious numbers in our books to mislead us, we have few means of tracing them, and their recovery is very doubtful. The loss of this sum, together with a packet of securities, which he must have abstracted—and perhaps destroyed—through sheer malice, as they are of value to none but myself, is ruin to me, and I must close the mills and stop payment to-morrow."

Charles was too astounded at this news to utter any but the most common-place words of sympathy, but George Turldon interrupted him abruptly.

"Say nothing to Cissy about it. She knows nothing as yet of this new trouble, and is much worried by that affair of her sister. My head man, Cairtree, has been working night and day to discover the runaways, and when he comes here this evening we shall hear what progress he has made. Come to tea," he said, suddenly, tossing the papers in a confused heap upon the table.

He led him into the bright cheerful parlour, and Cissy rose from her seat to bid him welcome with her usual cordiality. In the same room with her was the Family Trouble.

The Family Trouble was a strange, quiet, elfish little creature, apparently of about eight years of age, who immediately put her soft hand in his—as was her wont—and led him in triumph round the room.

Looking into this child's face—a face of singular beauty and sweetness—or at her alight neat figure which glided so noiselessly from place to place—none would dream that from her proceeded the only shadow which had hitherto darkened the domestic happiness of George and Cissy. It required a more earnest and careful scrutiny to detect the dazed, puzzled expression—now and then alternated by sudden gleams of intelligence, or the shadows that ever crossed her quiet, otherwise happy countenance, and seemed to stand between her intellect and the outer world. The clouds always seemed partially to break when Charles visited them, and she would follow him from room to room with a half-run and a merry laugh, nodding her head and smiling as a token that she understood every word he said. A hope, but hitherto a vain hope, had always been cherished by George and Cissy, that as the child grew older these clouds would be cleared away.

It was a strange group assembled in that quiet parlour, and not devoid of dramatic interest. George Turldon was standing moodily at the window, anxious for the arrival of his foreman, and disturbed at the thought of the disclosures he would have to make to Cissy, probably that very night. He asked himself, as he drew the red curtains and tried to pierce the darkness without, how she would bear it. Whether she would be stunned and paralysed by the suddenness of the

blow, or stand bravely by his side, and help him to brave the storm with firmness and fortitude. Cissy, sighing at the thought of her sister's folly, but calm, and never for a moment dreaming of the misfortune that overhung them nearer home, and threatened to sweep away her jewels, coaches, gardens, and all the little luxuries she delighted in. Charles, thinking of many things,—of the doctor's interview, of the strange tale George had just confided to him, of the gentleman with the sweet voice, of Effie, who sat, quiet now, on a high chair at the table, and arched her pretty neck, while she tried to build a house with some old playing-cards.

The silence was disturbed by the entrance of a servant, who announced that Abel Mayner, a workman from the mills, wished to speak with the master on urgent business; and before George had time either to refuse or consent to the interview, Abel stood at the door, and bowed awkwardly to the assembled company. It was the man with whom the kind gentleman had expostulated in the glass counting-house, and during his address—a long, rambling statement from which Charles could infer nothing but that Abel's boy was in custody for some theft at the mills, and the father was pleading for leniency—he several times went through the performance of strangling his fur cap. George listened to him in frowning silence, and then said: "I have already given you my answer. You and your brother are the most discontented and mischievous spirits in the mill. Were it otherwise I should still have my duty to perform, and could not overlook the crime of robbery without serious injury to the morals of all the men in my employ."

Then Abel commenced again, waving his hands violently, and speaking in a husky voice. It was plain that he had been drinking; for when George interrupted him curtly, and said—"You have my answer," Abel staggered towards the street door, stumbling over the hall chairs as he went. Before he went out into the fog he turned round, as if suddenly impressed with a new idea, and exclaimed, with a drunken sigh—"The Lord have mercy upon this house." So he left them, and George resumed his post at the window.

"I wish Cairtree would come."

"Charles has never seen Mr. Cairtree," said Cissy, making the tea: and Cissy never looked prettier nor more in her natural sphere than when making tea. "I should like you to see him, Charles. He's an old dear."

Cairtree came at last, and at a glance Charles recognised in him the cheerful, kindly, gentleman, he had before seen that evening.

As he shook hands with him, George gave him an anxious inquiring glance, but the foreman shook his head, and the words "no hope" were plainly read in his sorrowful countenance. Cissy rose smilingly to welcome him, and as she advanced, the expression of concern which overshadowed his face gradually cleared away. He had been in the mills since the time of George's father; had known George when he was a child, and in spite of his subordinate position, they evidently looked up to him as their friend, and favourite, and trustiest adviser. He drew a little

case from his pocket and gave it to Cissy : " what you asked me to get from London, dear Mrs. Turldon. You know I never forget promises."

Cissy uttered a little scream of pleasure, and in another moment a new emerald ring was shining on her small white finger. With the vanity and glee of a petted child, she ran to Charles and said, " Isn't it sweet, cousin ?" Then she ran to George and scolded him for saying " very pretty" before he had glanced at it, and said he was a bear to-night.

Meanwhile Charles was pre-occupied with one idea, and the words " ten o'clock" still sounded in his ears. Once, he thought his lips had mechanically uttered them, for Cairtree gave him a glance of curiosity, and fixed his eyes upon him for a moment in a searching manner that perplexed him.

George took Cairtree by the arm, and conducted him to the library. " You have traced none of the notes ?"

Cairtree shook his head. " You have no hope of recovering the packet of securities ?"

" I am sorry to say, none."

" Then I must tell my wife to prepare for ruin with all its terrors—to date from to-morrow the commencement of a new, miserable era, of her existence."

" Young Thornberg has acted throughout with such deep-laid cunning, that I fear there is little hope of materially mending matters. In spite of all our efforts to discover his whereabouts we are still at a loss, and meanwhile, your position is hopeless. I need not say how much I grieve to tell you this."

George's old foreman was affected, and passed his hand across his eyes.

George took his other hand, and said : " My dear friend, we had hoped, one day, to repay the kind affection you have always borne for us—I'm not much given to the exhibition of feeling : I never was. Even now, I would much rather take a practical view of the matter, and consider what is best to be done to mitigate our position, than waste time in idle repining. But I must tell Cissy." Here George, for the first time, looked distressed. " I must tell Cissy what's in store for her."

Cairtree took leave of George with a sigh. " I can do no good here. I shall be at my desk till late to-night, and if anything fresh occurs, I will not fail to let you know."

Charles and Cissy were together in the green-papered parlour. Charles was mentioning, among other things, his intention to take a trip on the Continent, when George suddenly thrust in his head at the door and called to Cissy—" Come and see something else Mr. Cairtree has brought to you from London."

When Cissy obeyed this summons, and left her cousin alone with Effie, who again approached him with that smiling confidence she displayed towards none other of their acquaintance, Charles was once more haunted by the words " ten o'clock." The time-piece seemed to mutter it on the mantel-piece. When Effie looked at him, with her large mournful eyes, it seemed that she was trying to utter the words. Every sound,

every movement, every rustle seemed to echo it, and an irresistible voice called him away.

He heard George's low calm voice in the adjoining room, and once a little shriek from Cissy—then a silence—then a sob—and then George's voice again. George soothed her grief as if she were a child, and there was something almost of pity for her weak nature, in his way of leading her, a few moments afterwards, into the room where her cousin sat. " There, Cissy, go and speak with Charles ; it's of no use to grieve."

The words " ten o'clock" were so loudly clamouring to him to come out into the fog, that Charles scarcely made an effort to cheer her, as she sat down and gave way to a wild, ungovernable burst of grief.

" Oh, cousin !" she cried, with a shudder, " George has been saying such dreadful, dreadful things to me : he has quite frightened me. You can't tell what shocking things he's been saying."

It really seemed, as she rocked herself to and fro, and sobbed as if her heart would break, that George, in telling her, had been the guilty origin of all their misfortunes.

It was nearing ten o'clock, and as Charles had already formed the project of meeting the white-haired gentleman in the fog that night, and receiving from him the packet in the silent manner enjoined upon Abel, he muttered a few words of common-place sympathy to Cissy, and rising, announced his intention of returning home by the last night-train. " I leave early for fear of missing the train, and losing my way in the fog."

" Oh, yes ; it's dreadfully, dreadfully foggy," cried poor Cissy, clasping her hands with a fresh outburst of grief ; and as if the fog, too, were not altogether blameless of their trouble.

He left her, cowering over the fire, and weeping bitterly at the dreadful things George had been saying to her. This pretty ornament of George's drawing-room, this graceful flower of George's garden, this little creature that would trip so lightly and laughingly towards the garden gate, to meet him of a summer evening, was but a sorry support for him, in the times of troubles like these.

Once out of the house, Charles walked briskly through the fog, which seemed to thicken at every step. As he walked, his ears were attracted by sounds as of water, dripping, dripping at regular intervals. Sometimes they seemed in advance of him ; at others they appeared to proceed from behind. Once he stopped and listened intently : half inclined to attribute the sounds to some illusion of his fancy. When he crossed the yard these drips ceased altogether, and he heard nothing but the sound of his own footsteps, as they echoed through the deserted rooms of the factory.

He soon arrived at the little stream which gurgled all day long within sound of George's counting-house, and ran down far away into the valley beyond. Standing for a moment beside this stream, he thought its voice had changed. He remembered how often on summer days he had listened to its dreamy sound as it flowed quietly and peacefully past the factory, laughing as it leapt the little break of stones which marked the point where its way lay under overhanging

boughs, and among bright wild flowers. It was swollen and of inky blackness now, and rushed quickly, as if in fright, past the deserted building, anxious to pass the stones quickly and leave its shadow far behind. Crossing onwards towards the right, Charles soon stood in the lane he supposed Cairtree to have meant, and patiently awaited his arrival. He no longer heard the sound of dripping water.

All alone in the choking fog, and remembering that he was without any means of defence in this desolate region, he once reproached himself for not having disclosed all to George, and allowed him to accompany him. But only for a moment, for he was glad to think that George's life—so valuable to Cissy, the children, and many others,—would not be risked in this enterprise. His chief apprehension was, that Abel might arrive higher up in the lane and forestall him, by receiving the packet from Cairtree before the appointed hour.

In this event, so firmly was he possessed by the idea that George's fate rested upon the recovery of this packet, he resolved to seize Abel suddenly from behind, and wrenching the papers from him, to escape homewards, trusting to the darkness to screen him from pursuit.

It was therefore with a mixture of apprehension and satisfaction that he heard the approach of footsteps from the expected quarter.

Advancing cautiously, he stretched out his hand towards a figure which passed close to him, like a phantom in the thick gloom, and muttered, in a low voice, 'ten o'clock.'

"Be careful, my friend," said Cairtree, as he placed the papers in Charles's hand, and walked quickly from him.

As Charles held the parcel with an eager grasp, he could scarcely refrain from an exclamation of triumph, as he reflected that George was saved; for from the first he had entertained no doubt that these documents were the securities to which George attached so much importance. A second phantom passed him, and he was recalled to a sense of his danger by the thought, that in another moment the trap would be discovered. He heard a sudden parley and walked briskly on. A violent blow on the shoulder, evidently intended for the head, made him stagger for a few moments; but he held the papers tight, and suddenly darting to the opposite side of the road, jumped over the hedge.

As he leaped, another blow was struck at him, and it was either this, or the fall on the other side, which proved to be steeper than he had calculated, that stunned him when he reached the ground.

When he returned to consciousness he no longer heard the voices of his pursuers, who, probably bewildered by the darkness, had followed another track. For the moment he was too weak to raise himself, but he felt instinctively for the papers. They were still there, but helpless as he lay there, he felt that if the two men were to discover his whereabouts, resistance was quite out of the question.

Again the sound of dripping water—drip—drip—drip!

The vision of the white-haired gentleman bending over him, and feeling gently in his bosom for the precious packet, could scarcely have disconcerted him more than did the repetition of these sounds.

As the drips came nearer, they seemed to change more and more into the sound of light footsteps, pattering on the wet, muddy path. A moment more it was Effie who stood beside him.

For some wild freak, she must have evaded the vigilance of Mrs. Turner, the nurse, and slipped out of the door when Charles left, to follow the path of her favourite in his dark journey.

"Effie, child! who let you come out to-night? Run home, run home."

She did not seem to understand him, but stood beside him like a spirit, motionless and speechless.

Charles again repeated, "run home, Effie," trying this time to speak angrily. Struck by a sudden idea, he put the papers in her little hand and bid her hide them under her cloak. "Effie, you understand those you love, and who love you dearly. Quick, quick. Run home and give them to papa." The sound of other voices startled her, and suddenly, more like a spirit than ever, her form melted away in the mist and she was gone.

They were the voices of Cairtree and Abel, who must have heard Charles speaking to the child, and were now preparing to clear the hedge. He heard Cairtree say, in a hurried whisper, "Get them, be sure to get them, but avoid murder."

How far Abel was disposed to follow the latter part of these instructions is undetermined; but a new detention arose at that juncture. Two gentlemen, chatting gaily, ascended the lane, and one of them asked Cairtree, in a pleasant voice, whether he could direct him to the residence of Mr. George Turldon—the proprietor of the mills—with whom he wished to speak on pressing business. Cairtree eyed him suspiciously. "Mr. Turldon, I know, is much occupied at present; but I am his foreman, and if your visit relates to matters of business, perhaps I shall do as well."

"Certainly, certainly," says the other cheerfully, "and better too, for it will save me the trouble of walking further up the hill in the fog. You are going this way. I will explain my errand as we go along."

During this colloquy, Charles regained sufficient strength to rise from the ground. The blows he had received were not serious, and the dizziness gradually cleared away, so that he was able to make his way leisurely towards his house.

Arranging his clothes, and wiping the blood from his face, so as to conceal all traces of the recent struggle, he again entered George's little room, where he was seated gloomily before a desk covered with scattered papers.

"George," Charles said breathlessly, "I know you won't believe what I am going to tell you; but your foreman, Mr. Cairtree, is the traitor you are in search of. It is he that has worked your ruin."

George neither started nor changed his gloomy manner, but merely nodded his head quietly. "I

knew it all the time. I discovered it several days ago, but thought it prudent to meet treachery with her own weapons, and hide my knowledge until every possible step had been taken to recover those papers!"

What wary thoughts, what shrewd suspicions, what deep plans were working, and day by day developing, behind that calm, stolid face, the most practised disciple of Lavater would be at a loss to detect; for an inscrutable man was George.

"I have received him into my house, I have let him give presents and make pretty speeches to my wife, I have seen him stroke the children's heads, I have shaken him by the hand; and yet for the last four days I knew him to be the blackest traitor that ever overshadowed a home. For the moment, I have allowed him to cast suspicion upon young Thornberg, as it will put him further off his guard."

"But have you set the police to work?"

"Long ago: but in spite of the efforts of the detectives, who have probably taken both him and Abel into custody by this time, he has outwitted us. My cash, my notes, all my available securities are gone. Some he may have converted into money; others I believe him to have taken in sheer malice. Why, I can hardly tell; for I have always confided in him, and treated him with kindness. He had a quarrel with my father once, on some matter of which I know nothing; and my father, who was a violent man, struck him, I believe, in his rage."

Charles was about to tell him how that the papers were recovered, and he might sleep calmly that night, but checked himself. No. The child—the child whom they were rather disposed, he feared, to regard as a useless burden, should herself be the harbinger of his good fortune. But had she returned? Where was Effie?

The very question that Cissy asked, when she came hastily into the room: her eyes dried now, and all traces of her grief past, like an autumnal shower. Mrs. Turner, a stout lady, whose head was so thickly covered with curl-papers, that it suggested preparations for a grand pyrotechnical display, so that the proximity of the candle she held in her hand seemed highly dangerous, and momentarily threatened an explosion, followed in great trepidation, and suggested the searching of all sorts of impossible places.

"I know she must be here, mum," she said, with a false calmness, as if trying to ward off the horror of her position, by resolutely not believing in it. "Unless," she muttered, "the gal's been among the spirits again,"—her general belief, whenever Effie was more than usually strange in her ways.

Cissy—though her face became very white—showed the same determination to cheat herself, and not believe in the possibility of any danger to the child, and suggested going with a lantern towards the garden door. She might be there—she must be there. She walked quickly, pretending to herself that there was no hurry, and not the least cause for alarm, and cried out into the fog in a strange, unnatural voice that none would have recognised as hers, "Effie! Effie!"

As the lantern shot a bar of light into the fog,

Effie herself appeared, walking at a leisurely pace towards the house.

"The gal has been among the spirits again," said Mrs. Turner, in a low voice.

Then Cissy scolded her soundly.

"Naughty Effie! Where have you been? You'll be the death of us all, some day. Mercy! How cold the child's hand is! Bring her to the fire. Oh dear!"

Without resistance, or any signs of comprehending what was said to her, the child suffered herself to be led to the fire, and there remained, with the same blank expression, the same imperturbable silence, with which she had stood beside Charles that evening near the hedge.

"Naughty child," said Cissy, chafing her hands, to warm them. "And what is this she has in the other hand? Who gave you this, child?"

Mrs. Turner nodded her head, knowingly, and said, "The spirits."

As George took the papers, Charles smiled within himself; for he had made a resolve, quite consistent with his whimsical nature, never to breathe a word of the part he had borne in the transaction, but to leave them to form their own conjectures.

A glance at the paper showed George that he was saved; for there he found not only the securities that had caused him so much anxiety, but a memorandum, showing, in Cairtree's own clear, neat handwriting, the number of the notes that had been stolen.

"Cissy, we are no more ruined than you thought we were two hours ago!"

Ah, Effie! Years to come they will remember how you came, that foggy night, like a spirit out of the darkness, with a strange light in your eyes, and a message of comfort and restored happiness in your tiny hand, in a time of great trouble.

Something of this Charles seemed to see, as he stooped to kiss her passive face; to see in the far distance how selfishness, ignorance, and unkindness of others would crush her frail and tender nature, and make her life a dark and cheerless journey.

"If at any time you should be inclined to treat her harshly, and impatiently regard her as a burden, remember this night, and then say if her life has been profitless to you! If ever you feel inclined to forget the claims which failings such as hers should render doubly sacred; to make hasty and complaining comparison, when brothers and sisters shall have sprung up around her, so much brighter, and cleverer, and happier than she, remember that whether she comes from the living or the dead, whether she has been among the spirits or no, it is she that has saved you from ruin, and she alone. And now then, good bye!"

"What, going?" says Cissy, starting up.

"Yes, going. I only came down here to see you once more; to know that you were all well and happy."

He walked towards the outer door, while George and Cissy followed him in blank astonishment.

Too much engrossed in their own affairs, it was only now that they noticed that Charles seemed

pale and tired. The events of the night had upset Cissy, and she was trembling.

"Why not remain till to-morrow. You look as if you wanted rest."

"The fog is clearing away. We shall have the moon yet."

"Charles! What is that on your face!"

"Nothing. A scratch. The briars did it."

A long, low wail, very like a child's cry, sweeps across the distant hills, and the fog, becoming of a bluish tint from the moonlight, seems about to clear away. As Charles wraps his cloak closer around him, and waves his hand in farewell, Cissy shudders, for a sudden chill, the first touch of the fever which is approaching to lay her low for many weeks, has come upon her: and little Effie, holding her mother's hand, peers out into the garden, with a puzzled, half-sorrowful expression; and the clouds chase each other across her earnest face more wildly than ever.

And so it was that George, though the injury he had sustained from Cairtree's treachery was still serious, was neither forced to stop payment the next day, nor to sell his house, nor to take the rings off Cissy's fingers.

Charles left England the day after the events above narrated. It was spring before they heard of him again, and then they received an announcement of his death.

George told it to Cissy as she sat, quite recovered from her illness, working at the window overlooking the garden. Effie was by her side, playing with a skein of bright-coloured silk from Cissy's workbox. A shade of pain crossed Cissy's face, as she tossed one piece of work aside, and took up another: "Oh, George! how dreadful!"

"It's strange," said George, musing, "that he should have taken such a fancy to that child. He died worth more than one would have expected, after the life of extravagance he led; and has left all, which amounts to a comfortable competency, to Effie."

"Poor dear cousin!" said Cissy, beginning to cry.

H. A. R.

THE FIRST-BORN PRINCE OF WALES.

[ON the death of Llewellyn, the Welsh demanded a native Prince: so King Edward of England, who was then in Wales, sent for Eleanor, his Queen; and she, soon after her arrival in Caernarvon Castle, was delivered of a son, whom the King presented to the Welsh chieftains, and whom they acknowledged as their native Prince.]

I.

WEEP, noble lady! weep no more!
The woman's joy is won:
Fear not! thy time of grief is o'er,
And thou hast borne a son!

II.

Then ceased the Queen from pain and cry,
And, as she proudly smiled,
The tear stood still within her eye,—
A mother saw her child!

III.

"Now bear him to the castle-gate!"
Thus did the King command:
There, stern and stately all, they wait,
The warriors of the land!

IV.

They met,—another Lord to claim,—
And loud their voices rung:
"We will not brook a stranger's name,
Nor serve the Saxon tongue!"

V.

"Our King shall breathe a British birth,
And speak with native voice:
He shall be Lord of Cymrian earth,
The chieftain of our choice!"

VI.

Then might you hear the drawbridge fall,
And echoing footsteps nigh:
And, harken! by yon haughty wall,
A low and infant cry!

VII.

"God save your Prince!" King Edward said,
"Your wayward wish is won:
Behold him, from his mother's bed,
My child! my first-born son!"

VIII.

"Here, in his own, his native place,
His future feet shall stand;
And rule the children of your race
In language of the land!"

IX.

'Twas strange to see: so sternly smiled
Those warriors gray and grim:
How little thought King Edward's child
Who thus would welcome him!

X.

Nor knew they then how proud the tone
They taught their native vales;
The shout whole nations lived to own,—
God bless the Prince of Wales. R. S. H.

MY FIRST DUEL.

YES, I was going to fight a duel. Not that there was any necessity for me to fight, far from it, for I had quarreled with no one. No, I was going to fight, with a man whom I had only seen once before, for the mere pleasure of fighting.

This will, I have no doubt, sound curious to English ears, but the facts of the case were as follows: I was at that time (some five or six years ago) studying at a German university; and was, of course, intimate with a considerable number of the students, whose countless duels I was very fond of witnessing. One day, as I was walking home with one them, Müller by name, from the fighting ground, he suddenly said to me:

"I say, Albion," (Albion was my nickname among the students), "I say, Albion, you ought to fight once, too; you will never get quite behind the scenes of German student life, unless you do so."

"Well," I said, "I think that I should like to fight once, just to see what my sensations would be like. I wonder whether I should feel afraid or not?"

"Then you will do so?" he said.

"Yes, I think I will," I replied; "but I have no quarrel with anybody."

"Never mind about that," said he. "I will arrange everything for you, come to our Kneipe this evening, and afterwards we shall be sure to pick up a man for you in the Market Place."

I accordingly went to Müller's lodgings a little before eight that evening, and he conducted me to the room in which his corps used to hold their "Kneipe;" it was a large, handsome apartment in one of the principal Restaurations, exclusively kept for the use of members of the corps. We there found about a dozen men already assembled, and nearly as many more dropped in by twos and threes shortly afterwards. We all supped together, and as soon as our meal was finished, the serious business of the evening, that is to say, the beer-drinking, commenced. I am afraid to say how much Bavarian beer was disposed of—we all drank like fishes; the more we drank, the thirstier we seemed to get: in fact, no one who has not seen German students drink beer, can form any adequate idea of the quantity they consume. Bavarian beer, is of course, not nearly so strong as the English beer; but is still a very agreeable drink; and tastes much like pale ale. About eleven o'clock, Müller said to me:

"Come, let us go and take a turn in the street, we shall not be many minutes finding you a man."

We went out, and in the Market Place found a number of students belonging to various corps walking about, all of whom, as my companion informed me, were looking for opportunities to challenge some one, or force some one to challenge them.

"We shall very soon be suited," said he.

"We!" I said, "are you going to quarrel, too?"

"Yes," he answered carelessly. "I may as well do so now I am here. Ah! there is a man to whom I should like to say a few words."

We stopped opposite to the man whom Müller had pointed out, and to whom he said, after politely taking off his cap:

"I beg your pardon; but you look amazingly stupid."

The person thus addressed, bowed in his turn, told Müller that he should hear from him, and was passing on, when Müller said:

"Now do not be in such a hurry, for I should like to introduce my friend here to one of your men."

He stared, for he saw that I was an Englishman; but answered:

"If you will wait here for two minutes, I will bring you several, and then you can take your choice."

He left us, and I said to Müller:

"Show me which man you think will do for me, for I do not know how they can fight, and then I suppose the right thing will be for me to call him a fool at once."

"No, no," he answered; "that is not necessary, the fellow will know perfectly well what you want; a simple introduction is sufficient. Ah! here they are."

He selected one of the new arrivals, to whom he introduced me as Mr. Jones, of London.

We bowed to each other, and the ceremony of quarreling was complete; so Müller and I returned to the Kneipe. As soon as we entered, we were assailed with a volley of questions as

to where we had been, and what we had been doing.

"Oh! nothing particular," answered Müller, "our English friend here wants to fight, and so I have been out with him to help him to select an opponent."

"What! do you intend to fight, Englishman?" said the senior of the corps, as he shook me heartily by the hand; "that is right, old fellow. I am going to fight the day after to-morrow, so are several more of us, and your little affair can come off at the same time. Well done, Albion, I looks towards you." And he poured about a pint and a quarter of beer down his capacious throat.

I likewise bowed, then refilled my pipe, and sat down again with the rest to finish the remainder of the evening, and what beer was left in the cask, for they said it would be a pity to let it stand till morning, as it might get flat. We separated about midnight. I went home feeling like an incipient hero, and very naturally dreamt of nothing but carte and tierce all that night, and if only half the number of duels in which I imagined myself engaged had really come to pass, I might well have called myself the hero of a hundred fights. When I awoke the next morning I must confess that I did not feel quite comfortable; I had, when watching the students' duels, seen cheeks laid open, heads badly cut, and noses slit, and now I was going to expose myself to the very same thing; perhaps I should return to England with a scar right across my face, and then what would the Governor say? I remained in a very uncomfortable state all that day, for although I was by no means a despicable opponent in the fencing-room, where no one can be hurt, yet I could not tell what my sensations might be when I found myself without a helmet, facing an opponent armed with a sword a yard long and as sharp as a razor. However, I was in for it; there was no possible way of escape, so I concealed my fidgety state as well as I could, but still could not keep down unpleasant thoughts of gashed faces, and the consequent sewing up with needles and red silk, which constantly came into my head. At supper, too, that evening, I came in for a good deal of chaff, not exactly calculated to inspire me with additional confidence: one man, while examining the bill of fare before ordering his supper, remarked:

"Hm, bifsteck,—no, not to-day; an Englishman is going to be slaughtered to-morrow, so we shall have real English bifsteck then, shall we not, Albion?"

Another drew my attention to some cutlets on his plate, and asked how many similar ones could be cut out of me, for he said he had just made a bet upon the subject; and on finding me unable to give him the requisite information, remarked, "Well, never mind, we shall see to-morrow." Frequent allusions were also made to mince-meat, sausages, &c., till the senior kindly put an end to the chaff by calling to me from the top of the table, "Never mind what they say, Albion; if you fight as well in earnest as you do in the fencing-room, none of those fellows who are chaffing you so could touch you; I know the man

with whom you are going to fight; you are at least as good a swordsman as he; I will be your second myself, and if you only do as I tell you, all will be right."

After supper he left the room, to see our opponents, and make the final arrangements with them; and during his absence I really could not help casting anxious glances towards the door, which was presently thrown open, and he re-appeared.

"All right," he said; "to-morrow morning at eleven o'clock, at the usual place; the others will bring the doctor with them."

The doctor! who to-morrow would perhaps have to try to reunite, by means of needles and thread (or rather silk), the dissevered halves of my countenance. So said my fears and some of my friends; but I determined to banish all disagreeable thoughts, expressed myself perfectly satisfied with the arrangements, and took a long draught of beer to conceal my—delight. I rose the next morning about the usual time, after having passed a rather restless night, dressed myself in the darkest clothes I had, in order that the blood—if any were spilt—might show as little as possible upon them; and after a hurried breakfast proceeded to the Kneipe, from whence we were to drive to the scene of action. Arrived there, I found almost the whole of the corps assembled, endeavouring to pass away the time with the aid of pipes and beer.

"Hallo," I said, "are you fellows all going to cut lectures to-day?"

"Yes, old boy," they said, "to be sure we are; we are all coming out to see you fight."

"But," I replied, "as it is my first appearance in public, I should like as few spectators as possible."

"Nonsense," was the answer; "you know that there are thirty or forty to look on at every fight, and there will be double that number to-day, for every one knows that you are going out, and we never saw an Englishman fight before."

This I did not like at all; but I knew that nothing I could say would make them stay at home, so, as it was now barely ten and we were not to set off till half-past, I lighted a cigar, ordered some beer, and tried to persuade myself that I felt perfectly comfortable. The conversation was of a violent and decidedly sanguinary nature, consisting almost entirely of reminiscences of duels in which one or both of the combatants had been punished with unusual severity, and the Senior related to me, with great glee, how he had on one occasion cut his opponent's nose completely off! The vehicle drove up punctually at half-past ten; as many of us as could find room got in, and in about twenty minutes we arrived at the ground, where we found the other party and the surgeon. The Senior—a splendid swordsman—was the first to engage; and after a very spirited and scientific combat of about ten minutes' duration, put his opponent *hors de combat* by cutting his left cheek quite through. The surgeon immediately sewed up the gash, and the wounded hero was taken home, to amuse himself for the next three or four days with making iced applications to his cheek, and living upon soup, being, of course, most

strictly forbidden either to smoke or to touch any beer, which prohibition is about the severest punishment in the world for a German student. As soon as he had left the spot, Müller came towards me, and said, "Now then, old fellow, go and get bandaged, your turn comes next." I therefore followed him to the room where the duellists were bandaged, stripped to the waist, and was immediately dressed in a coarse linen shirt; a glove made of double leather, with a quantity of thin steel chain between the two thicknesses, intended to protect the hand and wrist, was put upon my right hand, and over that a sort of sleeve about an inch in thickness, formed of innumerable layers of silk, was drawn upon my arm, reaching from the wrist quite up to the shoulder. Over this again, a sort of rope, made of old silk stockings twisted, ran all along the outside of my arm, which was thus completely protected. A thick pad was then tied over the axillary artery, a long bandage wound round my throat, and a pair of "Paukhosen," things something like cricket-pads, but reaching nearly up to the heart, strapped on. My toilet was now complete, the head and the upper part of the chest only being exposed. My antagonist was ready about the same time, the usual formalities were gone through, and we faced each other. With a passing thought of what the consternation of the "Governor" would be, could he but see me at this moment, I put myself into position; my adversary did the same; the seconds shouted "Los!" or "Go it!" and at it we went, hammer and tongs, with an energy worthy of a better cause. To my great surprise and gratification, any nervousness which I might have felt before had now entirely vanished; I felt as cool and collected as if I were only practising in the fencing-room, but at the same time there was an excitement which I had never felt when using blunted weapons. When we had been fighting for about five minutes, I suddenly felt a sharp slap on the left cheek, and found that I had not completely parried a vicious horizontal cut in *carre*, and that the flat of my enemy's blade had struck me in the face, just drawing blood from the cheek. An appeal was of course made by the opposite second, and his claim of first blood was allowed.

We all paused for a few moments to recover breath and refresh ourselves with a glass of wine; during which pause my second whispered to me, "If he tries that cut again, and I feel sure that he will, return high tierce as quickly as possible." (This, by the by, is considered quite fair.)

I watched for this cut, which he soon did try again; as I had been told, I returned high tierce as quickly as I could; a large lock of my adversary's hair fell to the ground, and in a moment his face was covered with blood. I had given him a smart cut on the top of the head—a cut perhaps four inches in length, which was, however, not severe enough to prevent his continuing the fight, and so we fought on for some time, but without touching each other again, till the referee warned us that the time, which is limited to a quarter of an hour, was expired. We then shook hands, resumed our ordinary habiliments, and,

after my opponent's wound had been sewn up by the doctor, left the ground on the best of terms. Thus ended my first duel; but I found the excitement of fighting so very pleasant, that I said to myself, as we left the ground, "I'll fight again as often as I can." And I did. I joined the corps that evening, and in course of time became one of the seniors.

A ROYAL FRUIT.

THE POMEGRANATE.

IN days when fortune-telling, so far from being under the ban of a prosaic Police Act, was actually esteemed as a highly creditable profession, a lovely Scythian girl, seeking to know what Fate had in store for her, was assured by the soothsayers, whom she consulted, that she was destined, one day, to wear a crown. Happening soon after to be seen by Bacchus, the susceptible god became deeply enamoured of her, and she, thinking that an alliance, even though an irregular one, with an Olympian divinity, would assuredly prove the most effectual means of bringing the prophecy to pass, suffered herself to be beguiled by his ready but delusive promises. Too soon, alas! the fickle deity, wearied of her and forsook her, and the hapless maid, finding her dreams of love and ambition changed into a sad reality of tarnished name and fading beauty, could not survive the change, and, ere long, died a victim of disappointment and despair. Even Bacchus has his serious moments, and when at length he heard of the ruin he had wrought, touched with late remorse, he metamorphosed the dead maiden into a tree, placing upon the fruit it bore the crown he had promised but denied to her while living. Such, according to the French poet, Nicholas Rapin, was the origin of the pomegranate: the persistent calyx of the blossom of this tree not only remaining, as in the case of the apple, gooseberry, &c., as a component part of the fruit, but, increasing in size after the petals have fallen, its tube becomes the outer rind which surrounds the berries within, while the segments, surmounting the fruit with a circle of sharply-toothed points, form thus no inapt resemblance to a crown. This ensign of sovereignty being however a quite useless part of the fruit, led probably to the plant being adopted as the emblem of democracy, and also to its being chosen by Anne of Austria as her especial device, the accompanying motto proudly announcing, "My worth is not in my crown;" while the French, in the Isle of St. Vincent, put their comment upon this fructal diadem into the form of a riddle, asking

Quelle est la reine
Qui porte son royaume dans son sein ?

The tree seems to have been abundant in ancient Egypt, and to have been a favourite delicacy of the immigrant Israelites, their complaint against the desert into which Moses led them having comprised the charge that it was "no place of pomegranates," while the answering promise with which Moses sought to soothe the murmurers conveyed an explicit assurance that this fruit would form a part of the delights of the land to

which they were journeying. In Canaan, indeed, it proved to be one of the commonest fruits; several places were named after it, "Rimmon," in consequence of its specially abounding in their vicinity; and the inspired artists, who made the ministry of the beautiful a part of the service of religion, availed themselves largely of its elegant form in the ornamentation of priestly vestment and hallowed fane. Nor was it altogether overlooked by the heathen, for in the Isle of Eubœa stood formerly a statue of Juno, holding in one hand a sceptre, and in the other a pomegranate: and it was reckoned, too, among the growths of the Elysian fields; while the legend which commemorated its having a habitat there, and told how the sorrowing Ceres, seeking to win back her beloved Proserpine from the dismal shades whither she had been whirled by the Plutonian "Cœlebs in search of a wife," was forced at last to resign her to her grim ravisher, because his victim had for one moment so far forgotten her grief as to eat a few grains of this favourite fruit, invested it with tender and sacred associations in the minds of the ancients. By the Romans it was called the "Carthaginian Apple," having been brought to them, in the time of Sylla, from the neighbourhood of the renowned city of Carthage, where it greatly abounded, and whence, too, it is believed to have derived its botanical name, *punica*,* the ordinary appellation, *pomegranate*, tracing its etymology to the words *pomum granatum*, or *seeded apple*, alluding to its structure, which is very peculiar, combining the characteristics of several fruits, from each of which it differs greatly in other particulars. Externally viewed, its roundish form and adherent calyx would seem to identify it with the *pomes*; but then this outer case, instead of being eatable flesh, is only a dry leathery coat, something similar to that of the orange; yet is the transparent pulp within not collected into large masses, but a small portion of it surrounds each separate seed, as in the case of the gooseberry, only that here a thin enveloping skin is also added, forming each into a distinct little berry, of oval shape, but about the size and colour of a red currant, and regularly arranged in a double tier of compartments, divided horizontally by a sort of diaphragm, the upper part consisting of from five to nine cells, the walls of which, whereto the seeds adhere, extend from the sides of the fruit towards its centre; while in the lower range, which is smaller and comprises but three cells, irregular processes arise from the bottom.

In the wild kind the juice of these berries is very acid; but in the best cultivated varieties it is sweet and of a most agreeable flavour, while a medium or sub-acid sort is also commonly grown in gardens. In Aleppo, where the fruit ripens abundantly in August, the seeds, according to Russell's account of that place, form an important article of culinary use, the first kind being used as verjuice, and the others brought to table in the form of conserve or syrup, or are taken out of their leathery coats and served on little plates, uncooked, but strewn with sugar and rose-water. Wine, too, is sometimes extracted from them, a

* This name, however, is thought by some to be derived from *punicus* (scarlet), in allusion to the colour of the flower.

use which seems to have been known to the ancient Jews, as the name "Gath Rimmon," given to a spot in Canaan, signifies the "press of pomegranates;" and Solomon, too, explicitly promises the bride he woos, "I will cause thee to drink of spiced wine of the juice of my pomegranates."

The simply expressed juice is so refreshing that it is considered superior even to that of the orange, in cases of fever; while Lord Bacon recommends it (preferring, however, the wine if attainable) as very efficacious in liver complaints. It is common in Barbary, where, Shaw says, it often weighs a pound and measures three or four inches in diameter; and a famous kind, bearing seedless berries, is grown in gardens near Cabul in India, where, too, the natives, as we are told by Royle, employ the bark of the root to expel the tape-worm, a purpose to which it was applied so long since as in the days of Dioscorides. The flowers and the rind of the fruit are also sometimes used medicinally, both being powerfully astringent, while from the latter it is said ink can be made equal to that produced from galls; and either from it, or from the bark of the tree, according to different authorities, a red or yellow dye is extracted, still in use in some parts of Germany and elsewhere, to stain leather in imitation of morocco.

Early introduced into Southern Europe, it is supposed that Granada in Spain owes its name to this fruit having been planted there when first brought from Africa; and the idea is countenanced by the fact of a split pomegranate being displayed in the arms of that province. About Genoa and Nice it is grown in a bushy form, and hedges are commonly formed of it, though in many places it is trained to a height of fifteen or twenty feet, assuming the shape of a tree with a pruned stem six or eight feet high, surmounted by a spreading head similar in character to the hawthorn. The slender branches, some of which are armed with sharp thorns, are clothed with opposite leaves about three inches long, of very bright green, and bear at their extremities, either singly or in bunches of three or four together, the large and beautiful blossoms specially characterised by their thick red calyx, and five to seven petals of bright scarlet surrounding a crowd of stamens. These flowers appear in succession during the summer months from June to September, the fruit ripening about October, and sometimes hanging on the tree till the next spring or summer.

This plant was introduced into England during the reign of Henry VIII.: it was cultivated by Gerard, and is mentioned among the trees which fruited in the orange-house of Charles I. It will, however, grow well here in the open air, bearing its beautiful flowers in profusion, though but rarely ripening its fruit; and, the former becoming thus the principal object of the cultivator, the kind most usually grown is the double-flowered variety, which is barren, but bears large red, yellow, or variegated blossoms, and attains sometimes a very great size,—one trained against the walls of Fulham Palace, and supposed to be the largest in England, being at least forty feet high and fifty feet broad. In France the tree thrives well and lives long. Risso mentions

that some planted at Versailles were two or three centuries old; but there they will not bear exposure to the open air during early spring.

A dwarf species of pomegranate, bearing very small flowers and fruit, is indigenous to South America and the West Indies, but the ordinary sort has also been long since introduced there; and, in the latter place, produces larger and better fruit than in Europe; while a resident at Tacna in Peru, in a recent communication addressed to the London Horticultural Society, mentions that all the hedges in that part of the country are composed of this plant, and are covered in the season with abundance of beautiful fruit; of which, however, no use is made. It has also been introduced into the States of North America; and though in the colder provinces it requires to be grown on espaliers, and protected in the winter, it flourishes so well in the South, that, were it popularised, the Northern markets might be amply supplied thence; but, a taste for it having never been cultivated, no demand has yet arisen.

In the "Natural System of Botany," the pomegranate is generally placed among the myrtle-blossoms, though Lindley is inclined to separate it from them, on account of the singular structure of the fruit, which is almost individually peculiar. It, however, reckons among its near relatives the delicious guava, and the rose-apple of the East, as well as the pimento, or allspice, and the clove.

ASTERISK.

DAMSEL JOHN.*

DAMSEL JOHN is fair to see;
Damsel John is bold and free;
By his father rideth he.

Damsel John hath scarcely seen
Eighteen years: his life is green,
Yet his heart is aged, I ween.

Damsel John doth love a maid
Hidden in the country shade,
Daughter of plebeian grade.

She has lit the altar fire
Of young manhood's first desire:
Flames it high as funeral pyre.

Rich the peach-bloom of her cheek;
Hearts will throb, and eyes will speak;
Love is strong, and man is weak.

Many a night and many a day,
From the Court, with turrets grey,
To her bower he steals away.

Many a day and many a night
He is lost from all men's sight,
In that bower of delight.

There be some with serpent eyes,
Hearted like the snake which lies
Cold beneath blue summer skies.

* Damsel was originally an exclusive designation of the children of the king:—thus, the "Damsel" Richard, Prince of Wales. The title was afterwards extended to the offspring of nobles; but it always applied to both sexes.

Such an one hath found the lair
Of the Prince and lady fair,
Stealing, like the night-wind, there.

In his malice and his guile,
Rides he many a rugged mile,
Meets the King with deadly smile :

Whispers in his greedy ear
Words that pierce him like a spear
Of the low-born, sweet-eyed fere :

" Shall a Son of France bring shame ?
Tarnish his ancestral fame ?
Perish he, by sword or flame ! "

To the Court, with turrets grey,
Damsel John now takes his way :
" Sweet, not long from thee I stay ! "

Meets his father's loveless smile,
Meets the lord of serpent guile,
All unwitting ill the while.

Hears a raptured hermit preach
Of Christ's tomb, in Paynim's reach,
Of Saint Sepulchre's sad breach :

Wrongs of dames and virgins holy,
Knights that pine in dungeons slowly,
Pilgrims smit with melancholy.

Damsel John bath drunk the sound ;
He must hence to Syrian ground ;
Deal a death-wound to Mahound.

Damsel John must tarry not ;
Quick he tears him from the spot,
Turrets grey and hidden cot.

Laughs the father-king in glee ;
Laughs the serpent-lord full dree
In his guile and villany.

Weeks have numbered ten and nine,
And the blazing sun doth shine
O'er his head in Palestine.

Fever-parched and travel-sore,
Drags he o'er the burning shore ;
Yet he sings for evermore, —

" Love ! whom I have left behind,
Thou, in life, my heart do'st bind ;
True, in death, thou me shalt find "

But in short and troubled sleep
Visions weird his flesh make creep ;
Make him, groaning, wake and weep.

For he sees his lady fair
Dragged by her dishevelled hair,
Hears her cry of wild despair :

Sees her face so scared and pale ;
Sees a hand, in cruel mail,
Her long golden locks assail :

Sees—O shame !—the girl bowed low
At that false lord's saddle-bow ;
Sees him deal the dastard-blow :

Sees her dragged through brake and brier,
Through cold brook and village mire,
Fainting, ready to expire :

Sees her poor feet, white and wan,
Bleeding, where sharp thorns have gone,
Stain the stones they tread upon :

Hears foul words of deep disgrace,
Contumely, and insult base,
Cast into her suffering face.

Fiend-like, jeering her distress,
Grasping hard her golden tress,
Rides that false lord, merciless.

Damsel John hath never rest
For the anguish in his breast,
With hot fever-fire oppress.

Ever when his weary eye
Closes, is that vision nigh :
Soon he wakes with terror-cry.

Woeful, sick, he struggles on,
'Neath chill moon and raging sun ;
Reaches humbled Ascalon :

Stops not, though his strength is small,
Till he hears the clarion's call
Under Acre's leaguered wall.

Wounded sore, but not to die ;
Wins his spurs amidst the cry
Of the Christians' victory.

Then, in litter slowly borne,
Ignorant of night and morn,
Recking not of love or scorn,

Comes he back to pleasant France ;
Waking then, as from a trance,
Takes from faithful squire his lance—

Trembling seeks, alone, the cot
Ne'er in fever's dream forgot :
Finds the desolated spot ;

Every vestige swept away
From the eyesight of the day,
Roof and wall and flow'rets gay.

Weeps he tears that heroes weep ;
Swears he then his vengeance deep ;
Nought shall bar him—moat or keep.

Swears, with surging, struggling breath,
By his knightly crest and wreath,
That false lord shall die the death.

Black in soul, he turns away ;
Rides all night, until the day
Lights the Court with turrets gray.

There he sees his father ride ;
There, on destrier, by his side,
Sees the lord of guile and pride.

Dark his father's countenance,
Dark that false lord's hate-full glance,
As they watch th' approaching lance.

Few the words, and sharp the fight,
Till the dust that false lord bite :—
Hies his soul to endless night.

For a space the son and sire
Stand opposed, in speechless ire,
Glaring each like lightning fire.

Damsel John then spurs his horse
Through the golden summer gorse ;
Leaves his father to remorse.

Never more they meet again
In this world of changeul pain,
Hapless love, and shadows vain.

Manhood's joys nor regal pride
Knows he henceforth. At his side
Never stands a loving bride.

He hath laid his knighthood down,
Waives aside the coming crown,
Clad in ashen hood and gown,



In dim cell and cloister grey
Wears the rest of life away,
Breathing but to fast and pray.

And if tortured by a dream
Of sweet eyes that sadly gleam,
Tresses like a golden stream,—

Then to harder prayer he flies,
Hair-cloth, scourge, and bitter cries,
Self-inflicted agonies.

But, from men for ever gone,
None may find the nameless stone,
Where, at rest, sleeps Damsel John. BERT.

ELEANOR'S VICTORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AURORA FLOYD," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," &c.

CHAPTER. XIII. HAZLEWOOD.

A PHAETON and pair was in waiting for Mr. Monckton outside the Slough station. The vehicle was very plain, but had a certain quiet elegance of its own, and the horses had been sold at Tattersall's for something over five hundred pounds.

Eleanor Vane's spirits rose in spite of herself as she sat by the lawyer's side, driving at a rapid rate through the pretty pastoral country. They crossed the river almost immediately after leaving Slough, and dashed into Berkshire. They skirted Windsor Park and Forest, leaving the black outline of the castle keep looming in the dim distance behind them; and then turned into a quiet country road, where the green banks were dotted by clumps of early primroses, and the white-thorns were bursting into flower.

Eleanor looked rapturously at all this rural beauty. She was a Cockney, poor child, and her experience of the country was confined to rambles in Greenwich Park, or on Richmond Terrace; happy rambles with her father, prior to expensive dinners at the Crown and Sceptre, or the Star and Garter, as the case might be.

But the country, the genuine country, the long roads and patches of common, the glimpses of wood and water, the great deserts of arable land, the scattered farm-houses, and noisy farm-yards; all these were strange and new to her, and her soul expanded in the unfamiliar atmosphere.

If that drive could have lasted for ever, it would have been very delightful; but she knew that those splendid chestnut horses were carrying her at a terrible rate to her new home. Her new home! What right had she to call Hazlewood by that name? She was not going home. She was going to her first situation.

All the pride of birth, the foolish and mistaken pride in shipwrecked fortune and squandered wealth which this girl's weak-minded father had instilled into her, arose and rebelled against this bitter thought. What humiliation Mrs. Bannister's cruelty had inflicted upon her!

She was thinking this when Mr. Monckton suddenly turned his horses' heads away from the main road, and the phaeton entered a lane above which the branches of the still leafless trees made an overarching roof of delicate tracery.

At the end of this lane, in which the primroses seemed to grow thicker than in any other part of the country, there were some low wooden gates, and an old-fashioned iron lamp-post. On the other side of the gates there was a wide lawn shut in by a shrubbery and a grove of trees, and beyond the lawn glimmered the sunlit windows of a low white house; a rambling cottage, whose walls were half-hidden by trellis-work and ivy, and not one of whose windows or chimneys owned a fellowship with the others.

Pigeons were cooing and hens clucking somewhere behind the house, a horse began to neigh as the carriage stopped, and three dogs, one very

big, and two very little ones, ran out upon the lawn, and barked furiously at the phaeton.

Eleanor Vane could not help thinking the low-roofed, white-walled, ivy-covered irregular cottage very pretty, even though it was Hazlewood.

While the dogs were barking their loudest, a delicate little figure, fluttering in white and blue, came floating out of a window under the shadow of a verandah, and ran towards the gates.

It was the figure of a young lady, very fragile-looking and graceful. A young lady, whose complexion was fairer than a snow-drop, and whose loose floating hair was of the palest shade of flaxen.

"Be quiet, Julius Cæsar; be quiet, Mark Antony," she cried, to the dogs, who ran up to her and leaped and whirled about her, jumping almost higher than her head in an excess of canine spirits. "Be quiet, you big, wicked Julius Cæsar, or you shall go back to the stables, sir. Is this the way you behave yourself when I've had ever so much trouble to get you a half-holiday? Please, don't mind them, Miss Vincent," the young lady added, opening the gate, and looking up pleadingly at Eleanor; "they're only noisy. They wouldn't hurt you for the world; and they'll love you very much by-and-by, when they come to know you. I've been watching for you such a time, Mr. Monckton. The train must have been very slow this afternoon!"

"The train travelled at its usual speed, neither slower nor faster," the lawyer said, with a quiet smile, as he handed Eleanor out of the phaeton. He left the horses in the care of the groom, and walked on to the lawn with the two girls. The dogs left off barking at a word from him, though they had made very light of Miss Mason's entreaties. They seemed to know him, and to be accustomed to obey him.

"I know the afternoon seemed dreadfully long," the young lady said. "I thought the train must be behind its time."

"And, of course, you never thought of looking at your watch, Miss Mason," the lawyer said, pointing to a quantity of jewelled toys which hung at the young lady's blue sash.

"What's the good of looking at one's watch, if one's watch won't go?" said Miss Mason; "the sun has been going down ever so long, but the sun's so changeable, there's no relying on it. Mrs. Darrell has gone out in the pony-carriage to call upon some people near Woodlands."

Eleanor Vane started at the sudden mention of a name which had been so familiar to her from her dead father's lips.

"So I am all alone," continued Miss Mason, "and I'm very glad of that, because we shall get to know each other so much better by ourselves; shan't we, Miss Vincent?"

George Monckton had been walking between the two girls, but Laura Mason came round to Eleanor, and put her hand in that of Miss Vane.

It was a fat little childish hand, but there were rings glittering upon it, small as it was.

"I think I shall like you very much," Laura Mason whispered. "Do you think you shall like me?"

She looked up into Eleanor's face, with an entreating expression in her blue eyes; they were really blue eyes, a bright forget-me-not, or turquoise blue, as different as possible to the clear gray of Eleanor's eyes, which was for ever changing, sometimes purple, sometimes brown, sometimes black.

How could Miss Vane reply to this childish question, except in the affirmative? She had every inclination to love the babyish young lady, who was so ready to cling to her and confide in her. She had expected to find a haughty young heiress who would have flaunted her wealth before her penniless companion. But she had another reason for inclining tenderly towards this girl. She remembered what Mr. Monckton had said to her in the railway carriage.

"However friendless or desolate you may be, you can never be so friendless and desolate as she is."

She pressed the hand that clung to hers, and said, gravely:

"I'm sure I shall love you, Miss Mason, if you'll let me."

"And you'll not be dreadful about triplets, and arpeggios, and cinquepaced passages," the young lady said, piteously. "I don't mind music a bit, in a general way, you know; but I never could play triplets in time."

She led the way into a sitting-room under the verandah, as she talked. Eleanor went with her, hand-in-hand, and Mr. Monckton followed, keeping an attentive watch upon the two girls.

The sitting-room was, like the exterior of the cottage, very irregular and very pretty. It stood at one end of the house, and there were windows upon three sides of the room,—an oriel at the end opposite the door, a bay opening on to the verandah, and three latticed windows with deep oaken seats upon the other side.

The furniture was pretty, but very simple and inexpensive. The chintz curtains and chair-covers were sprinkled with rose-buds and butterflies; the chairs and tables were of shining maple-wood, and there was a good supply of old china arranged here and there upon brackets and cabinets of obsolete form. The pale cream-coloured walls were hung with a few prints and water-coloured sketches; but beyond this the chamber had no adornments.

Laura Mason led Eleanor to one of the window-seats, where a litter of fancy-work, and two or three open books tumbled carelessly here and there amongst floss-silks and Berlin wools and scraps of embroidery, gave token of the young lady's habits.

"Will you take off your things here," she said, "or shall I show you your own room at once? It's the blue room, next to mine. There's a door between the two rooms, so we shall be able to talk to each other whenever we like. How dreadfully you must want something to eat after your journey! Shall I ring for cake and wine, or shall

we wait for tea? We always drink tea at seven, and we dine very early; not like Mr. Monckton, who has a grand late dinner every evening."

The lawyer sighed.

"Rather a desolate dinner, sometimes, Miss Mason," he said, gravely; "but you remind me that I shall be hardly in time for it, and my poor housekeeper makes herself wretched when the fish is spoiled."

He looked at his watch.

"Six o'clock, I declare; good-bye, Laura; good-bye, Miss Vincent. I hope you will be happy at Hazlewood."

"I am *sure* I shall be happy with Miss Mason," Eleanor answered.

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Monckton, elevating his straight black eyebrows, "is she so very fascinating, then? I'm sorry for it," he muttered under his breath as he walked away after shaking hands with the two girls.

They heard the phaeton driving away three minutes afterwards.

Laura Mason shrugged her shoulders with an air of relief.

"I'm glad he's gone," she said.

"But you like him very much. He's very good, isn't he?"

"Oh, yes, very, very good, and I do like him. But I'm afraid of him, I think, because he's so good. He always seems to be watching one and finding out one's faults. And he seems so sorry because I'm frivolous, and I can't help being frivolous when I'm happy."

"And are you always happy?" Eleanor asked. She thought it very possible that this young heiress, who had never known any of those bitter troubles which Miss Vane had found associated with "money matters," might indeed be *always* happy. But Laura Mason shook her head.

"Always, except when I think," she said; "but when I think about papa and mamma, and wonder who they were, and why I never knew them, I can't help feeling very unhappy."

"They died when you were very young, then?" Eleanor said.

Laura Mason shook her head with a sorrowful gesture.

"I scarcely know when they died," she answered; "I know that I can remember nothing about them; the first thing I recollect is being with a lady, far down in Devonshire—a lady who took the charge of several little girls. I stayed with her till I was ten years old, and then I was sent to a fashionable school at Bayswater, and I stayed there till I was fifteen, and then I came here, and I've been here two years and a-half. Mr. Monckton is my guardian, you know, and he says I am a very lucky girl, and will have plenty of money by-and-by; but what's the use of money if one has no relations in all the wide world? and he tells me to attend to my education, and not to be frivolous, or care for dress and jewellery, but to try and become a good woman. He talks to me very seriously, and almost frightens me sometimes with his grave manner; but, for all that, he's very kind, and lets me have almost everything I ask him for. He's tremendously rich himself,

you know, though he is only a professional man, and he lives at a beautiful place four miles from here, called Tolldale Priory. I used to ask him questions about papa and mamma, but he would never tell me anything. So now I never speak to him about them."

She sighed as she finished speaking, and was silent for some few minutes; but she very quickly recovered her spirits and conducted Eleanor to a pretty rustic chamber with a lattice window looking on to the lawn.

"Mrs. Darrell's man is gone to fetch your luggage," Miss Mason said, "so you must have my brushes and combs, please, for your hair, and then we'll go down to tea."

She led Eleanor into the adjoining apartment, where the dressing-table was littered with all manner of womanly frivolities, and here Miss Vane re-arranged her luxuriant golden brown hair, which no longer was allowed to fall about her shoulders in rippling curls, but was drawn simply away from her forehead, and rolled in a knot at the back of her head. She was a woman now, and had begun the battle of life.

A pony-carriage drove up to the gate while Eleanor was standing at the glass by the open window, and Mrs. Darrell got out and walked across the lawn towards the house.

She was a tall woman, unusually tall for a woman, and she was dressed in black silk, which hung about her angular limbs in heavy, lustreless folds. Eleanor could see that her face was pale, and her eyes black and flashing.

The two girls went down stairs hand-in-hand. Tea was prepared in the dining-room, a long wainscoted apartment older than the rest of the house, and rather gloomy-looking. Three narrow windows upon one side of this room looked towards the shrubbery and grove at the back of the house, and the trunks of the trees looked gaunt and black in the spring twilight. A fire was burning upon the low hearth, and a maid-servant was lighting a lamp in the centre of the table as the two girls went in.

Mrs. Darrell welcomed her dependant very politely; but there was a harshness and a stiffness in her politeness which reminded Eleanor of her half-sister, Mrs. Bannister. The two women seemed to belong to the same school, Miss Vane thought.

The lamplight shone full upon Mrs. Darrell's face, and Eleanor could see now that the face was a handsome one, though faded and careworn. The widow's hair was gray, but her eyes retained the flashing brightness of youth. They were very dark and lustrous, but their expression was scarcely pleasant. There was too much of the hawk or eagle in their penetrating glance.

But Laura Mason did not seem at all afraid of her protectress.

"Miss Vincent and I are good friends already, Mrs. Darrell," she said, gaily, "and we shall be as happy together as the day is long, I hope."

"And I hope Miss Vincent will teach you industrious habits, Laura," Mrs. Darrell answered, gravely.

Miss Mason made a grimace with her pretty red under lip.

Eleanor took the seat indicated to her, a seat at the end of the dining-table, and exactly opposite to Mrs. Darrell, who sat with her back to the fire-place.

Sitting here, Eleanor could scarcely fail to observe an oil painting—the only picture in the room—which hung over the mantelpiece. It was the portrait of a young man, with dark hair clustering about a handsome forehead, regular features, a pale complexion, and black eyes. The face was very handsome, very aristocratic, but there was a want of youthfulness, of the fresh, eager spirit of boyhood, in its expression. A look of listlessness and hauteur hung like a cloud over the almost faultless features.

Mrs. Darrell watched Eleanor's eyes as the girl looked at this picture.

"You are looking at my son, Miss Vincent," she said; "but perhaps it is scarcely necessary to tell you so. People say there is a strong likeness between us."

There was indeed a very striking resemblance between the faded face below and the pictured face above. But it seemed to Eleanor Vane as if the mother's face, faded and careworn though it was, was almost the younger of the two. The listless indifference, the utter lack of energy in the lad's countenance, was so much the more striking when contrasted with the youthfulness of the features.

"Yes," exclaimed Laura Mason, "that is Mrs. Darrell's only son, Launcelot Darrell. Isn't that a romantic name, Miss Vincent?"

Eleanor started. This Launcelot Darrell was the heir presumptive to the De Crespigny estate. How often she had heard the young man's name! It was he, then, who would have stood between her father and fortune, had that dear father lived, or whose claim of kindred would, perhaps, have had to make way for the more sacred right of friendship.

And this young man's portrait was hanging in the room where she sat. He lived in the house, perhaps. Where should he live except in his mother's house?

But Eleanor's mind was soon relieved upon this point, for Laura Mason, in the pauses of the business of the tea-table, talked a good deal about the original of the portrait.

"Don't you think him handsome, Miss Vincent?" she asked, without waiting for an answer. "But of course you do; everybody thinks him handsome; and then Mrs. Darrell says he's so elegant, so tall, so aristocratic. He is to have Woodlands by-and-by, and all Mr. de Crespigny's money. But of course you don't know Woodlands or Mr. de Crespigny. How should you, when you've never been in Berkshire before? And he—not Mr. Crespigny, he's a nasty, fidgety, hypocrite—what's his name—old man?—but Launcelot Darrell is so accomplished. He's an artist, you know, and all the water-coloured sketches in the drawing-room and the breakfast-parlour are his; and he plays and sings, and he dances exquisitely, and he rides and plays cricket, and he's a—what you may call it—a crack shot; and, in short, he's an Admirable Crichton. You mustn't fancy I'm in love with him, you know, Miss Vincent," the

young lady added, blushing and laughing, "because I never saw him in my life, and I only know all this by hearsay."

"You never saw him!" repeated Eleanor.

Launcelot Darrell did not live at Hazlewood, then.

"No," the widow interposed; "my son has enemies, I am sorry to say, amongst his own kindred. Instead of occupying the position his talents, to say nothing of his birth, entitle him to, he has been compelled to go out to India in a mercantile capacity. I do not wonder that his spirit rebels against such an injustice. I do not wonder that he cannot forgive."

Mrs. Darrell's face darkened as she spoke, and she sighed heavily. By-and-by, when the two girls were alone together in the breakfast-room, Laura Mason alluded to the conversation at the tea-table.

"I don't think I ought to have talked about Launcelot Darrell," she said; "I know his mother is unhappy about him, though I don't exactly know why. You see his two aunts who live at Woodlands are nasty, scheming old-maids, and they contrived to keep him away from his great-uncle, Mr. de Crespigny, who is expected to leave him all his money. Indeed, I don't see who else he can leave it to now. There was an old man—a college friend of Mr. de Crespigny's—who expected to get the Woodlands estate; but of course that was an absurd idea; and the old man—the father of that very Mrs. Bannister who recommended you to Mrs. Darrell, by-the-bye—is dead. So all chance of that sort of thing is over."

"And Mr. Launcelot Darrell is sure to have the fortune?" Eleanor said, interrogatively, after a very long pause.

"Yes, if Mr. de Crespigny dies without a will. But those two cantankerous old-maids, Mrs. Darrell's sisters, are at him night and day, and they may persuade him at last, or they may have succeeded in persuading him, perhaps, ever so long ago, to make a will in their favour. Of course all this makes Mrs. Darrell very unhappy. She idolises her son, who is an only child, and was terribly spoiled when he was a boy, they say; and she does not know whether he will be a rich man or a pauper."

"And, in the meantime, Mr. Darrell is in India?"

"Yes. He went to India three years ago. He's overseer to an indigo-planter up the country, at some place with an unpronounceable name, hundreds and hundreds of miles from Calcutta. He's not at all happy, I believe, and he very seldom writes—not above once in a twelvemonth."

"He is not a good son, then," Eleanor said.

"Oh, I don't know about that! Mrs. Darrell never complains, and she's very proud of him. She always speaks of him as 'my son.' But, of course, what with one thing and another, she is often very unhappy. So, if she is a little severe, now and then, we'll try and bear with her, won't we, Eleanor? I may call you Eleanor, mayn't I?"

The pretty flaxen head dropped upon Miss Vane's shoulder, as the heiress asked this question, and the blue eyes were lifted pleadingly.

"Yes, yes; I would much rather be called Eleanor than Miss Vincent."

"And you'll call me Laura. Nobody ever calls me Miss Mason except Mr. Monckton when he lectures me. We shall be very, very happy together, I hope, Eleanor."

"I hope so, dear."

There was a sudden pang of mingled fear and remorse at Eleanor Vane's heart as she said this. Was she to be happy, and to forget the purpose of her life? Was she to be happy, and false to the memory of her murdered father? In this quiet country life; in this pleasant girlish companionship which was so new to her, was she to abandon that one dark dream, that one deeply-rooted desire which had been in her mind ever since her father's untimely death?

She recoiled with a shudder of dread from the simple happiness which threatened to lull her to a Sybarite rest, in which that deadly design might lose its force and, little by little, fade out of her mind.

She disengaged herself from the slight arms which had encircled her in a half-childish caress, and rose suddenly to her feet.

"Laura," she cried, "Laura, you mustn't talk to me like this. My life is not like yours. I have something to do,—I have a purpose to achieve; a purpose before which every thought of my mind, every impulse of my heart, must give way."

"What purpose, Eleanor?" asked Laura Mason, almost alarmed by the energy of her companion's manner.

"I cannot tell you. It is a secret," Miss Vane replied.

Then sitting down once more in the deep window-seat by Laura's side, Eleanor Vane drew her arm tenderly round the frightened girl's waist.

"I'll try and do my duty to you, Laura, dear," she said, "and I know I shall be happy with you. But if ever you see me dull and silent, you'll understand, dear, that there is a secret in my life, and that there is a hidden purpose in my mind that sooner or later must be achieved. Sooner or later," she repeated, with a sigh, "but Heaven only knows when."

She was silent and absent-minded during the rest of the evening, though she played one of her most elaborate fantasias at Mrs. Darrell's request, and perfectly satisfied that lady's expectations by the brilliancy of her touch. She was very glad when, at ten o'clock, the two women servants of the simple household and a hobdadohoyish young man, who looked after the pony and pigs and poultry-yard, and smelt very strongly of the stable, came in to hear prayers read by Mrs. Darrell.

"I know you're tired, dear," Laura Mason said, as she bade Eleanor good night at the door of her bed-room, "so I won't ask you to talk to me to-night. Get to bed, and go to sleep at once, dear."

But Eleanor did not go to bed immediately; nor did she fall asleep until very late that night.

She unfastened one of her trunks, and took from it a little locked morocco casket, which held

a few valueless and old-fashioned trinkets that had been her mother's, and the crumpled fragment of her father's last letter.

She sat at the little dressing-table, reading the disjointed sentences in that melancholy letter, before she undressed, and then replaced the scrap of paper in the casket.

She looked at the lawn and shrubbery. The shining leaves of the evergreens trembled in the soft April breeze, and shimmered in the moonlight. All was silent in that simple rustic retreat. The bare branches of the tall trees near the low white gates were sharply defined against the purple sky. High up in the tranquil heavens the full moon shone out from a pale back-ground of fleecy cloud.

The beauty of the scene made a very powerful impression upon Eleanor Vane. The window from which she had been accustomed to look in Bloomsbury abutted on a yard, a narrow gorge of dirt and disorder, between the dismal back walls of high London houses.

"I ought never to have come here," Eleanor thought bitterly, as she let fall her dimity window curtain and shut out the splendour of the night. "I ought to have stayed in London; there was some hope of my meeting that man in London, where strange things are always happening. But here—"

She fell into a gloomy reverie. Secluded in that quiet rustic retreat, what hope could she have of advancing, by so much as one footstep, upon the dark road she had appointed for herself to tread?

It was very long before she fell asleep. She lay for hours, tumbling and tossing feverishly upon her comfortable bed.

The memories of her old life mingled themselves with thoughts of her new existence. She was haunted now by the recollection of her father, and her father's death; now by her fresh experiences of Hazlewood, by the widow's grey hair and penetrating gaze, and by the pictured face of Launcelot Darrell.

CHAPTER XIV. THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

THE course of Eleanor's life at Hazlewood was peaceful and monotonous. She had been engaged simply as a "companion" for Laura Mason. That common epithet which is so often twisted into the signification of a household drudge—an upper-servant, who works harder than any of her fellows—in this case meant purely and simply what it was originally intended to mean. Eleanor's only duties were to teach Laura Mason music, and to be the companion and associate of all her girlish pleasures and industries.

Not that Miss Mason was very industrious. She had a habit of beginning great undertakings in the way of fancy work, and the more gigantic the design the more ardent was her desire to attempt it—but she rarely got beyond the initiative part of her labour. There was always some "Dweller on the Threshold" in the shape of a stitch that couldn't be learnt, or a skein of silk that couldn't be matched, or a pattern that wouldn't come right; and one after another of the gigantic undertakings was flung aside to decay

in dusty oblivion, or to be finished by Eleanor or Mrs. Darrell.

Laura Mason was not made for the active service of life. She was one of the holiday soldiers in the great army, fit for nothing but to wear gilded epaulettes and gorgeous uniforms, and to turn out upon gala days to the sound of trumpet and drum.

She was a loving, generous-hearted, confiding creature; but, like some rudderless boat drifting hither and thither before a stormy ocean, this frivolous, purposeless girl flung herself, helpless and dependent, upon the mercy of other people.

The rich City solicitor, Mr. Monckton, the head of a celebrated legal firm familiar in the Bankruptcy Court, took the trouble to say very little about his pretty, flaxen-haired, and blue-eyed ward.

He spoke of her, indeed, with an almost pointed indifference. She was the daughter of some people he had known in his early youth, he said, and her fortune had been entrusted to his care. She would be rich, but he was none the less anxious about her future. A woman was not generally any the safer in this world for being an heiress.

This was all Gilbert Monckton had ever said to Mrs. Darrell upon the subject of his ward's past history. Laura herself had talked freely enough of her two first homes. There was little to tell, but, upon the other hand, there seemed nothing to conceal.

Upon one subject Mr. Monckton was very strict, and that was the seclusion of the home he had chosen for his ward.

"When Miss Mason is of age she will of course choose for herself," he said; "but until that time comes I must beg, Mrs. Darrell, that you will keep her out of all society."

Under these circumstances it was especially necessary that Laura Mason should have a companion of her own age. Hazlewood was a hermitage, never approached by any visitors except some half-dozen elderly ladies, who were intimate with Mrs. Darrell, and Mr. Monckton, who came about once a fortnight to dine and spend the evening.

He used to devote himself very much to Laura and her companion during these visits. Eleanor could see how earnestly he watched the flaxen-haired girl, whose childish simplicity no doubt made her very bewitching to the grave man of business. He watched her and listened to her; sometimes with a pleased smile, sometimes with an earnest and anxious face; but his attention very rarely wandered from her.

"He must love her very dearly," Eleanor thought, remembering how earnestly he had spoken in the railway carriage.

She wondered what was the nature of the affection which the solicitor felt for his ward. He was old enough to be her father, it was true, but he was still in the prime of life; he had not that beauty of feature and complexion which a school-girl calls handsome, but he had a face which leaves its impress upon the minds of those who look at it.

He was very clever, or at least he seemed so to Eleanor; for there was no subject ever mentioned, no topic ever discussed, with which he did not

appear thoroughly familiar, and upon which his opinions were not original and forcible. Eleanor's intellect expanded under the influence of this superior masculine intelligence. Her plastic mind, so ready to take any impression, was newly moulded by its contact with this stronger brain. Her education, very imperfect before, seemed to complete itself now by the force of association with a clever man.

Of course all this came about by slow degrees. She did not very rapidly become familiar with Gilbert Monckton, for his grave manner was rather calculated to inspire diffidence in a very young woman; but little by little, as she grew accustomed to his society, accustomed to sit quietly in the shade, only speaking now and then, while Laura Mason talked familiarly to her guardian, she began to discover how much she had gained from her association with the lawyer. It was not without some bitterness of spirit that Eleanor Vane thought of this. She felt as if she had been an interloper in that quiet Hazlewood household. What right had she to come between Laura and her guardian, and steal the advantages Mr. Monckton intended for his ward? It was for Laura's sake he had been earnest or eloquent; it was for Laura's benefit he had described this, or explained that. What right, then, had she, Eleanor, to remember what Laura had forgotten, or to avail herself of the advantages Laura was too frivolous to value?

There was a gulf between the two girls that could not be passed, even by affection. Eleanor Vane's mental superiority placed her so high above Laura Mason that perfect confidence could not exist between them. Eleanor's love for the light-hearted, heedless girl had something almost motherly in its nature.

"I know we shall never quite understand each other, Laura," she said; "but I think I could give up my life for your sake, my dear."

"Or I for you, Nelly."

"No, no, Laura. I know you are unselfish as an angel, and you'd wish to do so; but yours is not the giving-up nature, my darling. You'd die under a great sorrow."

"I think I should, Nelly," the girl answered, drawing closer to her friend, and trembling at the very thought of calamity; "but how you speak, dear. Had you ever a great sorrow?"

"Yes, a very great one."

"And yet you are happy with us, and can sing and play, and ramble about in the woods with me, Nell, as if you had nothing on your mind."

"Yes, Laura, but I can remember my sorrow all the time. It's hidden so deep in my heart that the sunshine never reaches it, however happy I may seem."

Laura Mason sighed. The spoiled child of fortune could not help wondering how she would act under the influence of a great misery. She would sit down upon the ground in some darkened room, she thought, and cry until her heart broke and she died.

The summer faded into autumn, and autumn into winter, and the early spring flowers bloomed again in the shrubberies and on the lawn at

Hazlewood. The primroses were pale upon the tender grass of the sloping banks in the wooded lane near the gates, and still no event had happened to break the tranquil monotony of that secluded household. Eleanor had grown familiar with every nook in the rambling old cottage; even with Launcelot Darrell's apartments, a suite of rooms on the bed-room floor, looking out into the grove at the back of the house. These rooms had been shut up for years, ever since Launcelot had sailed for India, and they had a gloomy, desolate look, though fires were lighted in them periodically, and every scrap of furniture was kept carefully dusted.

"The rooms must always be ready," Mrs. Darrell said. "Mr. de Crespigny may die without having made a will, and my son may be called home suddenly."

So the three rooms, a bed-room, dressing-room, and sitting-room, were kept in perfect order, and Laura and Eleanor wandered into them sometimes, in the idleness of a wet afternoon, and looked at the pictures upon the walls, the unfinished sketches piled one upon the top of another on the easel, or tried the little cottage piano, upon which Mr. Darrell had been wont to accompany himself when he sang. His mother always insisted upon this piano being tuned when the tuner came from Windsor to attend to Laura Mason's modern grand. The two girls used to talk a good deal of the widow's handsome son. They had heard him spoken of by his mother, by the servants, and by the few humble neighbours in scattered cottages near Hazlewood. They talked of his uncertain fortunes, his accomplishments, his handsome, haughty face, which Laura declared was faultless. Miss Vane had been a twelvemonth at Hazlewood. Her eighteenth birthday was past, and the girlishness of her appearance had matured into the serene beauty of early womanhood. The golden tints of her hair had deepened into rich auburn, her gray eyes looked darker under the shadow of her dark brows. The Signora and Richard Thornton declared that she had altered very much since she had left them, and were surprised at her matured beauty when she went to spend a brief Christmas holiday with her old friends. She bought the silk gown for Eliza Piccirillo, and the meerschaum pipe for poor Dick, who needed no memorial of his adopted sister, for her image haunted him only too perpetually, to the destruction of all other images which might else have found a place in the scene-painter's heart.

Eleanor Vane felt a pang of remorse as she remembered how very easily she had borne her separation from these faithful friends. It was not that she loved them less, or forgot their goodness to her. She had no such ingratitude as that wherewith to reproach herself; but she felt as if she had committed a sin against them in being happy in the calm serenity of Hazlewood.

She said this to Richard Thornton during the brief Christmas visit. They had walked out once more in the quiet streets and squares in the early winter twilight.

"I feel as if I had grown selfish and indifferent," she said. "The months pass one after another."

It is two years and a half since my father died, and I am not one step nearer to the discovery of the man who caused his death. Not one step. I am buried alive at Hazlewood. I am bound hand and foot. What can I do, Richard; what can I do? I could go mad almost when I remember that I am a poor helpless girl, and that I may never be able to keep the oath I swore when I first read my dead father's letter. And you, Richard, in all this time you have done nothing to help me."

The scene-painter shook his head sadly enough.

"What can I do, my dear Eleanor? What I told you nearly a year ago, I tell you again now. This man will never be found. What hope have we? what chance of finding him? We might hear his name to-morrow, and we should not know it. If either of us met him in the street, we should pass him by. We might live in the same house with him, and be ignorant of his presence."

"No, Richard," cried Eleanor Vane. "I think if I met that man some instinct of hate and horror would reveal his identity to me."

"My poor romantic Nelly, you talk as if life was a melodrama. No, my dear, I say again, this man will never be found; the story of your father's death is unhappily a common one. Let that sad story rest, Nell, with all the other mournful records of the past. Believe me that you cannot do better than be happy at Hazlewood; happy in your innocent life, and utterly forgetful of the foolish vow you made when you were little better than a child. If all the improbabilities that you have ever dreamt of were to come to pass, and vengeance were in your grasp, I hope and believe, Nell, that a better spirit would arise within you, and prompt you to let it go."

Richard Thornton spoke very seriously. He had never been able to speak of Eleanor's scheme of retribution without grief and regret. He recognised the taint of her father's influence in this vision of vengeance and destruction. All George Vane's notions of justice and honour had been rather the meretricious and flimsy ideas of a stage play, than the common-sense views of real life. He had talked incessantly to his daughter about days of retribution; gigantic vengeance which were looming somewhere in the far-away distance, for the ultimate annihilation of the old man's enemies. This foolish, ruined spendthrift, who cried out against the world because his money was spent, and his place in that world usurped by wiser men, had been Eleanor's teacher during her most impressionable years. It was scarcely to be wondered at, then, that there were some flaws in the character of this motherless girl, and that she was ready to mistake a pagan scheme of retribution for the Christian duty of filial love.

Midsummer had come and gone, when an event occurred to break the tranquillity of that simple household.

The two girls had lingered late in the garden one evening early in July. Mrs. Darrell sat writing in the breakfast-parlour. The lamplight glimmered under the shadow of the verandah, and the widow's tall figure seated at her desk was visible through the open bay-window.

Laura and her companion had been talking for a long time, but Eleanor had lapsed into silence

at last, and stood against the low white gate with her elbow resting upon the upper bar, looking thoughtfully out into the lane. Miss Mason was never the first to be tired of talking. A silvery torrent of innocent babble was for ever gushing from her red, babyish lips; so, when at last Eleanor grew silent and absent-minded, the heiress was fain to talk to her dogs, her darling silky Skye, whose great brown eyes looked out from a ball of floss silk that represented the animal's head; and her Italian greyhound, a slim shivering brute, who wore a coloured flannel paletot, and exhibited a fretful and whimpering disposition, far from agreeable to any one but his mistress.

There was no moon upon this balmy July night, and the hulking hobadahoy of all work came out to light the lamp while the two girls were standing at the gate. This lamp gave a pleasant aspect to the cottage upon dark nights, and threw a bright line of light into the darkness of the lane.

The boy had scarcely retired with his short ladder and flaming lantern, when the two pet dogs began to bark violently, and a man came out of the darkness into the line of lamplight.

Laura Mason gave a startled scream, but Eleanor caught her by the arm, to check her foolish outcry.

There was nothing very alarming in the aspect of the man. He was only a tramp: not a common beggar, but a shabby-genteel-looking tramp, whose threadbare coat was of a fashionable make, and who, in spite of his ragged slovenliness, had something the look of a gentleman.

"Mrs. Darrell still lives here, does she not?" he asked rather eagerly.

"Yes."

It was Eleanor who answered. The dogs were still barking and Laura was still looking very suspiciously at the stranger.

"Will you tell her, please, that she is wanted out here by some one who has something important to communicate to her," the man said.

Eleanor was going towards the house to deliver this message, when she saw Mrs. Darrell coming across the lawn. She had been disturbed at her writing by the barking of the dogs.

"What is the matter, Miss Vincent?" she asked, sharply. "Who are you and Laura talking to, out here?"

She walked from the two girls to the man, who stood back a little way outside the gate, with the lamplight shining full upon his face.

The widow looked sternly at this man who had dared to come to the gate at nightfall and to address the two girls under her charge.

But her face changed as she looked at him, and a wild cry broke from her lips.

"Launcelot, Launcelot, my son!"

(To be continued.)

A DANISH VISIT TO ENGLAND A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

To those who have so recently witnessed, or, as our allies say, "assisted at," the reception of the beautiful Danish Bride, it may not be uninteresting to hear something of a former visit from a Royal Dane (just a hundred years ago) to our English shores.

As everybody has been so frequently reminded of late, the royal families of Denmark and England have been several times united by matrimonial alliances. Still remembered with love by the Danes is one beautiful Queen who came from England—Louisa, the daughter of George II. and Caroline of Anspach. She was married in 1743 to Frederick V., and died at the early age of twenty-eight, 1751, leaving a son and three daughters. The son, Christian VII., was married, from motives of state policy, to the Princess Caroline-Matilda of England, his cousin. The story of this much-injured pair is as strange and sad as any fairy tale of stepdame's malice, but it is not now necessary to recall it. It is sufficient to say that some little time after his marriage King Christian resolved to visit his young wife's Fatherland.

There were some traits of his mother's Stuart ancestors in the young monarch. He was witty, playful, and generous; but his stepmother is said to have purposely brought him up without restraint, and his early youth resembled that of our own mad-cap Prince of Wales which Shakspeare's genius has retrieved from disgrace, and of which his own noble manhood wiped away the evil from Harry V. He tricked waiters in Copenhagen, broke the heads of Danish Dogberrys, and was even taken into custody for breaking the King's peace! On his way to England such an adventure as might have befallen our own merry monarch, Charles II., occurred to him at Amsterdam. Accompanied by Count Holckte, he visited the Pyl, a noted sailors' tavern, disguised as a seaman, and played his part to admiration; till a brawny fishwife, struck by the delicacy of his complexion and features, declared that "a lady" had come amongst them, knocked off his hat, and seized him by the waistcoat, the buttons of which gave way, and revealed a richly embroidered vest—the fashion of that day of splendid dress—and a magnificent star of brilliants. At the same moment his flaxen locks fell upon his shoulders. The dancing-room was crowded with foreigners, and in an instant the young sailor was recognised as the Count de Travendaal, the travelling title of the King of Denmark. The rude dancers at once removed their hats, and the fishwife drew back dismayed; but the young monarch laughed, threw a handful of ducats to his betrayer, and, bowing gracefully, hastened from the room.

One of the royal yachts was dispatched by order of George III. to Calais, to convey the young King to Dover, where a numerous train of royal carriages were sent to bring the royal guest to London. But the erratic stranger, who was come to "fright the staid isle from its propriety," declined his brother-in-law's coaches and servants, and travelled post. Canterbury had prepared him a formal reception, which he found it impossible to escape; but he contrived to intimate through his chaplain to the astonished church dignitaries that he had "an unconquerable aversion to long sermons and long speeches."

The apartment in the Stable-yard at St. James's (where in 1814 the King of Prussia was lodged) was in 1768 assigned as the metropolitan abode of the King of Denmark. His Chamberlain,

Count Holckte, preceded his giddy master to inspect the accommodations allotted him, and, struck by the mean exterior of the English palace compared with that of Denmark, he was guilty of a pun, exclaiming: "This will never do! It is not fit to lodge a *Christian* in." But the sight of the interior reconciled him to it.

Alas! The society of England, like her ugly palace, was of the dullest for such a madcap guest. The grave formality of Queen Charlotte's court was to him unbearable. After the twelve or fourteen hours of solemn visiting daily inflicted on him, he was wont to cast off his royalty, and visit in disguise every part of London: now revelling with the wild Irish in St. Giles's, now joining the coarse carousing of the sailors at Wapping. On the same night that he opened the magnificent ball given in his honour at Sion House, with the Queen of England for his partner, he cast off his gorgeous attire, and in a blue jacket, trousers, and round hat, joined in an Irish jig in St. Giles's! These adventures exposed him to no slight peril at times. Once he received a blow, which he instantly returned; possessing to a very high degree the reckless courage and love of fighting belonging to his Sea-king ancestors.

He was also generous and full of sensibility. In one of his City rambles he saw a poor tradesman being carried off to prison, followed by his weeping family. Touched by this scene of domestic misery, he ordered Count Holckte to follow them, pay the debt and costs, and give the poor debtor five hundred dollars to begin business again.

Whenever he appeared as the King of Denmark, he was followed by immense crowds, for his character was one which, with all its faults, could not fail to be popular, and his good nature delighted in giving the simple folks pleasure. He would order his coachman to drive slowly and cautiously, and he would lean forward, and smilingly acknowledge the greetings of the populace. The schoolmaster had not been abroad in those days, and "the mob" were but a rude, untaught set. An old lady who remembers (very long afterwards) the visit of the Allied Sovereigns to England, and the Prince Regent reviewing the volunteers of those days in Hants, informs us that the people pinched his Royal Highness to "see if he were made of like flesh and blood with them," and paid Blucher the same singular compliment. The King of Denmark too was exposed occasionally to similar remarks: such as:—

"What a spinny thing it is!" "What a Jack-a-dandy!" "Can that be a king?" "Why, our George would make two or three such." And the good-natured King would laugh heartily.

But far more generally his beauty, his grace, and the fascination of his inexhaustible good nature, produced the wildest admiration, and a *furore* which we can fully understand just at present! One day, as the King's coach drove up to St. James's, a handsome girl burst through the line of attendants, caught the Danish sovereign in her arms, as he alighted from his carriage, and kissed him heartily, exclaiming, as she released the astonished stranger: "Now kill me, if you please! I have kissed the prettiest fellow in the world, and

I shall die contented." The King laughed heartily, assured the girl he quite forgave her, shook her hand, into which he slipped a golden keepsake, and sprang up-stairs, intensely amused by the adventure.

Christian, for his private use, had caused a very extensive credit to be opened in his favour with a City tradesman, under the name of "Fredericksen." His drafts were so frequent, and for sums so large, that the citizen at length suspected Mr. Fredericksen must be one of the Danish courtiers, in attendance on the royal guest, and that the money was for the King's use. One day, when Mr. Fredericksen called for money, he asked him if such were the case. The Dane assented to the truth of his suspicion. The citizen inquired if Christian VII. were not one of the most extravagant and thoughtless young fellows living.

The King allowed that he feared such was the case. The tradesman then artfully proposed a scheme, by which the supposed Mr. Fredericksen and himself might purchase the royal gifts (for which he learned the money was required), and make a large per-centage on the transaction. Just at this moment, a page from the Princess Dowager of Wales entered the shop, and, recognising King Christian, greeted him with the reverence due to his rank. The citizen, utterly dismayed, stood as if petrified, looking at the King; but Count Holckte (whom the wife had also been questioning) smiled, and assured him that Christian VII. would not remember a confidential proposal made to Mr. Fredericksen.

It was the custom of this spoilt child of fortune to carry in his pockets diamond rings, and other costly ornaments, to give away whenever the whim of the moment directed; and Count Holckte carried for him a quantity of loose coin, which he gave or scattered as caprice suggested. Thus, notwithstanding the regal hospitality of England, which supplied lodgings and table for all his suite, as well as himself, Christian VII. drew on his Court banker at Hamburg for 100,000 dollars—that is, 25,000*l.* of our money—a month! This drain of specie was sufficiently large to be felt in Copenhagen, where a stagnation of trade was also caused by the absence of the King and Court; and long afterwards, no pleasant memories were suggested to Danish minds by the mention of the King's visit to England.

We will not follow him on his return to his northern home, to grieve over the extinction of his brilliant youth, and the deplorable end of his reign; but leave in our readers' fancy the bright image of the gallant, light-hearted, kindly boy, who visited our English shores—a royal and beloved Dane—one hundred years ago.

TOBACCO.

Now that the annual alterations in our tariff consist only in the removal or lessening of one or two of the few vestiges which remain of that cumbrous machinery by which a large portion of the revenue was collected, the public is able to comprehend somewhat more of the nature of such changes as the Chancellor of the Exchequer introduces during each recurring session. Such

opportunities are useful for drawing attention to the history of those products of nature which, by their cultivation or manufacture, constitute the material wealth of nations.

At present, thousands of persons not initiated in all the mysteries of tobacco, are reading, for the first time in their lives, elaborate propositions regarding the duties on "Negrohead and Cavendish," "home-made and foreign," and are doubtless puzzled to account for the jumbling of a woolly pericranium with the name of a noble family. Should they attempt to gain any further information by a perusal of the Act for the alteration of the existing customs duties upon these articles, we fear their perplexity will only be increased, and their profit from the perusal will be incalculably small.

Still the question of the tobacco duty is one of vast importance, and is worthy of the attention not only of the political economist, but of every philosophical mind. To the politician, the fact that the revenue raised on this material is counted by millions (5,604,032*l.*) is sufficient to stamp it with vast importance; but the causes which lead to this vast consumption in our small kingdom, and to a much greater one generally through the rest of the world, are worthy of the earnest consideration of every thinking mind. How came such an unpromising weed to exercise such an immense interest on human affairs?—and is its influence for good or for evil?—are questions of importance which have never yet been satisfactorily settled.

The general assumption is, that tobacco was first introduced to Europe by Sir Walter Raleigh, in 1586, and this idea has been fostered by the well-known sign, once common in our tabacconists' shops, of the servant of Raleigh throwing water over his master, under the fear that he is in a state of alarming combustion. It is true that the custom of smoking tobacco was introduced at that time, and was adopted by Sir Walter Raleigh and other courtiers, who received it from Sir Francis Drake and his followers on their return from Virginia; but it was at that time known, and even cultivated, in France, Spain, and Portugal, seeds having been sent to the two latter countries by Hernandez de Toledo, and to France by Joan Nicot, from whose name has been derived its scientific designation, *Nicotiana*. If this was its first use in Europe, the habit may be regarded as of purely transatlantic origin, as far as we are concerned; but it is by no means certain that it was not in use in Asia at very remote periods; and if we believe in an emigration from that quarter of the globe leading to the peopling of the American continent, and also in the theory of the "Origin of Species," it may be held probable that it was carried from the East originally, for several species of tobacco are indigenous to Asia, and the difference is not very great between them and those of the American continent. One species, known to botanists as *Nicotiana rustica*, is indigenous, probably, in each of the quarters of the globe, at least it is found growing wild in America, Europe, Asia, and Africa.

We learn from Herodotus that the Assyrians and Scythians intoxicated themselves by smoking; this, however, may have been by means of the hemp plant, still used in Asia and Africa for purposes of

intoxication, by smoking and chewing, under the names of Haschiah and Bang. Several writers of great authority have however contended that the practice of smoking tobacco was known in India before the discovery of America.

Its use in America, as we learn from Humboldt, is very ancient, and its cultivation by the natives of one district at least, viz., the banks of the Oronoko, dated far back from the time of the European invasion; and if the cigar is entitled to the character it generally has, of being the most refined mode of using the weed, the use of tobacco cannot boast many improvements since its introduction, for Columbus found the natives of Cuba smoking cigars in 1492, when he landed on their coast; and to this day they can fairly challenge the whole world with "real Havannas."

The forms under which tobacco enters into commerce are more numerous than many will suppose. In the simplest form, that is, when it appears only as dried leaves, it has really undergone a degree of manufacture; for, like the hay of our meadows and the tea of China, it must when gathered be carefully dried, and during the drying process must be laid in heaps so as to heat or pass through a slight degree of fermentation, which, is absolutely necessary to develop its flavour. The tobacco of Maryland, Virginia, Ohio, and Kentucky, which forms by far the greatest portion of that consumed in this country, consists of the leaves tied simply at their stalks in bunches, called hands, or of parts of the leaves with the stalks and midribs removed. In this state it is technically called "strips," and is much used by the cigar manufacturers. Both kinds are packed in large casks, holding when filled and pressed tightly as much as half a ton weight or more, and of these casks so filled, in prosperous times, we receive about 80,000 per annum, the duty on which is 3s. per pound, with an addition of 5 per cent.

Besides this vast quantity, the Americans send us the two kinds of manufactured tobacco known as Cavendish and Negrohead, so much coveted by smokers and chewers. The former of these is in flat cakes, usually about ten inches in length, three inches broad, and half an inch thick, usually of a black colour, but in the finer kinds of a light yellowish brown. These cakes consist of strips of the leaves freed from the midrib and larger veins, placed carefully in a layer, and pressed very hard with a press, after they have been moistened with molasses or liquorice juice dissolved in water; some of the finer sorts are said to be prepared with honey, and hence the term honey-dew applied to the lighter kinds. The Negrohead is in small sticks usually made by twisting one or two strands together like a rope, and then flattening by pressure. These are always black, and are inferior in quality to the Cavendish.

Hitherto, although large quantities of these varieties of manufactured tobacco have been brought to this country, the high rate of duty, 9s. per pound, with the addition of 5 per cent., has prevented any appreciable quantity being duty paid. It has therefore been landed on our shores only for the purpose of being re-shipped either for use at sea by sailors and others, or for

foreign countries whose regulations admit of its use. Another difficulty prevented its consumption in this country openly, namely, an excise regulation which prohibits any tobacco containing more than a certain per-centage of saccharine matter from being sold; hence, as all foreign manufactured tobacco of these two kinds contain more than the allowed quantity, that law was a prohibition. Notwithstanding this, however, very large quantities of both kinds undoubtedly are smuggled continually.

Mr. Gladstone now proposes to allow British manufacturers to make Cavendish and Negrohead, under the supervision of the Revenue Department, in bonded warehouses, and to use so much saccharine matter as will enable them to compete with the American manufacturers. The provisions of the Bill are however so clumsy that it seems scarcely possible they can ever be practically applied, and the expense of carrying them out bids fair to exceed any advantages likely to arise. Why should not the raw material be handed over to the manufacturer to do as he likes with it when he has paid the duty? If he thinks proper to adulterate it, let the laws be enforced against him. Science would render detection easy, and conviction certain; and free trade would be fairly carried out in this as in other articles. Why treat the tobacco merchants, the sugar merchants, and the coffee or tea merchants differently? The first class pays, it is true, nearly six millions sterling to the revenue, but this ought not to mark it out for such restrictive legislation more than the others, for the sugar duties amount to a still larger sum: they were last year on all kinds nearly six millions and a half; tea and coffee together paid six millions within a fraction: now sugar may be adulterated with sand, tea with sloe leaves, and coffee with chicory and a host of other rubbish. It is difficult, then, to see why all cannot be treated on the same general principles.

Besides those varieties of tobacco which are sent from the American States, we have from South America leaf tobacco from Paraguay and other places, several kinds of roll tobacco, as the Varinas-roll, and the curious Amazonas-roll, made up into cylindrical sticks from four to ten feet in length, and pointed at each end, rarely exceeding in the middle three inches in diameter. These rolls are neatly covered with cane, derived from some species of palm, and frequently bright small red and yellow feathers are worked in with the cane, so that the whole represents a decorated cudgel. Indeed, this resemblance is so complete, that a number of them sent from Brazil to the Italian Exhibition in 1861 were mistaken for weapons, and were labelled "Weapons of war from the natives of the banks of the Amazon." This kind is very rare and costly, and is said to be the finest manufactured tobacco in the world. Since 1851, Turkey has sent large quantities of a small yellow leaf-tobacco, which is said to be derived from the species known botanically as *Nicotiana rustica*; it is mild-flavoured, and has become a favourite with smokers in England. The Germans, also, send us a small quantity, but of an inferior quality; the principal use of the German tobacco is to form the covering of cigars; but for this purpose none is

equal to the produce of the Spanish colonies in the West India and the Philippine Islands. Cuba not only produces the best cigars, but also the best materials for making them, as a matter of course; and no cheroots equal those of Manilla, whence leaf-tobacco of exceedingly fine quality is also sent to Europe.

Besides cigars and cheroots, cigarettes form another mode of using the material much used in foreign countries. In Great Britain, the methods of manufacturing tobacco are various, but the principal is by cutting it with machines into fine filaments. Usually the stalks are first removed, and, according to the amount of preparation the leaf has undergone, and the fineness of the cut, we have "Shag," "Returns," and other varieties. If the stalks are left in, and cut up with the rest, "Birds-eye" is the result; so called from the appearance presented by the small, thin, round sections of the midrib and stalk. These are called "cut tobacco;" but in addition there are other kinds, called "roll," "pigtail," &c., which are made by damping and fermenting the leaves, and forming them by twisting into a thin cylindrical cord, which is rolled up into the form of a ball. These kinds are favourites with those who chew tobacco. Besides smoking and chewing, tobacco is used as a sternutatory by inhaling through the nose, and the practice of snuff-taking in Britain is nearly coeval with smoking; the habit, which is highly objectionable in many respects, especially in a sanitary point of view, is certainly declining. The little snuff-ladle, with which it was formerly presented to the nose in immoderate quantities, is now never seen, except in collections of curiosities, or in Southern Africa, where the habit largely prevails.

There is no country in the world in which tobacco in some form is not used, but, except in very few, only by the male population. This, it appears, arises not so much from the dislike of the fair sex to tobacco, as to the belief that it is unfeminine and inelegant, a feeling not participated in by ladies of Manilla, Brazil, and Portugal, who puff their cigars and cigarettes wholesale.

So much has been written for and against the use of this narcotic, from the well-known "Counterblast to Tobacco" of James I., to the much more important one of Sir Benjamin Brodie, that it may appear strange to assert that we are still in the dark as to its real effects upon the animal system. Hitherto, unfortunately, the question has been argued by those who have been violently opposed to its use, or, on the other hand, by those who have been addicted to its use; and each side has reasoned from feelings, instead of from facts. Whether it is positively injurious, and has a tendency to deteriorate the human race when used, is an all-important question, which every year becomes more difficult to solve, because the rapidity with which the habit is extending is in a corresponding degree lessening the opportunities for comparison, and consequently diminishing the proofs against the habit. Whatever may be the truth in this respect, it is quite certain that the habit seems unnatural to the animal economy, and that its known effects are in antagonism to our best supported views of alimentary philosophy.

Indeed, the history of the human race presents no greater wonder than the remarkable manner in which this habit, so repugnant to reason, should have spread over the whole world, and enslaved a large majority of the human race. In the hidden cause for this there may be a reason which, if known, would fully account for it on rational principles; it may be a prophylactic, guarding men in their various avocations from atmospheric causes prejudicial to health; or it may be that its sedative properties help to calm down the excitement incidental to the progress of civilisation; but nothing of the kind has been proved in its favour, and we fear that all the positive evidence tends to an opposite view of the question. *Ex fumo dare lucem* cannot apply to that vast cloud which is raised by the smokers of Great Britain at a yearly expense to themselves of upwards of six millions of pounds sterling, and which cannot be positively proved to be beneficial to any but the small class of merchants and manufacturers who deal in this article, and to the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

THE NECKAR.

To name the river-scenery of Europe is almost to name the inland scenic beauty of the Continent. From the glacier cradle of a stream; through its troublous infancy, racing and leaping, and sounding its cataract trumpets in the hills; through its strong and useful manhood, bearing burthens and spreading fertility, seeking, by winding ways, a passage through an intricate world; to the calmer outspread of its honoured age, in sight of the infinite ocean to which it moves,—a river is in general a succession of varied beauties. To the summer wanderer rivers have the charm of freshness and coolness; they offer easy and almost noiseless travelling; they give opportunity for thoughts which rest and tranquillise the heart, and they pass before the eyes a diorama of Nature's workmanship and man's, which has power to soothe many a pain and sorrow to slumber.

A very accessible as well as a very beautiful specimen of the sisterhood of European rivers is the Neckar; one, however, which does not seem to attract so many English as it deserves. During a long day spent on its bosom in the height of summer last year, we did not meet with one of our countrymen; and the few words of English we heard spoken, were from the mouth of a German who had lived in the United States.

The junction of the Neckar with the Rhine takes place at Mannheim. This large garrison and commercial town of Baden contains probably the greatest amount of deadness, dullness, and silence ever collected in one city. In its wide, straight, clean, well-paved streets, lined with trees and fine houses, in its handsome, sunny squares, ornamented with bronze trophies, every noise dies away, recoiling—

E'en at the sound itself has made.

The soldiers march about more quietly than they do anywhere else, and the groups of military in the *Wirthshaus* drink in silence, and joke *sotto voce*. Once in half-an-hour a pair of wheels startles the slumbering genius of the streets, and is lost in

feeble echoes. A faint indication of piano-music from the far interior of some of the large pleasant houses falls on the ear, competing with the foot-falls, far between, of the very good-looking females with which Mannheim is adorned.

Mannheim is a place of immense commerce,—so one of its inhabitants informed us, in a quaint, stagnant voice. It is very likely to be true, as the city occupies the axil of two important navigable rivers; but even trade walks about there in padded shoes, and makes no ostentatious noises or display. This Baden town, with its oleanders in the doorways, and vine-gardens in the suburbs, is by no means an unpleasing residence, especially to those who prefer a flat tone in life's landscape. It is a place of education, moreover; it possesses well-conducted schools, and an University,—the very deadest portion of the whole city. And the late Grand-Duchess Stephanie used to show kind hospitality to the English and other foreigners.

Whenever we revisit Mannheim, we do so with feelings of respect akin to those of affection; but we must not now linger there, fit though it be, from the above-mentioned qualifications, to be "a home for man." Nor may we stop at glorious Heidelberg, which we reach by the Ducal Railway in an hour, except to glance from the deck of the small steamboat on which we have already embarked, at the prematurely ruined castle; and through the fine bridge; and up to the wooded heights on the opposite side of the stream, trying to find the little building where the famous duels are fought; the Studenten when they fight, taking care to pad themselves well all over, leaving only the nose and cheeks exposed, and to use swords, which, like chisels, are sharp at the end alone. One more glance we give,—and that is up the river, and at some banks of gravel high and dry, which seem to occupy almost all its bed.

We wonder what our bold little steamer means to do; whether she be an amphibious locomotive and have the means of crawling over such difficulties, dry-shod; or whether the crew and passengers disembark at certain portages, and carry the boat over, like a canoe in the northern waters of America. However, the bell rings, the landing-stage is withdrawn, and we are off; that is, we should be off if it depended on the efforts of the engine and the exertions of the crew, pushing with their long poles; but, being aground, we are not off in the fullest sense of the word. To prevent others being deterred from navigating the Neckar from fears of stranding and wreck, I would add that we grounded only about four times, and that within the first half-hour; and that afterwards, though our course was not always exactly plain-sailing, the depth of water was sufficient for the small vessels which ascend and descend the river. The slow progress at starting cannot be reckoned lost time. The eye feasts on the hanging oak woods and the pleasant outskirts of Heidelberg, the peeping distance, still holding up the castle and bridge, as a mother holds up her babe to her husband who has left the cottage-door and turns back to take one last fond look at his little one. The Königstuhl, a modern tower crowning the highest elevation above the city,

waves a stern farewell; and by the time we are under the Wolfsbrunnen—a favourite resort of the Heidelbergers—we have lost sight of the town.

When the railway, now in construction which profanes the right bank of the river, is completed, it is very probable that the steamboats to and from Heilbronn will cease to run. This will be a great loss; and the only way then of seeing the Neckar from the water, will be to hire rowing-boats and descend the stream. This will require more leisure, and be a more expensive method. The time occupied in going to Heilbronn, the capital of the Black Forest, is thirteen hours: the longest days and fine weather are therefore necessary to make it an enjoyable excursion. We were particularly favoured in this way, and hope others may visit the Schwarzwald under the same auspicious influences.

Past lawns and woods and coloured rocks, past villages, and here and there a castle—though the latter are met with more sparingly than on the Rhine and Moselle—the little steamer threads its way, at times sounding the depths of the restricted channel when sufficient water is found for its very small necessities. The boats and craft which descend the stream do not indicate a rich country through which we are passing: they principally contain stone—no doubt very good in its way—and other earthy commodities of small value. The rafts of timber are greatly diminished in width; they are long and narrow, navigated by a fine class of men, the foresters of Würtemberg. The river seems a sort of family concern, or to possess a species of freemasonry. A conversation takes place between the steamer and every craft and raft we meet. We slack our paddles or stop them altogether, as the downward navigation approaches us, otherwise in these small waters, our swell would send the water over the gunwales of the boats and over the surface of the rafts. The great nautical event of the day is the passing of the steamboat from Heilbronn. With regard to eating and drinking on board these boats, it should be mentioned that there is no great provision made; but coffee and a cutlet, and a glass of the local wine, may always be had.

In about three hours we reach Hirschhorn, a fine stronghold and walled town, in a picturesque situation. An hour afterwards Eberbach is passed. Two German miles distant, among the hills, and consequently not visible from the river, is the Castle of Erbach, giving its name to a Countdom. Many stories are related of a Count of Erbach, who lived in the last century. He had acquired a passion for collecting; and whilst serving with the Austrian army against the Turks, he had opportunities of procuring a museum of rarities. With him the love of securing curiosities amounted to kleptomania. What he could not buy he would beg; what could not be obtained by gift he would steal. A beautiful inlaid helmet in the Vatican attracted his desire. Going through the galleries with a train of his servants, he managed to carry it away. The curator discovered his loss of the casque the same day, gave notice immediately, and the gates of Rome were closed to all

outgoers till they had been searched for the stolen object. The Count was determined to preserve his prize. The helmet was fastened between his wife's legs, and she walked, or waddled, out of Rome in triumph. A German countess, with the *embonpoint* of middle-age, may waddle a little without creating the suspicion of wearing a helmet in such abnormal fashion.

With almost equal risk he procured a gigantic pair of antlers, having twenty-four points, from outside the shop of a baker in Nuremberg. In the Italian war his friends obtained many articles of *virtu* for him, often by means which only an ardent passion for collecting could justify. At his death it was found that he had strictly entailed his collection so as to prevent its dismemberment.

The river is distinguished from the Rhine and Moselle by the almost absence of vines. These are more than compensated by the wood and hills and quarries which make up much of the scenery of the shores. Zwingenberg, with its aspiring keep, its chain of wall-towers, and wooded foreground, makes a fine object from the river; and Hornberg, with a circular tower and conic roof, is more ruinous, but as firmly placed. It is interesting as being the spot where Götz von Berlichingen died in 1562.

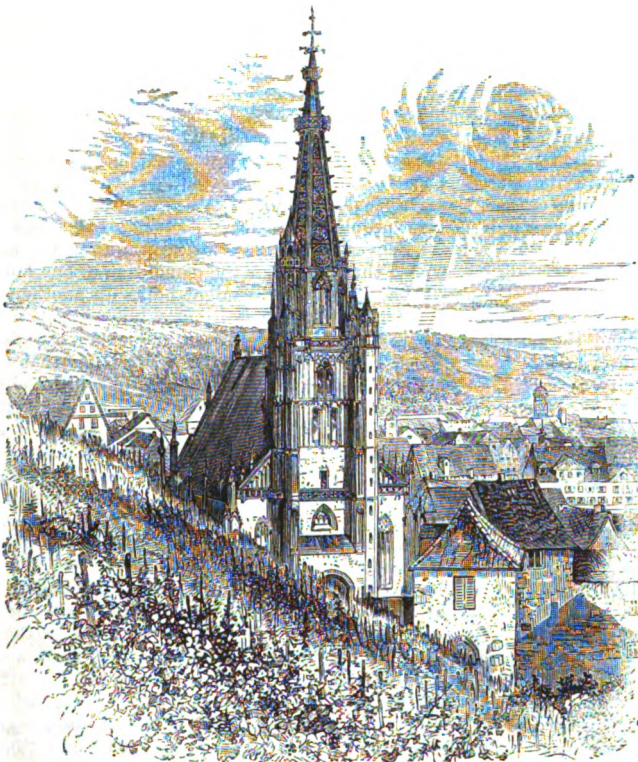
The Castle of Horneck keeps guard over the village of Gundelsheim. Externally it is not attractive. Its square white walls, pierced with straight rows of windows, make it look like a convent; and a square central tower, capped with a modern leaden roof, gives the whole the appearance of a factory: and the similarity is not far from the truth, for the old château is at present a brewery. Let us hope that the beer made there is as strong as its walls. The place is rich in historic associations. Here the German Knights Teuton kept their principal residence from the year 1250. The Emperor Ruprecht stayed there in 1401, and Charles V. in 1546. The greater part of the Castle was destroyed in 1525, during the Peasants' war.

Few towns can boast of a more picturesque situation than Upper Wimpfen (Wimpfen-on-the-Mountain). From the top of a steep grassy and wooded bank, a hundred feet above the stream, the old city, with its towers and gables, looks placidly down into the glassy river like an ancient Narcissus, and shows "double-town and shadow." Lower Wimpfen, half a mile further up the Neckar, is sought for its saline baths, whilst its grand church claims the architect's admiration.

We take leave of the steamboat at Heilbronn, crossing the river as we approach that antique town by a covered bridge, in form like a very elongated cottage with its two end walls out. Why in this city, and in Swiss towns, passengers

should be so carefully protected from weather in crossing a river, and left so exposed to it in the streets, remains among the things yet to be explained.

A day or two may be profitably spent in wandering about and around Heilbronn. The cathedral is a grand mass, with fine chiselling and tracery about it; and the deep colour of the red stone of which it is built adds greatly to the solemnity of its whole effect. In the town, the house of the Teutonic Knights, with its curious clock, the nar-



The Frauenkirche, at Esslingen. (See page 504.)

row streets, the gabled and impending houses, make one long for the pencil of Prout or the younger Stanfield. A more moderate desire, perhaps, would be for a photographic apparatus, which might be carried without occupying space and used without preparation or trouble. Why does not somebody invent such a machine?

We now make our way by railroad through the truly interesting Württemberg country towards Stuttgart, passing ancient walled towns,—Besingheim being one of the best specimens, and most conveniently placed for observation—and an endless succession of valley, hill, wood, and cheerful villages. We do not stop at the capital, which lies two miles from the Neckar on a tributary stream, but pass on till we again skirt and cross our river,

and in half an hour find ourselves in Esslingen, where we leave the train, and resolve to explore that antiquated city.

The town of Esslingen resembles in its fate some ancient and noble families. The circumstances which first made them great—internal and foreign wars—having ceased to be habitual, the family finds that modern times are an uncongenial atmosphere, and it falls behind in the race, and makes up for diminished importance in cherishing its noble memories. Some scion, however, more original than his house, rehabilitates the family, in part, by entering a learned profession, or some disguised form of trade.

This free city of the empire had already diminished to one-third of its former extent, and had lost two-thirds of its churches, towers, and strong houses. It gave up its old amusement of levying war on the Dukes of Würtemberg, and its occupation being gone, it was on the high road to oblivion, when it occurred to the First Napoleon, one fine day in 1805, to raise the Duke of the Swabian land to the rank of king, and to give him Esslingen as a keepsake. Dignity apart, the change was excellent in its consequences to the town; the growth of ruins ceased; the river could turn mills and carry merchandise; the people got themselves a name as makers of gloves; then as imitators of Champagne wine, their vine-covered hills furnishing them with a very good grape; afterwards they commenced manufacturing engines, and the railway came to their doors, and the Government instituted a royal school,—now the city is active, prosperous, and again increasing; and, as yet, has lost little of its picturesque beauty. It remains walled in parts, and its approach from the river is by a long bridge defended by a fine tower. Of its churches, the more ancient is a plain structure with two towers connected by galleries. The other, named the Frauenkirche, is a singularly graceful specimen of the architecture of the fourteenth or early fifteenth century. The height of its roof, and of its columns without capitals, the tracery of its windows, and its spire of open carving, makes it conspicuous from within and without as “a joy for ever.” It is almost unique among German churches in one respect, that the design was executed and finished at one effort. Its situation—on a rocky platform, to which one ascends by steps and sharp gradients,—is very favourable to its effect. It will not excite wonder to say that the Esslingers are proud not only of their gloves, their “Mussirender” wine, and their engineering, but also of their beautiful Frauenkirche.

The navigable part of the Neckar here is very limited, and the deeper channel is so narrow that the rafts of timber which descend the stream are most attenuated, consisting of two trees abreast, and of such length that they wind down the river like a snake. The activity and ingenuity of the raftsmen in guiding them are very striking. But the charming river, however shallow, spreads and frolics in a cradle of vine-clad hills; and here and there a more infantine tributary rushes to join it with child-like glee. Such an affluent pours through the beautiful valley of Reutlingen, half-a-

dozen miles above Esslingen. A visit should be made to that picturesque town, and to some of the castle-crowned heights in the neighbourhood—as the Hohenstauffen. Our way is at present to the ancient university city of Tübingen, where we are again on the Neckar. The latter town is prettily situated, and is full of ancient houses and quaint, crooked streets. The University departs from such antique companionship, and its modern, white walls assimilate with the neology and advanced ideas which find a central home in its courts. Tübingen is noticeable, even amongst German universities, for the boldness of its metaphysical speculations. Yet here was Melancthon's professorial chair. If the “Schwartz-Erd,” the very name of which displeased him, could now give back his gentle spirit for a day, how would the outward and the inward change he would notice appal him! He would see the University glory in being the birthplace of the so-called Ideal Christianity. He would see the spot where Strauss the student paced whilst preparing himself with much diligent learning for his future part as assailant of objective religion, manfully and consistently afterwards maintained in Berlin. Those Swabian hills, in their peaceful clothing of vine and wood, have looked down on the young sceptical inquirer whilst he armed himself for the demolition of one faith, which was old, that he might build up another, fantastic and full of inconsistency, but which was new. Locke has here for a century laboured under the imputation of disbelief for asserting that all ideas are only pictorial images in the mind of objective existences; but here a new teacher, about the same time that an Oxford presbyter raised a contention in the English Church which has not yet subsided, when he put forth the first Tract for the Times, promulgated the reverse of Locke's doctrine, making facts to be the offspring of ideas, and objects only solid shadows clothing the immaterial idealism which projected them.

In the chancel of the church at Tübingen are thirteen large and richly chiselled tombs, supporting recumbent figures in alabaster, of Swabian worthies. Among the most memorable are that of Eberhard, dated 1496 (he founded the University): that of Ulrich, who introduced the Reformation in Würtemberg; and of his wife, a Bavarian; date, 1564; and that of the unfortunate Gräfinn (or Fürstinn) Anna, who was poisoned on her wedding-day at the age of sixteen. The most elaborate of these very noticeable tombs are that of John George, Duke of Schleswick-Holstein, who died whilst a student at the University,—this monument is supported on lions, tigers, and stags: and that to Ludwig, the rich workmanship of which is of later date.

Round the western end of the church is a series of pictures—without much merit—descriptive of the Saviour's life. They are principally remarkable for the very local inspiration of the artist. The Woman at the Well of Samaria is a complete transcript of a Würtemberg peasant in festival dress. She wears a wide straw hat, scarlet bodice, white sleeves, and a dark skirt with golden border. M. H.

MY GOLDEN HOLE.



(See page 506.)

It was about midnight, towards the latter end of the month of June, that I stepped out of the Red-shirt store into the still, silent night. It was full moon, and clear and distinct as at noonday I could see the opposite bank of the gully, dotted with here and there a tent, while hundreds of bare poles and deserted chimneys told the tale of a diggings once prosperous, but now rapidly declining. Below me I could hear the swollen creek foaming and fretting in its bed, but its waters were invisible, for a dense mass of fog, which rose to within a few feet of where I was standing, brooded over and concealed them. On the oppo-

site side of the gully, some twenty feet above the fog level, stood a solitary tent, the sparks issuing from the chimney of which showed that its occupant kept up a good fire.

"This is a nice night to cross the gully in," thought I. "It is about ten to one that I shall miss the tree; and, even if I find it, it's no fun groping one's way in the dark across a slippery trunk with ten feet of water under one. If I thought old Jackson had turned in for the night, I'd go back and camp down before Sydney Bill's fire."

As I leant, irresolute, against an old charred

stump, the flap of the tent was drawn back, and a man stepped out into the air, and, shading his eyes with his hand, gazed over towards the store.

"Ah, there he is. He has heard us singing and jollifying, and wonders, I suppose, that I don't come over to impart to him the good news which has made us all so merry. It's uncommon little that's pleasant I have to tell him though. Ah, now he is gone in again. He couldn't make me out against this black stump, though his eyes are as sharp as needles, too. Well, I suppose I must cross somehow or another; so here goes."

I descended to the edge of the fog-bank, and then on my hands and knees crawled cautiously down towards the creek, feeling carefully about on all sides before every movement, to avoid tumbling headlong down one of the many old shafts by which I was surrounded. At last I heard the waters of the creek immediately below me, and at the same moment found myself amongst the branches of a tree. It was a large white gum, which had been felled so as to fall across the watercourse and form a rude bridge. Slowly I crawled along its slippery surface, in imminent danger more than once of losing my balance and being precipitated into the raging gulf below. At last, however, to my great relief, I found myself once more on terra firma, and, the holes on that side being less numerous, in another minute I emerged from the fog and resumed my usual upright attitude. As I opened the tent door, the savoury scent of beefsteaks greeted me.

"How late you are," said my mate. "I heard you all talking at the door of the store, as you separated; so, as I had got uncommonly hungry with waiting, and thought you might be the same, I began to prepare a little supper. It will soon be ready, and afterwards you can tell me what luck you have had."

"Oh, I can tell you that at once. As bad as could be. The hole was a duffer; it did not contain even the colour. Here have I been camped out now for upwards of ten days, with no shelter but a miserable mimi, which was about as much use to keep out the wet and cold as the frame of an umbrella without the cover. It has rained every day, and all day, and frozen every night, and all night. Jem, the black, like an ass, as he is, fell into Reedy Creek as we were going. We managed to fish him out about three-parts drowned; but we were less lucky with the bag containing the flour, tea, and sugar, so that I have been confined to a diet of mutton and water, till I am sick of the sight of them. However, as the steaks seem about ready, I shall just make myself some slight amends."

"Well, now, I am sorry things have turned out so bad. I thought from your description the gully looked likely."

"So it did, and so it does still, and I feel sure there must be gold in it somewhere; but, at any rate, it did not happen to be where we sank, for we put down one hole in the middle and one at each side, and drove fair across it, so that we must have dropped on the gutter had there been one. I shouldn't mind trying some other part of it again when it gets warmer, but I can tell you this is the last prospecting expedition I

mean to go upon in winter. And, now that I have told you of our failure, I want to know what we are to do with ourselves? This place is clean worked out. What is left wouldn't keep a Chinaman. We haven't got a pound in the world; and Sydney Bill, who is the only store-keeper left who will give us tick, talks of going up to the Avoca next week. He had a letter from there to-day, to say that things were pretty brisk, so he called me in this evening, as I was passing, to tell me the news, and when he heard of our bad luck, shouted any amount of old tom, to keep up our spirits, like a good fellow, as he is."

"Yes, he is a true digger," said Jackson. "Make it easily, spend it quickly, is his motto; and occasionally he discounts his luck beforehand so effectually, that very little is left for himself when it comes. And so he told you that things looked well on the Avoca?"

"Yes; and, what's more to the purpose, he offered to take up our swags in his dray, and to trust us up there till we dropped on something good, so I don't think we can do better than accept his offer."

"Well, now," said Jackson, "I happen to know Avoca well, and I have my doubts about the great finds that are being made there. I am pretty sure that there is some ground here yet which will pay us as well as ever Avoca did, or will, and that too without having to gad through twenty feet of ironstone cement, which is a nice amusement, truly, if your claim after all turns out a blank."

"Ah, you are still hankering to try and recover the lost lead out of Nuggety Gully. Now, first of all, I don't believe that it's lost at all, my opinion being that it either ran out or joined the worked-out one in White Horse Flat; and secondly, pray how are we to keep soul and body together while indulging your crotchets?"

"I think," said Jackson, "I can provide for that; look here."

As he spoke, he placed upon the table a sheet of writing paper, and then drawing from out his pocket a small leather bag, emptied the contents upon it. I gazed in mute astonishment upon a charming little pile of rough shotty gold which lay there before me.

"Forty-seven ounces, thirteen pennyweights, eight grains and a half," said my mate calmly. "I think that will keep us during our experiment, and take us up to the Avoca, or anywhere else we may fancy afterwards, without laying ourselves under an obligation to a living soul."

"But, Jackson," I exclaimed, at last recovering my power of speech, "where on earth did you get all this from? You surely haven't been sticking any one up?"

"Not exactly. I'll tell you how I came to drop upon it. For the first few days after you were gone I went on working at the headings in the Smith's old hole, and managed to get out just enough to keep me going. Last Sunday I took my usual walk down to the bottom of Nuggety, and on my way back, just as I had got about half-way up, my cap blew off and went down one of the holes. Well, as I didn't care about losing it,

and the shaft seemed pretty safe, I followed. When I had got to the bottom I thought I would take a look round, so, as I happened to have a bit of candle in my pocket, I lighted up. The claim appeared to me at first to have been completely driven out, and to be almost choked up with pipeclay, but on a closer observation I thought I saw a bit of solid stuff peeping out from among the rubbish. After a deal of trouble I managed to get near enough to touch it, and sure enough it was a large pillar which had been left to support the roof. It was the Macgregors who worked the claim, and they, as you may remember, went off in a great hurry to Ballarat, to join some old mates who had managed to get on the gutter. I suppose they did not think it worth while to waste time in getting this pillar out, and as they drove they had thrown back the pipeclay all round it, so that it was wellnigh hidden, and might easily have escaped the notice of any one visiting the hole subsequently. The next morning I came down immediately after breakfast, and went to work. It took me all day to get out the rubbish, for, having no one to help me, I had to fill my bucket, and then to go up to the top and haul it up myself, so that the operation proceeded but slowly. However, by evening I had got a clear space all round the pillar, and everything ship-shape. When I came down on the morrow I hesitated at first about taking it out without timbering up a bit; but as the headings there, as indeed in the whole gully, were white cement, which stands well with very little support as long as no water gets at it, and the hole was dry, I thought I might venture. It didn't take me very long to have it down when I once began. I got about three tubs of stuff out of it, which yielded what you see on the table, and pretty mad our Scotch friends would be, to be sure, if they knew that they had left behind them untouched the best bit in their hole."

"Why, really, I think," said I, "that our luck must be going to take a turn. So let's have a try at your Nuggety Gully lead, and welcome. But, as I haven't been in a bed these ten nights, I will just recruit myself beforehand with a good dose of sleep."

The next morning, after a rather late breakfast, for we were too well off to be in a hurry about rising, we shouldered our picks and walked down to the theatre of our operations. Nuggety Gully was a long, narrow, winding valley, with very steep sides. The claims in it had been exceedingly rich, and it had been thoroughly worked out down to its mouth, where it opened into the White Horse Flat. At this point another gully, called Chinaman's, which had likewise produced a large amount of gold, also entered the flat, and then it was generally imagined that the two leads had united into one which had been traced and worked for several miles, until it had run out. When we reached the supposed junction, Jackson said:

"Now I have often told you why I think that the two leads did not join, but, as I don't believe that you ever paid any attention to my remarks, I will repeat them for your benefit just once more. You remember that all the gold out of Nuggety Gully was precisely such as that we have at home,

rough and shotty, whilst that out of Chinaman's, and nine-tenths of that out of the flat, was smooth and water-worn. This leads me to think that, even if there was some slight communication between the two leads, there must have been another channel down which the greater part of the Nuggety gold took its way, otherwise, as it was much the richer of the gullies, the rough gold must have largely preponderated over the water-worn in the flat, while the very opposite was the case. Again, the last claim in Nuggety, just at the point where the leads are supposed to have united, was worked by some new chums, who didn't understand very well what they were about. It is true that they told me there was little or nothing to be got out of the lower right-hand side of it, but, as they admitted that the bottom dipped there a good deal, it appears to me very likely that the current may have been too rapid to allow of any considerable deposit in that particular spot, but that the gold will be discovered again at the lower end of the incline. What I propose, therefore, is to sink in the flat about one hundred feet from the New Chum hole, and about a couple of claims to the right of the lead already worked out."

"Very well," said I, "go ahead."

With that he marked out the hole—a round one—three feet three inches in diameter, for long ones had not come into fashion in those days.

As the surface was very deep and wet, we had, first of all, to dig a trench all round, about three feet deep, which we filled up with well-puddled clay, firmly rammed down, in order to prevent the water getting into the shaft. This took us till late at night, so we had to put off sinking till the next morning. After supper I went over to the Red Shirt to pay our score, and to let Sydney Bill know that we did not mean to accompany him to Avoca. There were seven or eight fellows in the store when I entered, all of whom, on hearing where we were at work, pronounced our proceedings absurd, which, however, did not prevent them from coming down next day and marking out claims all around us in case we should be lucky enough to strike anything. Having sunk their holes, each about a foot, and placed in them a pick or shovel as a sign of ownership, they devoted themselves to the laborious occupation of shepherding, which consists in sitting by a huge fire with a pipe in your mouth, telling or listening to interminable yarns about the Ballarat riots or some kindred subject, grumbling at your present, and regretting your past luck, diversified by occasionally lounging up to the sinking party for the purpose of examining the "tack" thrown up, and criticising the progress made.

We worked away very steadily, and by night we were down about twelve feet, and had our windlass fixed. The next day we got amongst some tough clay, which made the sinking anything but child's play; however, we went at it with a will, and by knock-off time our hole was about twenty-two feet deep.

"The New Chum hole," said Jackson, as he was putting on his shirt, after coming up from his last spell below, "was twenty-four feet. I allow a foot

for dip, so that we must now be about three feet from the bottom."

Next morning my mate went down first. On relieving him I had not sunk above three or four inches before, in making a vigorous blow, my pick came against something hard with such violence that for a moment I felt as if I possessed no arms at all, so benumbed were they by the shock.

"Granite boulders for a pound," thought I. I cleared away the earth, and stooped down to look. No boulders were visible, but white cement, the very stuff which had overlain the wash-dirt everywhere in Nuggety, and had been utterly wanting in Chinaman's and the Flat.

"Jackson," I shouted, "send down the gads!"

"What's up?"

"White cement."

"Hurrah! We are on it to a certainty."

This bit of news quite roused up the shepherds. Some crowded round Jackson, others began to trench their holes; all was impatience and anxiety. But the cement was frightfully hard. After a whole hour's labour there was nothing to show for it but about half a bucket of white dust, and it was noon the next day before my mate cried out, "I am through—red gravel below." And now the excitement became intense. The shepherds, whose numbers had considerably increased since the preceding day, swarmed around the mouth of the shaft, so that I could hardly work the windlass, and an anxious silence succeeded to noise and rough jokes. After about half-an-hour's suspense, Jackson sang out to me to send down the bucket. I did so, and drew it up again, filled with gravel of a dull red. A little way up Chinaman's was a dam belonging to a deserted puddling-machine. Thither we all adjourned in a body. The dirt was well watered and stirred about until all the clay was gone, and then the gravel that remained was emptied into the wash-pan. Now came the anxious moment. All heads were thrust forward to watch. Everything was as still as death. You might have heard a pin drop. Gradually, as the water passed backwards and forwards over the face of the dirt, its bulk grew less and less, till at last something bright became visible, and in another moment the pan was adorned with a little heap of rough gold weighing some seven or eight pennyweights.

"Rush oh!" was the cry, and away went the shepherds as hard as their legs could carry them. Off went shirts and flannels—to work went pick and shovel, and before evening at least fifty were down some half-a-dozen feet and upwards.

By the next morning the news had spread far and wide, and the whole of the small scattered population still left in those parts was upon the flat as busy as bees. If we could have kept matters dark we should have all made our piles half-a-dozen times over; but, as these things always get out somehow or another, only a few days passed before diggers came crowding in from all points of the compass, and the old township on the hill by the side of the flat was soon alive again with tents and stores, grog-shops and bagatelle-rooms.

Sydney Bill did not go to Avoca, but moved

down to the flat instead; and my mate and I never from that time found it necessary to wash headings or to hunt about in old holes for forgotten pillars.

AN OLD CHUM.

OLD AND NEW FLITTINGS.

THE old sarcasm of "leaving one's country for one's country's good" is losing its point under the present remarkable conjuncture of circumstances. Many thousands of English men and women will soon have left their country for its good without any discredit to themselves; and it is quite plain that there will be scarcely anything more seen of that compulsory emigration which is indicated by the old sarcasm, and which we are accustomed to call Transportation.

The conjuncture of circumstances I refer to is the strange outbreak of crime of a special sort which will for ever mark the close of last year, and the singular calamity which we call the Cotton-famine. The two together will be cited hereafter as having settled the destiny of the two opposite kinds of emigration in the social system of our country.

When the citizens of London and Birmingham and Liverpool were going to and from their homes armed, and in parties, during the dark days and nights of last winter, in fear of garotters; and when we mountaineers looked to our bolts and bars and alarm-bells, and were severe with tramps, and apt to be very light sleepers for fear of ticket-of-leave men in the capacity of burglars, there was a good deal of crying out for a revival of transportation. For a little while the cry was loud; but old and experienced citizens knew that it could only make some temporary mischief, ending in an exclusion of that punishment from our system for ever. The mischief is, we may trust, mainly over already. It consisted in the diversion of the citizens' minds from practicable and wise methods of dealing with criminals, and in the wrath it could not but excite in the colonies. Already, before the commission appointed to inquire into our system of penal servitude has delivered its report, we all find, as some of us expected, that we had sufficient ground to proceed upon, without the expense and delay of a commission; the demand for a renewal of transportation has died out; and the indignant protests returned by the colonies find us quite ready to agree with their views, and to satisfy them that they shall hear no more of any proposals to empty on their shores cargoes of crime from the mother-country.

The truths which have brought about this agreement are these. They have been stated at home during the winter, and they are now re-stated by the colonists as faithfully as by an echo, with the difference that the later voice is clearer and stronger, instead of fainter, than the earlier.

When transportation was assumed to be a successful method of punishment, the convicts were of a far milder class than our garotters and burglars. The shortest and cheapest way was taken with all who had committed serious felonies. Not only murderers, brutal assailants, and burglars were hanged, but forgers and coiners, burners

of houses and goods for the sake of the insurance, rioters, and thieves, down to a very low denomination of theft. The convicts whose labour was desired for the new settlements in Australia and elsewhere were the light-fingered gentry, the smugglers, poachers, passers of bad coin, rural malcontents, seditious speakers, cheats, and rowdies who might be employed by colonists without alarm, and were as likely as not to turn honest under encouragement and favourable circumstances. As Romilly and his coadjutors rescued one class of offenders after another from the gallows, those classes, more and more gravely guilty as the amelioration at home went on, became the subjects of transportation, till at last, when hanging was nearly confined to wilful murder alone, the new convicts became the terror and despair of every colonial household, and the system came suddenly to an end in all our chief dependencies.

But, again, the method never did anywhere answer in the long run. It is impossible to relate the facts, as recorded in the evidence abundantly furnished to parliamentary committees and in official reports, of the state of society wherever the poison of the system has been introduced. All who have any knowledge on the subject agree with Mr. Adderley in his recent declaration, that no man who would escape damnation would advocate a renewal of transportation as it has turned out in our hands. It is impossible to call a system a success, in any light, of which this could be said.

It will not do to say that only the milder sort of offenders shall be sent out; because this does not meet our difficulty. It does not rid us of our garotters and burglars, while the colonists would be but little better off for this, as the milder offenders become very gross criminals indeed in the course of the voyage, from the evil influences of the convict ship. The one colony which, being unprosperous, clings to the hope of enrichment by convict labour, stipulates that the offenders sent out shall not be very bad people, and that they shall not be more than a few hundreds a year (the largest number proposed is 1000); that an equal number of honest free labourers shall always be sent out, and women enough to be wives to the convicts. Some of these West Australian advocates have pretended to a preference between bonny Irish girls and our Lancashire lasses, for this singular conjugal destination. These odd notions and demands speak for themselves. They have shown all the world how little help we can have in regard to our criminals from the one colony which has not yet repudiated transportation; and they are sufficiently answered by the short questions,—why honest free labourers should submit to live among convicts, when there are better places to go to which are exempt from that curse? and why any company of convicts should expect such luck as having good girls from Ireland or Lancashire for wives? As for the rest, there will probably be a continuance for a time of an annual transportation of a few hundreds of thieves and cheats to Western Australia, till it is found that the voyage, and the influences of male convict society

afterwards, turn the thieves and cheats into ruffians of a continually grosser quality. Then the colony will, like all the rest, refuse to receive any more criminals,—if, indeed, this has not happened sooner, through the inevitable failure of the stipulations about honest comrades and virtuous wives.

There remains only one more suggestion,—that some rough, remote, almost inaccessible place might be found, to which we might deport our really unmanageable criminals, where they must suffer so much from a rude climate and unfriendly soil, that only by the severest toil can they support life.

No scheme, of all that have been proposed, can be more impracticable than this. No place has been pointed out that would answer the purpose; and it may be safely said that none ever will. Such a place—a settlement of the worst of men, without any women, or with only a sprinkling of them, sure to die under the hardships of the life—would be a hell upon earth which no honest men would undertake to guard or govern. If the spot were practically inaccessible, it would be enormously expensive; and, if not, it would not answer its purpose. All the evils of the Transportation system would be added to a cost greater than that of keeping the felons imprisoned at home; and the cruelty would be such as Englishmen would not hear of, from the moment they understood the fact that a large proportion of our worst ruffians are weak in intellect, and no small number, half-idiot.

It is not my business here to go on to consider what should be done with our convicts. That is quite another topic, of which I have spoken before, and may speak again. I need only say that nothing could be more natural than the cry of last Christmas—"We must get rid of our ruffians! We must return to transportation!" and that, as the colonies must be by this time relieved of their fear and pain and anger at that saying, we need hardly regret it. We might fairly be vexed at the waste of time and talk that it involved, and ashamed of the want of knowledge and sense that it disclosed: but these may be worth undergoing for the sake of the thorough clearing-up of the case, which now enables us to speak of the transportation system as virtually at an end. It was before as impracticable as it could be: and now it is effectually understood to be so. Here, therefore, we may dismiss the old way of leaving one's country for one's country's good, and turn to the new, and honest, and bright, and creditable way of rendering that service to Old England.

The change of the popular mind about Emigration, as a relief under the present calamity of the country, is of a later date and more remarkable character than that which has occurred about Transportation.

It would have been quite as good a thing—even better—for some hundreds or thousands of our Lancashire people to have gone to Australia, New Zealand, British Columbia, or Canada last year as this: yet how differently has the idea been treated in 1862 and 1863! Some months ago, no friend of the cotton operatives could speak of emigration

on ever so small a scale within the bounds of Lancashire or Cheshire without risk of being insulted. Poor-law guardians, millowners, organisers of relief, repressed all discussion of that remedy, or insisted on "keeping together" the whole host of operatives, or snubbed all applicants for servants or labourers to be employed in other counties, or threw out innuendoes against young women who went out under good guardianship to the colonies, or pressed the managers of such schemes to choose young thieves and disreputable girls for their protégées. From this extreme of reluctance a crowd of eager people have rushed into the other,—of eagerness to deport as many as possible of the sufferers, if not the whole mass. It really appears that, incredible as it may seem, there are persons passing for sane who propose the removal of the entire population of cotton operatives and their families! Though it is an understood fact that a very small number of destitute people in any society, necessarily cause a much larger number to be underfed, these daring philanthropists would throw hundreds of thousands of strangers on a sudden on the shores of new settlements which have had time only to provide barely for their own residents, and to invite a specified number, of fitting qualifications, to come and work and prosper as they themselves have done. This perilous precipitation is easily accounted for by the wayward tendencies of ardent and inexperienced minds. Those who were confident, last summer, that the manufacture would come all right in a few weeks, now insist that it is dead and gone for ever. The American cotton has not come in, and is not likely to come in,—being not only out of reach, but to a great extent destroyed or spoiled; and therefore these zealots give up the case altogether, though cotton is growing more and more largely in every producing country but North America, and though the glut in the world's market is clearing off, and though cotton fabrics are as preferable as they ever were to other material for the greatest use of the greatest number; and though, as I may add, the manufacture at this moment shows abundant vitality in Lancashire itself. We need not dwell on this extravagant view. We may safely assure ourselves that the existence and prospects of the cotton manufacture are in no danger. For the present they are lowered and darkened: but, while cotton is growing, and mills are standing, and warehouses are emptying, and all nations are in need of cotton fabrics, it would be mere craziness or perverseness to doubt of a revival, more or less tardy; and we need not, therefore, sit down and cry that we cannot carry away a million of people in a hurry to the other side of the world. Several scores of thousands of operatives will be wanted at home before very long,—as indeed some tens of thousands are now. We have quite as much on our hands as we can manage in enabling those to emigrate whom the colonies can receive, and who are qualified to go.

I am not speaking of this desire to deport half Lancashire as a testimony in honour of emigration. Such a use of emigration is like the use of the broom to sweep flights of locusts into the fire in the plain, or into the river in the valley. The real testimony on behalf of emigration is on the

part of those of us who thoroughly understand that any scheme of removal, or all together, must leave more hands idle and dependent in Lancashire than the cotton manufacture can employ for a long time to come. We help as many as we can to remove, because we believe that just so many are rescued from poverty and its pains, and because their departure somewhat lessens the pressure at home. There is no small difference between wanting to sweep our distressed operatives (as some want to sweep our criminals) out of sight, and striving to provide a real remedy for their calamity to a certain number of the sufferers, while lightening it to the country. We send away our emigrants, not as a nuisance or a distress, but as candidates for prosperity, and as citizens charged with upholding the honour and assisting the welfare of their country. There lies before me now a Queensland newspaper which strongly suggests the contrast between the two ways of leaving one's country. The "Queensland Guardian" of Jan. 15th says that the emigrants arriving in consequence of recent efforts "sustain a character for virtue and honour surpassed by none who have preceded them. . . . This fact is of the highest importance to us as a people at the commencement of our career. Nothing will be well done unless we lay our foundations deep and sure in the purest morality." No wonder that a colony which holds this faith is vehemently alarmed at the barest mention of the revival of transportation to any part of the Australian continent!

It is quite natural that excitable citizens at home who want to send away a million of people at once should be able to think of only one place to send them to. We accordingly hear so much from these zealots about Queensland, that it might seem as if they were unaware that there is any other destination for emigrants. It is very like the one idea of the Irish peasants,—that emigration means going to the United States. This sort of possession by an idea is very sad in both cases. It is a melancholy thing now, as it was a dozen years ago, to hear of thousands of small farmers and labourers sailing from Cork to New York,—to meet the lot which we know awaits them there:—to be made tools of for the hardest and dirtiest work, physical and political,—to die of malaria or of intemperance,—to grow fierce in competition with negro labourers, or fiercer and crueller as the creatures of the Slave Power. This has always been painful; and now there is the added horror that the soberest and best of them can hardly escape from the perils of the ports into the back country, but are seized upon for soldiers. It is miserable to know that Irishmen are fighting with Irishmen in a cause which is none of theirs, while their wives and children—too likely to be their widows and orphans—are dependent on the charity of a people among whom they are strangers. The priests at home understand all this. I learn that it is piteous to hear their remonstrances with the departing throng, to the last moment; and to see them pacing the shore when their flocks are gone, irritated and grieved and helpless. Their people say they are angry at losing their fees: they themselves say that they are mourning over souls sure to lapse from the Church, and over lives

and fortunes doomed to destruction in a horrid war.

Those of us who look on cannot but ask why all these thousands of emigrants go *there*,—rushing into the most awful tragedy now enacting under Heaven, when England has literally half-a-hundred colonies, in any one of which they might fare better than in the American States at this day? The only thing that can be said is, that the people are possessed with the idea of going where their countrymen have gone hitherto, and where there is a promise of blessings, which, however, they might see cannot coexist with civil war. Thus we find that there is but a very small sprinkling of Irish among the emigrants now flocking to our Australian colonies, though the facilities for getting land are, in some of them, as great as they ever were in the United States, and though, as labourers and domestic servants, the new settlers might hold a higher and safer position than anywhere in the Republic.

I do not mean to compare the English rage for going to Queensland with the Irish rage for going to New York or Philadelphia, further than as an illustration of working on one idea. The only mischief of it is that it would, if indulged, restrict the number that could be transplanted from Lancashire, and would be an injustice to other colonies. If Queensland receives as many as can be provided for, we have ten times more to whom emigration would be a blessing, and who would be a blessing to any colony which might secure them.

The estimate on the spot is that Queensland could receive and provide for 2000 duly qualified immigrants per month, for a long time to come. These 2000 must be men, women, and children, of all ages below five-and-thirty or so; they must be able and disposed to work heartily and steadily; and this includes steadiness and temperance of character and habits. If they are good-humoured and cheerful and sensible, they may begin to prosper at once,—may have land, may grow cotton for their old comrades to work up at home, and may be better off than they ever were, or ever could have been, in Lancashire. This is one side of the case.

As for the other, Mr. John Platt of Oldham declared at a recent public meeting at Manchester that he had seen letters from Queensland, in which the writers complained sorely of their lot, and entreated their Lancashire acquaintances not to go out to meet starvation on the Australian shores, instead of in Lancashire. No doubt, most readers of this anecdote anticipated what the explanation would be. Among the large number of letters from the emigrants, a very small per centage comes from discontented writers, while the rest are satisfied and thankful. The complainants are discontented because they are unreasonable. Some had no conception what hard labour was. Some had become so accustomed to be maintained in idleness from the Relief funds that all self-dependence appeared a hardship. Some had gone out in a romantic mood and found the poetry of adventure turn to very rough prose in the experience. (This is probably the case, more or less, with all,—from the wisest to the weakest.) But

the main difficulty seems to lie in the reluctance of the new-comers to leave the spot they land on. The invitation to two thousand persons per month supposes that they will spread themselves over the country, to develop its resources in every way: whereas the discontented will not be persuaded to leave the port; and, when they cannot get an engagement there, where the labour-market is overstocked by such as themselves, they write home about being starved. Such are the explanations given, in reply to Mr. Platt's statement: and there is plenty of evidence that they are true. The returns of the rate of wages in the labour-market form a part of this evidence.

The merest glance at these lists carries one all over the colony. Bullock-drivers, stock-riders, married couples for country stations, and "families for the bush," command very high terms. So do wheelwrights, and blacksmiths, and shepherds, and gardeners, and house-carpenters, and plasterers, and saddlers, and cooks, and general servants, and farm-labourers. All these seem to be more highly paid than townspeople, and, certainly, much more highly than they could be if the colony was not underhanded on the whole. If there is anywhere a glut of new labour, there is a dearth almost everywhere else.

All this is outside of the distinctive benefit which attracts so much attention to Queensland,—its cotton culture. There are five companies now employing a great amount of labour in the production of cotton: and "many of the recent arrivals," says the "Queensland Guardian," "are taking up their farms, under the land-order system, and settling down upon them, with their families, for the purpose of cultivating the cotton-plant. Others are turning their attention to sugar, tobacco," &c. After having gone through a good deal of rough work, and discomfort, and disappointment of one sort or another, these cultivators have sent home some capital cotton. Two of the companies have sent twenty-nine bales, and promise more and more every season.

Besides these recommendations of the colonies, there is the special encouragement offered by the local government, in the form, not only of land-grants, but of free passages for emigrants; and there is the aid offered by the colonists, in the form of subscriptions for the outfit of emigrants. The Government will carry over 1000 adults, which will cost it 16,000*l.* in passage-money; and the colonists have subscribed largely, and have been effectually supported by subscriptions here; so that the fortunate thousand will actually go. This is a great event, though it may be despised by the visionary patriots who recommend the removal of five hundred times the number.

The colony of Victoria is less favourably regarded here for the purposes of Lancashire relief; and this is natural, after all that has happened there since the discovery of the gold-fields. But the gold mania is calming down; the government policy about the disposal of land is improved; and agriculture is advancing in honour and profit. We may be glad, therefore, to hear of free passages being provided, and more hoped for. The Government has sent 5000*l.*, which is laid out in providing passages for married couples not over

thirty-five years of age, and young women fit for domestic service; and all that remains to be done here is to raise enough for their outfit. For this purpose the Mansion House Committee has set apart 5000*l.*, of which 1000*l.* was granted to this Victoria enterprise.

New Zealand was early in the field. Auckland has sent 5000*l.*; and the second moiety of 10,000*l.* has been received from the province of Canterbury.

All this is well, as far as it goes: but there are many more colonies where immigrants might perhaps prosper as well, without the transit costing so much. I am not convinced that the hill-country of Jamaica, and some other West India colonies, are at all more unhealthy than the hill-country in India, where Englishmen can live as healthily as at home: and in Jamaica, fortunes may be made rapidly by cotton-growing. The labour is not severe: the Germans in Texas and other cotton States of America make no difficulty about it. No doubt the negro peasantry in Jamaica will grow more and more cotton: but we need an immediate and large supply of the excellent staple which the West Indies yield; and it is almost unaccountable that we have not got it yet. It seems to be a most promising field.

Then there are our North American provinces—at present flourishing in proportion to the disasters which are afflicting the neighbouring Republic. Some day I may speak of the new prospects opened by events on the great subject of food-production, home and colonial. At present I can only say that there is plenty of scope for strong, industrious, and sensible settlers in Canada and the neighbouring provinces. British Columbia is as fair a field as can be sought by men and women of energy and self-respect: but it is—like Australia—very far off.

On closing this review, what can be clearer than the duty of good citizens in regard to both ways of leaving one's country for the country's good? The old way we cannot but see is practically over and done with, and we must discourage any tendencies of the uninformed, the timid, and the indolent, to treat Transportation as an existing question. On the other hand, we must encourage Emigration, in any emergency like the present, to the utmost extent that prudence and experience allow. That utmost extent will not relieve us of Lancashire distress: but it will rescue some thousands of families from it. It will somewhat lighten the burden now; and it will more than repay its present expense in the produce it will send us,—whether of cotton or other commodities,—and in the new markets it will create for the products of industry at home.

It should, therefore, be our duty and our pleasure to help, as each one of us may be able, in bringing together the Colonies and the right sort of people to enjoy them and make the most of them. Any one of us who can dispatch a family, a young couple, or a servant girl, or farm labourer, is privileged to do a great and certain social and individual service. Any one who is not so privileged may contribute more or less to the several funds now being raised, and administered by experienced agents, for providing the outfit and passage of

carefully-selected emigrants. Long after the cotton-famine shall have passed away, this choice seed sown on colonial soil will be bearing plentiful fruit for the enrichment of Old England, and of all the Young Englands which are growing up around her.

FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

SOMETHING ABOUT MACKEREL.

THE mackerel fishery commences at the latter end of February, and lasts until the end of June, but it is at its best in the months of April and May. The fishery is always pursued by night, and for this reason, that the mackerel—like the herring—swimming in mid-water, would otherwise see the net, and pass under it. To make this clear, I should remark that the nets in mackerel-fishing are not “trawled” or dragged on the ground, as for flat-fish, but are so “shot” — that is, put out from the boat—as to hang down curtainwise; thus each mackerel becomes entangled in endeavouring to pass through the meshes of the net, for mackerel, like herrings, *will* push straight on. Each mesh is made wide enough to admit the head of the fish, but not the thickest part of its body; consequently, when the head is once through, it can neither advance nor recede. The mesh will not allow it to advance, and should it attempt to draw back, the *reversed* gill catches in the mesh. The reader will understand from this, that each fish is *caught in a separate mesh*, whereas in other net-fishing the captives are all ignominiously shuffled together in one struggling mass. It will be seen, then, that the fishermen, by calculating the depth at which the mackerel swim, and so adjusting their nets as to sink that distance, intercept the fish in mid-water, and take them in the manner described. It is easy to imagine that, unless the fishery is pursued at dark, the mackerel—always a wary fish—will pass beneath the net and swim on.

The mackerel-fishery is carried on after a fashion very similar to that adopted for taking herrings, excepting only that the mesh of the mackerel-net is broader than that of the herring-net, the former being, as everybody knows, the *thicker* fish.

The mackerel taken in autumn with the herrings are never very large, on account of the smallness of the herring-mesh, but they are far sweeter and firmer than the spring mackerel, and of course are roeless, the spawning season for mackerel having passed. These mackerel are known in the market as “Michaelmas mackerel,” and fetch good prices.

In mackerel-fishing, when the nets are down—a feat which is performed at dusk, and some miles from shore—the boat is allowed to drift (as in herring-fishing), with her sails down, or at least with only one small sail set. The track of the nets is shown on the surface of the water by long lines of corks and floating barrels, and the nets extend a vast distance. The fishermen often know where the fish are, from the fact of a shoal of mackerel leaving an oily mark on the water, which at dark has a luminous and phosphoric appearance, and on a fine sunny day resembles a broad deep band of blue ribbon floating on the

sea. This curious phenomenon I have often witnessed, both at night and in the day time. A large shoal ("school" the fishermen say, but this of course is merely a corruption of the word) contains countless thousands, and extends many miles. I have seen myself, on a fine June morning at sunrise, a line of the prisms reflected from the backs of the mackerel some miles long, broken at intervals by a cross-tide, where the sea was of a beautiful emerald green. The beauty of this spectacle I need scarcely say was great, and the sight of this broad purple belt barred with green, almost golden in the sunlight, was worth anybody's while to walk miles to behold. Sometimes a few fish straggle from the main body of the shoal, and then it very often happens, that of two boats not a mile apart, the one will take some thousands of fish, whilst the other will not take a score. Mackerel are not sold like herrings by the "last" of 10,000 fish, but by the thousand or the hundred, and in a bad season I have known them sold by the score, and even by the dozen. I am now speaking, of course, of the wholesale trade, as between the boats themselves and the great market-dealers. The wholesale price is from 8*l.* to 12*l.* per thousand, or from 2*d.* to 3*d.* per fish: 4*d.*, 6*d.*, 8*d.*, and sometimes 1*s.* per fish are the prices of prime dinner mackerel to private consumers; still I may venture to assert that "three for a shilling" may be considered a fair average market price. The average price obtained by the fishermen is 6*l.* per thousand, but I have known it as high as 16*l.* per thousand. I have, on the other hand, known thirty sold for a shilling; but such an occurrence is witnessed only once in a lifetime. As each boat carries six men and a boy, the average earnings of the fishermen from the mackerel are from 10*l.* to 30*l.* per head, and the average "take" per boat, 500 to 1500 or 2000 fish per night. Sometimes a boat will take 10,000 to 20,000 a-night, but on the other hand, she may be a month at sea and not exceed a few hundred each night. Again, should fish be plentiful, down comes the market price; consequently it is not always the *heaviest* "takes" that are the most remunerative, and it is better for a boat to maintain a moderate success each night than to meet occasionally with a great turn of luck. The ages of the crew average from 50 to 20, exclusive of a boy of from 12 to 18 in each boat. Few of the crew exceed 50 years of age, as a rule. The average of married men in the crew is not much over one-half, and many boats contain two or three of a family, perhaps a father and two single sons. The "boy" has usually an elder brother or his father in the same boat with himself. Making allowance for bad weather, and the time lost in mending and tanning nets, the average number of nights on which a boat can fish is only thirty; for though mackerel are caught from January until July, many boats do not commence till two or three months later, and the mackerel season *proper* is from about the 25th of March until the beginning of June. Few boats go to sea more than three nights per week, and some not so often. A boat often loses much time in getting to shore with her fish if the wind be unfavourable, or there be a calm; she also loses time in landing her cargo, for a

mackerel-boat *must* discharge her fish, and cannot salt them and put to sea again directly without landing them, as the herring-boats do on emergency. Salting would spoil mackerel for the market, whereas it simply prepares herrings for curing. Should a dead calm come on, the boats may have to row in some fifteen miles, and I have seen a whole fleet thus becalmed. On such occasions the first boat or two "skim all the cream" of the market, and the last cargoes which arrive go for almost what they will fetch. I have known mackerel sold at eight in the morning for 16*l.* per thousand, and much finer fish sold at six p.m. the same day for 2*l.* the thousand. The first, no doubt, were retailed in London at 8*d.* or 10*d.* a-piece for dinner-tables, whilst the fate of the latter was, I suppose, the costermonger's barrow. The usual price of "Michaelmas Mackerel" is 6*d.* a-piece. They have, as I have stated, no roes, but they are far firmer than the spring fish.

Here let me record my opinion that it is a popular but *mistaken* idea to suppose that full-roed fish are the best. Common sense ought to tell us that any creature on the very verge of parturition cannot possibly be in a state of health. Perhaps with fish this is not of so much consequence, but I am confident that anyone who has once eaten a properly-cooked autumn mackerel will never again give the preference to the poor mother-fish, almost bursting with roe. We consider salmon out of season in spawning time; we even make "fence-months" for all fresh-water fish; and why so many persons should esteem a mackerel or a herring fit for nothing unless it is on the point of spawning, I confess myself quite unable to decide.

Mr. Henry Mayhew, in his work on "London Labour and the London Poor," has furnished us with some valuable statistics respecting the number of fish annually sold in the metropolis, and from these I find that, though, numerically speaking, soles, plaice, and herrings are at the head of the list, mackerel find great favour with all classes. Plaice and herrings, being the cheapest fish that come to market, of course find a legion of purchasers amongst the very poor; indeed, but for these two most valuable additions to their meagre fare, our poor would rarely go beyond a vegetable diet. The low class of Irish, for instance, in the season, eat fish at least three times a-week.

Mackerel sometimes grow to a very large size, and I have seen them exceeding two feet in length and weighing many pounds. There is a bastard kind of fish called the "horse-mackerel," which somewhat resembles the herring, and is often caught with a hook. I have taken it thus whilst fishing for whiting. When the mackerel is caught with a hook and line, as is the case on some parts of our coast, the bait used is a worm or a piece of red cloth, and sometimes a piece of a mackerel itself. With regard to the red cloth, I do not conceive that the fish has any intention of eating it, but that it is irritated by that colour, as are other living creatures (the bull and the turkey, for instance), and, flying at it, gets hooked!

The mackerel men, at the close of the season in July, go home and prepare their boats for the

herring season, which commences at the close of the mackerel season on the Scottish coast, though the herrings do not reach our south-eastern coast till the end of September.

Hastings, Filey, Scarborough, Whitby, Folkstone, Dover, Shoreham, Newhaven, Kingsdown, Plymouth, Ramsgate, and Rye, send a great many boats to the mackerel fishery. The domestic economy of the luggers is precisely similar to that of the herring boats, and they carry the same number of hands. They live well, principally on good fresh beef, beef puddings, dumplings, sweet cake, and plenty of green vegetables, and drink coffee, tea, water, fresh milk, and a little rum, but carry no spirits to sea. The cost of living is estimated at 1*l.* per day for each boat of seven hands, and that clears all expenses. The boy on board acts as cook, and caters and washes for the crew. Many crews treat these boys with great generosity and consideration, exempting them from the harder portion of the work, and evincing in their rough manner much practical kindness. I have witnessed some touching instances of this, and, indeed, kind treatment is the rule rather than the exception. In some boats the boy takes an equal share of the money earned with the men, but it is more usual to accord him a half share, or to pay him a trifling amount weekly; and he has, as I have observed, generally a brother or staunch friend in the same boat who looks after his comfort and interests as far as may be practicable.

There is probably no fish the price of which varies so much in the market as the mackerel; and, as it is in great demand, the London buyers can usually clear off their stock without difficulty. It is a fish, however, that speedily loses its delicate flavour, and on that account is only to be eaten in perfection at sea-side places. No fish so quickly dies when once out of the water; the splendid prismatic brilliancy of its colours, when first taken, fades with the life of the fish, and gives place to a mottled blue and green shade far less beautiful. I am told, on reliable authority, that the "seine" fishing, as practised on the Devonshire and Cornwall coasts, is a very curious sight; but I have never yet had the good fortune to witness a "take" with the "seine net." By this method the fishermen enclose the mackerel in a circular net, and, standing on the beach, thus haul them in. Such a practice may occasionally, no doubt, be very successful, and should the "catch" be large, must afford a pretty spectacle; but I should imagine the method I have treated of in this paper to be less precarious, and, as a rule, more profitable. Turbots, and even salmon, I believe, are caught in the "seine" net, and, of course, a great quantity of refuse, such as crabs and inferior fish. In fact, from all I can gather, the "seine net" must be exceedingly like the "trawl;" and if so, the mackerel thus caught would, I should suppose, be more likely to get bruised than those caught in the regular mackerel nets. A set of nets is a very expensive affair indeed, a good set of either herring or mackerel nets are worth from 120*l.* to 200*l.*, and often more, so that if a boat loses her nets, she loses "the means whereby she lives." The mackerel

boats are usually constructed on the principle of shares, the boat taking one-third of the gains for her expenses, and the hands sharing the other two-thirds. On the Yorkshire coast, at Filey and Scarborough, for instance, the yawls sometimes belong to owners who pay the crew regular weekly wages, and take their chance of a loss or profit.

I think myself that the "share principle" is undoubtedly the best, as all parties have then an interest in increasing the "take" of mackerel, and go to work "with a will." In May and June a small shoal of mackerel, known amongst fishermen as "in-shore mackerel," will come grubbing along the coast at not more than a mile or so from the beach, and many are thus taken by the little sailing punts that abound in all fishing towns. It takes but two men to manage one of these boats, and if they can take a hundred, or even half a hundred fish per night with their little "fleet" of nets, it pays them well.

I have been at some little pains to ascertain the averages of "takes," and of the men's earnings each season, and the other statistics given above; and though I have occasionally found a difference of opinion prevail, I have no doubt whatever that I am pretty correct. Perhaps I may further say (though these exceptions only add double force to the rule) that I have known a crew to earn 50*l.* per man in a good season, and that the largest "take" I ever knew of by one boat in a single night was 48,000 fish. I have heard of 100,000 fish being taken; but such a case never came under my own notice as regards mackerel, though I have known herring boats frequently to exceed that amount of fish. The boat I mention as having taken 48,000 mackerel in a single night was a small boat, and she had even more fish in her nets, but was compelled to shake them out, being afraid to risk carrying them as there was a heavy sea running. It must be borne in mind that in counting or "telling" herrings, 132 fish are reckoned to the hundred, so that a "last" is in fact far more than 10,000 fish, and possibly this is not known to many of my readers. Mackerel fishermen, when about to prosecute their calling, always like to see what they term a "goodish" breeze, that is to say, a light fresh wind, which, without being a gale, is yet sufficiently strong to "ruffle" the surface of the sea considerably. These light breezes, yet so powerful in their effects, frequently occur towards the end of May, and in the first two weeks of June; and hence mackerel-fishers have a saying amongst themselves, that

When the corn is in the ear,
The Mackerel begin to stir.

So excellent is the flesh of the mackerel, that it is hardly possible to spoil it, however cooked. Boiled with parsley or fennel sauce, broiled, kippered, or stewed, it is equally enjoyable. A most excellent pudding may be made of boned mackerel, well seasoned, if the fish is mixed with very thin slices of good ham. The mackerel "pots" better than perhaps any other fish, and thus prepared is, as a breakfast condiment, hardly inferior to salmon. Soused mackerel, with good white pepper, vinegar, and bay-leaves, most

of us have found a welcome addition to the bills of fare of our breakfast and supper tables. As I have now done justice to the good qualities of the mackerel as a table fish, I will hasten for the present to take leave of my readers.

ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

OUR RIDE TO BUSACO.

IN the spring of 1859 I was stationed at Coimbra, in the Kingdom of Portugal, one of a staff of engineers who were conducting the surveys for a railway, the concession for which had been granted by the government to an English company. Having a day's leisure, myself and one of our party, whom for the nonce I will christen Smith, determined to avail ourselves of it to pay a visit to the Convent and battle-field of Busaco, at about four leagues distance. Having provided for the commissariat in the shape of a cold fowl, salad, and divers other comestibles, which were stowed in a pair of capacious *alforjes* (cloth saddle-bags) behind my friend's saddle, we started from Coimbra early in the morning, with the object of arriving at Busaco before the heat of midday. We were mounted on a pair of little scrambling active hacks which we had hired from an *alguerie* in the town, and were attended by the inevitable *arriero* without whom no one thinks of going a mile on horseback anywhere throughout the Peninsula. This lad, José by name, had already accompanied me in some previous expeditions, and I had taken a liking to him from his good nature, intelligence, and untiring activity. For about two leagues we followed the main road from Lisbon to Oporto, and then struck off on a track which led us through alternate pine-woods and olive-groves, to the foot of the mountain ridge, on the crest of which, on the glorious 27th of August, 1810, 50,000 British and Portuguese soldiers, commanded by the Duke, then Lord Wellington, met the onslaught of 70,000 French troops under the conduct of the Marshals of France, of whom Massena, the "spoil child of victory," was the chief, and drove them broken and discomfited down its rugged slopes with fearful slaughter.

On arriving at the convent, which nestles deep amid the thick cork forest which clothes the western side of the Serra de Busaco, we proceeded, before setting forth to explore the battle-field, to examine our resources, and discovered that we were without wine or any other potable, and that none was to be procured at the convent (from which the monks have long since been evicted) for love or money. Our *arriero* José, relieved us from the difficulty by proposing to run down to the village of Luz at the foot of the mountain, and bring back some Vinho do Duque, which he assured us should be something very superior. Girding his loins tightly with his particoloured ciata, he started off down the hill at as brisk a pace as if he had not already run twelve miles beside our horses that morning, and we proceeded to view the battle-field. The day was very hot, and by the time we returned to the convent we were thoroughly tired with our scramble over the steep slopes of the mountain, and were well pleased to find that our messenger had got back

from Luz with four bottles of wine, the orange tawny hue and rich aroma of which showed that it was the real old vintage of the Alto Douro, unadulterated with the brandy and *geropija* with which it is fortified for the voyage, and adapted to the palate of the British consumer. Smith was still more tired than myself; he professed to be something of a botanist, and had burthened himself with a great armful of weeds which he had collected in the course of our ramble. Having discussed our provisions, we sat lounging over our pipes and the wine until three bottles had disappeared, and the lengthening shadows of the tall cypresses in front of the convent showed that the sun had well nigh run its course. I determined to mount once more to the huge granite cross which crowns the peak of the Serra above the convent, to see the sun set in the Atlantic, but my companion had grown drowsy after his dinner, and I could not prevail on him to accompany me.

I only just reached the cross in time to see the sun disappear behind a mass of dense black clouds which were piling themselves up in the western horizon, and which seemed to threaten to interfere with the pleasure of the moonlight ride back to Coimbra which we had promised ourselves. I therefore at once hastened back down the steeply-winding, densely-wooded path to the convent, and found that Smith had in my absence nearly finished the remaining bottle of port, and had gone fast asleep. He grumbled and complained of feeling very queer on my rousing him up, and I saw at once that the wine had produced a considerable effect upon him. I went out to the stable to hurry the *arriero* round with the horses, and got back just in time to catch him in the act of finishing a large glass of the raw, burning, fig brandy of the country, which he assured me would set him all right, but which I much mis-doubted was likely to produce an entirely opposite effect.

We had scarcely reached the foot of the mountain, before the clouds, which had rapidly spread over the sky, obscured the rising moon; and the lightning which began to play behind the shoulder of the Serra, showed that we were in for one of those tremendous thunder-storms to which anything we ever experience in our more temperate climate is a mere bagatelle. We now entered the dense olive groves, in which our horses stumbled every moment over the knotted and projecting roots, and to my annoyance I found that the wine he had drunk, and the acrid brandy with which he had topped it up, had produced such an effect upon my companion, that it was only by riding close alongside of him, grasping him tightly by the shoulder, with the *arriero* holding his leg on the other side, that I could keep him upon his horse.

It soon became evident that we could not proceed much farther in this manner, and I therefore consulted José as to what was to be done. After pondering some time, he suggested, and I thought somewhat reluctantly, that there was a small *venda* on a bye-road at a little distance where we might take shelter for a short time until the Señor had recovered himself a little, and we could pro-

ceed. The rain now began to fall in torrents, and it was with the utmost difficulty that I could keep Smith, who had become quite insensible, upon his horse. After a struggle of nearly an hour, we at length reached the *venda*, which stood on a high precipitous bank above the road, up which the lad scrambled to rouse the inmates; whilst I remained below holding the horses and supporting my insensible companion, who now and then muttered a few inarticulate words, upon my shoulder. It seemed an age before the *arriero* returned, accompanied by a decrepid old man bearing a lantern, who piloted us up the bank by a circuitous path which brought us to the back of the *venda*. This I found to be a long, low building, one end of which was appropriated to cattle, and the other end, shut off by a rough partition, was the kitchen and day-room, while a loft above it formed the sleeping-room of its inhabitants.

I succeeded in getting my intoxicated friend—just then I entitled him a drunken beast—into this shelter, and laid him at full length upon the floor beside a fire of pine-wood which burned at the further end, supporting his head upon the *alforjes* with little regard for the botanical specimens with which he had crammed them, and loosening his scarf and collar. I then sat down on the other side of the fire, lighted my pipe, and tried as well as I could to dry my saturated garments. I was in the greatest perplexity what to do; it was absolutely necessary that I should be in Coimbra at an early hour in the morning, to make up and despatch by that day's post, which left at ten o'clock for Lisbon, several business letters which it was important should go by the next day's mail steamer to England. It was now past midnight, and Smith was in a state of stolid insensibility from which there seemed no prospect of his recovering for hours. The old man and woman, who seemed to be the sole inmates of our refuge, were both of them upwards of sixty years of age; and I knew that the peasantry of this part of Portugal, though wretchedly poor, are generally honest and inoffensive. I therefore set myself to interrogate the *arriero*, who having led his beasts into the other end of the cottage, and shaken them out a scanty meal of maize husks, the only fodder procurable, was now crouched in front of the fire, puffing his *cigarro*, as to whether he thought it would be safe to leave Smith here, while we pushed on to Coimbra with the two horses. I had some difficulty in explaining to him in my imperfect Portuguese, that it was necessary that I should reach Coimbra before the mail left in the morning, but when I had succeeded in doing so, he assured me that the *Señor* would be perfectly safe where he was, and that a *seje* (a species of hooded gig) could be sent for him in the morning. The hesitation which I had fancied he manifested before taking us to the *venda* had passed away so thoroughly, that I thought it must have been merely my imagination which had conjured it up to add to my other perplexities. I proceeded to explain to the old man and woman what I proposed doing, and in their presence emptied my friend's pockets of his money and watch, covered him over with a *manta*, and left him, with his head supported by the *alforjes*, to

sleep off his intoxication, while we rode on through the storm which still raged without. We had some difficulty in getting the horses down the steep pathway, and when we reached the road, which was little more than a bridle-path, we could proceed but slowly, for the night was pitchy dark, and the *arriero* seemed less certain of his way, as we had diverged from the direct road to Coimbra for the purpose of getting to the *venda*. We had not gone above two miles, and had just entered a thick pine-wood, when we heard the trampling of a horse approaching in the direction we were going. The lad hailed the rider; but the latter, instead of pulling up, spurred his horse as we approached him, and dashed past us at a hard gallop. I was astonished at this unlooked for proceeding, and still more so when the *arriero* stopped, listened till the footfall of the stranger's horse died away in the distance, and then declared that we were in the wrong road, and should never reach Coimbra in the direction in which we were going. I could not account for this sudden change of purpose, and insisted on proceeding until, finding me determined, he at length told me, after much hesitation, that he believed the man who had passed us so abruptly to be the son of the old couple who kept the *venda*, that he was a noted contrabandista, and a lawless and unscrupulous character. He confessed that his fear, lest this man should be at home, had been the cause of the hesitation he had shown in going there in the first instance, which had been set at rest when the old folks informed him that their son had gone to Figuera, the nearest seaport, and was not expected home for some days. He said also that we must now be in the road to Figuera, which he had mistaken for that to Coimbra, and urged me to return at once to the *venda* to see to the safety of my friend. On this statement of facts, I at once assented, and we hurried back on the way we had come as speedily as the darkness would permit us.

On reaching the foot of the bank on which the *venda* stood we found, after several attempts, that it was impossible to get the horses up the steep and narrow pathway without a light, or some one who knew its windings better than we did, and I therefore left him at the bottom with the animals and scrambled up alone. On reaching the building I knocked heavily at the door without receiving any answer, though I fancied I could hear a movement within. My anxiety for my friend's safety grew intense; for though the old people had seen me take possession of his watch and money, the contrabandists did not know this, and I feared that he might have entered the house, and perhaps murdered him before my return. I went round to a small window in the inhabited part of the house, first taking the precaution to open a large clasp knife which I had about me, and to place it in my bosom ready for a hasty grasp. I succeeded in unfastening the window, or rather shutters,—for glazed windows are a luxury unknown in the rural districts of Portugal;—but on throwing it open my worst fears seemed realised; my poor friend lay almost in the position in which I had left him; but I was horrified to

see that his face, neck, and head were crimsoned and clotted in gore. For a moment I stood paralysed with horror; but recovering myself immediately I sprang into the room. In doing so I knocked over the small settle, on which stood a large brass lamp, the light from which had revealed to me the fearful spectacle. The fire had burned low, and the brands only gave a dim red glow, insufficient to reveal surrounding objects.

I stayed for a moment in the position in which I had fallen, only raising myself on my elbow, and clutching my knife to repel the attack which I expected; for the murderer might even now be in the room, scared only for a moment from his victim by my sudden entrance. I heard no sound save the beating of the storm and the muttered roll of the thunder, which was now dying away in the distance. Still I listened, till the drums of my ears seemed to throb and ring with the anxious tension of my excited nerves. Then I cautiously felt my way towards the fire. As I did so my hand came for a moment in contact with the face of my friend; horror, it was dabbled with his blood. Reaching the fire, I pushed the brands together, striving to raise a flame, still holding my knife in readiness to strike, and peering into the darkness to meet, if possible, the attack I momentarily expected. My dread was that my antagonist might have fire-arms, and that a bullet might fell me without the chance of retaliation. In a hand-to-hand struggle my knife would stand me in good stead, and man to man I held myself as good as any Portuguese that ever drew breath. Now the brands which I had stirred broke into a slight flicker of flame, and as they did so I crouched back behind the body, lest the light should make me a mark for the dreaded bullet. Still no sound was within the house, though I could hear distinctly the pulsation of my heart, and each beat seemed to send the blood in a rush to my brain. Yes, I heard two or three words indistinctly spoken and then a muffled footfall overhead. The trap-door at the top of the ladder was gently raised, and a bare foot appeared. I started up, with my knife raised ready to throw myself on the intruder as he should descend the ladder. He came down three or four steps, and then stopped below the trap-door, and held forward a lamp which seemed to throw a dazzling flood of light into the room. It was the old man whom I had seen on our first arrival, he saw me standing drawn together, my knife raised in act to spring upon him. He shrieked "O Deos!" and sprang up through the trap, which fell with a clang behind him, and I was again in darkness. The evident terror which he showed somewhat reassured me. I could hear him moving hurriedly overhead, and apparently rousing his wife. Was it possible, I thought, that this weak old man could have nerved himself to commit so horrible a crime? and if so, to what purpose? Just at this moment there came a hasty knocking at the door, and I heard the voice of my *arriero*, crying:

"Ola, Senor! Ola! abri a porta."

Pushing the ashes of the fire again together, I went to the door, and after some difficulty succeeded in removing the heavy bar which fastened

it. I said nothing as he came in, for I feared if I suddenly told him of the horrible crime which had been committed, that he might take flight, and I should be again left alone. After letting him in, I stood for a moment holding the door ajar, and listened to hear if any footstep without should tell that he was followed. In the meantime, and while I was closing the door, José had drawn from some nook around the hearth a bunch of maize huaks, which he lighted among the ashes. The flame immediately revealed to him the bloody spectacle, and he started back, exclaiming, "*Bom Jesus!*" At the same moment the prostrate figure rose slowly to a sitting posture, and passing one hand across his face, stared first at one and then at the other of us, and finally stammered:

"I say Charley, old fellow, why, what's the matter?"

I sprang forward, and caught him by the shoulders to support him, delighted to find even that he was alive, and while I did so the *arriero* picked up and relighted the lamp which I had thrown down in entering. As he brought it forward I gazed anxiously at my friend. He was covered with blood, indeed, but it flowed not from the gaping wound which I expected to see in his neck or breast, but from his nose. I stared stupidly at him for an instant, and then burst into a roar of laughter; the sudden revulsion of feeling quite overcame me, and if it is physically possible for a man to be hysterical, I was so on that occasion, for I ended by bursting into tears, and it was some minutes before I could reply to Smith's confused and astonished inquiries. I then bethought me that the old couple upstairs must be almost as much terrified as I myself had been, and I directed José to mount the ladder and call to them. They had piled some heavy articles upon the trap, and it took a great deal of expostulation and persuasion before he could prevail on the old man to come down and be paid preparatory to our departure. The manner in which Smith had inflicted on himself the injury which had caused my alarm was easily perceptible. In his drunken sleep he had thrown himself over from one side to the other, and in doing so, had struck himself a severe blow against a large block of wood, which was lying close by the fire ready to replenish it. His proboscis was considerably swollen, and he had lost a good deal of blood; but this had a beneficial effect, for he was soon sufficiently steadied to mount his horse, and ride forward to Coimbra.

Whether the horseman who had passed us on the road was or was not the smuggler son of our host and hostess, we could not ascertain satisfactorily, but our *arriero* seemed to think that it must have been him, and that, alarmed at our appearance, and perhaps taking us for the officers of the tobacco contract, which is farmed out by the government, he had ridden to some safe place of deposit for the goods he had brought from Figuera, in place of going to his home, where they would naturally repair to look for him. I reached Coimbra just in time to save the mail to Lisbon, but my nerves were so shaken by the excitement I had undergone, that it was many days before I got over the effects of our ride to Busaco.

A CELIBATE CONSOLED.

"EX FUMO."

I.

PAINT me no joys of wedlock born ;
Sing me no songs of Hymen ;
Its brightest roses hide a thorn,
Or faces oft belie men.

II.

Befooled that maidens may be wives—
Beggared that wives may dress well—
Such the sad tale of husbands' lives
I've gleaned beneath Sir Cresswell.

III.

No : since with feelings frail as ours
Love is but life's bare duty,
In fancy let me cull the flowers
Before the shrine of beauty !

IV.

Be but, beside my lonely hearth,
A bowl of choice Virginian
To lift the senses far from earth,
And lull on dreamiest pinion ;—

V.

Lured by its weird and witching charms
No damosel so rude is,
But nestles to my happy arms
With the last batch from Mudie's.

VI.

I dream the poet's dream of bliss,
The cream of prose I sip too ;
The sweetest cheeks are mine to kiss
That lover e'er put lip to.

VII.

Unknown beloved of my heart,
Fair queen of my ideal !
I thank thine author for the art
That frames thee warm and real.

VIII.

That suffers, without let or blame,
A poor unclaimed affection
To flirt round some fictitious flame
Some model of perfection.

IX.

So years ago an evening breeze
Would bid soft thoughts waylay me,
And set me by the twilight seas
With faithless cousin Amy :

X.

I seemed to feel the whispering air
That came with briny gushes,
Uncurling locks of starry hair
And fanning tell-tale blushes.

XI.

Or face to face I worshipped Maud,
The beautiful, the peerless ;
I won her from her "babefaced lord,"
All willing and all tearless.

XII.

The grace of pure Evangeline,
By heart I used to know it ;
Woo'd Browning's gentle Geraldine,
And every pet of poet.

XIII.

And still, though age asserts its need
Of more prosaic Circes,
And craves a fuller-flavoured weed,
And don't care much for verses,

XIV.

Still Ethel, Laura, Charlotte touch
My cup with honied breathings,
'Tis mine to quaff my fill from such
Sweet W. M. T. things.

XV.

The great Antonio makes me free
Of all his pen produces ;
Grahams and Luftons win for me
Their Madelines and Lucies.

XVI.

Each new sensationist I skim,
Whose thrilling plots prevent your
Forgetting life's a wayward whim,
And love a risky venture.

XVII.

The fastest heroine daren't deny
My right to lord it o'er her,
From Melville's wild Kate Coventry
To Braddon's quaint Aurora.

XVIII.

And so the sum runs up : and so
Not if I sang for ages
Could I pay half the debt I owe
My favourites for their pages.

XIX.

Yet dull their portraiture had seemed,
The visions so delicious
Had never but for these been dreamed,
My pipe, my pride, my precious !

XX.

Beneath thy subtle alchemy
Glow thought and scene and diction,
And blossoms of reality
Burst from the buds of fiction.

XXI.

Who never fondled to his own
Thine amber lip for kisses,
Thine incense who has never known
Has never known what this is,

XXII.

To feel the goddess of a book,
The darling of a fable
Make sunshine with a loving look
Around a loveless table.

XXIII.

But I have royal Harry's choice
Without his ugly axes,
Unvexed by sound of jealous voice,
Or temper-trying taxes ;

XXIV.

And, while I am the happy man
Such vivid fancies figure me,
I need not tremble at the ban
That disallows polygamy.

XXV.

No bills I dread at Christmas-tides,
No fees that croup or coughs bring,
For fancy dresses all my brides,
And nurses all my offspring ;

XXVI.

And on my free unruffled brow
No harsh prophetic sorrow,
Amid the careless calm of *Now*
Writes the dire word *To-morrow*.

XXVII.

Could I but teach some friends of mine,
Whom o'er their fates I've heard sigh,
How bright the star of love can shine
From out a cloud of "bird's-eye !" R. A. B.

ELEANOR'S VICTORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AURORA FLOYD," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," &c.



CHAPTER XV. LAUNCELOT.

MRS. DARRELL stood for some time clasped in her son's embrace, and sobbing violently. The two girls withdrew a few paces, too bewildered to know what to do, in the first shock of the surprise that had come so suddenly upon them.

This was Launcelot Darrell, then, the long absent son, whose portrait hung above the mantel-piece in the dining-room, whose memory was so tenderly cherished, every token of whose former presence was so carefully preserved.

"My boy, my boy," murmured the widow, in a voice which seemed strange to the two girls, from its new accent of tenderness; "my own and only son, how is it that you come back to me thus? I thought you were in India. I thought—"

"I was in India, mother, when my last letter to you was written," the young man answered; "but you know how sick and tired I was of the odious climate, and the odious life I was compelled to lead. It grew unbearable at last, and I determined to throw everything up, and come

home; so I sailed in the first vessel that left Calcutta after I had formed this determination. You're not sorry to see me back, are you, mother?"

"Sorry to see you, my boy, my boy!"

Mrs. Darrell led her son across the lawn and into the house, through an open window. She seemed utterly unconscious of the presence of her two charges. She seemed to have forgotten their very existence in the wonderful surprise of her son's return. So Laura and Eleanor went up to Miss Mason's room and shut themselves in, to talk over the strange adventures of the evening, while the mother and son were closeted together in the breakfast-room below.

"Isn't it all romantic, Nelly, dear?" Miss Mason said, with enthusiasm. "I wonder whether he came all the way from India in that dreadful coat and that horrid shabby hat? He looks just like the hero of a novel, doesn't he, Nell? dark and pale, and tall and slender. Has he come back for good, do you think? I'm sure he ought to have Mr. De Crespigny's fortune."

Miss Vane shrugged her shoulders. She was not particularly interested in the handsome prodigal son who had made his appearance so unexpectedly; and she had enough to do to listen to all Laura's exclamations, and sympathise with her curiosity.

"I shan't sleep a bit to-night, Nelly," Miss Mason said, as she parted with her friend. "I shall be dreaming of Launcelot Darrell, with his dark eyes and pale face. What a fierce, half-angry look he has, Nell, as if he were savage with the world for having treated him badly. For he must have been badly treated, you know. We know how clever he is. He ought to have been made a governor-general or an ambassador, or something of that kind, in India. He has no right to be shabby."

"I should think his shabbiness was his own fault, Laura," Miss Vane answered, quietly. "If he is clever, you know, he ought to be able to earn money."

She thought of Richard Thornton, as she spoke, working at the Phoenix Theatre for the poor salary that helped to support the Bohemian comforts of the primitive shelter in the Pilasters, and Dick's paint and whitewash bespattered coat seemed glorified by contrast with that of the young prodigal in the room below.

The two girls went down to the breakfast-room early the next morning, Laura Mason arrayed in her prettiest and brightest muslin morning dress, which was scarcely so bright as her beaming face. The young lady's gossamer white robes fluttered with the floating ribbons and delicate laces that adorned them. She was a coquette by nature, and was eager to take her revenge for all the monotonous days of enforced seclusion which she had endured.

Mrs. Darrell was sitting at the breakfast table when the two girls entered the room. Her Bible lay open amongst the cups and saucers near her. Her face was pale, and looked even more careworn than usual, and her eyes were dimmed by the tears that she had shed. The heroism of the woman who had borne her son's absence silently

and uncomplainingly, had given way under the unlooked-for joy of his return.

She gave her hand to each of the girls as they wished her good morning. Eleanor almost shuddered as she felt the deadly coldness of that wasted hand.

"We will begin breakfast at once, my dears," Mrs. Darrell said, quietly; "my son is fatigued by a long journey, and exhausted by the excitement of his return. He will not get up, therefore, until late in the day."

The widow poured out the tea, and for some little time there was silence at the breakfast table. Neither Eleanor nor Laura liked to speak. They both waited—one patiently, the other very impatiently—until Mrs. Darrell should please to tell them something about her son's extraordinary return.

It seemed as if the mistress of Hazlewood, usually so coldly dignified and self-possessed, felt some little embarrassment in speaking of the strange scene of the previous night.

"I need scarcely tell you, Laura," she said, rather abruptly, after a very long pause, "that if anything could lessen my happiness in my son's return, it would be the manner of his coming back to his old home. He comes back to me poorer than when he went away. He came on foot from Southampton here; he came looking like a tramp and a beggar to his mother's house. But it would be hard if I blamed my poor boy for this. The sin lies at his uncle's door. Maurice de Crespigny should have known that Colonel Darrell's only son would never stoop to a life of commercial drudgery. My son's letters might have prepared me for what has happened. Their brevity, their bitter, despondent tone, might have told the utter hopelessness of a commercial career for my son. He tells me that he left India because his position there,—a position which held out no promise of improvement,—had become unbearable to him. He comes back to me penniless, with the battle of life before him. You can scarcely wonder, then, that my happiness in his return is not quite unalloyed."

"No, indeed, dear Mrs. Darrell," Laura answered, eagerly; "but still you must be very glad to have him back: and if he didn't make a fortune in India, he can make one in England, I dare say. He is so handsome, and so clever, and—"

The young lady stopped suddenly, blushing under the cold scrutiny of Ellen Darrell's eyes. Perhaps in that moment a thought flashed across the mind of the widow; the thought of a wealthy marriage for her handsome son. She knew that Laura Mason was rich, for Mr. Monckton had told her that his ward would have all the advantages in after life which wealth can bestow, but she had no idea of the amount of the girl's fortune.

Launcelot Darrell slept late after his pedestrian journey. Miss Mason's piano was kept shut, out of consideration for the traveller; and Laura and Eleanor found the bright summer's morning unusually long in consequence. They had so few pursuits, or amusements, that to be deprived of one seemed very cruel. They were sitting after their

early dinner, in a shady nook in the shrubbery, Laura lying on the ground, reading a novel, and Eleanor engaged in some needle-work achievement which was by-and-bye to be presented to the Signora; when the rustling leaves of the laurel screen that inclosed and sheltered their retreat, were parted, and the handsome face, the face which had looked worn and haggard last night, but which now had only an aristocratic air of languor, presented itself before them in a frame of dark and shining foliage.

"Good morning, or good afternoon, young ladies," said Mr. Darrell, "for I hear that your habits at Hazlewood are very primitive, and that you dine at three o'clock. I have been looking for you during the last half-hour, in my anxiety to apologise for any alarm I may have given you last night. When the landless heir returns to his home, he scarcely expects to find two angels waiting for him on the threshold. I might have been a little more careful of my toilet, had I been able to foresee my reception. What luggage I had I left at Southampton."

"Oh! never mind your dress, Mr. Darrell," Laura answered gaily, "we are both so glad you have come home. Ain't we, Eleanor? for our lives are so dreadfully dull here, though your mamma is very kind to us. But do tell us all about your voyage home, and your journey here on foot, and all the troubles you have gone through? Do tell us your adventures, Mr. Darrell?"

The young lady lifted her bright blue eyes with a languishing glance of pity; but suddenly dropped them under the young man's glance. He looked from one to the other of the two girls, and then, strolling into the grassy little amphitheatre where they were sitting, flung himself into a rustic arm-chair, near the table at which Eleanor Vane sat at work.

Launcelot Darrell was a handsome likeness of his mother. The features which in her face were stern and hard, had in his an almost feminine softness. The dark eyes had a lazy light in them, and were half-hidden by the listless droop of the black lashes that fringed their full white lids. The straight nose, low forehead, and delicately moulded mouth, were almost classical in their physical perfection; but there was a want in the lower part of the face; the chin receded a little where it should have projected, the handsome mouth was weak and undecided in expression.

Mr. Darrell might have sat as a painter's model for all the lovers in prose or poetry; but he would never have been mistaken for a hero or a statesman. He had all the attributes of grace and beauty, but not one of the outward signs of greatness. Eleanor Vane felt this want of power in the young man as she looked at him. Her rapid perception seized upon the one defect which marred so much perfection.

"If I had need of help against the murderer of my father," the girl thought, "I would not ask this man to aid me."

"And now, Mr. Darrell," said Laura, throwing down her book, and settling herself for a flirtation with the prodigal son, "tell us all your adventures. We are dying to hear them."

Launcelot Darrell shrugged his shoulders.

"What adventures, my dear Miss Mason?"

"Why, your Indian experiences, of course, and your journey home. All your romantic escapes, and thrilling perils, tiger-hunting, pig-sticking—that doesn't sound romantic, but I suppose it is—lonely nights in which you lost yourself in the jungle, horrible encounters with rattle-snakes, brilliant balls at Government House—you see I know all about Indian life—rides on the race-course, flirtations with Calcutta belles."

The young man laughed at Miss Mason's enthusiasm.

"You know more about the delights of an Indian existence than I do," he said, rather bitterly; "a poor devil who goes out to Calcutta with only one letter of introduction, and an empty purse, and is sent up the country, within a few days of his arrival, to a lonely station, where his own face is about the only white one in the neighbourhood, hasn't very much chance of becoming familiar with Government House festivities, or Calcutta belles, who reserve their smiles for the favoured children of fortune, I can assure you. As to tiger-hunts and pig-sticking, my dear Miss Mason, I can give you very little information upon those points, for an indigo planter's overseer, whose nose is kept pretty close to the grindstone, has enough to do for his pitiful stipend, and very little chance of becoming a Gordon Cumming or a Jules Gerard."

Laura Mason looked very much disappointed.

"You didn't like India, then, Mr. Darrell?" she said.

"I hated it," the young man answered, between his set teeth.

There was so much suppressed force in Launcelot Darrell's utterance of these three words, that Eleanor looked up from her work, startled by the young man's sudden vehemence.

He was looking straight before him, his dark eyes fixed, his strongly marked eyebrows contracted, and a red spot burning in the centre of each pale and rather hollow cheek.

"But why did you hate India?" Laura asked, with unflinching pertinacity.

"Why does a man hate poverty and humiliation, Miss Mason? You might as well ask me that. Suppose we drop the subject. It isn't a very agreeable one to me, I assure you."

"But your voyage home," pursued Laura, quite unabashed by this rebuff; "you can tell us your adventures during the voyage home."

"I had no adventures. Men who travel by the overland route may have something to tell, perhaps: I came the cheapest and the slowest way."

"By a sailing vessel?"

"Yes."

"And what was the name of the vessel?"

"The Indus."

"The Indus, that's an easy name to remember. But of course you had all sorts of amusements on board; you played whist in the cuddy—what is the cuddy, by-the-bye?—and you got up private theatricals, and you started an amateur newspaper, or a magazine, and you crossed the line, and—"

"Oh, yes, we went through the usual routine. It was dreary enough. Pray tell me something about Hazlewood, Miss Mason; I am a great deal more interested in Berkshire than you can possibly be in my Indian experiences."

The young lady was fain to submit. She told Mr. Darrell such scraps and shreds of gossip as form the "news" in a place like Hazlewood. He listened very attentively to anything Miss Mason had to tell about his uncle, Maurice de Crespigny."

"So those tiger cats, my maiden aunts, are as watchful as ever," he said, when Laura had finished. "Heaven grant the harpies may be disappointed. Do any of the Vane family ever try to get at the old man?"

Eleanor looked up from her work, but very quietly; she had grown accustomed to hear her name spoken by those who had no suspicion of her identity.

"Oh, no, I believe not," Miss Mason answered; "old Mr. Vane died two or three years ago, you know."

"Yes, my mother wrote me word of his death."

"You were in India when it happened, then?"

"Yes."

Eleanor's face blanched, and her heart beat with a fierce heavy throbbing against her breast. How dared they talk of her dead father in that tone of almost insolent indifference. The one passion of her young life had as strong a power over her now as when she had knelt in the little chamber in the Rue l'Archevêque, with her clasped hands uplifted to the low ceiling, and a terrible oath upon her girlish lips.

She dropped her work suddenly, and rising from her rustic seat, walked away from the shade of the laurels.

"Eleanor," cried Laura Mason, "where are you going?"

Launcelot Darrell sat in a careless attitude, trifling with the reels of silk, and balls of wool, and all the paraphernalia of fancy work scattered upon the table before him, but he lifted his head as Laura uttered her friend's name, and perhaps for the first time looked steadily at Miss Vane.

He sat looking at her for some minutes while she and Laura stood talking together a few paces from him. It was perhaps only a painter's habit of looking earnestly at a pretty face that gave intensity to his gaze. He dropped his eyelids presently, and drew a long breath, that sounded almost like a sigh of relief.

"An accidental likeness," he muttered; "there are a hundred such likenesses in the world."

He got up and walked back to the house, leaving the two girls together. Laura had a great deal to say about his handsome face, and the easy grace of his manner; but Eleanor Vane was absent and thoughtful. The mention of her father's name had brought back the past. Her peaceful life, and all its quiet contentment, melted away like a curtain of morning mist that rises to disclose the ghastly horror of a battle-field; and the dreadful picture of the past arose before her; painfully vivid, horribly real. The parting on the boulevard; the long night of agony and suspense; the meeting with Richard on the bridge by the Morgue; her

father's torn, disjointed letter; and her own vengeful wrath; all returned to her; every voice of her heart seemed to call her away from the commonplace tranquillity of her life to some desperate act of justice and retribution.

"What have I to do with this frivolous girl?" she thought; "what is it to me whether Launcelot Darrell's nose is Grecian or aquiline, whether his eyes are black or brown? What a wretched, useless life I am leading in this place, when I should be hunting through the world for the murderer of my father."

She sighed wearily as she remembered how powerless she was. What could she do to get one step nearer to the accomplishment of that one purpose, which she called the purpose of her life? Nothing! She remembered with a chill feeling of despair that however, in her moments of exaltation, she might look forward to some shadowy day of triumph and revenge, her better sense always told her that Richard Thornton had spoken the truth. The man whose treachery had destroyed George Vane had dropped into the chaos of an over-crowded universe, leaving no clue behind him by which he might be traced.

CHAPTER XVI. THE LAWYER'S SUSPICION.

MR. MONCKTON came to Hazlewood upon the day after Launcelot Darrell's arrival. The grave solicitor had known the young man before his departure for India, but there seemed no very great intimacy between them, and Mr. Darrell appeared rather to avoid any familiarity with his mother's rich friend.

He answered Gilbert Monckton's questions about India and indigo-planting with an air of unwillingness that was almost insolent.

"The last few years of my life have not been so very pleasant as to make me care to look back at them," he said, bitterly. "Some men keep a diary of the experiences of each day—I found the experiences dreary enough in themselves, and had no wish to incur the extra dreariness of writing about them. I told my uncle, when he forced a commercial career upon me, that he was making a mistake, and the result has proved that I was right."

Mr. Darrell spoke with as much indifference as if he had been discussing the affairs of a stranger. He evidently thought that the mistakes of his life rested upon other people's shoulders; and that it was no shame to him, but rather to his credit as a fine gentleman, that he had come home penniless and shabby to sponge upon his mother's slender income.

"And now you have come back, what do you mean to do?" Mr. Monckton asked, rather abruptly.

"I shall go in for painting. I'll work hard, down in this quiet place, and get a picture ready for the Royal Academy next year. Will you sit for me, Miss Mason? and you, Miss Vincent? you would make a splendid Rosalind and Celia. Yes, Mr. Monckton, I shall try the sublime art whose professors have been the friends of princes."

"And if you fail—"

"If I fail, I'll change my name, and turn itinerant portrait-painter. But I don't suppose

my uncle Maurice means to live for ever. He must leave his money to somebody, and whatever wills he may have made—and I daresay he's made half a dozen—the chances are that he'll tear the last of them up, half an hour before his death, and die while he's thinking about the wording of another."

The young man spoke as carelessly as if the Woodlands fortune were scarcely worth a discussion. It was his habit to speak indifferently of all things, and it was rather difficult to penetrate his real sentiments, so skilfully were they hidden by this surface manner.

"You had a formidable rival once in your uncle's affections!" Mr. Monckton said presently.

"Which rival?"

"The Damon of Maurice de Crespigny's youth, George Vandeleur Vane."

Launcelot Darrell's face darkened at the mention of the dead man's name. It had always been the habit of the De Crespigny family to look upon Eleanor's father as a subtle and designing foe, against whom no warfare could be too desperate.

"My uncle could never have been such a fool as to leave his money to that spendthrift," Mr. Darrell said.

Eleanor had been sitting at an open window bending over her work during this conversation; but she rose hastily as Launcelot spoke of her father. She was ready to do battle for him then and there, if need were. She was ready to fling off the disguise of her false name, and to avow herself as George Vane's daughter, if they dared to slander him. Whatever shame or humiliation was cast upon him should be shared by her.

But before she could give way to this sudden impulse, Gilbert Monckton spoke, and the angry girl waited to hear what he might say.

"I have every reason to believe that Maurice de Crespigny would have left his money to his old friend had Mr. Vane lived," the lawyer said. "I never shall forget your uncle's grief when he read the account of the old man's death in a 'Galignani' which was put purposely in his way by one of your aunts."

"Ah," said Mr. Darrell, bitterly, "George Vane's death cleared the way for those harpies."

"Or for you, perhaps."

"Perhaps. I have not come home to wait for a dead man's shoes, Mr. Monckton."

Mrs. Darrell had been listening to this conversation, with her watchful eyes fixed upon Gilbert Monckton's face. She spoke now for the first time.

"There is only one person who has a right to inherit my uncle's fortune," she said, "and that person is my son."

She glanced at the young man as she spoke; and in that one kindling glance of maternal pride the widow revealed how much she loved her son.

The young man was leaning in a lounging attitude over the piano, turning the leaves of Laura's open music-book, and now and then striking his fingers on the notes.

Mr. Monckton took up his hat, shook hands with his ward and with Mrs. Darrell, and paused by the window at which Eleanor sat.

"How silent you have been this morning, Miss Vincent," he said.

The girl blushed as she looked up at the lawyer's grave face. She always felt ashamed of her false name when Mr. Monckton addressed her by it.

"When are you and Laura coming to see my new picture?" he asked.

"Whenever Mrs. Darrell likes to bring us," Eleanor answered, frankly.

"You hear, Mrs. Darrell?" said the lawyer; "these two young ladies are coming over to Toll-dale to see a genuine Raphael that I bought at Christie's a month ago. You will be taking your son to see his uncle, I have no doubt—suppose you come and lunch at the Priory on the day you go to Woodlands."

"That will be to-morrow," answered Mrs. Darrell. "My uncle cannot deny himself to Launcelot after an absence of nearly five years, and even my sisters can scarcely have the impertinence to shut the door in my son's face."

"Very well; Woodlands and the Priory lie close together. You can cross the park and get into Mr. de Crespigny's grounds by the wicket-gate, and so surprise the enemy. That will be the best plan."

"If you please, my dear Mr. Monckton," said the widow.

She was gratified at the idea of stealing a march upon her maiden sisters, for she knew how difficult it was to effect an entrance to the citadel so jealously guarded by them.

"Come, young ladies," exclaimed Mr. Monckton, as he crossed the threshold of the bay window, "will you honour me with your company to the gates."

The two girls rose and went out on-to the lawn with the lawyer. Laura Mason was accustomed to obey her guardian, and Eleanor was very well pleased to pay all possible respect to Gilbert Monckton. She looked up to him as something removed from the common-place sphere in which she felt so fettered and helpless. She fancied sometimes that if she could have told him the story of her father's death, he might have helped her to find the old man's destroyer. She had that implicit confidence in his power which a young and inexperienced girl almost always feels for a man of superior intellect who is twenty years her senior.

Mr. Monckton and the two girls walked slowly across the grass, but Laura Mason was distracted by her dogs before she reached the gate, and ran away into one of the shrubberied pathways after the refractory Italian greyhound.

The lawyer stopped at the gate. He was silent for some moments, looking thoughtfully at Eleanor, as if he had something particular to say to her.

"Well, Miss Vincent, how do you like Mr. Launcelot Darrell?" he asked at last.

The question seemed rather insignificant after the pause that had preceded it.

Eleanor hesitated.

"I scarcely know whether I like or dislike him," she said; "he only came the night before last, and—"

"And my question is what we call a leading

one. Never mind, you shall tell me what you think by-and-by, when you have had more time to form an opinion. You think the young man handsome, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes! very handsome."

"But you are not the girl to be fascinated by a handsome face. I can see that you mean that by the contemptuous curl of your lip. Quite true, no doubt, Miss Vincent; but there are some young ladies less strong-minded than yourself, who may be easily bewitched by the delicate outline of a classical profile, or the light of a pair of handsome dark eyes. Eleanor Vincent, do you remember what I said to you when I brought you down to Hazlewood?"

Mr. Monckton was in the habit of addressing both the girls by their Christian names when he spoke seriously.

"Yes, I remember perfectly."

"What I said to you then implied an amount of trust which I don't often put in an acquaintance of a couple of hours. That little girl yonder," added the lawyer, glancing towards the pathway in which Laura Mason fitted about, alternately coaxing and remonstrating with her dogs, "is tender-hearted and weak-headed. I think you would willingly do anything to serve her, and me. You can do her no better service than by shielding her from the influence of Launcelot Darrell. Don't let my ward fall in love with the young man's handsome face, Miss Vincent!"

Eleanor was silent, scarcely knowing how to reply to this strange appeal.

"You think I am taking alarm too soon, I daresay," the lawyer said, "but in our profession we learn to look a long way ahead. I don't like the young man, Miss Vincent. He is selfish, and shallow, and frivolous,—false, I think, as well. And, more than this, there is a secret in his life."

"A secret?"

"Yes; and that secret is connected with his Indian experiences."

(To be continued.)

BROWN SEAWEEDS.

SOME of my readers may perhaps remember to have been amused, as children, by an ingenious toy contrived for the exhibition of the curious changes of form, termed *Anamorphoses*. It consisted of a small cylindrical mirror, and a flat disc of cardboard, the surface of which presented to the eye a patchwork of divers colours, so disposed that the closest observation could detect in their arrangement neither regularity nor design. Here was a patch of brown, there a streak of red, there again a shapeless blotch of green, and in the centre of the disc a small circle left uncoloured. But on placing the polished metal cylinder upon this bare central space and looking, not at the pasteboard disc, but at its reflection in the mirror, a marvellous change was apparent. The patches of brown became transformed into horses, the pink dots into red-coated huntsmen, the green blotches into trees and fields; instead of a confused mass of colour, we had an orderly picture—a hunting field, a landscape, a Dutch interior, or some other scene

more or less comic according to the taste or skill of the designer.

Just such a change as this is produced by a few pints of salt water, on the dirty brown masses of seaweed which are thrown by the waves upon our shores, or which cling to and disfigure the rocks. Just so strange is it to mark how quickly and suddenly, twisted and knotted fibres start apart as the water touches them, each assuming its own proper place and falling into lines and curves which no artist save Nature herself can hope successfully to imitate. Difficult indeed it is to believe that the lovely little tree-like structure waving its branches so gracefully in the rock-pool just filled by the advancing tide, is the same with the mass of inextricable confusion making the rocks hideous, from which a moment ago we turned our eyes with a feeling near akin to disgust.

And not over form only does water exercise an influence so powerful, calling order out of chaos, symmetry out of deformity. Over colour, too, its spell is equally potent, giving to the forms which it has created a new and brilliant lustre and colours not their own.

And in no case is the change thus produced more striking than in that of the plants belonging to the order of the *Melanospores* or *Olive-spored seaweeds*. For these, unlike most other seaweeds, have when left dry by the receding tide, no bright colours to attract the eyes; they have lost, not a part only, but the whole of their beauty, and have become for the most part utterly hideous and repulsive, and few people therefore know how lovely they really are. For indeed the sea, which has so many beautiful sights to offer us, can show us few more beautiful than a bed of the large brown seaweeds seen on a bright summer day a few feet below the surface of clear water. Looking down through the shadow of our boat we see huge fronds of *Oarweed* waving majestic in the gentle current, while here and there attached to the broad brown leaves shines a glorious living flower—the lovely green *Anthea*—one of our commonest English anemones. Long strings of *chorda filum* (Dead Men's Ropes), clothed with delicate glistening fibres as of spun glass, shoot straight up to the surface ten, twenty, or even forty feet. Fuci, brown, yellow, and orange, nod and bow to one another in so grotesque a fashion, that we could fancy that like the knight in *Fouque's* tale, we were looking down at the goblins in the centre of the earth rolling and tumbling over one another in their sport.

And not the most brilliant of the red seaweeds can show a more beautiful colour than the rich brown of the *Oarweed* or the lovely phosphorescent green which plays about the fronds of the heath-like *Cystoseira*, like the lambent light which flickers on a summer night along the edge of each retiring wave. Beautiful indeed is the colour of this last plant, and as evanescent as beautiful, vanishing at once when it is removed from the water, and reappearing as soon as it is replaced.

The head-quarters of the *Olive seaweeds* are the Equatorial seas. There they flourish with a luxuriance unknown in colder climes, and attain a size which dwarfs by comparison our largest

English forms. Our own Oarweed is sometimes found with a stem five feet long, ending in a flat frond four feet long and three wide; and *Chorda filum*, as we said before, grows to a length of thirty or forty feet. But what say you to a seaweed a quarter of a mile long? The stem of the *Microcystis*, a tropical seaweed, is said to attain the length of 1500 feet, forming a simple unbranched cord until it approaches the surface of the sea, when it forks repeatedly, each division bearing a single small leaf, and the whole forming a floating mass of foliage some hundreds of square yards in extent. We shall be better able to realise the enormous length of this plant if we remember that the largest forest tree with which we are acquainted, the Californian *Wellingtonia*, attains a height of not more than 450 feet.

The *Nereocystis* again, which is found on the western shores of America, though less gigantic than the *Microcystis*, is still of a tolerable size. The stem of this plant, though no thicker than whipcord, is upwards of 300 feet in length, and bears at its top a huge vesicle or hollow bag six or seven feet long, shaped like a barrel, and crowned with a tuft of fifty or sixty forked leaves, each from thirty to forty feet long. The stem of this plant is so strong that the natives often use it for a fishing line.

Less again than the *Nereocystis*, but not less quaintly shaped, is the *Eklonia*, the South African Trumpet-weed; so called because the native herdsmen use it as a trumpet for calling the cattle home in the evening. The stem of this plant is about twenty feet long, two inches in diameter at the base, and gradually widening upwards until it ends in a fan-shaped cluster of leaves each about twelve feet long.

And whilst we are speaking of tropical forms we must not forget to make mention of the "*Praderias de Yerva*," the seaweed meadows of Columbus, vast fields of floating seaweed covering the surface of the sea for hundreds of square miles. One of these, *Sargassos*, as they are termed, is thus described by Lieutenant Maury in his "*Physical Geography of the Sea*:"—"Midway the Atlantic in the triangular space between the Azores, Canaries, and Cape de Verd Islands, is the great *Sargasso* sea. Covering an area equal in extent to the Mississippi valley, it is so thickly matted over with Gulf-weed that the speed of vessels passing through it is often much retarded. When the companions of Columbus saw it they thought it marked the limits of navigation, and became alarmed. To the eye at a little distance it seems substantial enough to walk upon. Patches of the weed are generally to be seen floating along the outer edge of the Gulf stream. The seaweed always tails to a steady or constant wind, and thus serves the mariner as a sort of marine anemometer, telling him whether the wind as he finds it has been blowing for some time, or whether it has just shifted, and which way. Columbus first found this weedy sea on his voyage of discovery. There it has remained until the present day, moving up and down and changing its position like the calms of Cancer, according to the season, the storms, and the winds. Exact observation as to its limits and their range, extending back for

fifty years, assure us that its mean position has not altered since that time."

The plants of which these vast floating meadows are composed belong for the most part to the species *Sargassum bacciferum*—the Berry-bearing Gulf-weed—which, unlike most other seaweeds, floats freely in the water, and is seldom or never found growing upon stones or rocks. This peculiarity is shared by at least one of our English seaweeds, Mackay's *Fucus*, which inhabits salt marshes connected with the sea. The Gulf-weed is sometimes found upon our own shores, being conveyed there by the agency of the same currents by which West Indian fruits and seeds are occasionally thrown upon the western coasts of Ireland and Scotland. In appearance Gulf-weed closely resembles our own Bladder-wrack, differing chiefly in having the air-bladders from which the latter plant derives its common name, attached to short stalks instead of imbedded in the substance of the frond.

In all the great oceans, there exist two currents, one of warm water, running from the Equator to the Pole, and the other a return current of cold water, from the Pole to the Equator. In the quiet water between these two currents the Gulf stream has its home, and there we may expect to meet with *Sargassos* or seaweed seas. Thus, besides the *Sargasso*, sailed through by Columbus, which is bounded by the Gulf stream and the Equatorial current, there is another in the Pacific Ocean, whose banks are formed by the two currents, known respectively as Humboldt's and the Black Current. There are now known and marked upon our charts at least five well-defined *Sargassos*, besides several smaller collections of seaweed. Of these latter the most remarkable instance is to be found in the Straits of Magellan, where the seaweed is often so thickly crowded as sensibly to impede the motion of the paddles of large steamers.

Of the three great classes into which the seaweeds are divided, the brown seaweeds are, with a few exceptions, the most highly organised. In them Nature gives the first hint of the division of the plant into root, stem, and leaf, of which she elsewhere makes so frequent use. The resemblance, however, of these seaweeds to more highly-organised plants, is merely external. The so-called root has neither the structure nor the functions of a true root, and the distinction between stem and leaf is one of external form only. Often, indeed, that which is now the stem has at an earlier period formed part of the leaf, just as in some of the red seaweeds the stem of this year's plant was last year the midrib of the leaf-like frond.

The root of a seaweed serves no other purpose in the economy of the plant than that of attaching it to the stone or rock on which it grows. In many seaweeds it is merely an expansion of the stem into the form of a cone, the lower surface of which fits closely to the rock, and cleaves to it like the "sucker" with which schoolboys lift stones. In other plants, as in the common oarweed, the root is composed of a number of stout cords growing out of the frond, which twist round projections of the rock and insert themselves into

its holes and crevices, grasping it so firmly as to defy the efforts of the waves to tear the plant from its station. In a few instances the distinction between root, stem and leaf, vanishes altogether, and the plant becomes a mere crust growing over the surface of the rock, or a shapeless mass, either hollow or filled with loose branching fibres. A few of the brown seaweeds are almost microscopic, forming a minute tuft of fibres, scarcely visible to the unaided eye.

The shape and structure of the frond is often very curious. In the common *Chorda filum*, the frond is a hollow thong, about the thickness of whipcord, divided at intervals into chambers by their partitions. In one common and very curious species—*Himanthalia lorea*—which we may translate Strapweed, the plant in the first year of its growth has much the same shape as a pegtop fixed to the rock by the peg, the upper surface, however, of the top, being concave or flat. In the second year a long flat strap shoots from the centre of the top, which strap would, by the uninitiated, be certainly mistaken for the frond. The microscope, however, shows that it is not the frond, but the fruit or seed receptacle of the plant. Not the least attractive of our English seaweeds is the pretty little *Padina Pavonia*, so called from its fancied resemblance to a peacock's tail. The grey powdery fronds of this plant, with their delicately fringed margins, have a peculiarly exotic appearance; and in fact, *Padina Pavonia*, though not uncommon on our southern shores, is more at home in warmer seas. With us it shows its love of warmth by choosing shallow rock-pools exposed to the full rays of the summer sun, and by only attaining its full size in our warmest summers. A few of the brown seaweeds are beautifully iridescent, displaying in the water brilliant prismatic colours. The *Cystoseira*, whose glowing green is only visible in the summer months, we have already mentioned, and *Padina Pavonia* occasionally affords an instance of the same peculiarity. The flat, fan-shaped, repeatedly-divided frond of *Cutleria multifida*, frequently glows with a brilliant series of prismatic colours.

But the chief point of interest in the brown seaweeds, as in most flowerless plants, lies in the study of the problems connected with their fructification, and with the various processes by which the species are reproduced. In many of them we find instances of that strange process of reproduction by means of zoospores, or moving spores, which so often occurs among their green-spored relations. The zoospores may be well seen in the plants which belong to the genus *Ectocarpus*, one or two species of which are very common in the summer, spreading in a matted mass over rocks and larger seaweeds, and looking when left by the tide like a layer of withered and rotting leaves. The moving spores are formed in the last cell of each of the fine threads of which the plant is composed. They are small, brown, pear-shaped bodies, each bearing a minute red spot, from which spring two cilia or vibrating threads, one much longer than the other. The longer of these is directed forwards, and seems to be the chief agent

in producing the motion, while the shorter trails behind and acts as a kind of rudder.

But in addition to this multiplication by zoospores, there exists in many, perhaps in all these plants, a yet more marvellous mode of propagation. We will try to describe this process as it occurs in the common *Fucus platycarpus*, or Flat-fruited Fucus, choosing this plant partly because it is one of the commonest and best known forms, partly because in it the various organs and structures concerned in the process always exist together in the same individual.

If we examine a number of these plants—especially during the winter months—we shall find that in many of them the end of the frond is expanded into a flat swelling, roughened on either side with numerous small nipple-shaped warts. It is in this thickened part of the frond that we must look for the fruit. By examining a thin slice with the microscope, we find that each of these warts is hollowed into a spherical cavity, communicating with the air by means of a small pore. The interior of the cavity is thickly lined with a great number of fine fibres, some of which are very long and project through the pore, forming a small tuft on the exterior. In some of these fibres, lying within the cells of which they are composed, may be seen certain small oval bodies not unlike the zoospores just now described, each having a bright orange dot and two long thread-like cilia. These bodies, like the zoospores, when discharged by the rupture of the cells containing them, have the power of moving rapidly through the water by means of their vibrating cilia. But unlike the zoospores, if left to themselves they soon lose the power of moving and quickly decay. What their true nature is, and what part they play in the life history of the plant, we shall see directly; for the present we will only remark that they are called "antherozooids," a term for which the English language has no equivalent.

Returning to the slice of the frond which we have been examining, we see nestling among the fibres with which the interior of the cavity is lined, a few rather large, dark, pear-shaped bodies, fastened by their smaller end or stalk to the wall of the cavity. These are the "sporangia," or seed-vessels. When ripe they burst, discharging eight or in some cases four spherical brown spores. These spores have by themselves no more power of growing into a new plant than the antherozooids; like them, left to themselves, they soon decay. It is only by the union of the two that a new plant can be produced. In the species which we have been describing, this union takes place within the frond, and it is therefore very difficult to get a peep at the process. But in the equally common Bladder-wrack, the antherozooids and spores are always found on distinct plants, and the fructification of the spores takes place after they have been discharged from the frond. Plants containing spores may be recognised by the olive colour of the thickened extremity of the frond, those containing spores by the same portion being orange or yellow. By mixing in a drop of seawater a small portion of the contents of the olive and yellow receptacles, the whole process may, with the aid of a good microscope, be easily seen.

After a short time the antherozoids will be seen to fasten themselves to the spores, communicating to them a rapid rotary motion. The field of the microscope becomes covered with these large brown spheres, bristling with antherozoids, and rolling quickly about among the crowd of spores which are still unattached. The motion continues for about half an hour, after which the spores will be seen to have become coated with a thin transparent membrane. The spore is now fertilised, and if allowed to remain in the water soon begins to grow, and finally becomes a plant in every respect similar to that from which it was produced.

Formerly the brown seaweeds were largely employed in the manufacture of soda, being first burned in pits dug in the sand, until they were reduced to hard cakes, in which state the product was termed kelp. A curious instance of popular prejudice is mentioned by Dr. Greville in connection with this manufacture. When the preparation of kelp was first introduced into the Orkneys, the islanders resisted its introduction by all means in their power, and it was gravely pleaded that "the suffocating smoke of the kelp would sicken or kill every species of fish on the coast, blast the corn and grass, introduce diseases of various kinds, and smite with barrenness their sheep, horses, and cattle." Seaweeds are now little used in the manufacture of soda, but still form a valuable source of iodine. Doubtless, however, the chief purpose which they serve is that of removing from the sea the excess of soluble salts washed into it by the rivers, and if we call to mind that an increase in the saltiness of the sea would, by diminishing the amount of evaporation from its surface, cause a corresponding diminution in the total amount of rain which falls upon the surface of the earth, we shall see that it is scarcely possible to overrate the importance of the work performed by these apparently insignificant plants.

C. C.

LEFT ON THE BATTLE FIELD.

WHAT, was it a dream? am I all alone
In the dreary night and the drizzling rain?
Hist!—ah, it was only the river's mean;
They have left me behind, with the mangled slain.

Yes, now I remember it all too well!
We met, from the battling ranks apart;
Together our weapons flashed and fell,
And mine was sheathed in his quivering heart.

In the cypress gloom, where the deed was done,
It was all too dark to see his face;
But I heard his death-groans, one by one,
And he holds me still in a cold embrace.

He spoke but once, and I could not hear
The words he said for the cannons' roar;
But my heart grew cold with a deadly fear—
O God! I had heard that voice before!

Had heard it before, at our mother's knee,
When we lisped the words of our evening prayer!
My brother! would I had died for thee—
This burden is more than my soul can bear!

I pressed my lips to his death-cold cheek,
And begged him to show me, by word or sign,
That he knew and forgave me: he could not speak,
But he nestled his poor cold face to mine.

The blood flowed fast from my wounded side,
And then for a while I forgot my pain,
And over the lakelet we seemed to glide
In our little boat, two boys again.

And then, in my dream, we stood alone
On a forest path where the shadows fell;
And I heard again the tremulous tone,
And the tender words of his last farewell.

But that parting was years, long years ago,
He wandered away to a foreign land;
And our dear old mother will never know
That he died to-night by his brother's hand.

* * * * *

The soldiers who buried the dead away,
Disturbed not the clasp of that last embrace,
But laid them to sleep till the Judgment-day,
Heart folded to heart, and face to face.

SARAH T. BOLTON.

Indianapolis, Indiana, March, 1863.

PLUCKY DICK PLUCKLESS.

PROBABLY more persons than we imagine have at some period of their lives been most thoroughly frightened. I do not mean frightened in the common sense of the word, but so completely paralysed with terror as to be utterly unable to think or act aright, or indeed do anything for a time. One does not often hear of such cases, for the confession of fear is very humiliating to men, and we lock the secret up close in our breasts.

It does not at all follow that we are, generally speaking, cowards. May-be our liver has been deranged, or our nerves from some cause or other unstrung, and so fear has dashed in upon us with the irresistible impetuosity and icy coldness of a swollen river, which has burst its banks in winter. May-be something has taken place which is in reality most trivial, and yet from its unusually sudden appearance, and from its most unexpected occurrence, it has sent such a shock through us, as seriously to damage, if not indeed render entirely useless for the time being, our physical and moral courage. A man can with ease step down one or two feet at a time, or jump down eight or ten feet; but let the same man *unexpectedly* step down six or eight inches, and he will receive such a shock, as to be for a few moments almost incapacitated from moving. Many a person with iron nerves will most fearlessly face the greatest conceivable danger if it comes in human form, but let there be a dash of what he thinks supernatural about it—that is, supernatural, because he can by no means account for it—and forthwith his iron nerves are turned to something about as strong as the threads of a spider's cobweb.

The following tale is published by request. The somewhat extraordinary title is attached to it by request. The names of the persons concerned have been very slightly changed, because it is not wished that they should be made public, but every

word of the narrative is true, and there is not the slightest objection to the real names being recognised, as they easily will be, by many a friend and acquaintance who reads these pages.

Three or four weeks ago, I was staying at Carroll Hall, a large country house in Wiltshire. The host, Sir Edward Moreton, had assembled around him a numerous and pleasant party. Among the number of those staying at the Hall were Colonel Moreton, Sir Edward's eldest son, and Major Dyvart. The last-mentioned officer had seen much active service. He had been through the war in the Crimea, where his name was well-known; he had served in India and in China; he was decorated with many a hard-earned medal; and had so distinguished himself on several occasions by his conspicuous courage, that he had been specially complimented and rewarded for his bravery. His reputation, thanks to the newspapers, and the association of the French with us in the Crimea, might at one time fairly have been described as being of European, if not world-wide, extent. And should there be any one, who from this account thinks he ought to remember, but fails to recognise, the real name of Major Dyvart, he may have his memory quickened, and his understanding enlightened, if I mention that, in by-gone days of active service and hard-won fields, the officer in question was far more generally spoken of and addressed by the soubriquet of "Plucky Dick," than his proper surname. Such then was Major Dyvart, the chief character in my story—the bravest among the brave.

It so happened that one morning when I was staying at Carroll Hall, Major Dyvart performed some unusual feat of courage. A carriage and pair, the driver of which had lost all control over the horses, came at a runaway pace down the avenue. Major Dyvart threw himself in the way, seized the head of one of the horses, and after being dragged some little distance, in the course of which he was severely bruised, succeeded in averting a catastrophe which had threatened to be fatal. One reads so often in novels of runaway horses being checked in their mad career by heroes who perform extraordinary acts, and not only invariably save the heroines of the tale, but invariably escape themselves, that seated by our firesides we almost look upon the act as common-place and comparatively easy. All I can say is, try to perform it yourself, reader, when the sad opportunity occurs, or see another man do it while you yourself stand by, paralysed with fear, and you will no longer speak slightly or feel lightly about the danger incurred.

It was the second evening after the above-mentioned circumstance had taken place, that we were seated round the dining-table, talking over the scene. Everyone was loud in the praises of the courage of Major Dyvart, who sat with one arm in a sling, and his forehead strapped in two or three places with plaister. A new turn was given to the conversation by Colonel Moreton exclaiming, "It is very well for you all to praise Dyvart so much, and he knows how much I myself honour and value him; but let me tell you that time has been when he was a coward."

"Impossible, impossible!" exclaimed many of the party; "you are only jealous, Moreton."

"Oh fie! George," exclaimed his sister.

"Nonsense, George," cried his father, old Sir Edward, "nonsense! Dyvart a coward!"

Colonel Moreton smiled, cracked his nuts, and seemed imperturbable, merely repeating, "I tell you all, Dyvart has been a coward."

A fresh storm of abuse arose, if that could be called abuse, which was only a very strong expression of good-natured astonishment.

Dyvart wore a puzzled look.

"I tell you," repeated George, "that I *know* Dyvart has been a coward, an arrant coward—small blame to him. The Duke of Wellington is said to have run away in his first battle: Dyvart, however, has been worse than the Duke. I have seen him most thoroughly frightened, so frightened that though his hair was stiff enough to stand on end, and would have supported his hat, if he had not lost it in his fright, yet at the same time the strength that had gone to his uppermost extremities had left his legs and knees so weak, that a child might have knocked him down with a feather; and if you do not call a man in that state a coward for the time being, I do not know what cowardice means."

Dyvart looked more mystified than ever.

Colonel Moreton was not speaking in the slightest degree in an offensive tone. He was speaking seriously, with, if possible, a dash of irony and banter underlying his seriousness. At length, roused apparently by the doubts expressed by all at table, he had recourse to an Englishman's mode of defending the truth of a statement.

"I will bet you anything you like that Dyvart has been a coward."

"Done, done," exclaimed the ladies.

"How much will you bet?" cried the gentlemen.

"Yes, George, but how will you prove it?" said Sir Edward.

"Listen," exclaimed Colonel Moreton. "I will bet the ladies any amount of gloves they choose to name, and the gentlemen of the party any sum of money in moderation, that to-morrow evening, after dinner, Dyvart himself shall confess that, so far from having always deserved the name of 'Plucky Dick,' he has once been, and that too in my presence, as pluckless and as cowardly as any one well could be."

The bets were made, Miss Fanny Moreton quietly remarking to me, with an arch side-long glance, "Of course, Mr. Temple, if I lose, you will pay for me? It is not *possible*, though, for me to lose," she added.

Dyvart had before been appealed to by some of the company, and had professed his utter ignorance of any time when his friend Colonel Moreton could have seen him in the state described. No one could doubt the truth of the speaker. A mysterious circular nod from the lady of the house, and her fair companions, rising in a magically simultaneous manner, shook out the reefs of their crinolines, and sailed from the room. The subject then dropped.

The following evening, after dessert had been placed on the table, and directly the servants had

left the room, Dyvart, before any one could ask him questions, spoke as follows, to the utter amazement of every person.

"I am bound to confess that what Colonel Moreton stated last night was perfectly true, that he did not in the least degree exaggerate my state of fear, and that in all probability I showed more signs of terror than he mentioned. To the ladies who have lost their bets through my gross cowardice I may be allowed to say, that I trust I shall be permitted to pay their gloves for them. To the gentlemen I can only add that I trust they are fully satisfied; that, however strange it may seem, I do hope they will fully believe me when I say, that so far from fancying that I should this evening have to confess what I have confessed, I would most decidedly, as a matter of pecuniary consideration, have gladly taken all their bets last night on my own hands."

A short silence followed. Everybody seemed astonished and bewildered, astonished that Dyvart should have been a coward, bewildered because they could not reconcile his present confession with what he had said last night, namely, that he could not understand how Moreton or any other man could have seen him in such a state.

"Well, George," exclaimed Sir Edward, "tell us the story: let us hear the how, when, and where, and all about it."

"Not a bit of it, father; I simply bet that this evening Plucky Dick shall confess certain things. He confesses them. I have won my bet. The story is Dyvart's. He may tell it or not as he likes, but I calculate he will not like to do so."

Curiosity was now most insatiably whetted. By the ladies, by the gentlemen, by fair means, by foul means, poor Dyvart was attacked, till at last he consented, merely premising two things, one of which was, that it was not until that very day that he had fully understood the facts he was about to relate, in which he himself had been chief actor; and the other that he trusted pardon would be granted to youthful acts of folly committed both by himself and his companions in the days of opening manhood.

"Some of you are aware," he commenced, "that I did not enter the army at as early an age as most men. I was twenty years old when I was still from time to time residing in London, a member of — Inn, and reading, or pretending to read, for the bar. My greatest amusement had always been driving—there was nothing in which I took so much pleasure, nothing on which I prided myself more, nothing on which I spent so much money. Not being rich enough to keep horses of my own, I was obliged to drive those belonging to other persons. Many and many a coach had I driven—many an omnibus, too, with a shabby great coat on my back, and the driver's badge on my breast—many a Hansom, too, have I piloted through the City, and through the West End. I once drove one of those large awkward, lumbering three-horse goods' waggons from Paddington to the opposite side of the City, partly because I doubted my power to accomplish the journey safely, partly because I had a weakness for being

able to say I had driven everything. And I was almost able to make such a boast. One exception I was compelled always to state. I had never driven a hearse. My boast and my exception, many of my friends had heard me make; among others, no doubt, Colonel Moreton, then a young officer on leave, staying for a short time in London. In various ways had I tried to get myself perched, reins in hand, on the much coveted box, but to no purpose. Either hearse-owners and hearse-drivers were more conscientious than most people, or the risk of detection, and consequent injury to owner and driver, were greater than in other cases, where I have been allowed by proprietors or Jehus to drive. So it was, I never could get the chance of driving a hearse. One night there came to my lodgings in Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, a curiously-attired individual, dressed half in ostler's style, half in cast-off mourning clothes, with a face which seemed quite able to laugh on one side, and cry on the other, at the same time, or laugh and cry alternately with both halves in simultaneous action, as often as required. The man stood bowing and scraping at the door, chewing, *à la* Punch's Palmerston, a dilapidated straw.

"'What on earth do you want, man?' said I.

"'Please, sir, I am told as how you wants to drive a hearse, and my master have got a job of the kind to-morrow, for Messrs. —' (mentioning a well-known firm of undertakers), 'and if you will be a gentleman, sir, I will let you take it for me, but I am most afraid for many reasons, sir; but if, sir—'

"I was delighted: I checked the man at once in his voluble initiatory speech, made him sit down, put before him something hot to drink, and after giving him a preliminary fee, and promising to double it the next day, when the job was over, I said I was ready to listen to his fears, cautions, instructions, &c.

"'Well, sir,' said he, 'in the first place you must be dressed in black, look solemn like, and so forth; and let me tell you, sir, when you have four black horses and mutes afore you, and a dead 'un for an inside passenger, you will find your feelings—'

"'Nonsense, get on,' said I.

"'Well, sir, in the next place, you have driven four horses in a coach afore now, and you have looked back to see that your passengers were all right, and your luggage safe, may-be; but to-morrow you must not look back to see your coach loaded. You will receive your orders from the undertaker's man to move on a bit at first, and then to go on slowly. And go on slowly you must, sir. You are sure to be tempted to cut in and out among the vehicles; though you are going at a walking pace you will see an opening, and you will be wanting gently to double thong your wheelers, or just touch your leaders with the lash, but you must not do it, sir, or you will be found out, and I shall be ruined. You must just keep steady on, and you will find everything get out of your way.'

"A few more minor instructions my mentor gave me, and then we parted; he, no doubt, to get drunk on my present to him of a sovereign, I

to dream of to-morrow. At the appointed hour next day, I was at the stables. The head groom, or proprietor, I know not which, touched his hat to me, but though a little surprised at that, I soon forgot it. Nor did it strike me then, as it afterwards did, that it was strange there was only one mourning-coach and pair to follow the hearse and four. Off I drove to the undertaker's close by,

received my orders, and trotted away, with three or four mutes clinging behind to the hearse and coach, to the place where I was directed to take up the corpse. It was a small house, apparently only just finished, if indeed quite finished, and in a part of London now well built over, but then only just beginning to be attacked with bricks and mortar. I faithfully attended to the



instructions given over-night, and in due time, with two or four, I forget which, mutes walking by the side of the hearse, started for the burying-place. That was a small country village some few miles out of town, on a road with which I was not acquainted.

"At first it had been easy work trotting round to the undertaker's, and then to the door where

we took up, but now I began to find that my horses were anything but slow and steady. An uneasy lifting of the hind-quarters of my leaders made me extra careful, and long for the time when, having deposited my burden, I could trot back to town, with the mutes sitting on the hearse, laughing, talking, and smoking, as is, or used to be, the unseemly custom. All went

tolerably well for a time. We had cleared London, and were proceeding quietly between hedges, when, to my infinite disgust, an awkward shot fired by some boys, who were out sparrow-shooting I suppose, not only frightened my horses, but rendered them almost mad, by peppering very sharply my two leaders, who had before shown signs of freshness and uneasiness. They were off in a moment at a furious gallop, with the blood streaming down their sides. Nothing that I or any man could have done, would restrain them. Frantically they dashed on. I fully retained my presence of mind, and guided them in a certain manner.

"After galloping for some distance, I saw a long rise before me, and thought I should succeed in stopping my impetuous steeds at the top if I could tire them a little bit. I began now to lash, and up the hill we flew at a pace if possible more furious than ever. I really believe that I should have been able to pull up ere long, had I not become frightened. To my horror, I heard sounds of a human voice issuing apparently from the hearse. I listened attentively, and most distinctly heard, amid the clatter of hoofs and rattle of wheels sounds of fear mingled with very emphatic unadulterated Saxon language, which I cannot and need not repeat, coming from inside the hearse behind me. I hardly know what I thought. The corpse was swearing horribly. And no wonder, too, in one sense of the word. I was paralysed with fear. Whether the reins dropped from my hands I cannot tell. Certainly I lost all power over them. I had urged the horses up the rise. I could not check them in time, they thundered down the corresponding descent the other side. We ran against a tree. A crash. I was hurled off my seat. The hearse was smashed. Its broken bits and the mad horses disappeared I know not where. I and the shattered coffin rolled down a steep bank. Whether I was in my senses or not I cannot tell, but in a ditch opposite to me there sat up a bloody corpse, with soiled and torn grave-clothes, speaking or trying to speak to me. There floated through my mind horrible thoughts of men buried alive, supposed to be dead. Evidently this was such a case. I had brought the supposed dead man to life. I had also done that which would cause his real death. My brain reeled. No doubt I showed all the signs of fear my friend Colonel Moreton has described; but little did I imagine that he was in the neighbourhood, looking on as an eye-witness. Coroner's inquest—murder—homicide—gallows—disgrace flitted in a confused tangle through my mind. I picked myself up at once and tore off at my utmost speed, I cared not whither, across the country.

"After going four or five miles, as near as I can guess, I espied a small, solitary public-house by the road-side. I entered, drank something very strong, lay down in the bar and fell into an uneasy sleep. Towards evening I awoke. I had heard voices in my sleep. I asked the landlady who had been there.

"'Only two policemen,' she said, 'have looked in. They mostly come at night, and will be here again by-and-by.'

"That was enough for me. I was off again in a few moments. I reached my lodgings eventually,

how or when I cannot tell. I recollect nothing more until I opened my eyes and found myself in bed, very weak, room darkened, doctor and nurse bending over me, temples peppered over with leech bites, persons speaking in a whisper, and a disinclination on my part to do anything but sleep. After waking again from my sleep, my mind I found was very confused; gradually, however, I recollected what had taken place. The nurse told me that I had had a brain fever, and at one time had been given up. I kept my own counsel, merely inventing a story to account for a severe fall I had had, which I said was the cause of the wild, haggard, feverish state in which I was told I had appeared at my lodgings. From that time to this I have neither said nor heard a word on the subject. I never understood the matter. I never comprehended clearly what had brought the dead man partly to life. I never could learn. I dared not inquire what had eventually become of him or his body. At last I could only imagine that the fever must have been on me before I started for my drive; that the sounds I heard from the inside of the hearse must have proceeded from men whom we flew by from time to time on the road; that my illness coming on had made me a little light-headed; that the roll in a ditch with a clattering, broken coffin, and summersaults innumerable down a bank with a dead body, had made me, in a moment of agonising terror, fancy that the corpse had spoken, and foolishly imagine that jaws stiff in death were trying to articulate. One thing puzzled me not a little. I sent to the undertakers and to the owner of the hearse an ample apology, begging that the man who ought to have driven might not be blamed, entreating that secrecy might as much as possible be observed, and I enclosed to both all the money I could spare, promising to send them, as soon as I could, the remainder of the sum which I fairly owed them, and requesting they would let me know how much they thought I ought to pay. I did not sign my name, but told them to direct 'A. B., Post-office, Charing Cross, till called for.'

"By the next post I received letters from them, more truthful than complimentary. I was told that money could not make up for the loss and injury I had occasioned; that nothing could excuse my conduct; that they were not at all surprised at my concealing my real name, nor were they astonished that one who could do such things as I had done, should seem to care nothing about the feelings of the relations and friends of the dear departed one whose mangled remains and mutilated corpse I had, through my wicked folly, exposed to the gaze of public curiosity, &c. &c. They begged to return my money.

"Now all this was pleasant to me. I felt going mad again. I left London directly. My commission was soon procured. Ere very long I had departed from England, nor did I return to these shores till after I had seen much service in India, the Crimea, and China. I really believe that many an act I have performed—which has obtained for me my sobriquet—has been the consequence of a mad feeling within, engendered by that terrible roll with death, which made me perfectly reckless.

"On my return to London, a short time ago, I found that the undertaker's shop and the livery stables where I mounted the box of my hearse, had changed hands."

The speaker ceased. He was at once taken up with a regular chorus, headed by Sir Edward, of—

"But, major, how do you account for—?"

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the major, "upon my honour, everything I have stated is true; I assure you, moreover, that up to the time of my rising this morning, I neither could have explained nor accounted for a single fact more than I have just done. Now I am wiser; but till to-day I knew not whose corpse it was with which I had gone to grief. I knew not the name of the family whose feelings I had, through my wicked imprudence, so sadly lacerated, and it was perfectly impossible for me to conjecture last night what Colonel Moreton meant when he stated that he had seen me show the white feather. Others in this room may, if they choose, give the supplement to my story."

Colonel Moreton at once took up the running, and said:

"I will try to be brief. First of all, let me tell you that, as far as I am concerned, I insist upon all bets being off. You may send your sovereigns and the price of your gloves to the Lancashire Fund. Next, I assure you that, while some fifteen years ago, I little thought that the hearse-drive begun in comedy would end in tragedy, I still less imagined, when I started my sportive conversation last night, that I should find that the roll with death had dwelt so much upon my friend's mind, and that though he and I have together seen hundreds of corpses on a battle field, yet that that particular encounter with one dead body should have worried him so much. Those who were concerned in the business would not let me explain the matter to Dyvart before. One of them was Bob Poland, who was killed in the Crimea, and the other was Mr. Conolly, who has lately died. I have not met Plucky Dick recently, as he knows, till within the last few days. Fortunately for me, he is kind and noble, as he is undoubtedly brave. He has forgiven me, and we are as firm friends as ever. You all will, I trust, forgive me also, especially you, my dear father," said the Colonel, affectionately looking at old Sir Edward, "for you will find you have been victimised."

"One day in town, Dyvart, Poland, and Conolly had been dining with me at the Rag and Famish. Dyvart, who had been boasting about his having driven everything except a hearse, left early. We at once set to work concocting a practical joke to be played off on him. In the comic tragedy, so to call it, which took place, I was the corpse, Poland and Conolly the two mourners. It never was intended that the hearse should go as far as the village where the burying-place was. We had settled to stop at a certain lone spot in a lane, where Dyvart would have been called upon to drag myself and my coffin out of the hearse. I had my face tied up, and was attired in a shroud, in order that we might more successfully impose upon, frighten, and raise a laugh against Dyvart. We had bribed the chief ostler to put in a pair of frisky black leaders, in order that my friend might

be more troubled and bothered in driving through town. As for a runaway,—of that I never for a moment dreamed, knowing that Dyvart was really a first-rate whip. My feelings, when I found myself being really run away with, while I was hopelessly locked up inside a hearse, may be more easily imagined than described. Dyvart says, I used what he elegantly terms emphatic, unadulterated Saxon. Possibly the horrible condition I found myself in may have led me to utter language which any of my present or early friends could testify was quite contrary to my habit. Some hero in former days—Ajax, I believe—prayed that he might be killed in the light. I was anything but a hero, still, I confess, that the idea of dying in darkness—the utter ignorance I was in as to where I might, every second, be hurled—was horrible. It was a delightful relief to me when I was catapulted into light, and rolled *vis-a-vis* into a ditch with Dyvart. It was a great relief when I saw him run off, as I fancied, uninjured. I cared not for my own bruises. Late at night I found him in his lodgings. I procured for him the best medical advice London afforded. I hung for days and nights over his bed, praying earnestly that my folly might not end in fatal results. Before Dyvart came round, I was obliged to rejoin my regiment. I paid everything connected with the unfortunate business. I bribed heavily and successfully to have the matter kept quite concealed. And now, father, you will understand why it was that, in the year 18—, I drew upon you for an extra 600*l.*, and declined, at the time, to give you any reason for my unusual expenditure."

There was a slight pause. The Colonel went on to say:

"The story, though amusing in several respects, has been often a painful subject to me. Many a time have I laughed out loud at the idea of the ludicrous figure Dyvart and I must have cut when rolling down the bank, and often have I longed for the pencil of a Leech to depict our summersaulting figures. I attired in death's garments, Dyvart dying with fright; the coffin smashed; half the hearse and the horses disappearing in the distance, with the other half—sable plumes and all—filling up with its mutilated fragments the semi-doleful, semi-ludicrous sketch. Often have I also bitterly repented my folly, and always have I steadily adhered to my resolution, formed directly after the accident, never to have anything to do with a practical joke."

When Colonel Moreton had finished speaking, the story he had been relating was commented on in various ways by the assembled party. At last, it was decided *nem. con.* that an account should be published of the only occasion on which Major Dyvart had shown the white feather. It was known by the company that I had occasionally contributed to a magazine, and I was urged to get this tale inserted. I have written it as nearly as possible, word for word, as it was related. I can only trust that it may be the source of as much astonishment and amusement to the readers of these pages, as it was to the guests assembled on the night of November the —th around the hospitable board of Sir Edward Moreton at Carroll Hall. CHARLES TEMPLE.

FIVE DAYS IN PRISON FOR MURDER.



ABOUT seven years ago I was at work on Burnt Flat, Springfield. I didn't live on the flat, for the fellows who congregated about there were such a rowdy lot that my mate and I preferred taking up our abode at the head of one of the small gullies in the neighbourhood. Only one other person lived near us, and that was an old fellow named Steele, who occupied a log-hut about a couple of hundred yards from our tent. He had been on the diggings ever since the first, and had never been known to work with a mate; in fact, from his lonely habits he was known far and wide as "the

Hatter." His sole companion was a large and powerful kangaroo dog, named Watchman, whose disposition very much resembled that of his master, for he never took notice either of man or beast except when they approached too near the hut, on which occasions he showed himself worthy of his name.

The Hatter had been at work for a long time at some surfacing on an adjacent hill. When he first began at it some few trials of the stuff were made by others, but as they never could manage to hit upon anything payable, he was

soon left in undisturbed possession of his hill-side, out of which it was generally imagined that he contrived to extract a bare livelihood and no more. On one side of the flat there was a police-camp containing a sergeant and half-a-dozen troopers. They were all of them Irish, and the majority had been men of good position, who, coming out to Australia in search of fortune, and unwilling to woo her with pick and shovel, had adopted a less toilsome though likewise less lucrative method of maintaining themselves. They were not at all a bad lot of fellows, with the exception of one, Dick Brady, or wicked Dick Brady, as he was frequently and justly called. He was a tall, handsome, dissipated, sinister-looking man of undoubted pluck, and who would have possessed great bodily strength, had not hard-living and drink impaired his forces. He was, at the best of times, a most unpleasant companion; when sober, always narrating horrible, ribald tales, and sneering at everything good and holy; when drunk, a perfect devil incarnate, and savage as a tiger.

One Saturday evening I was down at the Caledonian store with my mate. We were having a nobbler and a chat with some old friends, when in came Brady. He had already been drinking, and I knew that there would soon be a row, so I rose up to go, for the very sight of the man was hateful to me. However, my mate had unfortunately taken a little more than was good for him, and obstinately refused to stir, and as I did not choose to leave him when in that state I had to sit down again. Brady did his best to quarrel with some one, but as he was pretty well known to us all, every one was careful not to give him a chance. However, as bad luck would have it, who should enter the store to make some purchases but the Hatter, accompanied by his dog.

"Hallo, Hatter!" shouted Brady, "what will you take for that animal of yours? I want a good kangarooer, and he seems one of the right sort."

"Yes, Mr. Brady," said Steele, "there isn't a better hound in these colonies, but I don't mean to part with him just yet, thank you."

"Why, you half-starved miserable old skeleton, what good is he to you? Any cur will serve your turn. I wonder you can manage to keep a rat out of your scurvy earnings."

"That's my business, Mr. Brady; but I tell you once more that I don't mean to sell him. Besides, if I did, he's a queer customer, and would never make friends with any one but me."

"Wouldn't he, though," said Brady, who was by this time three parts drunk; "why he's as fond of me already as if he had known me from a pup. Here, Watchman, old boy!" But Watchman did not respond to the invitation, but kept his eyes fixed upon Brady with anything but a friendly look. "Oh, you won't come, won't you. I'll soon make you, my lad," cried Brady, staggering across the store.

Watchman uttered a low, savage growl, and as the drunken trooper stooped to lay hold of him by the collar, sprang straight at his throat.

Over went Brady backwards, with the dog on the top of him. We all rushed to the rescue, and after a good deal of trouble managed to compel the infuriated animal to relax its hold. Brady's stock had saved him from much damage, but the minute he regained his legs, he snatched the knife out of my mate's belt and rushed at the dog again. Determined to put a stop to this, I thrust my foot out as he passed me, and over he went headlong. He was up again in a moment, and came at me like a madman. But I was sober and cool, and easily avoiding the blow he made at me with the knife, I caught him with the left hand full on the temple, and sent him bleeding and stunned against the counter.

"Now, Hatter," said I, "you had better slope before you or the dog get into trouble."

Steele took my hint, and, gathering up his purchases, departed, followed by Watchman.

Well, as Brady's hurts were of no great consequence, and as my mate, having succeeded, by the aid of several additional nobblers, in fully convincing himself that I was very drunk indeed, and should be much better in bed, seemed more inclined to move, I soon took myself off also. When Brady came to himself he vowed vengeance against me, but I did not heed his threats much, for my hands could always keep my head. The next morning as I happened to be taking a stroll past Steele's hut the door opened, and the owner came out and invited me to enter, which I did. I found the inside very clean and comfortable, and nicely fitted up. In front of the blazing logs lay the cause of the last night's disturbance, who condescended to honour me with a friendly wag of the tail. But what attracted my attention the most was a shelf containing some fifty or sixty volumes of standard works.

"You are a lucky fellow," said I, "to have the means of getting through the long winter evenings without the necessity of frequenting the grog-shop. I would give something for such a lot of books as that."

"Ah," said he, "for many a long year they have been the only companions and friends I have known, always excepting my faithful dog, here. I love them too much to trust them out of my hut, but whenever you feel inclined to read, you can come over here of an evening, and welcome. I shall always be glad to see you, and I fancy I can find you a drop of better stuff than you get at the Caledonian."

Well, after that, as my mate was fond of going down to the township of an evening to amuse himself, I used to pay Steele a visit almost every night, and at last we got quite friendly, and he told me many a curious incident of his past life, for he had been for years a hunter in America before he took to the diggings in California. Amongst other articles suspended on the walls of his hut was a revolver with five notches cut on the butt, each of which, as he told me, represented an Indian shot down by it in hand-to-hand conflict. About his present circumstances, however, he was much less communicative; and though, from one thing or another, I was led to infer that he was doing rather better with his surfacing than was generally imagined, yet I had no suspicion that the

stuff was more than what might be termed just payable.

One night, on coming home, I found my mate awaiting my return.

"You have been over to Steele's, I suppose," said he.

"Yes. I didn't expect you so soon, or I would have returned before."

"He is a rare cunning old fox, is your friend, Steele."

"How so?"

"Why, here he has been keeping that hill-side to himself all these months,—everybody thinking it to be mere tucker-ground,—and hang me if he hasn't been making his pile all the time."

"Nonsense," said I; "why, you know very well he was only left in quiet possession of it because no one else could make it pay."

"That's all very true, but then that was a long time ago, and he has dropped across something much better since then."

"How do you know that?"

"Why, you know there's a water-hole not far from where he is at work, with a lot of wattles on one side of it? Well, Joe Knivit happened to be down in that part this afternoon, and seeing old Steele coming along with a couple of buckets of washdirt, suspended at either end of that Chinaman's pole he uses, the fancy struck him that he would just see, for once, what the old chap got out of it, so he managed to hide himself close handy. Well, instead of about a penny-weight, as Joe had expected, the old fellow washed out a good half-ounce at the least, so that he must have a regular lob of gold stowed away somewhere. Joe told me this in confidence, so that we might be on the ground to-morrow, early, and get a good claim."

"Why," said I, "we have just bottomed a fresh hole which pays very well, and, you know, we can't hold another along with it."

"Well, we can give it up, I suppose?"

"What! give up a hole that runs a quarter of an ounce to the tub, and nuggets! No, thank you. You may, if you like; but I shall stick by it like a leech."

"Very well; then you must look out for another mate, for I shall go down and join Joe's party."

The next morning, consequently, we parted company. I paid him for his share of the tent, and he took himself off with his swag. I soon got some one else to work with me, but as my new mate lived with his brother, who kept a store on the flat, I was left all alone in the tent. Of course, there was a regular rush up to Steele's hill; all the ground that was left was soon turned up, and a few first-rate patches found. There was no doubt that the Hatter must have done well, though the stories which got abroad about the vast amount of gold concealed in his tent, were simply ridiculous. About a fortnight after my mate left me, I was coming up the gully late one evening when I heard the sound of a horse's feet. As the rider met me he pulled up, and inquired if he was right for the flat.

"Quite right," said I; "but you will find it awkward riding this dark night amongst the holes."

"I know that voice," said he; "surely it must be Fred Hartley."

"The same, but who are you?"

"Why your old Golden Point mate, Dick Vesey, to be sure, and jolly glad I am to see you. Perhaps you can tell me where I can lodge to-night. It must be a quiet crib, though, for I am off up country to buy hides, and have a larger sum about me than I should like to lose."

"Well, under those circumstances you had better turn round again, and come up to my tent. I have a spare bed I can offer you. And there's water and feed for your horse close at hand."

"The very thing of all others; I accept with pleasure."

Of course we had lots to tell one another, so we sat over our grog till very late. It had been blowing all day, and now the wind had increased to a perfect hurricane, accompanied occasionally by driving showers of rain. The storm was so violent that we had to speak in loud tones to make ourselves understood. I was just concluding the story of my adventures since we parted company, when he raised his finger, and motioned me to be silent.

"What is the matter?" said I, after sitting quiet for some moments.

"Did you not hear a scream?"

"I heard nothing at all."

"I am sure it was the cry of a human being, and seemed to come from the hill-side yonder."

We went to the tent door and listened. No sound was to be heard but the roaring of the storm, and the splash of the heavy rain-drops.

"I must have been mistaken," said he; "let us turn in."

In the morning when I rose, which I did at daybreak, for Vesey was anxious to be off, I noticed that the door of Steele's hut was open.

"The old chap is up early," thought I. "I suppose he is out prospecting, now they have cleared out his hill."

After breakfast, I showed my guest a short cut, by which he might avoid the township altogether, and then went off to my work. I had just come up from below, about smoking-time, when I saw a whole mob of fellows running in my direction, headed by Brady. As I was wondering what could be the matter, they came up to where I was sitting, and before I had time to ask any questions, I was seized by a dozen rough hands and pinioned.

"Come," said I, "just drop this, I am not fond of jokes."

"Oh! a joke you call it, do you?" said Brady; "I don't think you will find it one, though. It looks about as like a hanging matter, as anything I have known for some time."

"Hanging matter! What on earth do you mean?"

"How innocent he is, mates! One would think now, to hear him talk, that he had never been in Steele's hut at all, last night."

"No more I was."

"Oh, of course not! and pray how did your axe come to be found there?"

"Why, I lent it to Steele last Sunday, as he had broken the handle of his own."

"A very likely story, indeed; but it won't go down with me; perhaps, however, you will find the Beak soft enough to believe it. But I can't waste time talking, so just stir yourself a bit, for I must see you safe in Campbelford jail before night, and that's a good step from here."

"But," I exclaimed, "will no one tell me with what I am charged?"

"Why," said my old mate, who was amongst the crowd, "some fellows were passing by Steele's hut this morning, and finding the door open, went in to take a look round, and there they found the owner on the floor dead, with his dog beside him, badly cut about, but still alive. The murder had been committed with an axe, and after a careful search yours was found, covered with blood, concealed in the bush close by. However, keep up your pluck. None of us who know you, believe you did it, though it is confoundedly awkward your sleeping all alone in that tent."

"But I was not alone. Dick Vesey, whom some of you know, passed the night with me, and he can prove that I was never a yard from my tent all the night."

"D—n your Dick Vesey," said Brady, savagely, "what's he to me? Come along at once, or I'll make you."

"Oh, but," said several, "we know Vesey well, and if he supports Hartley's story, that will make things look very different. Where is Dick?"

"Why, unfortunately he went off up country this morning early, and I can't exactly say where he may be by this time, but he will be about some of the cattle-stations out west, for he is gone to buy hides."

"Of course," said Brady, derisively, "he must be somewhere; but I fancy he'll not turn up time enough to save your neck, so come along."

After a hurried talk with my mate and other friends, who promised to scour the bush on all sides in search of Vesey, I was taken down to Campbelford before Mr. Grantham, the magistrate, and lodged in the jail. It was an old, very strongly-built log-house, extremely dirty, and swarming with vermin of every kind. It had been unoccupied for some time, and every description of small plague that bites, fastened upon me, with appetites whetted by a long fast. I shall never forget the misery of the next five days. I was almost eaten up alive, and I really think that had my captivity lasted much longer, I should have been fairly tortured to death. After the first couple of days had passed without Vesey's making his appearance, I began also to grow very uneasy. What if he had got lost in the bush; or, as he had a large sum of money about him, been stuck up and murdered. So much of my blood as my tormentors had left me, ran cold at the mere thought of such a thing. Then the suspicions that would naturally attach to me on account of my constant and well-known habit of frequenting Steele's hut, which, it would of

course be believed, must have given me an opportunity of discovering where his supposed large store of gold was concealed. When to this was added the finding of my axe, with which the murder had undoubtedly been committed, it must be evident to every one, and I was unable to conceal from myself that, innocent as I was, I must inevitably suffer the fate of the guilty, should Vesey not be forthcoming. On the sixth morning, when, worn out with anxiety and want of sleep, I had become but the shadow of my former self, the heavy door was thrown open, and in walked Grantham and Vesey. The sight was too much for me in the weak state I was in, and I fainted. When I came to myself, I was in the parlour of the little inn. Vesey's appearance had put everything right. Steele had been seen alive about 10 p.m., and the doctor who had been called in when he was discovered at about nine in the morning, gave it as his opinion that he must have been dead about seven or eight hours, so that it was clear that I could not have been the guilty party. A good long sleep in a comfortable bed soon put me to rights again, and the next day Mr. Grantham's man drove me over to Springfield. I got down at the Caledonian. After the first greetings were over, my mate said:

"I suppose Brady didn't care about meeting you again, after the brutal manner he behaved to you, for he left the diggings yesterday."

"And a good riddance, too," said the store-keeper; "I never want to see his black muzzle any more."

"What has become of the dog?" I inquired.

"Why the doctor bandaged up his wounds, and he is getting all right again; but they have to take him up food to the hut, for he won't leave it."

After I had been up to my tent, to see that all was right, I walked over to the hut. I found the dog lying on his poor master's bunk. He knew me at once, and after a great deal of coaxing I managed to get him to follow me. You may think that I at once shifted my abode, and as soon as we had worked out our hole, I took myself off to the Ovens. I had been there about nine or ten months, when, one Sunday morning early, I heard a row, and on stepping out I saw a crowd of fellows round a tent which had only been put up a night or two before. I walked up to have a look what was the matter, and then found that it was a dispute between a Cornishman and an Irishman, the former charging the latter with having sold him a salted hole on Bendigo, some little time before. Well, I thought I knew the Irishman's voice, and when I came to look at him closely, sure enough it was Brady, though a long beard and a digger's costume had made a great change in his appearance. "Oh ho! my friend," thought I, "now I have got you, have I? We will soon settle our little difference." Just at this moment up came Watchman, who had lagged behind to have a little quiet conversation with a neighbour's dog, having much improved in his manners since he had been with me. We were on the skirt of the mob, but no sooner did he hear Brady's voice than he dashed through the crowd, and in an instant pinned him by the throat. Of

course there was no end of confusion and uproar, but with great difficulty we managed to get the dog off again. I had, however, to hold him back with all my force to keep him from renewing his attack. As soon as Brady was free he jumped up like a madman, rushed into the tent, and coming out again with a revolver in his hand, drew on the dog, perfectly regardless of whom he might hit. Luckily the first barrel missed fire, and before he could discharge the second a bystander caught him a blow over the arm with a pick-handle which made him drop his weapon. I stooped to pick it up to prevent his regaining it, but you may imagine what my surprise was when I perceived that it was the very revolver I had often noticed in Steele's tent. The five notches in the stock left no doubt of it.

"Brady," I cried, "where did you get this from?"

"My name is O'Connor," said he; "and as to the pistol, what's that to you?"

"I'll soon tell you that. Look here, mates, this is Steele, the Hatter's, revolver, which was taken out of his tent the night he was murdered. Dick Brady the trooper here, or O'Connor as he now calls himself, was on Springfield at the time, so I think it would be just as well to ask him a few questions."

I suppose Brady began to think that things were growing awkward, for seizing a shovel he gave it one sweep, clearing a circle all around him, and then taking advantage of the confusion, started for the bush as hard as he could lay legs to the ground. He was a very fleet runner, and would probably have escaped had it not been for Watchman, who seized him before he had got many yards, and in spite of all his struggles held him till he was secured. As we were taking him down to the township we met a party of troopers.

"Who have you got there?" said they.

"Dick Brady."

"The very man we were after. He's wanted for a murder in town. It's a clear case, for one of his pals has peached."

We handed over our prisoner, glad enough to get rid of him. He was taken down to Melbourne, tried, and condemned. Before his execution he confessed to the murder of poor Steele, and to have been tempted thereto by the store of gold he was supposed to have by him, which, however, he had been unable to find. He had discovered my axe lying outside the door, with which he had committed the foul deed, and which, had it not been for my fortunate encounter with Vesey, would probably have served to bring me to the gallows.

AN OLD CHUM.

RUSSIAN UKASES.*

"Ce que mon père a fait il a bien fait." Such were the words with which Alexander II. commenced his reign as constitutional King of Poland. We have seen something of what that father did through the military dictatorship of the Czarowicz

Constantine,* and it may not be uninteresting to observe the working of the Imperial system in the still more iniquitous tyranny of its so-called justice.

The belief in the possibility of freedom under the Romanoff dynasty, was the primary cause of failure in the November Revolution of 1830. The Constitution sworn to by Alexander I. in 1815, was still fondly dreamed of by the chiefs of the Polish aristocracy, both in the senate and the army. The traitor minister, Lubeckoi, who, whilst actually sold to the Czar, still retained the complete confidence of his countrymen during the first months of the revolution, had contrived that the command of the army should be given by popular acclamation to General Chlopici, a brave man and good patriot, but whose earlier energy and daring had been completely annihilated under Constantine's paralysing system. Chlopici and Prince Adam Czartoriski possessed unbounded influence, but under the fatal glamour of a Russian constitutional monarchy their very patriotism did but ruin the cause they had at heart. The Poles had a Fairfax and an Essex, but no Pym or Cromwell, and those who might have fulfilled their mission were overpowered beneath the personal popularity of the "moderators." The moderators declared the country still faithful to its constitutional king, discouraged all proposals of co-operation from the ancient provinces of the republic—Grodno, Kijow, Minsk, Wilna, Podolia, Mohilew, Witebsk, Volhynia—filched from it by earlier dismemberments, and in their infatuated idea of propitiating Nicholas by proofs of loyalty, even discouraged the enlistment of the peasantry, and totally opposed any idea of guerilla warfare.

The loyal address sent by the Diet at Warsaw to St. Petersburg in January, 1838, in which the Emperor, though in the most respectful terms, was reminded of his engagements as a constitutional king, to observe the laws of the country, was answered with such insult and contumely, that those who had so blindly placed all their hopes in royalty, discovered too late the infatuation of demanding free institutions from a Germanised Tartar autocrat. In December the Polish army, aided by the innumerable reinforcements which would have joined it from the Western Guberniums, might have triumphantly carried the war into the enemy's territory, but diplomacy imposed inaction on the gallant spirits to whom the revolution owed its origin. Ambassadors were sent from Warsaw to London, Paris, Vienna, and Berlin, endless despatches were written, and civilities exchanged at least with the two former capitals, but time advanced without regard to diplomacy, and the great army which was to have submerged the Monarchy of July crossed the Dnieper, and then the Vistula, and the Poles found themselves shut up within the narrow limits of the so-called kingdom, and reduced to defensive measures. The Polish generals, though at the head of but 45,000 men, whilst the enemy had 150,000, long discouraged any but regular warfare, and were resolved, since the contest was almost hopeless, that the country should die according to strict scientific rule. They concentrated the whole of their forces

* We have been indebted for the following details chiefly to "Les Confiscations des Biens des Polonais," Par M. Louis Lubliner. Bruxelles.

* See pages 415 and 425.

around the capital, and fatally induced the belief that the hopes of Poland were bound up with the safety of Warsaw.

But our concern is not with the military events of the campaign, with the desperate bravery of the rank and file and their subaltern officers, the honest incapacity of the two first generals-in-chief, the jealousies of the third, or the misfortunes of the fourth. It is the civil measures for restoring order adopted by the Emperor which claim our attention.

On the 20th of December, 1830, Nicholas published an ukase, by which all Poles resident in the eight former provinces of the republic were threatened with sequestration of their lands and goods if they in any manner implicated themselves in the revolt of the "kingdom." Art. I. declared :—

The property of any of our subjects domiciled in the Western Guberniums, but now resident in the kingdom of Poland, shall be immediately sequestered, together with all mortgages, &c., effected on it.

Art. II. All engagements, &c., entered into with regard to said property, after the date of the revolt, shall be null and void.

Art. III. All receivers and farmers upon such sequestered property shall enter into a written engagement to forward neither money nor any other produce of said property to the absent proprietors, but faithfully to deliver all such produce to the proper imperial authorities —the General Commission of Supervision.

For such sequestrations to take effect, it was not necessary that the victim should have taken any overt part in the revolt : the fact of being present in the disaffected country was quite sufficient to politically contaminate him. If Nicholas really issued this as a repressive measure, the result must have disenchanting him. For, notwithstanding the worldly ruin imminent, and the discouragement which the volunteers from the western Guberniums had at first met from the Provisional Government at Warsaw, as soon as their services were accepted by it, they hastened in multitudes to enlist under the White Eagle ; and in March, 1831, when the Russian army had already entered Poland, the insurrection spread far and wide through the dismembered provinces. Then came another ukase, still more to the point. After referring to the provisions of the last, it proceeds :

A question has arisen, if the aforesaid decree is applicable in the case of persons who have remained within Russia proper, whilst their children have taken an active part in the revolt. We therefore ordain :—

Art. I. When a landed proprietor remains in Russia, and his sons or daughters are absent in Poland, the whole of his property, real and personal, shall be sequestered. If certain of his sons or daughters only are absent in the kingdom, then such part shall be sequestered as would fall to their share at the father's or mother's death.

Art. II. When the proprietor himself (or herself) is absent in Poland, then the whole property shall be sequestered, though his or her children and next of kin remain in Russia.

Art. III. If a landed proprietor residing in Russia have no children, and his next of kin are resident in Poland, the latter forfeit all right to his inheritance.

Art. IV. As soon as sentence of sequestration has been pronounced, strict care shall be taken that no

part of the revenues of the property concerned, pass into the hands of any member of the family in any foreign country.

Thus the wife and children of a proprietor might be deprived of support, though he had left Russia to visit a sick parent, or attend to the simplest personal interests. Parents, though never so submissive to Muscovite tyranny, were equally victimised, if their children had been guilty of any act that could be tortured into an appearance of patriotism. We need not seek for political purpose in such ukases : the reaction inevitable from them must have been evident, even to the obtuse Romanoff brain ; they were but a financial contrivance, an admirable scheme for turning the resources and wealth of the country against herself. Nicholas soon found, indeed, they drove into open resistance many who, from the desperate nature of the struggle, might have else held back. He, therefore, issued another ukase on March 22, 1831 :—

Art. I. All nobles of the Western Guberniums who shall have implicated themselves in the revolt, or who have offered resistance to the imperial constituted authorities, shall be delivered over to the military tribunals, and the sentence pronounced on them executed without delay, under the authority of the respective commanders of detachments.

Art. II. The real and personal property of such criminals to be sequestered and applied to the use of our military pensioners.

During hostilities with the eight Guberniums, sentence of sequestration was passed upon all who had been directly or indirectly concerned in the national movement. After the fatal battle of Warsaw, in September, 1831, by which the triumph of Russia was ensured, courts-martial were appointed to determine the fate of the rebels. The sentences included decapitation, hanging, hard labour in chains, imprisonment for life in chains, the mines, exile in Siberia, and enrolment in the Siberian army. Thousands suffered this last penalty, which, in its life-long, hopeless degradation and misery, is far more cruel than death. As these sentences involved the loss of all civil rights to the offender, they necessarily brought confiscation of all his worldly possessions. As an appendix to the courts-martial, the Czar appointed a "Commission of Liquidation" in each Gubernium, charged with the valuation of forfeited property, and satisfaction of the legal claims upon it.

In June, 1832, appeared another ukase with reference to sequestered property ; it contained among its thirty-nine clauses, two which are singularly characteristic. Clause 13 declared, that "no debts, contracts, incumbrances, mortgages, &c., not formally registered before the proper authorities, and bearing date after the outbreak of the revolution, could be discharged by the Commission of Liquidation ; and no debts, &c., &c., contracted in the kingdom of Poland, or in foreign countries, were reclaimable from the Commission, under any pretence whatever, even if made before the revolt had broken out in the Western Guberniums, and legitimated by official registration and seal."

Thus, not only were the unhappy insurgents

pillaged, but those also who were totally ignorant of their intentions—peaceable traders, minors whose money had been lent on mortgages, or even the very faithful subjects of his Imperial Majesty who had any business transactions with his victims even before the rebellion, whose approach had been so totally unforeseen. Article 28 of the same ukase directs, that in estimating the value of confiscated lands, the usual rate granted by the Bank of Credit in its loans, should be taken, and fifty roubles added per head, for each male serf when the said land was under cultivation.

This clause was ingeniously contrived so as to defraud the creditors on heavily-encumbered estates. In Russia, the value of cultivated land was always estimated by the number of male serfs occupied on it—on an average, 175 silver roubles for each male serf. The Bank of Credit lent at the rate of sixty roubles per serf; for of course, in mortgages, it took care not to exceed a third of the actual value represented. Thus the June ukase in adding an additional fifty roubles per serf, making in all 110 silver roubles, deducted just sixty-five roubles on each, from the real value of the property confiscated. Estates were thus registered at less than two-thirds of their worth, all debts on them exceeding this, of course, refused liquidation, and the Government having effected a fraudulent insolvency, the defrauded creditors were left to divide the amount abandoned to them as they best could, whilst the Czar quietly absorbed the remainder. For the most part, the claimants were Poles, and thus the spoliation became not only profitable, but politic.

The ukases of April, 1831, and June, 1832, opened a brilliant perspective for the legions of Muscovite officials, who were ready to swoop down on the sequestered and confiscated property. The green-coated Tchinowniks found a veritable Eldorado, and contrived that the rich yield of the *placers* should give them a liberal per-centage before passing to their master. Proprietors whose possessions had escaped complete escheatment, but were involved in temporary sequestration, were obliged to content themselves with a miserable dole from the hands of the Commission of Liquidation, and this was still further reduced before it reached their hands.

Sequestration was no mere temporary measure; the system was too profitable to be soon abandoned. Where the children of a proprietor had been implicated in the revolt, it was maintained during the lifetime of both parents. Nor was it employed merely to prevent the guilty son from inheriting the ancestral property; for, by the civil law of Russia, all political criminals become necessarily dead in law, and are incapable of either inheriting or transmitting any property whatever: whether exiled to Siberia, or living as an emigrant in Western Europe, the very existence of the offender is ignored by Russian law, except when punishment can be inflicted on him.

Sequestration became actual forfeiture under all the abuses entailed by it, in the falsification, theft, and trickery of those charged with carrying out the law. The proprietor, while suffering for the acts of his relations, though nominally allowed the revenue of his lands, could not sell or mortgage

any part of them. He lived under the constant supervision of those whose enmity would involve him in irretrievable ruin; he was subject to a thousand petty irritations and annoyances; his peasants might be cruelly overworked; the Imperial Commissioner in charge of the estate could order any one of them to be beaten to death, but the master must look on powerless to help the victim; if he interfered, he would be at once denounced as disaffected, and have to expiate the crime in a Russian dungeon. If he remonstrated with his petty tyrants, he made them at once his sworn enemies; and, then, a few days would suffice to consign him in chains to the kибитка, which would bear him from wife and home, to the snows of Berezo, or the mines of Nertchinsk.

Perhaps the Tchinowniks made their best harvest from the ukase of June, 1832; for, however just and equitable might be the claims on sequestered estates, the Commission could always find sufficient demurrers, unless its members were furnished with solid persuasions for a favourable verdict. Nicholas was obliged to wink at, or at least discreetly ignore, the various peccadilloes of his underlings. Their complete demoralisation was a necessary part of his "system," for honest men would have been unfitted for the work required. Of course, this necessity frequently had its disadvantages, both for his Majesty and his Majesty's subjects who had claims on the confiscated estates. These claims were often enough returned to the Central Administration as valid; but the money never passed beyond the hands of the Commissioners.

Then came the ukase of April, 1834, to complete that of June, 1832. The latter had not been found sufficiently stringent. We quote its contents as briefly as possible:

Clause I. All contracts, wills, &c., respecting property in the empire or kingdom drawn by persons subsequently concerned in the revolt, are, and remain, null and void.

II. Contracts, &c., made in Russia by Russian subjects present in the kingdom of Poland during the revolt, are null and void.

III. All gifts, endowments, &c., within the interior of the empire, drawn by persons afterwards concerned in the revolt, are null and void.

IV. The validity of all sales of real property, leases, &c., made by rebels—Russian subjects—shall be determined by the date of the outbreak of the revolt in the districts inhabited by the persons concerned.

V. All such sales, &c., shall be invalid (and the property forfeited to the Crown), when either of the contracting parties have been previously implicated in the revolt.

VI. Any uncertainty in the dates in question to be decided by the imperial authorities.

All contracts, wills, bequests, and endowments were thus annulled, no matter in what part of the empire they had been made, and the property was escheated to the Crown, if any of the persons concerned had but set foot over the Polish frontier during the rebellion.

To give some indication of the wide-spread ruin which must have resulted, we need but cite an official report published in 1843, which refers to certain escheated domains, 459 in number, 228 of which were declared liquidated from all claims

upon them; the claims which had been allowed amounted to 1,707,000 silver roubles, those disallowed reached 3,572,414. Thus half of the incumbrances were swept off for the benefit of His Imperial Majesty's treasury.

With confiscation came utter destitution for the family of the victim; the wife's jewels or the simplest little heirlooms, though they might fetch but a few kopeks from a Jew broker, were relentlessly seized. The widowed wife, the orphaned children (for a Russian subject involved in treasonable acts forfeits alike all family ties and civil rights), all those dependent on the victim, were turned forth to live or die as best they might—the matter was no concern of Russian justice. The same penalties fell on those who were self-exiled, as on those who had committed overt acts of rebellion. Here is an ukase of 1832:

Property, real and personal, in the Western Guberniums, of rebels who have left the dominions of the Czar, and have given no account of their proceedings, shall be confiscated for the benefit of the Crown.

Another ukase of 1834 declared in addition,

All inhabitants of the Western Guberniums who have left the empire for complicity in the revolt, and who, up to this date, have made no application for pardon, can never return to Russia, whatever be their rank, degree of culpability, or actual place of residence, and all their property shall be confiscated.

I use the word *confiscated*, though it is inaccurate, "resumed" being the more euphonious term affected by Russian legislature. The number of emigrants from the Western Guberniums thus pillaged amounted to upwards of 2500.

Yet all these measures were not only in direct contravention of the ancient Polish law, and the constitution of Alexander I., which declared: "The penalty of general confiscation is for ever abolished—it can never be re-enacted," but they were in direct defiance of former Russian ukases. I would instance here one passed in 1785, providing that the property of all state offenders among the Dvoramin (nobles) should immediately pass to the natural heirs; and another of 1802, which extended the privilege to the other classes of the community. To Poland a very different justice was meted out than that with which the Russian subjects of the Czar were blessed.

By an act of Imperial grace in May, 1837, Nicholas removed the sequestration from the property of innocent persons whose relations only had been involved in the Revolution, but at the same time prohibited them from disposing of it by will, fearing they might thus contrive that some part should pass to a disinherited rebel. Though an offender should subsequently have been fully pardoned, still no bequest in his favour effected during the period of his civil non-existence, could be held good in law. Lawsuits commenced previously to his offence and concluded in his favour, after his restoration to rank and country by the Emperor's grace were null and void for him; they had been carried on during his "death," and therefore the benefits accruing lapsed to his only heir, the Czar.

In February, 1832, Nicholas published an ukase especially with reference to emigrants from

the kingdom of Poland, of whom more than 25,000 had left the country. It promised that those sentenced in default should not be deprived of their property, which would be administered as in the case of persons legally absent. Fortunately this bait did not induce the return of those it was the Czar's object to secure, and shortly afterwards the property was confiscated in due form. Another ukase, without any false gloss of benignity, followed in June, 1833, which summarily escheated all the possessions of all persons who on any pretence had quitted the kingdom of Poland since the first of January of that year, for other than the Russian territory, and who had not returned up to the date of the decree. Thus persons who had left the country to avoid being compromised, were by a retrospective act involved in all the penalties of actual rebellion. Curiously enough, among the 1315 persons in the Gubernium of Wilna who thus suffered, there were five (or rather the heirs of five) individuals who had been put to death by the insurrectional government for treasonable practices in connection with Russia. Their sentiments might have been loyally Russian, but as they were Poles, and their descendants possibly less "well-disposed," the government made good the booty. We cannot better conclude this sketch of the Imperial Ukases than by a brief enumeration of the number of victims supplied to the vengeance of Nicholas, and severally condemned to hard labour, the mines, hanging, or decapitation, and forfeiture of all civil rights. Many of these victims escaped, but their worldly possessions in no instance were saved. In the Western Guberniums no less than 2889 landed proprietors have thus suffered, under sentences dated between 1832 and 1856; but all these cases bore reference to the Revolution of 1830. Many have since been added, but I cannot give the actual number. Of these domains only 355 were officially valued; yet the male serfs alone on these numbered 180,734, who with 13,098 drawn away from the church lands, amounted to 193,832 male serfs. These unfortunates were either drafted into the army or placed at the disposal of the local administration, and their fate was not less pitiable than their masters'. The amount of money seized, of which any official account was given, though that was perhaps but a moiety of the actual sum, reached 33,920,600 silver roubles; yet there were 2534 proprietors whose forfeitures are not included in these returns.

In the kingdom of Poland serfage had ceased since 1807; and in the reports published by the government the names of the proprietors who suffered escheature are given without any indication of the actual money value of that wholesale forfeiture. We therefore can give only the bare enumeration of the number of the victims.

In 1834, 287 were thus condemned to forfeiture, with various penal sentences, though happily these latter could not always take effect, as the persons concerned had escaped. Between June and July, in 1835, 2338 were condemned; between 1835 and 1856, 551 were added to the list; thus making a total of 3176 proprietors, who, with their families, were reduced to penury, even if they escaped Siberia.

The "well-intentioned Emperor" very solemnly and tersely expressed his adherence to his father's policy, so far as Poland was concerned, as we have already seen; and therefore we are not surprised to find that the much be-praised amnesty, published by him at his coronation, in August, 1856, and which recalled from Siberia those of the victims of the November revolution, who had survived their twenty-five years of suffering there, is rather unsuited for close inspection. It pompously declared that all then suffering penal sentences for the revolt of 1831, should be immediately restored to their hereditary rights and titles—*always excepting their forfeited property*. Princes might abandon the wheel-barrow at Nerchinsk; nobles might throw down the trowel with which they had been labouring at the walls of Omsk; the chains might be struck from their ankles, and they might return to the land of their birth, to be addressed as "your highness" and "your grace," and if strength enough were left to them, to secure perhaps the place of steward or huntsman under the German parvenu or Russian Dvoramin, to whom their hereditary domains had passed in the interval. But that was all.

We have still to cite another of the Second Alexander's decrees, perhaps more insulting in its irony than those fulminated by Nicholas himself. After referring to the confiscations which had taken effect during his own and his father's reign, in consequence of the rebellion in 1830, his Imperial Majesty proceeds, "as there may be still property legally liable to forfeiture, we, wishing to give a new proof of our clemency on the anniversary of our beloved son, Nicholas Alexandrovitch attaining his majority, ordain: that all state prosecutions with reference to the "*re-sumption*" (escheature) of forfeited property shall from henceforth cease, and only those actually commenced prior to the present date (the 8th of September, 1859), concluded in the usual manner All such property shall pass to the natural heirs without even excepting those persons actually incriminated in the rebellion: always provided they have since obtained pardon, and have returned to our domains."

A curious example of magnanimity! After twenty-nine years of unrelenting prosecutions and persecutions, aided by all the supple machinery of Russian police and Russian espionage, the Czar declared he would stay his hand—would spare the vanquished; would, in short, be "*un bon prince*," and as every one was beggared, would, in fact, wait for a more profitable employment of his severity.

Many emigrants in France and elsewhere applied to the Russian embassies for authorisation to return home after the publication of this amnesty. Four among them, whose names had escaped the lynx eyes of Russian justice, became thus unhappily the cause of their own ruin; three out of the four were refused permission, but their property in Poland was seized without delay: the third obtained a full and complete pardon; but, a few weeks after his return, the administration in like manner confiscated all he had possessed in Poland before enjoying the imperial clemency, which thus reduced him from affluence to poverty. Those who

return are the especial objects of police surveillance, and must hold themselves constantly prepared to be awakened at midnight, without previous warning, and to depart for Siberia—as a precautionary measure.

At the coronation of Alexander, pardon was also granted to all Russians sent to Siberia between 1826—29, for participation in Pestal's conspiracy: twenty-six of the whole number were still living. The same decree further declared that political offenders from the Western Guberniums, who were suffering penal sentence in Siberia in consequence of the revolt of 1831, and "who, by their good conduct have obtained the *approval of the local authorities* to return to their homes, . . . should be permitted to do so, and further receive restitution of all their previous rights and immunities, always excepting those affecting real or personal property."

Another decree, published August, 1856, extended this amnesty to the same class of prisoners from the kingdom of Poland; but the apparent generosity vanishes woefully when we learn the conditions imposed on the recipients.

Clause VI. declares: "If the aforesaid persons, condemned for political offences, satisfactorily prove their repentance by irreproachable conduct, they shall receive a diminution of their sentence, or be exempted from exile in Siberia, and allowed to reside in certain localities appointed them in Russia proper. Others shall be at liberty to settle in any part of the empire, except Petersburg and Moscow."

Those who were allowed to avail themselves of this amnesty, after an expiation of twenty-five years, had still to endure strict police surveillance for another five years, in whatever district of the imperial dominions they might dwell; when this period of probation had passed, worn out with age and sufferings, they might crawl back to their desolate homes; and, if very submissive and grateful, they were allowed to die on Polish soil.

On the 19th of February, 1860, Alexander gave a supplementary ukase to the admiring world. It was the same in character as that for the Western Guberniums, which appeared in September, 1859. His Majesty declared that his joy at the majority of the young Czarowicz needed further demonstration, and that he would therefore benignly extend the clemency accorded to the ancient Polish possessions to the kingdom itself. He decreed that all escheatures, founded on the revolt of 1831, should thenceforth cease, and that only those offenders should be prosecuted whose delinquencies had been discovered prior to September 8th, 1859. Of course, in the kingdom of Poland, just as in the Lithuanian provinces, the number of victims obtainable from the revolt decreased in inverse ratio as time advanced, and Alexander was merciful at very little cost.

Such are the moral characteristics of Russian ukases. We may learn by those of the present Emperor how to estimate his generosity. His justice was aptly illustrated but a short time since by a massacre of unarmed men and women in the streets of Warsaw; his wisdom by a midnight conscription which brought on the present rebellion; and his magnanimity by those orders which

made the officers, charged with their execution, rather die by their own hand than incur the infamy of obedience.

Decade has succeeded decade, bringing no amelioration to the fall of this unhappy country; but the day approaches when the warning spoken by Edmund Burke, in 1798, will be justified: the nations of Europe will repent the great iniquity consummated in the dismemberment of Poland, and those who profited by that dismemberment will repent the most bitterly.

E. S.

PADDY O'RAFTHER.

PADDY, in want of a dinner one day,
Credit all gone, and no money to pay,
Stole from the priest a fat pullet, they say,
And went to confession just after;
"Your riv'rin'ce," says Paddy, "I stole this fat hen."

"What, what!" says the priest, "at your owld thricks again!"

Faith, you'd rather be staalin' than sayin' *amen*,
Paddy O'Rafter!"

"Sure you wouldn't be angry," says Pat, "if you knew

That the best of intentions I had in my view,
For I stole it to make it a present to you,

And you can absolve me after."

"Do you think," says the priest, "I'd partake of your theft?"

Of your seven small senses you must be bereft—

You're the biggest blackguard that I know, right or left,

Paddy O'Rafter!"

"Then what shall I do with the pullet," says Pat,
If your riv'rin'ce won't take it?—By this and by that

I don't know no more than a dog nor a cat

What your riv'rin'ce would have me be after."

"Why then," says his rev'rin'ce, "you sin-blinded owl,

Give back to the man that you stole from, his fowl,

For if you do not, 'twill be worse for your sowl,
Paddy O'Rafter."

Says Paddy, "I ask'd him to take it—'tis thrue
As this minit I'm talkin', your riv'rin'ce, to you;

But he wouldn't resave it—so what can I do?"

Says Paddy, nigh chokin' with laughter.

"By my throth," says the priest, "but the case is abstruse;

If he won't take his hen, why the man is a goose—

'Tis not the first time my advice was no use,

Paddy O'Rafter!"

"But for sake of your sowl, I would sthrongly advise
To some one in want you would give your supplies,
Some widow, or orphan, with tears in their eyes;

And then, you may come to me, after."

So Paddy went off to the brisk Widow Hoy,

And the pullet, between them, was eaten with joy,

And, says she, "'pon my word you're the cleverest boy,

Paddy O'Rafter!"

Then Paddy went back to the priest, the next day,
And told him the fowl he had given away
To a poor lonely widow, in want and dismay,

The loss of her spouse weeping after.

"Well, now," says the priest, "I'll absolve you, my lad,

For repentantly making the best of the bad,

In feeding the hungry and cheering the sad,

Paddy O'Rafter!"

SAMUEL LOVER.

WE ALL SAW IT.

I WISH to premise that I am myself a believer in ghosts. I have too the pleasure of a slight acquaintance with Mr. Home, and am by no means so convinced as some people seem that that gentleman is an impostor. This admission may indispose some to put faith in my statements. If so, I am sorry, but cannot help it. The thing is true. We all saw it. Others have seen it beside ourselves: many others.

I wish also to premise that the circumstances I am about to relate have not affected one way or another my former belief. It is neither weakened nor strengthened by what we saw. I will tell you why presently.

It was about a month ago. We were a large party, a very large one. A holiday party bent on a full allowance of Easter enjoyment, thinking of anything but the grisly King of Terrors. Suddenly the room grew dark. An invisible hand seemed to shut out, as with a thick curtain, the brilliant glow of day. A solitary lamp, lighted for some former purpose of amusement, and apparently forgotten on a distant table alone threw a few feeble rays of light athwart the gloom of the spacious apartment. Even that seemed to burn with a grim and unearthly lustre. Still we were not awed. Perhaps numbers gave us courage. Perhaps—but I will not waste words in conjecture. Enough that at all events our high spirits carried us through. One even, more reckless than the rest, exclaimed:

"Now is the time for a ghost! But he should come with three knocks in the regular way."

Rap! Rap! Rap!

"Hush!"

Rap! Rap! Rap!

"Who is there?"

No one. The door is opened. There is no one outside.

Rap! Rap! Rap!

"Come in!"

The door did not open now. There was no trap—no opening in papered wall or carpeted floor. No grating as of lifted window or sliding panel; no sound save as of the wind sighing wildly through some distant corridor.

But It came in! It! The nameless, the terrible one!

Or rather, It *was there!* There before us all, where but that moment, for some purpose of amusement, a wide space had been cleared. There, right in the gleam of the solitary lamp.

Tall, shadowy, motionless. Draped from head to foot in long, shapeless robes of white. Dim and indistinct at first, as though but some nascent vision sketched lightly by fancy's pencil on the unsubstantial air. Clearer and sharper as the dim outline filled slowly in with fold after fold of the long gleaming robe. Standing out at last plain as

some sculptured form. Even now shadowy and unreal, for the furniture of the room, the pictures on the wall, were showing plainly through its form.

Then slowly the white robes parted, the gleaming veil was lifted from the head. The folded arms flung back their covering and stretched themselves as though to fold us in their grasp. And it stood confessed.

A skeleton!

Were none of us startled then? Did no one in that throng, but now so joyous, thrill with unutterable horrors now? One at least retained his courage. Grasping the first weapon that came to hand, he rushed forward and aimed a fearful blow at the spectre. The blow fell harmless upon the empty air. Again he struck; this time with slower and surer aim, and again the heavy weapon passed harmlessly through the terrible figure. He rushed recklessly forward, and strove to grasp the spectre with his hands! He passed again and again over the very spot where the hideous apparition still waved in triumph its bony arms and grinned horribly with its fleshless lips. It was nothing—a vision—impalpable as the air from which it grew.

"The earth hath bubbles as the water hath :
And this was of them."

It was gone!

But it had been there. I saw it myself. We all saw it. Here, in this very London, in which I write. Here, at—well, "in point of fact," as cousin Emma says—at the Polytechnic!

We saw another there too, when, as Professor Pepper read to us the first chapter of Mr. Dickens's "Haunted Man," the whole scene, as he described it, passed before us on the little stage, and the "double" of the brooding alchemist glided slowly to his side, and showed him the vision of his dead sister in her bridal robes, and drew him cunningly into the fatal compact, and then vanished once more into kindred darkness. And we saw yet another, and a still better one, at the Britannia Theatre, where our old friend the skeleton played a part in a real drama "of thrilling interest," with all the "appliances and means to boot" of one of the best appointed stages in London.

And now I will tell you how it is that this very excellent ghost has in nowise altered my previous belief upon the subject. I grant you that he is perfect. Nothing can be more horribly real, and at the same time more horribly unreal, than this "patent" apparition when properly managed. Nothing can be more ingenious than the optical arrangements by which this singular delusion is effected, and which Professor Pepper has kindly permitted me thoroughly to examine. Some day, with his permission, I may explain to my readers the whole apparatus, with diagrams to illustrate its working. They will then see that the machinery is far too costly and too cumbersome for use in churchyards and haunted rooms, and other places where spectres "most do congregate." You might just as well account the fiery dragons of old as products of the hydrogen microscope.

But as an optical delusion it is perfect, and

more than deserves the enormous success it has obtained. Alas! that ever such success should be so grievously alloyed. Poor Professor Pepper! * Into what a hornet's nest has he thrust his head in this harmless exercise of his ingenuity for the public amusement. What showers of abuse he undergoes for not at once revealing his innocent secret. What virtuous indignation is hurled at his poor "patent" ghost. What shoals of letters does he receive from half the alphabet, A to O, furious at being able to find out nothing about it, and the other half still more furious because it thinks—poor deluded P to Z—that it has found out all. Poor Professor! Let us hope his troubles will not reduce him to play the part of his own ghost, and raise a new excitement by haunting in *propria persona* the scene of his triumphs and his woes. C. W. A.

GLIMPSSES OF FRENCH VILLAGE LIFE.

BORDEAUX possesses the unenviable reputation of being the dearest town in France: we need hardly descant here on her well-known merits and beauties, but ask our reader to accompany us to Arcachon, a village about two hours distant from it by rail, where we lately established ourselves for some months.

Few English, famed though our travelled countrymen are for ubiquity, are acquainted with this pleasant nook in the department of "La Gironde," with its delicious spring climate, its immense pine-forest, stretching on for forty miles in one unbroken green, and its unsophisticated inhabitants. It has sprung into existence within the last twenty years; twenty years hence it will probably be a fashionable resort in winter and spring. Meanwhile, before it has become spoiled by English visitors, Arcachon is charming. Her picturesque *châteaux* gladden the eye, each generally standing in a garden of its own, which becomes a blaze of glory as spring advances. In April and May she looks strikingly pretty; her pines and acacias scent the air with their rich profusion of blossoms—the "Mediterranean" heath in the forest is a mass of bloom—and pleasant sights and sounds abound on every side.

Arcachon is on the sea. In front she looks out upon the tranquil Bassin d'Arcachon, as the arm of the Bay of Biscay is called, which washes the shores of the village. Behind is the long stretch of unbroken pine forest, the lordly pines towering in all the dignity of their majestic stature above the mazy underwood of arbutus and heaths in several varieties.

The advent of an English party was an event in the annals of Arcachon; and when it became known that we were about to make some stay, and search for a house suitable for our wants amongst the many picturesque villas, great excitement prevailed. We could hardly appear outside our hotel doors without finding ourselves a great object of attraction, and the centre of a group of anxious householders, each of whom had a perfect house—at least in their estimation. One old lady held

* The Ghost Illusion was invented by Mr. H. Dircks, C.E., and has since been improved and patented by Messrs. Dircks and Pepper.

forth with a volubility, to which only a French-woman could ever hope to attain, on the *ombrage délicieux* of the acacias in her garden, quite undeterred by the fact that, in January, they were leafless.

"If we went to her we could even dine under their shade, in a bower, the scent of which was too delicious to be described."

"And the insects, Madame, are they delicious also?" we ventured to remark.

In her well-regulated garden, it appeared, such things were never known. But then, we have the bad taste thoroughly to dislike *al fresco* meals, and we conceive them to be utter delusions as far as pleasure is concerned, even under the best circumstances. That this is an oddity, dear reader, we are well aware; but what would you have? English people are necessarily eccentric. To dine daily out of doors would be to us misery, and that being the case, we decline the *possible* enjoyments and *certain* draughts of the acacia bower, though with many assumed pangs of regret. Madame was inconsolable, so were we; and we parted the best of friends.

After some days we found ourselves possessors of a very picturesquely-situated house, surrounded on all sides by its garden. Beyond the stately pines stood our immovable army of guardians. Our sitting-rooms faced the sun, and opened on a wooden verandah-shaded gallery, which encircled the house, and from which a double flight of wooden stairs descended to the garden. We often wandered into the forest, the balmy medicated air of which is so celebrated for its beneficial effect in cases of affections of the lungs and chest, and discovered new beauties almost every day. As the season advanced the woodcutters began to be busy tapping the pine-trees, to make the turpentine flow.

On one occasion, as we were lying under a tree far up in the forest, a woodcutter, with an attendant satellite in the form of a black goat, began to scrape an adjoining pine, and we fraternised immensely. After discussing turpentine and resin, he begged for some information about England.

"Did it ever stop raining in our Fatherland?"

"But seldom, in Ireland, at least," truth obliged us to confess.

"Had we any mountains there?"

Here, to make up for our candid admission about the rain, we delivered what appeared to us an incomparably eloquent oration on the beauties of our mountain chains. When we paused for a reply, our feelings received a terrible shock, for our *résinier* only said, Ah! he would not at all like English mountains from our description; they must apparently be only *rocks*—not *sandhills*, as they had in France. Besides, we had no "Bassin," he heard, in England; *n'est ce pas?* With all our patriotism, we had to confess that *le Bassin* most undeniably did not exist in England, at which he was considerably, to our amusement, much elated.

When we wished for solitude we would stroll into the forest. In ten minutes we could find ourselves in the midst of complete and soothing silence, only now and then broken by the

sounds from the hatchet of some distant wood-cutter.

What a contrast if we turned our steps to the main street and Strand! There we find ourselves in the midst of a scene of animation and bustle, thoroughly French. The picturesque is scattered broadcast. How can we—with no colours but black and white at our disposal—paint the colours true to Nature? The very *gamins*, playing at marbles on the footway, seem to have studied the becoming in the arrangement of their clothes. Scarlet flannel coats abound; and the caps, of every shape and colour, are they not worn with the jauntiest of airs?

Here comes a procession of fishermen and fisherwomen, wending their way home from the Strand, on their return from oyster-dredging, laden with the baskets of their spoil. Which are the men, and which the women? One may well ask: it was some time before we discovered that the gay many-coloured silk-handkerchief floating from the heads of some of the party formed the peculiar characteristic of the feminine fisherman, who discards her petticoats in favour of immense fishing-boots reaching to the thigh, put on over her scarlet or blue flannel trousers.

Here comes, too, Mademoiselle Louise, *blanchisseuse de fin*, the beauty of Arcachon (where good looks abound), who, under the pretext of particularly wanting "just the smallest possible little grain of starch," drops out, like her neighbours, for a gossip. How handsome the girl looks in her coquettish white cap, the border of which is crimped with marvellous art, and her hands jauntily placed in the pockets of her braided apron. Even Jacquot, generally considered the most morose of green parrots, unbends from his dignified reserve at the sight of her charms, and makes her a series of low, courtier-like bows from his perch at the *épicer's* door. Jacquot is a favourite of ours; for he is the cleverest of clever birds. To us, too, he is always civility itself, though his temper (even the great have their weaknesses) is not, we must confess, always irreproachable, and he only admits a favoured few to terms of intimate friendship.

When we go over to him, and in a few flattering words praise the grace of the profound salaams with which he had honoured Mademoiselle Louise, as if quite overcome by the compliments, and yet anxious to show his gratitude for them, he sidles bashfully along his perch, and after pausing reflectively with averted, drooping head, as if to hide his blushes, he coyly offers us his hand in friendship, and finally clambers on our shoulder, from which eminence he harangues the busy street with, I am afraid, more vigour than politeness. He accompanies us most willingly in a short ramble to various shops, but when we think to inveigle him home with us, he makes such a violent attack on our hat, that with all speed we have to deposit him at his own door again, when we find great excitement prevailing among the *gamins*. An Irish friend of ours has appeared on the scene, and proposed foot-races to the boys, who seize, with the greatest eagerness on the idea, and cries of "*des courses! des courses!*" rend the air. Even a little four-year old, in purple pinafore,

intends to try his chance. While the runners are being divided into batches, sabots thrown off, and all preparations being made, that little urchin of three, who is under a vow to wear blue and white only, and whose life seems spent in the futile attempt to make successful dirt-pies out of sand, seizing the favourable opportunity afforded by the general confusion, makes a surreptitious attack on Jacquot's tail, which our friend resents so fiercely that the little dirt-pie architect is carried off the scene in floods of tears, and Jacquot himself, rather unjustly, is sent in-doors, at which he complains loudly. Finally the signal is given, and off the runners start. Purple Pinafore's efforts to keep in front are very futile, and he is soon left standing in solitary grandeur in the middle of the street, more than half inclined to cry, till he bethinks himself of the solace of his never-failing, ever-present friends and comforters, Thumbs, which soothe all his sorrows, as he placidly sucks them with an air of the most thorough enjoyment; and he stoutly refuses to part with them even when offered an apple in exchange.

Ah! my little friend! may you always be equally staunch in your friendships, and superior to bribery! Our moralising reverie was, however, put an end to by the return of the runners. One fellow in a scarlet flannel coat came in first easily; but there is a most exciting struggle for second place, finally gained by a swarthy lad with large ear-rings. Number three had to be consoled for his monetary disappointment by a present of apples.

But, suddenly, we perceive an extraordinary, unearthly-looking object striding up the street towards us, covering a dozen paces in a stride. Our first idea is that the "tall Agrippa," spoken of in a story book, "so tall he all but reached the sky," has been suddenly brought to life again, and we feel quite a thrill of excitement at the prospect of seeing so eminent an individual in the flesh. We await his approach in astonishment, mingled with awe. How the children scatter as he comes nearer and nearer! Alas! alas! "tall Agrippa" turns out to be only a herdsman from the *Landes*; his gigantic stature arises from his being mounted on stilts, fully five feet high. No wonder he clears the ground at such a pace. He bears on his back a gigantic fishing-basket, out of which dangle the heads of the unfortunate fowl he has brought to sell to the Arcachonais public. John the Baptist like, he is clad in a sheepskin garment, which, the woolly side out, is girt about his waist by a leathern girdle, and in his right hand he carries a wand twice as long as himself, which he uses as a walking-stick. When he is out of hearing, a servant-girl near us gives an attentive audience a long account of the terrors she felt the first time "that monster there" suddenly appeared before her. "How could she hope to escape from a monster that could cross the garden she was in, just in two steps?" It was impossible. At all events, her legs failed her at the critical moment, and she dropped trembling and breathless behind a bush, and gave herself up for lost. Happily for her, on he strode, to her unspeakable relief, and she escaped his notice. "Perhaps he could not see so far down as the ground," which ingenious supposition elicits great applause from the lis-

teners, who are very sympathising to the damsel's terrors.

We now migrate to the shop of the apothecary, for the pleasure of a talk in English; our friend the *pharmacien*, possessing the distinction of being the only inhabitant of Arcachon, who can, in the very least degree, speak our native tongue. As for ourselves, the people never tire of expressing their intense admiration and astonishment at our fluency in the English language, quite oblivious of the fact that it is natural we should speak our native tongue with ease. After having laid in a large stock of new ideas on the subject of English pronunciation, we wend our steps homeward. How the great waggons we meet on our way, laden with resin from the forest, remind us of Rosa Bonheur's pictures! As they advance slowly towards us, the foreshortened front view of the whole equipage is a wonderful sight; and a close inspection of the unique harness arrangements does not detract from the peculiarity of the *tout ensemble*. The mules in the first waggon look anything but happy under the ladder-like yoke, between the rungs of which their heads are past; but seem considerably to bemoan the unsociable arrangement by which their heads are kept nearly three feet asunder, and all demonstrations of friendship to each other thus relentlessly prevented. The waggons are on their way to La Teste de Buch, that ancient town to which so many historical memories cling, and over which a halo of glory still hovers, from its having in the old, old days of yore been the *habitat* of the famous Captaux de Buch—those "mighty men of valour," who are now gone the way of all flesh. Wrapt in a shroud of glory, they have crumbled to dust in the plain of Lamothe. Once the mightiest of feudal lords, now—alas! that we should have to say it—their very names well nigh forgotten in the very region over which they exercised their majestic sway. O.

THE BAY OF THE DEAD.

AN ARMORICAN LEGEND.

WEDDED to-day is one who dwells
A Breton bay beside;
His soul belongs to the Evil One,
Pity the tender bride!

"Say, husband, where be those tales of woe,
Those ghosts which shiver and roam,
With which you frighten'd me once and again,
Before I left my home?"

"Hush, wife! not a word! I hold my lands
Of the Frankish conquerors free,
So long as I'm ready to row their dead
To the sepulchre over the sea."

"They come not to-night!" she laughed in glee,
"The witch-lights are flitting past;
They will fear the waves and the thunder's roll
And the rain which falleth fast."

"That low soft knock—"tis a summons for me!
They wait—nay, cease thy sorrow;
On Cornwall's coast I must land them to-night,
Or I dare not face the morrow!"

"Ah! stay this night—but once I pray!"
"I may not linger, sweet!"
One kiss, and he speeds to the gusty shore,
But the spirits are far more fleet.

Afloat is his skiff, to her gunwale sunk
 (Though empty to mortal sight) ;
 He hoists her sail to the furious gale,
 And drifts into blackest night.

Strange shrieks, deep groans from the boat resound—
 The ghosts who have died to day—
 Babies, women, and men—they wail as they sail
 From their loved ones far away.



In an hour they land on the Cornish strand ;
 Lightly now (see the boat's keel shows !),
 Lightly the swift sea-horses bear
 Him home o'er the crested snows.

Speeds to his arms at the shore his bride,
 Winged by love, so young and so fair ;
 She slips and the long black sea-weeds twine
 And stream 'midst her golden hair.

Then rises the Evil One seeking his prey,
 Drags him back from the Breton shore ;
 Unshriven, unhouselled, the ghosts may roam,
 But his skiff comes nevermore !

All night they fit by Cornuaille's beach
 (You may hear them moan o'erhead) ;
 The peasants still cross their breasts, and call
 That bay the Bay of the Dead. M. G. W.

ELEANOR'S VICTORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AURORA FLOYD," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," &c.

CHAPTER XVII. THE SHADOW ON GILBERT MONCKTON'S LIFE.

TOLLDALE PRIORY was a red brick mansion, lying deep in a valley, almost hidden amidst the thick woodland that surrounded it: a stately dwelling-place, shrouded and well-nigh entombed by the old trees that shut it in on every side, and made a screen through which only a glimpse of crimson brick could be seen from the bye-road or lane that approached the great iron gates.

From the hill-tops, high above that wooded valley, looking down into the sombre depths of verdure, one could see the gabled roof of the mansion, glimmering amid the woodland, like some rich jewel in its casket; and, at a little distance, the massive square tower of an ivy-grown old church, at which a few tenant-farmers about Tolldale, and the lords of the Priory and their retainers, were wont to worship.

The house was large and handsome; there was a long banquetting hall with a roof of black oak, rich in quaint and monstrous carvings, and a gloomy corridor, that were said to belong to the reign of Henry the Second; but the rest of the mansion had been built in the time of Queen Anne, and was of that prim and square order of architecture which Sir John Vanbrugh and his followers affected.

The garden was prim and square, like the house, and shut in from the road by high red brick walls, over some part of which the stone-moss had crept, and the ivy trailed for centuries; but the garden had grown out of the stiffness of Queen Anne's day, for every tree and shrub, every flower and weed, patch of grass, or cluster of ivy, grew so luxuriantly in this fertile valley, that it would have needed three times the number of gardeners that had been kept at Tolldale for the last twenty years, to preserve the neat order of the flower-beds and pathways, the holly hedges, the huge bushes of boxwood that had once been fashioned into the grim semblances of lions, swans, bears, and elephants, and all the other stiff beauties of the pleasure-grounds.

Behind the house a couple of peacocks stalked moodily about a stony courtyard, and a great watch-dog showed his sulky head at the mouth of his kennel, and barked incessantly at the advent of any visitor, as if the Priory had been some weird and enchanted dwelling to which no stranger had right of approach. The entrance to the house most commonly used, opened into this stony courtyard; and in the dusky, flagged hall, hung the ponderous and roomy riding-boots and the heavy saddle of some Tolldale who had distinguished himself in the civil wars.

The rainbow colours that glimmered on the stone pavement of this dusky entrance-hall were reflected from the crests and coats of arms, the interlaced ciphers, the coronets and bloody hands, emblazoned on the mullioned windows, whose splendour chastened and subdued the daylight, tempering the garish glory of heaven for the

benefit of aristocratic eyes. But of all these crests and ciphers, of all these honourable insignia, not one belonged to the present owner of the house—Mr. Gilbert Monckton, the lawyer.

Tolldale Priory had changed hands several times since the monkish days in which the older part of the house had been built. Gilbert Monckton had bought the estate twenty years before of a Mr. Ravenshaw, a reckless and extravagant gentleman, with an only daughter, whose beauty had been very much talked about in the neighbourhood. Indeed, report had gone so far as to declare that Gilbert Monckton had been desperately in love with this Margaret Ravenshaw, and that it was for her sake he had invested a great part of the splendid fortune left him by his father in the purchase of the Tolldale estate; thereby freeing the young lady's father from very terrible embarrassments, and enabling him to retire to the Continent with his only child.

There had been, certainly, considerable grounds for this report, as immediately after the transfer of the property, Gilbert Monckton quitted England, leaving his business in the hands of the two junior partners of the house—both much older men than himself, by-the-bye. He remained abroad for nearly two years, during which time everybody believed him to be travelling with Mr. Ravenshaw and his daughter, and at the end of that time returned; an altered man.

Yes, every one who had been intimate with Gilbert Monckton declared that a blight had fallen upon his life, and it was only natural that they should go a little further than this, and conclude that this change had been brought about by an unhappy attachment; or, in plainer words, that Margaret Ravenshaw had jilted him.

However this might be, the lawyer kept his secret. There was no unmanly sentimentalism in his nature. Whatever his sorrow was, he bore it very quietly, keeping it entirely to himself, and asking sympathy from no living creature. But from the hour of his return to England, he devoted himself to his profession with a determination and an assiduity that he had never before displayed.

This was the great change that his disappointment—whatever that disappointment may have been—had made in him. He did not become either a misanthrope or a bore. He became purely and simply a man of business. The frank, light-hearted young squire, who had shunned his father's office as if every sheet of parchment or scrap of red tape had been infected by the pestilential vapours of a plague-stricken city, was transformed into the patient and plodding lawyer, whose gigantic grasp of thought and unfailing foresight were almost akin to genius.

For ten years Tolldale Priory was uninhabited by its new master, and left in the care of a snuff-taking old housekeeper and a deaf gardener, who effectually kept all visitors at bay by a systematic habit of failing to hear the great bell at the iron gates; which might clang never so loudly under

the shadow of its wooden pent-house without apparently producing the faintest impression upon the aural nerves of the two superannuated guardians of the mansion. But at last the day came upon which Mr. Monckton grew tired of his London dwelling-place in a dingy square in Bloomsbury, and determined to take possession of his Berkshire estate. He sent a couple of upholsterers to Tolldale Priory, with strict injunctions to set the old furniture in order, but to do nothing more; not so much as to alter the adjustment of a curtain or the accustomed position of a chair or table.

Perhaps he wished to see the familiar rooms looking exactly as they had looked when he had sat by Margaret Ravenshaw's side, a bright and hopeful lad of twenty. He kept the snuff-taking old housekeeper and the deaf gardener, and brought his own small staff of well-trained servants from London. The town-bred servants would have willingly rebelled against their new dwelling-place, and the verdant shades that seemed to shut them in from the outer world; but their wages were too liberal to be resigned for any but a very powerful reason, and they submitted as best they could to the dreary solitude of their new abode.

Mr. Monckton travelled backwards and forwards between Tolldale and London almost every day, driving to the station in his phaeton in the morning, and being met by his groom on his return in the evening. The lawyer's professional duties had taxed his strength to the utmost, and grave physicians had prescribed country air and occasional repose as absolutely necessary to him. For nearly ten years, therefore, he had lived at the Priory, forming few acquaintances, and positively no friends. His most intimate associates had been the De Crespignys. This had no doubt arisen from the circumstance of the Woodlands estate adjoining Tolldale. Mr. Monckton accepted the acquaintances whom accident forced upon him, but he sought none. Those who knew him best said that the shadow which had so early fallen upon his life had never passed away.

Of course Eleanor Vane had heard these things during her residence at Hazlewood. The knowledge of them invested the grave lawyer with a halo of romance in her girlish eyes. He, like herself, had his secret, and kept it faithfully.

CHAPTER XVIII. UNFORGOTTEN.

MRS. DARRELL drove her son and the two girls to Tolldale Priory in accordance with Mr. Monckton's wish. The widow had no particular desire to bring either Laura or Eleanor into contact with her uncle, Maurice de Crespigny, for she nourished that intense jealousy of all visitors who crossed the threshold of the old man's house, which is only known to expectant heirs whose chances of a fortune tremble in the wavering balance of an invalid's caprice. But Mrs. Darrell could not afford to offend Mr. Monckton. He paid a high price for her protection of his ward, and was by no means the sort of man to be thwarted with impunity.

Launcelot Darrell lolled by his mother's side, smoking a cigar and taking very little notice of

the blossoming hedgerows and glimpses of luxuriant pastoral landscape. The two young ladies sat upon a low seat, with their backs to the ponies, and had therefore ample opportunity of observing the prodigal son's face.

For the first time since Mr. Darrell's return Eleanor Vane did watch that handsome face, seeking in it for some evidence of those words which Gilbert Monckton had spoken to her the day before.

"He is selfish, and shallow, and frivolous; false, I think, as well; more than this, he has a secret—a secret connected with his Indian experiences."

This is what Mr. Monckton had said. Eleanor asked herself what right he had to say so much?

It was scarcely likely that a girl of Eleanor's age, so unaccustomed to all society, so shut in from the outer world by her narrow and secluded life, could fail to be a little interested in the handsome stranger, whose advent had not been without a tinge of romance. She was interested in him, and all the more so because of that which Gilbert Monckton had said to her. There was a secret in Launcelot Darrell's life. How strange this was! Had every creature a secret, part of themselves, hidden deep in their breasts, like that dark purpose of her own that had grown out of the misery of her father's untimely death—some buried memory, whose influence was to overshadow all their lives?

She looked at the young man's face. It had an expression of half-defiant recklessness which seemed almost habitual to it; but it was not the face of a happy man.

Laura Mason was the only person who talked much during that drive to Tolldale. That young lady's tongue ran on in a pretty, incessant babble, about nothing in particular. The wild flowers in the hedgerows, the distant glimpses of country, the light clouds floating in the summer sky, the flaming poppies in the yellowing corn, the noisy fowl upon the margin of a pond, the shaggy horses looking over farm-yard gates,—every object, animate and inanimate, between Hazlewood and Tolldale was the subject of Miss Mason's remark. Launcelot Darrell looked at her now and then with an expression of half-admiring amusement, and sometimes aroused himself to talk to her; but only to relapse very quickly into a half-contemptuous, half-sulky silence.

Mr. Monckton received his guests in a long low library, looking out into the neglected garden; a dusky chamber, darkened by the shadows of trailing parasites that hung over the narrow windows. But this room was an especial favourite with the grave master of the house. It was here he sat during the long lonely evenings that he spent at home. The drawing-rooms on the first-floor were only used upon those rare occasions when the lawyer opened his house to his friends of long standing, dashing clients, who were very well pleased to get a week's shooting in the woody coverts about the Priory.

Neither Laura nor Eleanor felt very enthusiastic about the Raphael, which seemed to the two girls to represent an angular and rather repellent type of female beauty, but Launcelot

Darrell and his host entered into an artistic discussion that lasted until luncheon was announced by the lawyer's grey-haired butler, a ponderous and dignified individual who had lived with Gilbert Monckton's father, and who was said to know more about his master's history than was known by Gilbert's most intimate friends.

It was nearly three o'clock in the afternoon when luncheon was finished, and the party set out to attempt an invasion upon Woodlands. Launcelot Darrell gave his arm to his mother, who in a manner took possession of her son, and the two girls walked behind with the lawyer.

"You have never seen Mr. de Crespigny, I suppose, Miss Vincent?" Gilbert Monckton said, as they went out of the iron gates and struck into a narrow pathway leading through the wood.

"Never! But I am very anxious to see him."

"Why so?"

Eleanor hesitated. She was for ever being reminded of her assumed name, and the falsehood to which she had submitted out of deference to her half-sister's pride.

Fortunately the lawyer did not wait for an answer to his question.

"Maurice de Crespigny is a strange old man," he said; "a very strange old man. I sometimes think there is a disappointment in store for Launcelot Darrell; and for his maiden aunts as well."

"A disappointment!"

"Yes, I doubt very much if either the maiden ladies or their nephew will get Maurice de Crespigny's fortune."

"But to whom will he leave it, then?"

The lawyer shrugged his shoulders.

"It is not for me to answer that question, Miss Vincent," he said. "I merely speculate upon the chances, in perfect ignorance as to facts. Were I Mr. de Crespigny's legal adviser, I should have no right to say as much as this; but as I am not, I am free to discuss the business."

Mr. Monckton and Eleanor were alone by this time, for Laura Mason had flitted on to the party in advance, and was talking to Launcelot Darrell. The lawyer's face clouded as he watched his ward and the young man.

"You remember what I said to you yesterday, Miss Vincent?" he said, after a pause.

"Perfectly."

"I am very much afraid of the influence that young man's handsome face may have upon my poor frivolous ward; I would move her out of the way of that influence if I could, but where could I remove her? Poor child! she has been shifted about enough already. She seems happy at Hazlewood; very happy, with you."

"Yes," Eleanor answered, frankly; "we love each other very dearly."

"And you would do anything to serve her?"

"Anything in the world."

Mr. Monckton sighed.

"There is one way in which you might serve her," he said, in a low voice, as if speaking to himself rather than to Eleanor, "and yet—"

He did not finish the sentence, but walked on in silence, with his eyes bent upon the ground.

He only looked up now and then to listen, with an uneasy expression, to the animated conversation of Launcelot and Laura. They walked thus through the shadowy woodland, where the rustling sound of a pheasant's flight amongst the brushwood and the gay tones of Laura's voice only broke the silence.

Beyond the wood they came to a grassy slope dotted by groups of trees, and bounded by an invisible fence.

Here, on the summit of a gentle elevation, stood a low white villa—a large and important house—but built in the modern style, and very inferior to Tolldale Priory in dignity and grandeur.

This was Woodlands, the house which Maurice de Crespigny had built for himself some twenty years before, and the house whose threshold had so long been jealously guarded by the two maiden nieces of the invalid.

Mr. Monckton looked at his watch as he and Eleanor joined Mrs. Darrell.

"Half-past three o'clock," he said; "Mr. de Crespigny generally takes an airing in his Bath-chair at about this time in the afternoon. You see, I know the habits of the Citadel, and know therefore how to effect a surprise. If we strike across the park we are almost sure to meet him."

He led the way to a little gate in the fence. It was only fastened by a latch, and the party entered the grassy enclosure.

Eleanor Vane's heart beat violently. She was about to see her father's old and early friend, that friend whom he had never been suffered to approach, to whom he had been forbidden to appeal in the hour of his distress.

"If my poor father could have written to Mr. de Crespigny for help when he lost that wretched hundred pounds, he might have been saved from a cruel death," Eleanor thought.

Fortune seemed to favour the invaders. In a shady avenue that skirted one side of the slope, they came upon the old man and the two sisters. The maiden ladies walked on either side of their uncle's Bath-chair, erect and formidable-looking as a couple of grenadiers.

Maurice de Crespigny looked twenty years older than his spendthrift friend had looked up to the hour of his death. His bent head nodded helplessly forward. His faded eyes seemed dim and sightless. The withered hand lying idle upon the leathern apron of the Bath-chair, trembled like a leaf shaken by the autumn wind. The shadow of approaching death seemed to hover about this feeble creature, separating him from his fellow-mortals.

The two maiden ladies greeted their sister with no very demonstrative cordiality.

"Ellen!" exclaimed Miss Lavinia, the elder of the two, "this is an unexpected pleasure. I am sure that both Susan and myself are charmed to see you; but as this is one of our poor dear invalid's worst days, your visit is rather unfortunately timed. If you had written, and given us notice of your coming—"

"You would have shut the door in my face," Mrs. Darrell said, resolutely. "Pray do not put yourself to the trouble of inventing any polite fictions on my account, Lavinia. We understand

each other perfectly. I came here by the back way, because I knew I should be refused admittance at the front door. You keep watch well, Lavinia, and I beg to compliment you upon your patience."

The widow had approached her uncle's chair, leaving the rest of the party in the background. Pale and defiant, she did battle with her two sisters, fighting sturdily in the cause of her idolised son; who seemed a great deal too listless and indifferent to look after his own interests.

The ladies in possession glared at their sister's pale face with spiteful eyes; they were a little daunted by the widow's air of resolution.

"Who are those people, Ellen Darrell?" asked the younger of the two old maids. "Do you want to kill my uncle, that you bring a crowd of strangers to intrude upon him at a time when his nerves are at their worst?"

"I have not brought a crowd of strangers. One of those people is my son, who has come to pay his respects to his uncle after his return from India."

"Launcelot Darrell returned!" exclaimed the two ladies, simultaneously.

"Yes, returned to look after his own interests; returned with very grateful feelings towards those who prompted his being sent away from his native country to waste his youth in an unhealthy climate."

"Some people get on in India," Miss Lavinia de Crespigny said, spitefully; "but I never thought Launcelot Darrell would do any good there."

"How kind it was in you to advise his going, then," Mrs. Darrell answered promptly. Then passing by the astonished Miss Lavinia, she went up to her uncle, and bent over him.

The old man looked up at his niece, but with no glance of recognition in his blue eyes, which had grown pale with age.

"Uncle Maurice," said Mrs. Darrell, "don't you know me?"

The invalid nodded his head.

"Yes, yes, yes!" he said; but there was a vacant smile upon his face, and it seemed as if the words were uttered mechanically.

"And are you glad to see me, dear uncle?"

"Yes, yes, yes," the old man answered, in exactly the same tone.

Mrs. Darrell looked up hopelessly.

"Is he always like this?" she asked.

"No," answered Miss Susan, briskly, "he is only so when he is intruded upon and annoyed. We told you it was one of your uncle's bad days, Ellen; and yet you are heartless enough to insist on persecuting him."

Mrs. Darrell turned upon her sister with suppressed rage.

"When will the day come in which I shall be welcome to this place, Susan de Crespigny?" she said. "I choose my own time, and seize any chance I can of speaking to my uncle."

She looked back at the group she had left behind her, and beckoned to her son.

Launcelot Darrell came straight to his uncle's chair.

"You remember Launcelot, Uncle Maurice," Mrs. Darrell said, entreatingly; "I'm sure you remember Launcelot."

The two maiden sisters watched their uncle's face with eager and jealous glances. It seemed as if the thick clouds were fading away from the old man's memory, for a faint light kindled in his faded eyes.

"Launcelot!" he said; "yes, I remember Launcelot. In India, poor lad, in India."

"He went to India, dear uncle, and he has been away some years. You remember how unfortunate he was; the indigo planter to whom he was to have gone failed before he got to Calcutta, so that my poor boy could not even deliver the one letter of introduction which he took with him to a strange country. He was thrown upon his own resources, therefore, and had to get a living as he could. The climate never agreed with him, Uncle Maurice, and he was altogether very unhappy. He stayed as long as he could endure a life that was utterly unsuited to him; and then flung everything up for the sake of returning to England. You must not be angry with my poor boy, dear Uncle Maurice."

The old man seemed to have brightened up a good deal by this time. He nodded perpetually as his niece talked to him, but there was a look of intelligence in his face now.

"I am not angry with him," he said; "he was free to go, or free to return. I did the best I could for him; but of course he was free to choose his own career, and is so still. I don't expect him to defer to me."

Mrs. Darrell turned pale. This speech appeared to express a renunciation of all interest in her son. She would almost rather that her uncle had been angry and indignant at the young man's return.

"But Launcelot wishes to please you in all he does, dear uncle," pleaded the widow. "He will be very, very sorry if he has offended you."

"He is very good," the old man answered; "he has not offended me. He is quite free, quite free to act for himself. I did the best I could for him—I did the best; but he is perfectly free."

The two maiden sisters exchanged a look of triumph. In this hand-to-hand contest for the rich man's favour, it did not seem as if either Ellen Darrell or her son were gaining any great advantage.

Launcelot bent over his great-uncle's chair.

"I am very happy to find you alive and well, sir, on my return," he said, respectfully.

The old man lifted his eyes, and looked earnestly at the handsome face bent over him.

"You are very good, nephew," he said; "I sometimes think that, because I have a little money to leave behind me, everybody wishes for my death. It's hard to fancy that every breath one draws is grudged by those who live with us. That's very hard."

"Uncle!" cried the maiden nieces, simultaneously, with a little shriek of lady-like horror. "When have you ever fancied that?"

The old man shook his head, with a feeble smile upon his tremulous lips.

"You are very good to me, my dears," he said; "very good; but sick men have strange fancies. I sometimes think I've lived too long for myself and others. But never mind that; never mind

that. Who are those people there?" he asked, in a different tone.

"Friends of mine, uncle," Mrs. Darrell answered; "and one of them is a friend of yours. You know Mr. Monckton?"

"Monckton! O, yes—yes! Monckton, the lawyer," muttered the old man; "and who is that girl yonder?" he cried suddenly, with quite an altered voice and manner, almost as if the shock of some great surprise had galvanised him into new life. "Who is that girl yonder, with fair hair and her face turned this way? Tell me who she is, Ellen Darrell?"

He pointed to Eleanor Vane as he spoke. She was standing a little way apart from Gilbert Monckton and Laura; she had taken off her broad straw hat and slung it across her arm, and the warm summer breeze had swept the bright auburn hair from her forehead. Forgetful of every necessity for caution, in the intensity of her desire to see her dead father's dearest friend, she had advanced a few paces from her companions, and stood watching the group about the old man's chair.

"Who is she, Ellen Darrell?" repeated Mr. de Crespigny.

Mrs. Darrell looked almost frightened by her uncle's eagerness.

"That young lady is only the musical instructress of another young lady I have in my care, Uncle Maurice," she answered. "What is there in her that attracts your attention?"

The old man's eyes filled with tears that rolled slowly down his withered cheeks.

"When George Vane and I were students together at Maudlin," answered Maurice de Crespigny, "my friend was the living image of that girl."

Mrs. Darrell turned sharply round, and looked at Eleanor as if she would have almost annihilated the girl for daring to resemble George Vane.

"I think your eyes must deceive you, my dear uncle," said the widow; "I knew Mr. George Vane well enough, and I never saw any likeness to him in this Miss Vincent."

Maurice de Crespigny shook his head.

"My eyes do not deceive me," he said. "It's my memory that's weak sometimes; my eyesight is good enough. When you knew George Vane his hair was grey, and his handsome looks faded; when I first knew him he was as young as that girl yonder, and he was like her. Poor George! poor George!"

The three sisters looked at each other. Whatever enmity might exist between Mrs. Darrell and the two maiden ladies, the three were perfectly agreed upon one point—namely, that the recollection of George Vane and his family must, at any price, be kept out of Maurice de Crespigny's mind.

The old man had not spoken of his friend for years, and the maiden sisters had triumphed in the thought that all memories of their uncle's youth had become obscured and obliterated by the gathering shadows of age. But now, at the sight of a fair-haired girl of eighteen, the old memories came back in all their force. The sudden outburst of feeling came upon the sisters like a thunderbolt, and they lost that common instinct of self-preservation, that ordinary presence of

mind, which would have prompted them to hustle the old man off, and carry him at once out of the way of this tiresome, intrusive, fair-haired young woman who had the impertinence to resemble George Vane.

The sisters had never heard of the birth of Mr. Vane's youngest daughter. Many years had elapsed since the intercourse between Mrs. Darrell and Hortensia Bannister had extended to more than an occasional epistolary communication, and the stockbroker's widow had not thought it necessary to make any formal announcement of her half-sister's birth.

"Tell that girl to come here," cried Maurice de Crespigny, pointing with a trembling hand to Eleanor. "Let her come here, I want to look at her."

Mrs. Darrell thought it would be scarcely wise to oppose her uncle.

"Miss Vincent!" she called, sharply, to the girl; "come here, if you please, my uncle wishes to speak to you."

Eleanor Vane was startled by the widow's summons, but she came eagerly to the old man's chair. She was very anxious to see the friend of her dead father. She went close up to the Bath-chair, and stood beside the old man.

Maurice de Crespigny laid his hand upon hers.

"Yes," he said; "yes, yes. It's almost the same face—almost the same. God bless you, my dear! It makes me fifty years younger to look at you. You are like a friend who was once very dear to me—very dear to me. God bless you!"

The girl's face grew pale with the intensity of her feeling. Oh! that her father had been alive; that she might have pleaded for him with this old man, and have reunited the broken links of the past. But of what avail now were Maurice de Crespigny's compassionate words? They could not recal the dead. They could not blot out the misery of that dreadful eleventh of August—that horrible night upon which the loss of a pitiful sum of money had driven George Vane to the commission of the fatal act which had ended his life. No! His old friend could do nothing for him, his loving daughter could do nothing for him now—except to avenge his death.

Carried away by her feelings, forgetful of her assumed character, forgetful of everything except that the hand now clasped in hers was the same that had been linked in that of her father, years and years ago, in the warm grasp of friendship, Eleanor Vane knelt down beside the old man's chair, and pressed his thin fingers to her lips.

(To be continued.)

THE IMPURITIES OF THE LOAF.

ANY one who travels along the bye-streets of London comes now and then across what is called a "cutting baker's shop." If he be a family man, and knows the current price of the four-pound loaf, he is surprised to find the "cottage" and "tin" that he sees marked up in the shop-window, sold at a penny or twopence lower than he is in the habit of paying at home. If he goes in and examines the staff of life, he is struck with its whiteness and apparent fineness. At first sight it would seem

that the poor man got a better article for less money than the rich and well-to-do classes; but a little inquiry into the method by which these cutting bakers "make things pleasant" soon dissipates this seeming anomaly. The size of the loaf, for instance, is by no means commensurate with the amount of nutriment it contains, for the simple reason that it may be made with more or less water. The cheap baker, for the sake of plumping up his loaf to the biggest size, mixes his dough very thin, and by only three parts baking it, makes the steam swell it enormously. Consequently the poor man who buys new bread pays, say sevenpence or sevenpence halfpenny a pound, for so much steam. These puffy loaves again are generally made with damaged flour, which will not by itself make a white loaf; to correct this, alum is added, which so whitens the bread that it looks even fairer than that made from the best wheat; indeed, great whiteness in the household loaf must always be looked upon with suspicion. This process of mixing the thin dough, and then imperfectly baking the loaf, not only takes in the poor man, but enables the baker to make more loaves out of a sack of flour. The conscientious baker makes, on an average, ninety loaves out of a sack; the under seller, however, manages to turn out from ninety-four to ninety-six. If he makes ten sacks a week (a low average), he thus fraudulently obtains some fifty four-pound loaves over and above the respectable baker. This will account for the fair appearance of the bread in the windows of the "cutting baker," and also for the sensation announcements posted in their windows: "Down again," "Bread a penny cheaper," which in many cases may be read "more water in it." The process of adulteration by means of alum is not only a fraud upon the purchaser, but also positively injurious to all delicate adults and young children; indeed it is the sole cause of nearly half the troubles of babies fed upon bread and milk, since the astringent nature of the alum entirely deranges the digestion of their delicate stomachs. Further, as a rule, the cheaper the bread, the more of this deleterious substance is to be found in it.

Yet now and then it is to be discovered in the bread of the most respectable bakers. When Dr. Hassall's analysis of bread appeared in the "Lancet," some of the most respectable men in the trade were surprised to find that he had detected alum in their loaves. Knowing they were innocent of putting it in during the process of baking, it occurred to some of them to have the flour analysed; and lo, the delinquent turned out to be the miller, a well-abused individual from the earliest ages.

But even these impurities are found to form only a small part of the charges laid at the door of the master baker. The journeyman has for years groaned under a system of extreme labour, calculated to break down the strongest constitution. As a general rule he labours, with slight intermissions of sleep, from eighteen to twenty hours a day, but on Fridays he often works for a day and a night together. This slavery, combined with the unwholesome nature of the occupation, which renders the baker's trade one of the most unhealthy trades in existence, led some short time

since to the men's grievances being laid before Parliament, and to the appointment of a commission to inquire into the condition of journeymen bakers and bakehouses generally. The report of the commissioner, Mr. Tremenhoe, has been laid before Parliament, and now, in the form of a blue book, has given us such a sickening as we never experienced in crossing the Channel in the roughest weather.

The manufacture of bread is carried on, as most of us know, in the cellars and kitchens of our London houses. What goes on in these confined spaces is not very pleasant to tell; but as the remedy lies in our own hands, it would be folly to allow a false delicacy to interfere with a thorough reformation of the whole method of bread-making as at present practised.

In the report now before us, Mr. Tremenhoe gives us the result of the inspection of upwards of fifty bakehouses, and it certainly is not calculated to make us relish our breakfast. It is not enticing, for instance, to know that—paraphrasing a well-known expression—we eat our bread "in the sweat of the maker's brow," and the disgusting fact is not one of rare occurrence either, but seems to be inseparable from the present mode of making bread by hand. The process of "making the dough," as it is termed, occupies generally from half an hour to three-quarters of an hour; it is carried on in these underground kitchens as before mentioned, and in an atmosphere ranging from 76 to 90°, but more generally nearer the higher than the lower end of the scale. The process of "making the dough" is carried on by the journeyman baker in this wise. The flour and water are placed in a long deep trough, over which the man has to bend his body, whilst he kneads and turns over the heavy mass—a most laborious occupation—which, continued for the length of time it is, without intermission, in the hot bakehouse, of course suffuses the baker with a profuse perspiration, which drips from his face and arms, and becomes incorporated in the dough.

Mr. Tremenhoe states that even in a bakehouse of comparatively low temperature, he has seen this perspiration dropping into our daily bread. And this is not all: the foreman who "sets" the ferment does it with bare arms, and the bakers, after they have done kneading, wash their arms in water, which water the master in some cases compels them to mix with the next dough they mix. Why such a purely mechanical operation as dough-mixing should be carried on by bare arms and hands is a puzzle to us, and certainly says little for the invention of the age, or rather for that of past ages; but we are happy to say that mechanical aid is at last called in, and it will remain with the public themselves to enforce its adoption, as we shall presently show.

But these exudations of the human body are by no means all the impurities the dough contracts whilst in the process of being made into bread. After speaking of the heavy festoons of cobwebs which hang from the roofs of many bakehouses, and which become detached by a heavy blow on the floor above, and fall into the mixing trough, the commissioner goes on to say, "Animals, such as beetles, ants, and cockroaches, in considerable numbers

crawled in and out of and upon the troughs where the bread was made, and upon the adjoining walls . . . The smells from the drains were very offensive, the draught of the oven continually drawing the effluvia through the bakehouse."

On this point Dr. Ure says, "If we reflect that bread, like all porous substances, readily absorbs the air that surrounds it, and that even under the best conditions it should never, on that account, be kept in confined places, what must be the state of bread manufactured in the manner common in London?"

What indeed! This paragraph was written by Dr. Ure many years ago, but still we have gone on eating our "peck of dirt" with a most praiseworthy perseverance, and in all probability should continue to do so but for this report, and the fact that almost simultaneously with its appearance, mechanical science has stepped in to remedy the evils it makes us acquainted with. It is a fact that in most public charities and establishments, such as workhouses, blind asylums, and orphan schools in the neighbourhood of the metropolis, the inmates are supplied with machine-made bread, quite free from the disgusting impurities with the details of which, we fear, we have sickened our reader, while at the same time the most delicate and fastidious members of the community are still depending upon the bakers' bare arms for the bread they daily eat. Mr. Stevens has now had for some time a very effective machine for the making of bread, by which the whole operation is performed without the aid of the hand at all. This is a very useful apparatus, and is made to suit the requirements of both large and small bakers, and even private persons who love home-made bread. This machine, however, is calculated to make fermented bread only—food which strong stomachs can manage well enough, but which those suffering from dyspepsia cannot so conveniently digest.

The public are now pretty familiar with the aerated bread, the invention of Dr. Daughlish. This bread is also made by machine, but it is not raised by the ferment of yeast, but by the introduction of carbonic acid gas into the dough whilst being mixed in an exhausted receiver. The carbonic acid gas in this manner becomes thoroughly incorporated with the elements of the bread, and as it issues from the machine the gas gives it that highly vesicular appearance on which its extreme lightness depends. Flour, salt, and water are thus the only ingredients to be found in the aerated bread. But the purity of the loaf made by this process is not its only recommendation to weak stomachs. The flour from which it is made is prepared by an American process, which removes the outer coat of the grain—a silicious matter wholly indigestible—without injuring or removing the internal coat, which is the most nutritious part of the grain. By the ordinary method of grinding this coat disappears with the bran, and thus at least twenty per cent. of the value of the wheat grain is lost. The flour, thus rich in what is termed "cerealine," by the ordinary process of bread-making, however, turns out a rather brownish loaf, to which the public, as a rule, object, as it is supposed to

exert certain laxative qualities, after the manner of the well-known brown bread. Now, although this is an error (the peculiar properties of the brown bread depending upon the silicious coat which is retained in it, whilst it is rejected from this new preparation), yet the public cannot be convinced, and the invaluable process of unbranning wheat would have been rejected but for the simultaneous invention of the aerating machine which Dr. Daughlish has brought before the public. The aerated loaf made from this exceedingly rich flour having no fermenting process to go through turns out a beautifully white bread, which is certainly the pleasantest, whilst it is the most nutritive of all kinds of food made from the wheat grain. Some time since, the aerated bread was all made at the extensive steam bakery of Messrs. Peek, Frean and Co., at Dockhead, Bermondsey. The distance from the west-end consumers of the new bakery made the difficulty and cost of distribution so great, that it was necessary to come to some other arrangement. Consequently, Dr. Daughlish, instead of concentrating his manufacture in one place, determined to set up separate bakeries in different centres of the town. The first bakery of this description is now at work at Islington, and it will speedily be followed by other establishments in the different quarters of the metropolis, and thus the difficulty of distribution, which prevented many from procuring the bread who really preferred it to all other, will be superseded. The complaint of the journeymen bakers against the long hours of work, and the foul conditions under which they labour, will be wholly disposed of by the introduction of these bread-making machines, as the work which formerly employed the men, off and on, for eighteen or twenty hours, can now be performed under two hours, and in a perfectly well-ventilated apartment; thus affording another instance of the value of machinery, not only by saving humanity much most offensive drudgery, but by eliminating those sources of disease which so often sacrifice the life of the workman to the necessities of our civilisation.

A. W.

BOOKS OF THE OPERA.

ENGLAND has other boons to thank the Italians for, besides the allegorical "*£ s. d.*" which we place at the head of our accounts. Not only our monetary, but our musical system is theirs. If Italy has overrun us with organ-grinders, she has at least supplied us with singers, and those of the very best that could be obtained for love or money. The Italian opera is as much an English institution as the Bank, and the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street is a kindly patron. The moneyed classes have a partiality for Italian opera, and think nothing of fifty or a hundred pounds for the farewell benefit of a Grisi. They are musical epicures, and take to Italian singing as the Romans of old took to nightingales' tongues. Why is this? Is it because Englishmen understand Italian, and desire to improve in it? A better plea might be urged for the performance of operas in Latin. Is it because Italian is fashionable?

German would carry the day at any first-class assembly. The reason lies in the *prestige* of Italian opera. Englishmen care little in what language it is performed, so they can have their favourite singers. It is music—it is a fine voice that the public flock to hear; and so the soprano's notes soar clear and bird-like, and the tenor's voice attains the perfection of a musical instrument, they can shrug their shoulders both at the sentiments and the phraseology. Insipid verses uttered in the fervour of operatic rapture by a Patti or a Piccolomini, are more palatable to the ear than the finest drama indifferently performed; and a Lablache has moved millions by libretto-twaddle, which, stripped of its music, would not have been tolerated at the lowest theatres.

But it must not be supposed that the libretto is without supporters. There are not wanting persons who consider it as essential to the proper enjoyment of an opera as the opera-glass itself. While Pope, Dryden, Goldsmith, and others lie in honourable retirement on the shelf (as far as the general public is concerned), the "Traviata" has been catering high and low for maintenance and applause—lying upon the piano of the innocent girl—taking a borrowed lustre from the fascinating music with which it is associated, and rivalling even the "Idylls of the King" in sale and reputation. Few works at Mudie's have received more favour than this trashy and meretricious book. Few fashionable novels—happily defunct at the end of the season—have been more gladly welcomed, or more calmly tolerated; and the libretto-system has only escaped some very rough handling, out of consideration for the music with which it is eternally wedded.

We have heard of persons who maintain that a knowledge of Latin and French is equivalent to a knowledge of Italian, and that by their joint means an opera may be thoroughly mastered without the aid of a translation. We confess such a feat appears to us Herculean. We do not envy the student who attempts it. He will weave himself a web that will inevitably imprison his faculties during the whole performance of the opera, and go home minus the music. He will lose himself in a fable of his own invention, that will be at loggerheads with the stage-business—with the printed Italian—and with the authorised English translation. He will be placed in the position of the school-boy between two stools, and find neither of them available. Lion of the pit, and dandy of the amphitheatre! that book thou holdest to thy heart of hearts, in blissful reminiscence of thy opera-treats—that book thou porest over in thy solitude, calling to mind the voices that warbled to thee in the past, the dear incomprehensible ditties—that book, with all its English and Italian, is as great a sham as thou thyself art, if thou pretendest to learn aught from its perusal! The opera-book, quotha! It is a snare and an imposition. It is a fraudulent bankrupt's ledger with faults on both sides. It is English in a fix, and Italian in a passion. It is a conglomeration of Alfred Bunnism and Italian sentimentality, which those who have an attachment for Italian opera had better leave in the hands of the pub-

lisher, or consign to the care of the housemaid for domestic purposes.

Witness these examples from the most brilliant of Verdi's operas, the far-famed "Traviata." It is amusing to see how complacently the translator of "Dumas diluted," has blundered his way through the story of the "Dame aux Camelias," and made nonsense of a very intelligible piece of immorality. Perhaps it is unfair in us to blame him for thus covering the impurity with so dense a garment. But where we do blame him, and when we feel we have a right to blame him, is in the utterly reckless manner with which he throws about sentences that have hardly any connection with the sentences they pretend to illustrate.

In the very first line of the "Traviata," edited and "translated," as we are rather pompously informed, by Manfredo Maggioni, we have the following error.

The chorus of guests assembled at *Violetta's* house is made to sing:

"Dell invito trascorsa è già l'ora;

Voi tardaste."

(The hour of invitation has already passed;
You dallied.)

—two distinct assertions which the editor has thus translated:

"Is this the hour appointed?

What causes this delay?"

a double interrogation by no means satisfactory.

Turn to scene 3rd in the same act, when the tenor and soprano are preparing for their celebrated duet.

Gaston breaks in upon them with the query, "Che diavol fate?" (What the devil are you doing?) mildly rendered into "What are you doing there?" and is assured by the lovers that they are merely "saying follies"—a miserable translation of "si folleggiava" (we were fooling)—which causes the intruder to exclaim:

"Ah! ah! stà ben;—restate."

(Ah! ah! tis well;—remain.)

A sentence thus atrociously rendered:

"Ah! ah! very well;—go on."

—a contradiction as well as an absurdity, and sufficient of itself to condemn the book.

It is pitiable to see the manner in which such operas as the "Huguenots," the "Barber of Seville," the "Sonnambula," and others are drugged for the English market. Scarcely an opera but has some fault or other in every paragraph, and certainly no opera, whether translated from the French, German, or Italian, or translated three-deep from all of them, but has some absurdity in every page. The worst translated operas are those of Verdi; the best the five-act tragedies of Meyerbeer. We have less fault to find with the "literature" of Bellini than with that of any of the other masters; and the translations of Rossini's operas are better than those of Donizetti. With regard to Mozart, his story has often to pass through four hands, and "Don Giovanni," after being translated from the French to the German (for the convenience of the composer), and again from the German to the Italian, by a different hand, for the convenience of the Italian, has to undergo the process of being translated from that language into English for the benefit of a London audience.

Judge then of the beauties of a so-called Italian opera, when four foreigners have had their fingers in the pie, and scooped away everything but the crust!

But it would be unjust in us to give all the blame of the absurdity to the translator, and our space, even if so inclined, would prevent us from indulging in too close an examination of his defects. The work of comparison may be pursued by others. We have now to do with the original *librettisti*. Much as the translator may err in grammar, synonyms, and common sense—or rather in the absence of all these—he is no worse than his associates, the self-dubbed “laureates” of the playhouse. We have a very large crowd indeed to pluck with those gentlemen of the quill who flippantly style themselves poets, and invariably remind us of the assertion that the wild-geese flies higher than the eagle, falling down lead-like with a “squeak” from the confines of the eagle’s nest. We know them by their drivelling sentiments and their screaming attempts at passion, as well as by the reckless manner with which they throw about queries and notes of admiration for the bewilderment of the incautious. Filled with insane ambition to excel their retiring brothers—the true poets—as impertinently as the goose endeavours to outfly the eagle, the Italian poetasters attempt everything for a short-lived popularity. Collaborateurs of Verdi and Meyerbeer, they turn out on inspection to be little better than serving-men of the goddess of music. *Valets du Parnasse*, they are no foes to such beverages as beer and wine, but are absolutely ignorant of the divine fire that enlivens the poet’s soliloquy. They are book-makers to the bone, and are more thankful for a pair of scissors than for the lyre of Phoebus Apollo. With the exception of Scribe and Romane, the *librettisti* are the mere purveyors of information for the composers—smugglers of trite expressions, borrowed plots and threadbare sentiments that have done their duty a thousand and one times.

A few words explicative of Italian opera may not be deemed unnecessary.

The libretto may be divided into three classes: the tragic, the comic, and the mezzo-serio. The first includes such operas as the “Huguenots,” the “Trovatore,” and “Lucrezia Borgia;” the second such works as the “Barber of Seville,” “L’Eilsir d’Amore,” and “Don Pasquale;” and the third all operas that have no death in the last act.

Operas of the Italian school, whether tragedies, comedies, or farces, have invariably the same ingredients. They are all provided with a lover, a heroine, a rival, a tyrant (or a dotard), and an all-pervading and insinuating chorus. These are the pieces of glass in the ever-shifting kaleidoscope which the manager can shake at his will and alter to the desired patterns. By a strange fatality the lot of the heroine almost invariably devolves on the soprano, and by a similar caprice of fortune the tenor invariably takes the part of the hero. We are at a loss to imagine why the chorus should make free with other people’s apartments and why the baritone should always pick a quarrel with the tenor. Query, why is the villain of the piece always a baritone?

Perhaps it is this sameness of material that in some measure detracts from the merit of the libretto. It is always excessively amusing—even in the most serious operas—to see that jealous, wilful, *mal-à-propos* sort of suitor, the baritone, always coming between the two *innamorati*. The tenor loathes him (in not a few of the operas), but somehow or other, like the hero of “Waverley,” he is always more famous for manners than for manliness. We find him in the “Trovatore,” tamely submitting to the worst insults, and finally losing his lady, his liberty, and his life, at the hands of one from whom he expected better things, and whose sole reason for acting as he did appears to be his possession of a baritone throat and his extraordinary love of soliloquy. In “Ernani” it is the baritone who gets to the soft side of the tenor by persuading him that it is quite chivalrous on the eve of his marriage to give up his claims to matrimony and to existence—on the blowing of the baritone’s horn. But here we have to do with Victor Hugo; and the libretto-writer has merely discovered the point where the sublime and the ridiculous meet, and scratched it out with his pen. How many instances we could give of this nature from the libretti of the Italian opera need not be enumerated; suffice it to say, that we could employ clerks, *à la Dumas*, for a fortnight, and yet not have done with our citations.

Perhaps, in the whole course of Italian opera, there are not ten examples of a heroine falling in love with the baritone. This gentleman may fume and soliloquise, waylay, terrify, and trepan; but the heroine will have nothing to do with him. She may be friendly to him, as in the “Barbiere”—courteous to him, as in the “Sonnambula,”—self-denying to him, as in the “Traviata”; but love him she will not; and she tells him so; and the aversion she feels for his presence finds vent in some of the most pleasing melodies that ever fell from the lips of a soprano.

Not always, however, does the baritone exercise an evil influence over the characters of the drama. He is sometimes a very sprightly fellow. Some of the operas of Rossini and Donizetti introduce him in a very fascinating light. Who could be nobler, for instance, than the baritone of “William Tell,” when he shot the apple off his son’s head? Who more amiable than Figaro? Who more amusing than Leporello? But these instances are rare; and the operas of Verdi, for instance, scarcely ever allow the baritone a chance of displaying his social virtues.

“Rigoletto,” where the baritone is a jesting fellow, fond of his Duke, and fond of procuring him ladies to be fond of—laughs, as we know, on the other side of his mouth, before the end of the opera. *Germont*, the elder, in his *tête-à-tête* with the *Traviata*, hurries the courtesan to an untimely fate, and breaks the heart of his favourite son into the bargain. All this is very proper, and we have nothing to say against it; but is it not singular that the baritone should always be chosen for these ungrateful tasks? Others of the “amiable” baritones of the same composer commit actions equally disastrous, and invariably turn their ditty into a dirge before the fall of the

curtain. If some remedy be not adopted, we shall soon lose sight of the "merry" baritone altogether, and find nothing in his place but a stereotyped stage-villain, angry and full of solos, with a singular habit of falling in love with other people's wives, and running away with them. Is it not curious that no attempt should have been made to introduce Sir Creswell Creswell upon the stage (in the shape of a sturdy basso), and thus put an end to the atrocity? Tenors and baritones have been at loggerheads long enough, and it is high time that a separate lady should be provided for them. They should be made to shake hands. *Toujours perdrix* is a sickly dish; and no amount of skill on the part of the composer can atone for this perpetual recurrence of the same scenes.

Here are a few instances from some of the most popular operas of the Italian school.

Enter the baritone of the "Puritani," one Sir Richard North, holding converse with his friend Brown (*Bruno*), on the miseries of unrequited affection.

"Where shall I fly to?" says the baritone, "where shall I hide my frightful torments? These rejoicings come to my heart like the sound of some funeral dirge. Oh, Elvira! amiable object of my sighs, without hope or love, what remains to me in this world?"

Bruno replies (rather sententially), "Thy country and Heaven!"

"What voice?" cries *Sir Richard*. "What dost thou say? Ah! it is true."

At which the other exclaims:

"Unbosom thyself to friendship. Thou wilt there find consolation."

"It will be vain," cries *Sir Richard*. "However, I will satisfy thee."

And he forthwith tells him that the father of Elvira had promised him the hand of that young lady, and that, at an advanced hour of the night, he flew to him full of delightful ideas.

"What did he say?" roars *Bruno*.

"Elvira sighs for another!" cries the baritone, "sighs for the Cavalier Talbot, and a father's love cannot command the heart."

"Be calm, my friend," thunders the other.

"My sorrow can only be calmed by the tomb," exclaims the mourner, and forthwith sings in a very lusty manner the celebrated cavatina: "Ah! per sempre io ti perdei."

The reader need not be informed that the persons referred to in this dialogue are the tenor and soprano; who, after their usual fashion, have fallen in love with each other, and thereby incurred the eternal odium of the baritone.

The customary *dénouement* takes place.

"You ought to save your rival," says an old Puritan Captain (Signor Giorgio, a basso profondo), "and you can."

"I cannot," cries the baritone.

"Say, you *will* not," shouts the other.

"No!" repeats the baritone.

"Thou must save him," exclaims the other, in a tenderer key.

"He shall perish!"

And perish he does. Nothing can keep him alive in such a dilemma, and the infatuated

prima donna kills herself by taking a dose of poison.

In "*Lucrezia Borgia*" it is the same old story.

The heroine is alone with her husband in the Ducal palace. *Gennaro*, ignorantly in love with his own mother (*Lucrezia*), and fancying himself loved by her in return, has been taken away by the guards. The baritone thus addresses the soprano:

"You love him" (referring to the tenor).

"What do I hear?" cries *Lucrezia*.

"Yes," repeats the *Duke*, "you love him;—you have followed him from Venice."

"Great Heaven!"

"Even now, in your countenance I read your guilty love."

"Duke Alfonso!"

"Be calmed," cries *Alfonso*.

"I swear!" cries *Lucrezia*.

"Do not stain yourself with a fresh perjury."

"Duke Alfonso!"

"It is time," cries *Alfonso*, "for me to take a dreadful revenge."

"Mercy, Alfonso!"

"The worthless man shall die!"

And he dies accordingly, and the soprano with him, and the baritone has the gratification at the end of the opera of knowing that he has once more triumphed over his old enemy, the *primo tenore*.

But Verdi's baritones go a step further. The baritone of Donizetti in the opera just quoted had a reasonable motive for his proceedings, and the baritone of Bellini has the excuse of being a Puritan captain, while his rival (the hated tenor) was a Royalist leader. Let us see how Verdi has conducted the "old story."

The tenor and soprano of the "*Trovatore*" have just sung their opening songs, and the invidious baritone has detected their attachment.

Count di Luna (the baritone), to *Manrico* (the tenor):

"Thy last hour is nearer perhaps than thou thinkest! Villain, draw thy sword."

"Count!" cries the soprano.

"To my rage the victim—here will I destroy him," exclaims the boastful *Count*.

"Heaven," cries *Leonora*, "pray stay him!"

"Follow me," says the baritone.

"I will," says the tenor.

"What shall I do?" says *Leonora*. "Pray hear me!"

"No," cries the *Count*. "The fury of a despised love rages within my breast! Thy blood, unhappy man (to the tenor), can alone quench it."

And after some bantering, the rivals retire with their drawn swords, the lady falling senseless on the ground.

The *dénouement* is precisely what might have been expected. The soprano poisons herself, the tenor is brought in chains before the baritone, and the baritone exclaims in an exultant voice:

"She has deceived me then, and for him chosen to die; let him be taken to the block!"

The scene closes, the curtain falls, and the baritone is left to his triumph. Were we not right in saying that the baritone is the cause of all the

tragedy that can happen now-a-days in an Italian opera?

But we have done. The quotations we have made will serve to show the absurdity of the "libretto," and awaken commiseration for the composer, that he should be compelled to link his music with such intolerable trash. New music ought to demand new words—new musical pieces new dramas. It is unpardonable that so much exquisite music should be dressed in so mean a garb, and the whole splendour of Italian opera be depreciated by a set of scribblers who know so little of the rudiments of letters. It is time that some change should be effected. It is time that musicians should remember (for we cannot bring ourselves to believe that they are altogether blameless in the matter) that music and poetry are twin sisters, always pining for each other's society, and never more happy than when they are interchanging sentiments. The poets of olden time were musicians in their own right. In days more especially noted for a division of labour, we cannot perhaps in justice expect these things. But surely there can be no just reason why composers should select the worst authors for their associates, and link their music for ever with doggerel of the worst class, calculated to plunge it into untimely oblivion and bring discredit upon themselves for being associated with triflers.

Critics and the public at large are getting tired of this perpetual wrangling between the tenor and baritone. They want a change in the *dramatis personæ*. They want a few more "Masaniellos" with a few more Scribes to write them, and a great deal less of poisoning, duelling, and seduction. Can they not have it? Surely there must be some available talent somewhere to which the genius of the composer might ally itself. It were folly to suppose that the country that produced an Alfieri cannot produce a dramatist. It would doubtless cost a good deal to harness a young Pegasus; and Apollo would not play for the wages of an organ-grinder. But the accession of beauty would bring with it an accession of fame; and the accession of fame an almost inevitable accession of fortune. Pegasus would pay for his keep and Italian opera would be represented by a series of well-written libretti calculated to raise it still higher in the public estimation.

GEORGE ERIC MACKAY.

SONG.

What can it mean?—that glance so tender,
Out of the depths of two soft dark eyes;
Can it be earnest of heart-surrender,
Making me blest with a sweet surprise?

What can it mean?—white hands caressing
Between them a hand that is scarred and brown:
Is it a dream?—two soft lips pressing
That hard rough hand while the tears fall down.

What can it mean?—you kneel beside me,
Laying your dear head upon my breast,
Giving me all that you once denied me!
Is it, sweetheart, is it love confessed?

FRENCH CASTLES.

No. I.

CHAMBORD, CHAUMONT, AMBOISE, &c.

TO SPEND the summer months in becoming thoroughly acquainted with the most celebrated French châteaux situated in Touraine and the neighbouring country, is to procure oneself as much interesting and enjoyable occupation as can possibly fall to the lot of a traveller in any country: whether we value them for their historical associations, for their picturesque and beautiful situation, or for the romantic stories connected with so many of them, they form quite a chronicle in themselves.

Touraine, especially, was the chosen residence of the French kings of the Valois line, down to Louis XIV. The vast and castellated Chambord, with its turrets and pinnacles, all surmounted with the crescent—emblem of Diane de Poitiers; the gloomy Blois—terrible scene of the assassination of the Guises; Amboise, the favourite residence of Charles VIII.; Chenonceau, the abode of Diane de Poitiers herself; Chinon, where occurred the opening scene of the wondrous career of the Maid of Orleans; Fontevault, the last resting-place of our own chivalrous Richard Cœur-de-Lion; and others that I cannot pause to name,—all are national monuments,—portions of French history as it were, bringing before me with the utmost reality (so unaltered in most instances are these royal dwellings) the localities where took place the thrilling scenes of those stirring times.

Blois, a very ancient and highly picturesque town, is a good starting point for the tour we had in contemplation; indeed its own castle is one of the most historical and interesting of the number. The town stands on a steep ridge, with the castle at one end and the cathedral at the other. The river Loire is here crossed by a magnificent bridge of eleven arches; the ancient town standing on the right bank, and the handsome new suburb on the left. The walk to the castle leads one through very narrow lanes, past wonderfully picturesque old buildings, and into all sorts of out-of-the-way nooks and corners.

This castle is very ancient; for centuries it was the abode of the high and mighty ones of the earth, and the scene, at different times, of the most revolting crimes and the most striking events. It had been desecrated by being used for barracks, and in far more objectionable ways, but in 1843 it was in part most admirably restored. The fine Gothic portal is not in the centre of the edifice; it leads into a court, part of which has a cloister running round it; on the right is the part of the building raised by Francis I., and the western side was begun under Gaston, Duke of Orleans. The salamander emblems of Francis are everywhere seen in the richly carved roof, overhanging the gorgeous staircase leading to the suite of rooms rendered terribly famous as the scene where the tragedy of the Guises was enacted!

It is singular how tradition has preserved the minutest details connected with this edifice; and

though at the French Revolution the building was not only entirely stripped of everything, but defaced and injured in the most barbarous way, yet still has this same tradition preserved in the most singular manner every particular as to the exact spot,² and every terrible little incident of the barbarous deed. There is the closet where Henri III. distributed the weapons to the infamous forty-five gentlemen who were to do him the service, so horrible and so traitorous, that he required at their hands. The very spot where the victim (sent for by the king), after pushing aside the tapestry concealing the door, fell pierced with innumerable wounds, is pointed out to you. The outer room, where the body lay with nought but a rough cloak cast over it, is shown; and it requires but little imagination to bring before one the terrible scene — "the corpse of the once mighty Henri le Balafue, Duc de Guise! the royal miscreant, issuing forth from his apartment to look at his fallen enemy; the absence of all knightly honour, or even common decency of conduct to the dead, which could permit him to commit the outrage of spurning the body from him, as it were, with his foot, while he uttered the well-remembered speech — 'Je ne le croyais pas aussi grand.'" All the terrible drama seems again to live before one. As if this was not enough to give a fearful renown for crime to this gloomy edifice, the king, not satisfied with one life, caused the Cardinal de Lorraine, brother to the murdered man, to be butchered in cold blood, in another part of the same castle, only the day following. They were indeed fearful times to live in!

There is yet one more memento of these awful deeds. A small pavilion, situated in a high tower of the castle, overlooking the river, known by the name of Catherine de' Medici's Observatory, the scene where she met her astrologer, and made all her wicked calculations, as the contriver of the infamous plot, seems to belong to the *locale* connected with this tragedy.

It is quite refreshing, after contemplating such fearful characters, to turn to a very different one whose memory is greatly connected with the castle of Blois, viz., Louis XII., one of the most religious kings that ever wore the French crown. A memory of a far later date still clings to the ancient edifice, seeing that from Blois was dated the last imperial decree ever issued by Napoleon; when, in 1814, the Empress Marie Louise, the young ill-fated king of Rome, and all that yet remained of the army, the court, and the government, were despatched thither by the orders of the Emperor.

From the gloomy traditions attaching to the castle of Blois it is positively refreshing to turn to the gay, festive memories belonging to the magnificent castle of Chambord. The château, though somewhat fantastic, is still a splendid mass of building, containing specimens of nearly every kind of French architecture, from the days of Francis I., its first founder, down to the time of Louis XV. It was after his long captivity in Spain, that Francis indulged his magnificent tastes by erecting this castle or palace on the spot where stood formerly a mere hunting lodge

of the counts of Blois. It was begun in the year 1525; more than 1700 workmen were employed under the directions of the famous Primaticcio, and the works were not finished at the death of Francis. The château contains the almost incredible number of 180 rooms.

One matchless beauty of this erection is a tower enclosed within the building, but rising high into the air above it. It is called the Tour de la Fleur-de-Lis de France, on account of the exquisite imitation of that flower, carved in stone, which surmounts it. It contains a most curious double spiral staircase, so contrived, that two parties may ascend and descend at the same time without meeting each other. The salamander occurs in some parts, and in others H. & D. with the crescent, mementoes of Henry II. and Diane de Poitiers, are repeated. How different were the imaginations that filled the mind at Chambord, to those called forth by the gloomy walls at Blois! The brilliancy and beauty of the courts of Francis I. and Henry II.; Charles V. right royally entertained here on his way through France, in 1539, by his generous rival; and the courtly pageants, the splendid banquets, the gay revels, where Mademoiselle de Montpensier lost her heart to the all-fascinating Duc de Lauzun. All in succession seem to rise before one, like the scenes in dissolving views, and then fade away only to be succeeded by a fresh series.

A short distance from Blois the conspicuous Château de Chaumont attracts the attention. It is a mass of those queer-shaped towers so peculiar to French castles, and in its associations it is intimately connected with Blois, as it was for many years the residence of Catherine de' Medici. Her room is pointed out as the scene of many a treacherous scheme, and plot for wholesale murder, and many another enormity. Here she resided till the death of her husband, Henry II. After that event she forced his mistress, Diana of Poitiers, to exchange that exquisite gem of a castle Chenonceau, for Chaumont—not that she ever resided there, although her arms carved in stone are everywhere visible,—a blazing hill, Chaud Mont.

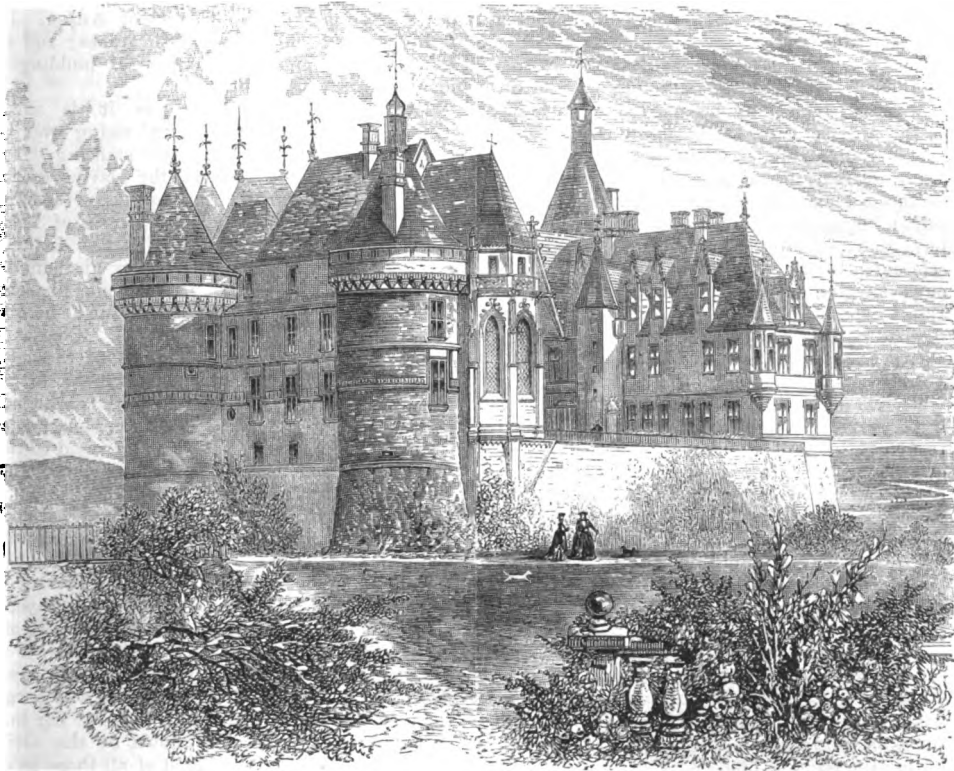
And now again the scene is changed, and we pass on to Amboise, a very ancient château, long the residence of the French kings. The earlier part of the edifice dates from Charles VIII., who was born here in 1470, and died here in 1498. There are two wonderful towers of 90 feet in height and 42 feet in circumference; they rise straight from the base of the rock on which the castle stands, and yet they rise to a level with the highest parts of it. Instead of stairs they enclose sloping planes of an ascent so gradual, that horses and carriages even may mount to the summit.

The walls of the castle are of immense thickness. In the cachots or oubliettes (to give these dungeons their more appalling name), beneath the dwelling rooms, were slaughtered 1200 miserable Huguenot prisoners, concerned in the famous "Conjuration d'Amboise," the object of which was to extricate Francis II., the husband of the young Queen of Scots, from the Guises, in

1560. The secret was betrayed to the Duc de Guise by the infamous treachery of one of those engaged in the plot; the leader, La Renaudie, was immediately seized and put to death, while the remainder of the wretched conspirators were everywhere taken; many of them were hung from the castle walls, many perished miserably in the cachots, and it is recorded that the wearied headman at last gave up his axe to other executioners, who drowned their prisoners, numbers at a time, in the Loire. Such was the awful extent of this infamous butchery, that we further read that the Court were fairly driven away from the castle by the effluvia arising from the number of dead bodies; and this appalling tragedy was but a

precursor to the still more appalling massacre of St. Bartholomew! Truly, they are bloody records that appertain to these gloomy old castles; and while one shudders at all the awful details of the murder of the Duc de Guise and his brother in the Castle of Blois, one cannot help reflecting on the deeds of bloodshed of which they were the promoters and abettors, though not themselves the real agents in them.

It was in this castle that Queen Margaret of Anjou was reconciled to the Earl of Warwick, her former foe, through the mediation of the crafty Louis XI. There is the most perfect gem to be seen here; such a specimen of florid Gothic architecture as can hardly be surpassed—I speak of a



Château de Chaumont.

little chapel in the castle gardens built by Anne of Brittany: it is dedicated to St. Hubert, the patron saint of hunters. The delicately sculptured foliage, everywhere adorning the edifice, is of matchless beauty; the leaves with their fibres; the crisp curling of their edges; are all more like carving in ivory than in stone. And now we pass away from the blood-stained walls of Amboise, and the scene is occupied by the Château of Chenonceau; but though the souvenirs connected with this castle are numerous, they are widely different in character from those we have just alluded to. Here, again, Francis I. (as at Chambord) was the founder; but, unlike the former castle, this was built during the most joyous days of his prosperity; it is actually built on the river

Cher, as part of it is raised on the bridge that crosses the stream. It is almost unaltered since the days of its erection, a fact which makes it most delightfully interesting to the explorer. All the curious old furniture, the matchless china, enamel and glass, are there in all their pristine freshness and beauty. Magnificent old armour hangs all round the hall, and the walls of the apartments are covered with that curious old stamped leather well known to antiquaries; the gorgeous ceilings are blue studded with gold stars. The very drinking-cup used by Francis and the lovely Mary Queen of Scots' mirror are also shown; but perhaps its greatest attraction consists in the celebrated people who have resided within its walls.

Henri II. bestowed this charming residence on his mistress Diana, and here her royal lover always resorted after a day's hunting in the Forest of Loches. Her initial D. is seen everywhere; sometimes alone, sometimes united with Henri's in a monogram, thus [H] [D]; but after Henri's death she was no longer allowed to retain possession, as we have shown in our account of Chaumont. The next illustrious inmate, after the detested Catherine de' Medici, was Louise de Lorraine, the widow of Henri III.; the black hangings—tokens of her grief—still remain in her room; and to pass from royalty to those ennobled by learning or talent who have been its inmates, we may mention Voltaire, Bolingbroke during his exile, Rousseau, and many others, drawn together by the then owner of the château, the beautiful and highly accomplished Madame Dupin, who lived as late as the year 1799, through many of the horrors of the Revolution.

Many an hour may be most agreeably spent by the curious visitor in examining the interesting portraits preserved here, including those of all the dwellers at Chenonceau; Diana's own picture in the costume of her goddess namesake, the skirt all sprigged with gold fleurs-de-lis, is there; but, as is so often the case with likenesses of celebrated beauties in old times, it does not, to our eyes, give any idea of her matchless charms. Henri Quatre, Sully, Rabelais,—all call for marked attention; but what most attracted me was a cast taken from the lovely face of Agnes Sorrel. We shall speak of the origin of this cast when we come to the Castle of Loches. It is a very remarkable fact, that all through the troubled times of the Revolution, when nearly every place or thing connected in any way with royalty was desecrated and destroyed in the most ruthless manner, the Castle of Chenonceau should wholly have escaped, owing to the respect felt for Madame Dupin in all that neighbourhood; and a stronger tribute to the unassuming virtues of a private individual was surely never paid!

But we must leave these bright and *riante* scenes, and pass along the dreary road leading us partly through the Forest of Loches to a castle which teems with gloomy and terrible recollections, having been a prison of State especially during the reign of Louis XI.

The town is one of the most picturesque in France; one cannot fail to be struck by it the moment it appears in sight, at the end of the drive from Chenonceau, with its historic, but most ill-omened castle, domineering over the landscape, and forming the one prominent feature in every view of the place. The castle is now partly in ruins, but in former days it was the scene of royal revels when James V. of Scotland came to wed the French princess Magdalen, then in the prime of life and the bloom of beauty; but these memories are swallowed up and lost in the fearful traditions belonging to it, as one of the State prisons in the days of that cruel, crafty tyrant Louis XI. All the more secret acts of cruelty with which even he did not choose to pollute his own palace, are known to have taken place here, in the awful dungeons, deep down in

the bowels of the earth, some not even known to the keepers, till some unfortunate victim was to be consigned to this living death, when some one in Louis's confidence revealed to the keeper (who was to be entrusted with the prisoner) this fresh place of torment. It was here that those cages were kept, so constructed that the wretched creature placed therein could neither stand nor stretch himself at full length in them; these were invented by one high in the good graces of the monarch, the Cardinal Balne. That this fearful place might have a fitting head gaoler placed over it, the appointment was given to the celebrated Olivier le Daim, the king's barber and chief-counsellor, and his equal in every sort of wickedness. The castle was erected as early as the eleventh century by one of the Counts of Anjou. The walls are over eight feet in thickness; and the château forms an immense mass of buildings of many different ages.

The lofty White Tower, as it is called, measuring 120 feet in height, and rising over the verge of a steep precipice, is very striking. Close to it is the tower containing the fearful cachots I have spoken of, deep down, one below the other. Here Ludovico Sforzo il Moro, Duke of Milan, was imprisoned for ten wretched years, in 1500, till he was mercifully released from his suffering by his death, in 1510. The famous historian, Philip de Commines, was imprisoned here in 1486; the Duc d'Alençon, in 1456. Charles de Melun, in 1468, was shut up in one of these dungeons, and finally beheaded; but were I to continue the list of the miserable victims who have languished out a fearful existence, longing for death to release them, and to put an end to their long martyrdom, I should never have done. These awful cages still existed as late as 1789.

How awful it is to think of the long catalogue of crimes committed within those doomed walls, many of them at the command of one man! It would be almost too painfully exciting to visit the actual scenes of such deep and revolting tragedies, were it not that even here there is a softening side to the picture, in the recollections of the beautiful, tender-hearted Agnes Sorel, the much-loved mistress of Charles VIII. She was born in the neighbourhood, and in the days of her influence with Charles, she was known as the active, untiring protectress and friend of all those in distress. Humble-minded, gentle, and generous, she was never wearied of seeking out fresh cases where her aid might be effectual. Her monument is placed in the chapel at Loches. It is carved in limestone, white as snow, and placed on a base of black marble. The effigy of "La Belle des Belles," as she was called, is most rarely beautiful; her hands are clasped and raised as if in prayer, while two angels bend over her. Long, flowing drapery clothes her figure, while a simple circlet is her only ornament. The exquisite sweetness, gentleness, and refinement that were the characteristics of her beauty, are rendered with rare fidelity in this statue. The cast I mentioned some pages back, was taken from it. Certainly, poor Agnes Sorel was a singular case of a king's favourite never, in any known instance, exercising her influence over him but for good.

THE QUEEN'S MESSENGER IN MEXICO.



"WHY, Hardy, old boy! is that you or your ghost? I thought you were in Australia still. Glad to see you!" cried a frank, cheery voice from among the crowd of passengers mounting the slimy seaward steps of the Admiralty Pier at Dover. The French packet, very full and rather late, had just come in, and was disgorging its passengers. A number of lookers-on had gathered, as usual, to scan the pale and rueful faces of the new arrivals, and I, a visitor at the Lord Warden Hotel, and much in want of occupation, had joined the lookers-on.

I turned to the left, and was confronted by a bronzed, soldierly-looking man in a laced cap and a cloak of foreign cut, and whose left hand was encumbered by a very diplomatic-looking despatch-box, while his right hand was extended towards me—a Queen's messenger, evidently.

But so long a time had passed since our last meeting, and so many new faces had come under my notice, that my recognition of the stranger was not immediate, causing the latter to exclaim, rather reproachfully :

"Hang it, man, you haven't forgotten Dick Musgrave!"

Then, indeed, I heartily grasped the proffered hand, and warmly declared how glad I was to see my old friend again, the Dick Musgrave of early days at Sandhurst, now captain, unattached, and a Ganyemede of the Foreign Office.

"Where are you from now, Dick?" I asked, as we moved along the pier together, followed by a porter carrying my friend's valise and bags.

"Vienna. Tiresome work, that travelling by slow Austrian trains. I came by Prague, and shirked the regular Breslau and Berlin business. How did you like Australia? Any monster nuggets?"

By this time we were clear of the blocks of stone, the concrete, cranes, trucks, cables, and the other stumbling-blocks which the unfinished pier presents, and were close to the railway terminus, on the one hand, and the lofty hotel on the other.

"Where to, sir?" said the porter, touching his cap.

"The station," said Musgrave. "You can put that portmanteau in the cloak-room; the bags I must keep. Come to the telegraph-office first. I must send a word or two to London. They'll be glad in our shop to know the papers have arrived."

"You have lost the train by half-an-hour," observed I, consulting my watch. "I suppose you won't take a special?"

Dick laughed drily.

"No, no; those days are gone. Swell the estimates too much, in these cheese-paring times. I shall wait for the mail, and send word to the sub's private residence that I have done so."

So saying, he dashed into the telegraph-office, wrote what he had to say, listened to the rapid click! click! of the instrument as the message was flashed off to town, and then came back and took my arm.

"Plenty of time, so let's go together to the Lord Warden and dine, and have a good chat over old times."

So we did, and it was in the course of conversation that I drew from my friend the following story.

It's six years, now, since they sent me for the first time to Mexico. At that time, as I daresay you are aware, our salaries depended, as to amount, upon the number of our journeys, and we were naturally anxious to be as much employed as possible. I was then a raw member of the guild, and thought myself singularly lucky in being selected for this Mexican trip, especially as I had been hardly two years a messenger, and had been occupied in repeated expeditions during nearly the whole of that period.

"You speak Spanish, I believe, Captain Musgrave?" asked the under-secretary, when he gave me my instructions; "but this is, if I am not mistaken, your first visit to America?"

I modestly answered, that I spoke a little Spanish, which I had picked up during the months that they kept me hanging about the Legation at Madrid, but that I had not yet crossed the Atlantic.

"I need not tell you that the country is in a disturbed state, or that travelling requires caution and forethought," rejoined the secretary, in his official manner; then relaxed into good nature, and added, "you are going among great scoundrels; don't let them double upon you," and the interview ended.

I was a younger man then by six years, and much more confident of my knowledge of the world than a longer experience has rendered me. I had been all over Europe, among some of its most roguish races, and through semi-savage provinces, without taking harm. In consequence, I made light of my chief's warning, and prepared to traverse Mexico as unconcernedly as I should have scamped to Paris or Dresden. I had a very good passage to Vera Cruz, and there my troubles began. The diligences between the coast and the capital, as you probably know, are about on a par with the English stage-coach in the reigns of the later Stuarts. Besides being comfortless and ungainly machines, dragged by any number of mules and lean horses, they are irregular as to departure and arrival, slow of speed, and, what is worse, liable to be continually stopped by highwaymen. On the average, only fifty per cent. of the journeys are quite free from, at least, attempted robbery; and weeks often elapse before the caravan can venture to start, if civil war bar the road. All this, I am aware, Tom, is very stale intelligence. You can pick for yourself, out of the columns of the Times, as many lawless onslaughts and hair-breadth escapes as may satisfy you. I promise, for my part, not to inflict a banditti tale upon your friendship. Well, I had to wait some days before the diligence was ready to set forth, and when it *did* start, we had an escort of shabby soldiers on account of the disturbed condition of the country. Just then the eternal war which gnaws at the vitals of Mexico was raging somewhere else, but large bands of broken soldiers were roaming through the state of Puebla, and the native element of brigandage had been strongly reinforced. We were a motley company: French traders going back to their shops in the metropolis; a spectacled German who collected plants and insects, and who almost cried when he espied some rare cacti or curious heaths among the rocks and the conductor refused to stop; some English and Americans, all engaged in commerce; and a sprinkling of Mexicans, male and female. Beside our lumbering ark on wheels rode the lean Lancers in their threadbare blue jackets, but with an amount of martial swagger that amused me very much. It was a pleasure to see them twist their wiry moustaches, shake their red-pennoned spears, and amble alongside of us, curvetting, prancing, and taking a great deal out of their meagre but gallant little horses by the combined effect of a powerful bit and the terrible long-rowelled spur. All this show of exuberant valour and efficiency was designed, as I pretty well guessed, to draw forth a present at parting; but what mettle our protectors would have shown, had they been put to the test, can only be guessed. It so happened, however, that not a brigand came near us during the short journey which the old machine accomplished.

We had cleared the Tierra Caliente, or strip of sultry seaboard, and as we ascended the steep hills of the temperate region, or Tierra Templada, we congratulated ourselves at having left the yellow fever behind us. Up we went, up the rugged mountain road, with immense straining, tugging, and exertion; but our progress was slow, in spite of the oaths of the conductor and postillions, and the continual lashing of the heavy whips as they fell on the backs of the struggling cattle. We got up the ascent, tediously but successfully, and thought ourselves fortunate. Our confidence proved premature, for in crossing the high table-land near Xalapa, we came upon a piece of road far worse than any we had traversed. Indeed, there had been a fight between some wandering band of guerillas and the government troops, and the road had been torn up to render the transport of artillery difficult. It had been very imperfectly repaired, and there were holes of surprising depth, while broken gun-carriages and the wreck of mule-carts encumbered the way. We plunged into one of these holes, and it is no wonder that the diligence was upset, smashing one of the axles, staving in much of the woodwork, and causing no little pain and inconvenience to its human freight. It was not a very dreadful accident. No lives were lost: nor, beyond a sprained thumb, which injury fell to the lot of the German, were any bones broken or dislocated. But many of the company were severely bruised, though the contusions, as usually happens, were very unequally shared among the sufferers. Thus, I was scarcely the worse for the shock, while two or three of the party were sad objects, with bleeding and discoloured features. When we had extricated ourselves and the more feeble or injured of our fellow passengers from the shattered diligence, when the disaster had been commented on to a sufficient length, and the whole extent of it ascertained, a new question arose—

"What was to be done?"

The effort of righting the vehicle was beyond our united force, and even had we set the clumsy machine on its wheels again, the dilapidation of its panels and axle would have rendered it useless. The horses were cut adrift, and stood with heaving flanks, with their heads turned towards the cool breeze that came whispering through the pine trees. The conductor was like one distracted. In his gay dress of slashed jacket, morocco boots, and gaudy yellow sash, he strode up and down, cursing and abusing everybody and everything, from the poor nags to the Liberal Faction, as the cause of the mischief, and we had to wait until this storm of senseless rage had spent itself, before a council could be held. As for the postillions, wild, bare-legged boys from one of the mountain hamlets, they merely grinned and chuckled, and I believe were more amused at our rueful aspect than concerned at the catastrophe. After a long time, during which the conductor was absolutely raving against all heaven and earth, he calmed down enough to answer questions.

"Would the carriage serve for the rest of the journey, if repaired?"

"Caramba! who can tell? We are five good miles, my malediction upon them, from Xalapa.

It is too bad! And after burning six pounds of candles, too, all good wax, before my patron St. Antonio! If ever he gets another candle from me, may I—"

"Hush! we've heard enough of your cussin' for one while, mister," growled a tall American, a teller in one of the foreign banking-houses at Vera Cruz, putting his broad hand very unceremoniously across the conductor's open mouth; "jest keep a civil tongue, if you'd keep a whole skin, and let us know how we're to git on. Tell the critter that in Spanish, will ye, some one?"

This reasonable request was complied with. The Yankee's words were translated to the petulant native, who sullenly replied that "he did not know. We were in the country; who could tell how to get on?"

Here the corporal of the escort very opportunely interfered. He informed us that a capital blacksmith, a skilled workman, a "viejo Christiano," and, to cap all, his own maternal uncle, resided in a neighbouring village. He would undertake to fetch that worthy man, as well as the carpenter, and as many stout young mozos as might be required to right the unlucky vehicle, and indeed, being stimulated by a dollar, he did set off at a brisk canter.

Some time elapsed before the blacksmith and carpenter came, guided by the corporal, and accompanied by eight or nine sturdy young peasants. To lift the diligence would now have been easy enough, but to mend it was more difficult, and the artisans we had called in to help us, after many exclamations, and much needless talk, made a demand of a hundred dollars, and three days, for the execution of the necessary repairs. Then there was a Babel of discord; the conductor, as representative of the coachowners, seemed disposed to leave the whole onus of paying for the injuries the vehicle had sustained, to the passengers, volubly observing that it was nothing to him when he saw Mexico, soon or late. The Anglo-Saxon part of the company, however, made common cause, and it was at length settled that the broken diligence was to be mended forthwith, that the sum of fifty dollars should be paid for the repairs, and that one-half of this expenditure should be defrayed by the passengers. The smith and carpenter now bustled off to fetch tools and materials, pledging themselves to work on by torchlight, and to cobble up the vehicle so as to enable it to bear the jolting, at any rate, as far as the city of Puebla, where more regular repairs could be executed.

It was then that I asked the tall American I have mentioned, and who was one of the most sensible men of the party, if he could point out to me any more speedy way of pushing on to the metropolis, even at some little personal risk. I was, indeed, already somewhat behind time with my despatches, and I was afraid that the Minister's next missive might censure my tardiness. The Yankee's deep-set eyes twinkled as he eyed me, and then glanced upwards at the fast declining sun.

"You're not far wrong, mister, in reckoning our progress. We shall go slow—nation slow. First, those yellor skinned dawdlers won't finish work till after midnight; then we must go on at a

walk, I guess, to Puebla. If you're in a hurry to git to your Legation, you must jest ride. No two words about it."

"Ride!" said I, "with all my heart, but how am I to get a horse? There is no post in Mexico, at least not on the footing established in Europe, and I very much doubt my being able to procure a mount."

"In Xalapa town you may, and arter that you'll easy git another, only they'll fleece you about hire," answered Mr. Brandreth, knocking away the charred tip of his cigar; "money'll do most everything in Mexico. But hadn't you better think twice about it, air?—there's ugly customers to be met with long before you see the Prado, and mighty little lead will stop a chap's galloping."

But after a little more talk the goodnatured American came round to my way of thinking, saying that, after all, there was nearly as much peril to be incurred in the regular way of voyaging, as in that which I proposed, and that had he been ten years younger he would have gone with me. He further advised me to find out where the relays for the diligence were kept, and to make the best bargain I could for a horse, and a mounted guide. He gave me some valuable hints as to the most dangerous parts of the road, and recommended me to press on as rapidly as possible, but "always to keep a bit of speed in my nag, in case of a scurry."

His last words were shrewd enough, and have often since then appeared to me to be almost prophetically true.

"Look'ee, Captain M——, I've been nine years in this country, and if I can't chatter Spanish, I know a thing or two about the Dons. Don't you trust 'em. They ain't half so dangerous, in a fight, as when they make believe butter wouldn't melt in their-mouths. Don't trust 'em, or, if you do, you'll have your eyeteeth stole, as sure as my name's Nat Brandreth."

So we shook hands and parted. I had a walk of five miles before me, but this, in the temperate region of Mexico, was no great hardship. And I had enlisted the services of an Indian peon to carry the bags and my own luggage, which was light and compact. The ground to be traversed was a sort of elevated terrace or high mountain plateau, reasonably fertile, though only cultivated in part. Still, great fields of barley and maize alternated with the dense woods of pine and live oak, the air was cool and agreeable, and I saw more wild flowers, and more pretty glimpses of scenery, than I had ever before encountered in so short a space. Far, far away, through the wondrously clear blue atmosphere, lay the hot country about the coast, a sort of white mist, thin as gossamer, hanging over its dangerous beauty, and the silvery sea glittering beyond. Nearer, were naked rocks of porphyry, quartz, sandstone, and serpentine, jumbled up as by volcanic agency, and mixed with huge trees, from whose boughs the fantastic grey moss hung like so much tapestry. To the west, the sun was going down, fiery red, and I saw the scarlet lustre through the deep green shadows of the woodland to my left. All these things, Tom, I saw and admired, that is, I took mental notes of them, and admired them after-

wards; but just then my thoughts were busy with other matters. You know by personal experience, I dare say, that whatever highflown descriptions a traveller may pen in his diary, at the actual time he is apt to be more anxious about his breakfast, or his tight shoes and blistered feet, or some rascally imposition on the part of guide or landlord, than really studious of rosetints on the mountains and pearl-greys on the lake. And I was very hungry, and very unromantically eager for something to eat. Indeed, I am not absolutely sure that even my zeal for the speedy delivery of the Foreign Office despatches would have made me quit the caravan as I did, had not that zeal been supplemented by the hopes of supper. Well, my peon proved very bad company. He trudged along in the dust under his load, silent and patient as a camel, and was about as easily drawn into conversation. He understood Spanish, indeed, but his stock of words and of ideas was painfully limited, and I could draw no information from him as to the political feeling of the country. He seemed, indeed, to regard the Church Party and the Liberals with a kind of dull and timorous dislike, as pestilent folk who stole his fowls, impressed his cart and oxen to carry stores, and trampled over his maize-plot. But he was quite innocent of any notion respecting the cause of conflict, the future of Mexico, or the best theory of government, and I gathered that if he *had* a feeble preference for the clerical faction, it was because he owed the Cura nine piastres for masses, and had had some faint hopes that his debt might be commuted for partisanship.

But the poor fellow was very well disposed and industrious, as those of his colour are apt to be, and after a long interval of silence he looked up and showed his teeth in a pleasant smile as he said, "Behold, Señor, there lies Xalapa."

There, sure enough, lay the town, its flat roofs, terraces, and church towers, mixed with trees and gardens fenced by gigantic hedges of the impenetrable thorny shrubs, reddening in the last flush of western light. I asked José—for so the Indian, like nearly half of his patient race, had been christened—if he knew where the diligence changed horses.

"No *sabè*!" replied the man, quite as a matter of course.

"The best inn, then?"

"No *sabè*!"

"Confound your ignorance," said I, rather unjustly out of humour, "what *do* you know?" But it appeared poor José, though born and bred within an easy distance of Xalapa, knew little about it. He knew the market, whither he sometimes carried vanilla and other vegetable products, medicinal or perfume yielding, gleaned in the forests, and whither his wife more regularly went to sell eggs and fruit. He knew the café where the peasants of Indian race drank and smoked in company, and the café where the white rancheros met to drink, and game, and gash one another with knives. He also knew the garden where the tertulias were held, and twice in his life had entered the church of St. James, the "grandest church in the world," and that was all. José could give me no further information.

Within half-a-mile of the town stands, or stood, a posada of the better class, more inn than tavern, but still of a very primitive sort, compared with similar houses of entertainment in Europe or the States. There was an immense yard, with a wall of adobe bricks, and some barn-like out-buildings, and the house itself was a queer flat-roofed affair, gaudily painted, and having heavy wooden balconies before the small windows, many of which were unglazed. At the gate of the yard, one angle of which, by the way, was formed by the inn, much as a bastion juts from a rampart, at the gate of the yard stood a stout man, in a flat white cap and a loose suit of white linen, the regular cook's uniform, smoking a paper cigar. Directly over his head hung a withered pine branch, small and unobtrusive enough to warrant the supposition that good wine was to be had within, if the old proverb has two sides to it. The stout man turned at the sound of footsteps, and took off his flat cap with great politeness at the sight of a foreign traveller.

"Your servant, noble sir, if I were fortunate enough to be useful to your Grace!" He rolled out these words in the highflown yet obsequious Mexican manner, and with even more than the usual oily fulness. I thought I could not do better than ask him a question.

"Can you tell me," I enquired, "whereabouts in Xalapa the diligence changes horses?"

"It is here, worthy Señor," answered the man at once, and without the smallest hesitation.

"Here," said I; "that is an odd coincidence:" and then it struck me that my interlocutor might be lying. The nation, I knew, had a reputation for that accomplishment. The fat man was a good physiognomist. He read my doubts as if they had been set before him in large print.

"Nay, Excellency," said he, "if you disbelieve my humble statement, pray go round to the corral and judge for yourself. There you will see the beasts that are to be put to the diligence when it comes up, which will perhaps be to-morrow morning—who knows? There is my ostler, Diego," (and he gave a shrill whistle) ready to show the horses to your worship." He spoke in tones of injured innocence, and I began, with all a young man's impulsiveness, to repent of having hurt his feelings. I civilly told him, therefore, that an accident had occurred to the diligence, that its further progress would most likely be tediously slow, and that my wish was to hire a horse and a mounted guide, to proceed rapidly on my journey. "Then, noble sir," rejoined the innkeeper, with an oily smile and a peculiar action of rubbing together his fat hands, "you can be served to marvel. Your Grace shall have a horse that might serve the Conquistador himself, were he yet on earth, and a guide such as a guide should be—quick, clever, well acquainted with the road. Certainly, illustrious sir; certainly."

"And the price?"

The innkeeper bowed deferentially. "We should not quarrel on that score," he said; "he would leave the hire to my distinguished liberality."

All this was very pleasant, too pleasant to be true, in fact; but it was also very plausible. I

began to think I could not do better than take some refreshment and start afterwards. The landlord thought so too. His poor house and all it held were at my disposal, he said; the larder was not ill-provided, and he himself, Pedro Mendez, my unworthy servant, had been reckoned a tolerable cook, and had often been commended for his skill and attention by many noble caballeros and ladies of quality. Might he hope for my custom? Would I dismiss my mozo, and allow his ostler to carry in my effects?"

By this time the ostler had arrived—a swarthy, broad-breasted fellow, with a red handkerchief twisted round his head, gold rings in his ears, and a jacket and calconillos of dirty white cotton. His short hair was crisp and woolly, his eyes fierce and restless, and his teeth, being filed to a sharp point, gave him anything but an agreeable expression when he smiled, while his complexion was nearly African. He was, indeed, a Zambo, or a half-breed between the negro and the Indian; and I had never seen one before. I suppose the host saw that his servant's aspect had not produced a very favourable impression, for he instantly launched out into praises of Diego, speaking partly in Spanish and partly in broken French. Diego was an honest creature, the pearl of grooms, the gem of ostlers, the best soul in the world, a lamb, a real lamb. Well, the landlord ought to have known his own domestic's character best; but I could not help thinking that, for a lamb, Diego looked uncommonly like a wolf, and a very grim wolf to boot. I paid the Indian and discharged him, and the patient fellow made his reverence and plodded off. But still I lingered in the gateway, gazing at the distant town, no longer reddened by the after-glow of the sinking sun, and I felt an instinctive temptation to bid Pedro Mendez good-night, and trudge on to Xalapa. One word decided me.

"Would your Grace wish supper at once?"

I was very hungry, and, dismissing my fancies, I made a prompt reply in the affirmative. Diego, who had not spoken a word, now picked up my little portmanteau, and would have done as much for the bags, but I had a prejudice, in those early days, against letting them out of my sight for an instant. We had all kinds of traditions among us in the messengers' room—Tom, about the wonderful tricks that had been played on couriers, and I believe some of us fancied that foreign governments employed agents little less adroit than Robert Houdin, in getting a peep at our prosy old protocols.

So I said I would carry the bags myself, and thus I entered the inn. There was a great kitchen on the ground floor, with a sort of parlour partitioned off it, or partly so, something like the coffee-room at one of those London chop-houses where you see your steak broiling on the gridiron as a whet to hunger. Besides kitchen and parlour there were several cupboards and store-rooms, with padlocked doors, and a narrow wooden stair led upwards to the sleeping apartments. In the parlour, when we entered, sat in a cushioned chair a fat comely woman, fast asleep, and on a stool drawn up to the long table sat a pale lad of sixteen, trying some manœuvre with a pack of

cards, perhaps the famous old trick which French swindlers call *saut du roi*. I know he was doing this, because I was first in the room, and as my eyes were turned in the stripling's direction, I distinctly saw the gay colours of the painted pasteboard. But the landlord, who came next, saw no such thing, for the pale lad with infinite skill slipped three large open books over the pack of cards, and bent over them in the most natural way in the world.

"My wife—Excellency—my son. Ho! Catrina, woman, awake!" And the housewife, thus adjured, rubbed her eyes, and awoke, yawning. Meanwhile Diego asked, in a sullen way, where he was to put my valise. I bade him set it down, adding that I should be ready to depart at moon-rise, and that I would therefore sup at once. I thought the dusky ostler grinned a very saturnine grin as I said this, but he said nothing, crossed himself before a large image that stood in a recess, with a feeble lamp burning before it, and went out. Meanwhile the mistress of the house had risen to drop me a curtesy, bobbing her long gold earrings, and adjusting her disordered mantilla and comb as she did so, and then turned to her son, who was apparently studying with most edifying absorption, and lovingly scolded him for "wearing out his poor dear eyes over the books," quite as an English mother would have done. The landlord, who was vigorously bustling among his stewpans and spits, and under whose orders a dingy Indian Maritornes of a girl, with unkempt hair and kirtle of red cotton, was blowing up the charcoal fires of the great cooking braziers, whisked in, ladle in hand, at these words.

"Let the boy alone, dame. He picks up learning as easily as a vulture snuffs carrion. He'll be a bishop, yet—an archbishop, and wear a grand rochet and alb, and give his poor parents absolution for all their—ahem!"

And Señor Mendez, who had begun warmly, and with a ring of genuine fatherly pride in his voice, stopped awkwardly, and gave a confused kind of cough. I hardly noticed this at the time. I was too much amused—wickedly amused, I fear—by the droll contrast between the exalted clerical dignity predicted for the boy, and the dubious occupation in which I had found him engaged. But politeness required that I should say something, and I asked the landlord if this were his only son, and if he were studying for the university.

"Our only son, our only child, and hope, and darling!" exclaimed the mother, fondly passing her plump hand over the lad's dark hair; "he has been already for half a year at college in the capital, Excellency, and a brave scholar he is, and high honours he'll win, only I'm always afraid he'll dry up the very brains in his head with over much poring over St. Virgil and St. Cæsar, the dear, good, industrious boy."

For my own part, I glanced at the demure student, and could not help entertaining a doubt as to whether his sickly pallor were wholly due to intense classical or theological researches, especially as I saw him, when neither father nor mother were looking, extract the cards from under the folios, and dexterously slip them into his bosom.

Señora Mendez had the help of an Indian girl, who might have been the twin sister of the one employed in blowing the fire, in arranging the table. This she covered with a cloth, not very clean indeed, but with a fringed border of crimson silk, much faded, but still handsome; the plates were of coarse earthenware, but the knives, spoons, and forks, had heavy handles of dull silver, and were stamped with armorial bearings, half effaced, in a rough fashion, as with a smith's file. I guessed that they had been part of the plunder taken from the mansion of some *rico* by the robber-soldiery of one faction or other, and sold cheap to the innkeeper when fortune turned. Covers were laid for four. It was evident that I was not to sup alone, but that the hour of the usual family meal had been advanced to accommodate me. Meanwhile, the table having been cleared of the books, young Hopeful was necessarily disengaged, and I made one or two attempts to draw him into conversation. In vain. His was a stealthy, secretive nature, and in his sly eyes and the affected bashfulness of his brief answers I could read, what I already conjectured from the little episode of the cards, that the youth was on the high road towards graduating as a finished hypocrite. He had good features, in spite of his pasty complexion, and was inclined to be tall and stout, like his parents, but he soon inspired me with a feeling of actual disgust.

"So must Tartuffe have looked at sixteen," was my inward soliloquy, while the lad's mother set flasks and jugs upon the table, and lit the lamps, finding time ever and anon to bestow a kind word or a proud look upon her saintly son, of whom she and her husband were evidently immoderately fond and vain. As for the stripling himself, he seemed to take all this adoration as his due, and was as passive an idol as I ever looked upon, though the stolen glances he darted at me, when he thought my attention was elsewhere, were keen and inquisitive enough.

Presently in came the landlord, no longer in a cook's white garb, but wearing his Sunday jacket of green velvet, splendid with silver bell-buttons, a purple scarf fringed with heavy gold bullion, and a yellow sash round his waist, hastily put on to make him worthy, as he said, of the honour to sit at meat with so noble an Englishman as myself. The supper was now brought in, smoking hot, by the two Indian handmaids, and I was ceremoniously requested to sit down to table. I complied, placing the Foreign Office bags, by force of habit, close to my chair, just as you see them now. The hostess glanced at the image of the Madonna, crossed herself, and sat down in a slow reluctant way, caused very likely by some twinge of conscience at sharing her meal with a heretic, and I was looking towards her end of the table when a mosquito, attracted by the lamps, flew humming up and bit me sharply in the cheek. I turned my head, and caught a glimpse of Señor Mendez, who was covetously ogling the bags, which, with their fine brass mountings, and the blaze of the English arms thereon engraved, no doubt impressed him much. For a moment it occurred to me, as I saw the man's eyes sparkle, that I was in unscrupulous company, and that the

landlord might very possibly suspect me of being the bearer of treasure, rather than of dry official papers; but Mendez had great command over his face, and it smoothed out again, fat, broad, and placid as a pond that a slight ripple had disturbed.

The supper was a good one. I am not going to bore you with a full list of its dishes; there was puchero, there were frijoles, of course, there were game birds from the mountain, there were stews, ollas, and many fruits and vegetables quite unknown to me. Barring a slight excess of garlic and bean oil, it was a plentiful and savoury, though somewhat greasy, repast, and I ate like a famished creature. As for liquids, there was coarse fiery pulque, more fiery corn brandy, as well as plenty of Albuquerque sherry and Paso champagne, the two best wines grown in Mexico. I have often wondered, since then, if my liquor were really drugged, or if it were only fatigue and long abstinence, followed by rather too much food and wine, which made me feel so sleepy and languid as I became. At any rate, I experienced a sense of lassitude so profound, that when the moon rose clear in the pure blue sky, without a cloud to intercept her light, I could hardly muster the moral courage to call for the bill and demand my horse and guide, saying aloud that I must set off at once.

And when Diego, after a long conference with the host, came in with a cock-and-bull story about the lameness of one of the horses that had been kicked by an equine companion, and the consequent necessity (as the others were needed for the diligence) of postponing my journey until early morning, when a steed could be fetched from the corral of a farm two leagues off, I readily accepted the excuse. Indeed I felt rather glad of so good a reason for not making an exertion painful to me in the relaxed state of my nervous system. Had I been drugged? That is what I never knew, and probably it will never now be known.

"Excellency, you will sleep here? We can give you a capital bed, a bed for a prince, and early in the morning we will seek you a horse that shall carry you like a bird. You will not repent stopping with us. So—this way, noble sir—take care of that beam to your right."

With these words the civil landlord lighted me up-stairs, carrying my valise in one hand and a lamp in the other. The room into which he ushered me was reached by passing through another, wholly unfurnished. It was an oblong, low-ceiled chamber, with bare floor and white-washed walls, and contained very little furniture beyond a bed and a single chair. One end of the room was occupied by a quantity of fresh husks of the Indian corn, from which the large grain had been lately separated by the usual process of picking, and for the presence of these husks the landlord apologised, and I listened to his apologies with drowsy impatience. Then, after a thousand speeches and proffers of service, Mendez left me, with a "buenos noches, noble Señor," and I remained in possession of the lamp and room.

Having satisfied myself that the sheets were clean,—no common matter in Mexico,—I proceeded lazily to undress. I opened the window, or, more correctly speaking, I left it open, an

almost indispensable precaution against being stifled, for the roof was low and the night sultry. I ought to have told you, Tom, that the room I slept in was not the one generally assigned to guests of quality. That state room was pronounced uninhabitable for the moment, the ceiling having given way the day before; indeed the house was a rotten old barrack, tumbling to ruins as everything does in that country.

I went to bed, then, putting the bags, as well as my own purse and pocket-book, under the bolster, but rather in a mechanical way than from any prudential motives. Such had been my custom, and I adhered to it. As for the door, I certainly felt a languid surprise when I found it had no fastenings, no lock, no bolt, nothing but a simple latch; but I was too stupid at the moment to care much, and I sat for a little while dreamily puffing a cigar in the open window, and then extinguished the lamp and got into bed. The lamp was hardly needed, for there was no curtain or shutter, and the silvery moonlight poured in and seemed to veneer the dirty boards of the floor with mother of pearl. The light teased me, and I did not get off to sleep quite as easily as I wished. When I did fall asleep, after tossing and tumbling, I was awakened by a sensation which I should imagine was identical with that caused by the torture of being flayed alive. Fleas were the disturbers of my repose, but they were Mexican fleas, large and lively, and I suppose my Anglo-Saxon cuticle was a treat to them. At any rate they fell on their exotic banquet with a fury that banished every idea of sleep. I jumped up, and would have relighted the lamp, but could not find my lucifer matches, and as the moon had gone down, there was a very dim twilight in the chamber. Despairing of getting rid of my tiny tormentors, and unwilling to be devoured piecemeal, I groped for my clothes, and partly dressed myself, intending to spend the rest of the night on the one chair in the room, when I remembered the fresh, clean maize-husks at the other end of the apartment, and, feeling my way towards them, lay down upon them and found they made a tolerable couch.

"A great deal better than a Mexican bed," I muttered, as I drew my poncho over me, and applied myself to the task of falling asleep. But sleep won't come at command; and, in the course of an hour's time, I gave up all hopes of a good night. I was restless, feverish, sensitively and distressingly awake. Perhaps I had really been drugged, and the narcotic had acted as a stimulant rather than a soporific, or the fleas may have done it all; but, at any rate, I was broad awake when I heard voices murmuring under my window. The sounds were smothered and indistinct, and were soon followed by a scuffling noise; and, to my surprise and, I own, dismay, the head and shoulders of a man were thrust in at the open casement.

All I had ever heard or read of lonely inns and treacherous innkeepers, of Mexican perfidy, of murders done for gold, flashed on my memory at once. The Yankee's warning, too—I remembered it now, too late. I was quite unarmed. For aught I knew, there might be half-a-dozen ruffians

without. Meanwhile the intruder was struggling to enter, evidently pushed up by unseen hands below, and awkwardly scrambling over the window-sill. To have sprung up, and hurled him backwards, would have been the work of a moment; but, 'strange as it may seem to you, Tom, I never thought of it till the fellow was fairly in the room, and on his feet. Then I rose to my hands and knees, resolved not to perish without a fight for life, when two circumstances checked me.

One was, that the persons without, whoever they were, withdrew with cautious but quite audible steps, instead of following their accomplice. The other was, that the invader, instead of assailing me, reeled up to the bed with a tipsy hiccough, flung off his upper garments, which he pitched into a corner, and, rolling into the bed, drew the coverings over him, and was soon breathing heavily in the deep but disturbed sleep of intoxication. I drew my own breath more freely. The intruder was no assassin then, but some drunken fellow who had mistaken the room, while I had wrongfully suspected the landlord. What was now to be done? Should I lie still, and share my chamber with this usurping Trinculo; or should I call up Señor Mendez, and have the man turned out? While I hesitated on this point, my doubts were cut short in a way I little looked for.

I heard a footfall, not outside, this time; but in the little antechamber. Then a board creaked, and a curse, low and deep, in the Spanish language, followed. Another step, and another, the dull, stealthy tread of bare feet, and I saw a ray of yellow light shine under the ill-fitting door. In the next instant the latch was slowly lifted, and the door opened so as to admit a broad band of light, across which could be plainly seen the shadow of a man's hand, the outspread fingers of which tried to shade the glare.

"Asleep! of course he is—the heretic cur!" muttered a guttural voice, thick and fierce.

"Cautious, Diego! gently, my son. Put the lamp down in the room, behind us. We shall see well enough;" hissed out Señor Mendez, in a tone very unlike the oily accents of his usual utterance.

"He is but one. He is unarmed;" growled the sulky mulatto; "but I'll set down the lamp if you are afraid, padron."

Then I heard the lamp set gently down. It gave little light in the chamber, but I lay at the farther end, and my eyes were used to the darkness. I clearly saw the projecting shadows of two men. Who they were, I easily guessed, nor could I doubt their errand. My heart almost stopped, and a shiver ran through me, while my forehead was cold and clammy. I don't think it was entirely fear that I felt, but horror, disgust—to die thus, butchered like a sheep, in a mean wayside inn, without hope of effectual resistance. Yet I braced my nerves for a hard contest, and resolved to sell my life dearly. In they came.

The landlord, and Diego, the coloured man. The latter had bared his muscular arms, dark as bronze, to the shoulder, and carried in his hand a long knife that glittered like silver, as a chance ray from the lamp fell upon it. The innkeeper

was armed with a heavy *machete*, one of those short swords of which the Mexicans are so fond. He looked pale, almost livid, but resolute, while the mulatto's pointed teeth were displayed in a sort of grinning smile, like those of a snarling dog. Both were barefoot.

I crouched on the maize husks, ready for the worst. Mendez was the least robust of the villains, and him I might perhaps hope to overpower and disarm, though the chance seemed desperate, and I knew not how many confederates might be within call.

"Strike!" said the landlord, hoarsely.

Quick and stealthy as a panther, the mulatto bounded forward, not to where I lay, but to the bedside, and plunged his cruel knife through the coverings, which were instantly reddened with blood. Again, again, again, I saw the flash of the knife in the air, and heard the dull sound of its stroke, as it pierced the body of the victim, who had wakened, and, with a gurgling cry, seemed to attempt to rise. But so quickly was all this done, that I had not recovered from my surprise, before the treacherous landlord hurried up to help his black ally, and plunged his sword into the yet breathing body of the sufferer. I heard a deep groan, and a smothered sob, and all was still. The foul deed was done, and interference useless, worse than useless, for I could not doubt that the poor drunkard had been murdered by mistake, and that the ruffians believed the corpse before them to be mine.

"Vaya usted a los infiernos!" growled Diego, panting for breath.

"Are you sure?" asked Mendez, falteringly.

"Quite. The spine is limp, and the heart beats no more. The islander will never complain of his broken sleep, master. Here are his bags, purse, and pocket-book, under the bolster, just as I saw them placed when I peeped through the chink."

Without another word, both murderers withdrew. I heard their receding steps: I saw the lamp shed its last ray into the room. My blood was icy cold in my veins. I had been mercifully preserved from a great peril, but at what a cost! Who was he that had died in my place? That I could not guess. But the thought occurred to me that the villains would doubtless return to fetch the body for burial, and the discovery, and a new crime, were certain. I would not await their return. Hastily I rose, put on my coat and boots, crossed the room on tip-toe, avoiding the gory bed and its ghastly tenant, and lowered myself out of the window to the full stretch of my arms, then dropped. The shock benumbed me for a moment, but I was unhurt. I found myself in a garden path, and there was light enough for me to find my way to a gate, to emerge into the high road, and to hurry towards the silent city of Xalapa.

I see by the clock that time is getting short, so I will not dwell upon my feelings, or the turmoil which arose when I made my way to the alcalde's house, guided by a lantern-bearing watchman, whom I happened to meet, and aroused the magistrate from his slumbers. It so happened that the country was then under martial law, and that the

party in power wished to stand well with foreign governments. A detachment of soldiers accompanied the police; and, led by me, hastened to the wayside inn. The yard gate was found closed. The officer gave the word, and it was instantly battered open with the stocks of the soldiers' muskets. Two men were found, by the light of a lantern, digging a grave, no doubt intended to receive my remains, in a corner of the enclosure. They were surrounded and captured, and of course proved to be Diego and his master.

When the villains were arrested, they showed much dismay, but on catching sight of me, their superstitious dread overcame them. They fell flat on their faces, yelling to Heaven for mercy, and loudly and incoherently confessed their crime.

"Let them touch you," said the Mexican captain: "they take you for a ghost. Caramba! they thought their job a finished one."

But when the wretches were convinced that I was not only alive, but unhurt, their bearing changed, and they began to deny their late confession.

"We shall see about that!" said the officer, grimly; and by his orders the ruffians were led, under a strong guard, and bound, into the fatal chamber. There, on the bed, under the torn and blood-bespattered bed-clothes, lay the silent witness—the poor slaughtered man.

"Will you deny, now?" asked the officer, harshly.

The room was now flooded with bright torch-light. There the body lay, huddled up under the clothes, and with the face hidden by a pillow. The dark hair floated about it, dishevelled. Both ruffians trembled, but Diego first regained his audacity.

"*Demonios!* You have got us: can't you hang us without all this fuss? For my part, I wish—"

He was cut short by an agonised scream. The landlord's wife, disturbed by the noise, had entered, to find her husband a prisoner, and that a crime, of all knowledge of which she was innocent, had been committed. But worse still, in the mangled corpse before her, the mother's eye recognised her son—her only son—slain by his father's hands in the dark, and she rushed up, and clasped his cold form in her arms, with a cry that will haunt me to my dying day.

"Then the drunken intruder was the landlord's son?"

"The same. The pale student. It was proved that the lad, a precocious debauchee and gambler, had the habit of stealing out at night to join his friends, who were the worst scamps in Xalapa. On this particular night, he had returned with some comrades, much intoxicated, and fearing to arouse his parents, who believed him quietly asleep hours before, had asked his friends to help him in through the open window of my room, which he imagined to be unoccupied; and therefore chose to stop there instead of stumbling to his own chamber. Hence the catastrophe."

"The landlord? Diego?"

"Were hanged at daybreak, after a hasty shrift by a priest. Justice is summary in Mexico. The despatches and my purse were found concealed in

a cupboard. But the poor mother—my heart ached for her, poor thing!—I heard afterwards that her reason had fled. By Jove! there's but five minutes to catch the train. Good-bye, Tom, good-bye."

INVASION OF 1863:

A CALL FOR VOLUNTEER DEFENCE.

I WISH I had remembered in time,—I wish a good many other citizens had remembered in time, how the 14th of May is made a festival of in Prussia and some other countries. To have made a festival of the 14th of May—or, as some people may think more appropriate, a fast, or a day of humiliation—would have been the most emphatically useful way of spending the day that we could now devise.

Prussia has reason for her rejoicing; for, by an event which occurred on the 14th of May, 1796, nearly forty thousand lives a year were saved before the century was out; and the number has since increased, of course, in proportion to the increase of population. The event thus commemorated was the brave act of Dr. Jenner—of vaccinating a child from the hand of a dairywoman who had the pock straight from the cow. In consequence of that act, there was a saving of 210,000 lives annually in Europe; and at the time of this fearful venture, as Dr. Jenner's friends considered it, the mortality from smallpox in the known parts of the world was twenty-five millions every quarter of a century. The numbers seem scarcely credible, but they are well ascertained; and some explanation of the rapid and vast increase just before Jenner's time is afforded by the calamitous introduction of inoculation. Much courage and excellent intention will always be attributed to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, who introduced the practice from Turkey, and to those whom she converted: but they did not foresee, and for a long time society did not perceive, that the constant keeping alive of the disease would destroy more than inoculation could save. Year by year the disease became as terrific as it formerly was at intervals when it came as a plague, carrying off its tens of thousands in each country, and then subsiding, and passing almost out of sight for a course of years. Spain was very little troubled with smallpox (except on occasion), while it was ravaging in other countries, because in Spain inoculation was not permitted after its danger was perceived; and in France the evil became much mitigated after 1763, from the prohibition of inoculation. These facts are striking; but more so is the historical truth that Sweden, Denmark, and some German States were absolutely free from smallpox for twenty years after vaccination was properly enforced by the respective governments.

In view of these facts I need not explain why the 14th of May this year should be a day of humiliation in England. After believing for the lifetime of two generations that we had no more to dread from the most fearful of diseases—after being long accustomed to speak of it as one of the barbarisms and afflictions which the world,—or at least Europe,—or at all events England had outgrown, we find ourselves plunged back into the horror of it. Instead of hearing of a case of smallpox as a

phenomenon which roused curiosity as to how it could have happened, we now read of sixty or seventy deaths per week in London alone. The Smallpox Hospital seemed, some few years since, to be going out of use; and some people began to covet it for other purposes, and reckon how soon they might propose for it; and now its directors have been advertising, day by day, that it can receive no more patients. It has been gradually filling for a considerable period; at present it is overfull: and it is continually sending away patients whose troubled friends do not know what on earth to do next for their sufferers. After being mischievously careless and thoughtless, many of the citizens are becoming mischievously alarmed; and the most rational part of the public has undeniable reason for anxiety. If the sufferers remain where they sicken, they endanger the persons about them to an unknown extent: and if they are removed, they may leave the infection in the vehicles which carry them, and wherever they go. One's London acquaintance complain of having met men and women in the street full of the eruption, and of children sickening with it lounging on doorsteps, or, just recovering, playing in the squares.

We, in the country, hear worse things in proportion to our numbers than Londoners. The smallpox is in the village school. A. B. cannot be married next week because he is down in smallpox, and his betrothed cannot go near him because she has never been vaccinated. C. D., who was so pleased at having got an excellent place in Manchester, little supposed she was leaving our valley for ever: but her mistress writes that the doctor can give no hope, for a worse case of smallpox he never saw. The poor girl was never vaccinated. If it is shocking to hear of seven in one house all down at once, or in quick succession, it is afflicting to go from cottage to cottage in a village, and to see children in arms, fine lads and lasses, or the head of the household in the loathsome condition which our parents hoped we should escape the sight of altogether. It will be very painful, for a generation to come, to observe the effects left by the disease. Our children will see the blind led about, or groping their way; the seamed faces showing how they lost their sight. We shall hear, month after month, the consumptive cough, under which so many smallpox patients waste away sooner or later after another name is given to their ailments. Many a handsome and well-grown boy, and many a pretty and healthy girl will never look like themselves again. Henceforward they will be frail, lame, or weak-eyed, short of breath, and unfit for work, disfigured, and suffering from the change in their skin, as dogs suffer from heat, because they do not perspire. Some who never knew before what headache was will henceforth be seldom without it: and many who could not remember what it was to be feverish, will suffer that misery with every slight ailment. What a thought it is that in London, sixty or seventy people are dying week after week of this disease; and that for every one that dies there are many lying sick of it! We are told on authority that where the disease occurs "naturally" (as we call it) one in four dies. In the Smallpox Hospital

the deaths have been stated to be 30 per cent. Among the vaccinated not one in 450 dies.

Here, then, is reason enough for humiliation under this scourge. We have not been vaccinated at all, or we have been vaccinated badly; multitudes have never been watched, to see whether the experiment succeeded; and the class whose business it was to see that the vaccine matter was of the proper quality have been lax about this great duty,—receiving and using any lymph which was said to have come from the cow, without ascertaining whether the cow's case was that of the true pox; or taking lymph from the human subject from one course of years to another, without trying whether it had lost its efficacy by long transmission.

There is another reason for shame and grief which, being admitted in a general way, is not enough thought of in connection with smallpox. We all understand the mischiefs of the old method of nursing in this disease, when fresh air was excluded, and heat and crowding, and noise and confusion increased the patient's fever: but as far as I know, it never occurred to any of us that smallpox comes of itself, like ordinary fever, when the air is vitiated in a certain manner, to a certain extent. I know of nobody who ever publicly and confidently said this before Miss Nightingale. She tells us, in her "Notes on Nursing," that she was brought up to suppose that smallpox was a special disease which had been communicated from one person to another, from the first that had it,—(however that person may have come by it:); whereas Miss Nightingale has herself seen smallpox created by bad management. She has, moreover, seen one of these special diseases pass into another, according to the circumstances which surrounded the patient. She has seen smallpox *begin* where it could not possibly have been "caught:" and she has seen fever which *began* among people living crowded together pass into typhoid fever, if the crowding increased; and into typhus, after more crowding still.

These considerations are beyond measure important to us at this juncture, for more reasons than one.

If it is indeed the truth that the diseases which we have always considered as special, and natural to man, are actually generated by our own mismanagement, the prospects of posterity are very different from what has been supposed, and our own duty must appear to us in a very different light. We are vexed at the ignorance of our cottagers and servants who resist precautions against smallpox, because they suppose that everybody has the disease in him, and is appointed to undergo the illness; and that all endeavours to evade it will only make him suffer more in another way. Yet we are not much wiser than this if we believe that the disease must be "caught," and that therefore we need fear nothing whatever from it if it is kept down by vaccination. We have always believed this; and now we find ourselves in the midst of such an amount of it as we never imagined would be seen again in England. We must not overlook the very significant facts that, along with smallpox, there is an alarming prevalence of typhus fever: and that this fearful spread of typhus is attributed

by physicians, scientific men, and other persons of experience, to the ever-increasing condensation of the population caused by the recent improvements in several large towns, and especially in London.

In the country mischiefs of a similar kind occur wherever clearances of cottage property have been going on : and, this spring, the returns of public health have been so unfavourable that we cannot be surprised if, at the close of 1863, any possible prosperity from fine weather, and fine harvest following on three bad years, may fail to cheer us, or to look like prosperity, because epidemics have afflicted us, and typhus and smallpox have humbled our pride in our rising civilisation.

Now that the evil is upon us, what can be done ?

The first idea that occurs to most people in all times of public calamity is to appeal to the Government.—Where the Government has a clearly-assigned duty to perform, it is right, of course, for the citizens to see that the duty is done. But in a country so free as ours, where the citizens have a will, a power, and an influence beyond what Government can give or take away, anything that the Administration can do is small and superficial in comparison with what municipal, social, and individual influence can effect.—Let us look a little at this.

The Lords of the Privy Council have been quite ready to attend to the appeals made to them. They have addressed their advice, with due urgency, to the thirty-six Boards of Guardians of the metropolitan parishes and unions, on the Smallpox question : and that advice consists, first, of suggestions, under five heads, for securing a more extensive vaccination, more effectively managed ; and next, of a recommendation that temporary Smallpox Hospitals should be established, during the prevalence of the disease.

Such is the actual procedure of the Government.

What more is asked of them, from one quarter or another, is that vaccination should be rendered yet more compulsory by law ; that law should compel a general supply of hospitals ; that law should prevent public carriages being used for the conveyance of sick persons ; that law should provide a due supply of good vaccine matter : that law should prevent public improvements from occasioning the over-crowding of dwellings ; that law and Orders in Council, in short, should be put in charge of the smallpox and typhus fever, so that we may be as safe as we used to be, without responsibility on our own part.

Now, these things are not the function of Government in our country ; and if they were, Government could not do them half so well as we ourselves can, by a simple exercise of our powers and our influence as citizens. Where the resident citizens desire a Smallpox Hospital, there will be one. Where they do not choose to allow cabs and coaches to be infected by the removal of patients, there the hospitals or the Guardians will provide carriages for invalid use. Where they do not approve of thrusting poor people into holes and corners, to make room for new squares and fresh openings, there arrangements will be made for providing better dwellings, or for conveying

the humble tenants to a new neighbourhood. Such matters as these are much better managed by the citizens in bodily presence on the spot than by the remote and intangible abstraction called Government, which falls into some mistake when it attempts to interfere in local details.

Government, that is, Parliament, has given us a Lodging-house Act : and it is for the people to see that its provisions are carried out. Government, that is, the Lords of the Privy Council, have, as I have shown, published their recommendations about temporary hospitals for smallpox while the disease prevails : and it is for the citizens to take care that the thing is done. Government has given us the Vaccination Act : and it is for us to see that it is made to work : and if there are faults which prevent its working, it is for us to point out what changes should be made, and how they may best be made. Government has sanctioned the provision of a due number of surgeons, throughout the kingdom, to vaccinate the whole population : but it is the business of the citizens, and not of the Government, to see that qualified practitioners are appointed, and that they do their duty.

It seems to me that if we put our thoughts in order a little about the duties of the case, we shall find that there are so many ways of helping, that almost every man and woman in the country may do something about putting down, and keeping down, smallpox.

First : can we help our neighbours to pure air ?

A surgeon and registrar in London tells us that he has had to send six cases to the Fever Hospital from a single room of a house in his district. This was from want of air. The room is under the tiles, and the only way to enter it is by getting out upon the roof, crossing it, and slipping down into the room by "a hole about three feet square." Even in the most airy country places we find matters almost as bad as this, in many a cottage. The family sleep all in one room ; and the tiny window will not open. Thus the household are in impaired health always,—just as if they were stunted in food : and when fever or smallpox comes down upon them, it is not wonderful that seven of them are in it at once,—as has lately happened.

It is impossible to give, in a day, everybody room to move, and air enough to breathe ; but it is possible any and every day to see what the state of things is in one's neighbourhood, to put the existing law in force about the conditions of lodging-houses, about removing nuisances, &c. ; and it is usually not difficult to induce respectable people to let their windows be made to open, and to take some fine breezy day at this time of the year for white-washing their houses, clearing out their dust-holes, and sunning their bedding. Not only at this, but at all times, should our influence go to discountenance the demolition of cottages and other dwellings before an ampler provision of room has been made for the tenants who are turned out : and who can say how many more good cottages and working men's houses would be created if we all said and did what we could in furtherance of the object ? It may startle some of us to hear from the Registrar General, in his last returns, that during the first quarter of this

year, the additional deaths from atmospheric causes have been at the rate of 20,000 a year. Thus, if smallpox and fever are allowed to grow up of themselves in dark and close corners, they come out and sweep off, in such years as this, 20,000 more of us than die in ordinary seasons.

Next; it is everybody's business to see that the Vaccination Act is obeyed; but how many of us do look to it? It is a case in which we should all be health-officers. Look at the facts stated in the "Times" by Mr. Clarke, the Inspector of the Norwich Board of Health. In 1861, there were 3000 or more cases of smallpox in Norwich, among high and low; and it was so virulent, that great alarm prevailed. The Inspector set to work to make out how many of the people were unvaccinated, and to get them to do what had been so long neglected. In the last half of that year, he caused 1843 children of the poor to be vaccinated, and in a little while, no more was heard of the smallpox. In the corresponding half of the next year, while there had been 1500 births, the vaccinations were only 102. This shows us what may be expected in Norwich when smallpox appears there again. Negligent and careless up to last New Year's day, the people will be half crazy with terror when the disease is upon them; and they will again have 3000 or more of the citizens down in smallpox, and trains of funerals in their streets.

Mr. Clarke advises that the Act should be amended in this way:—that the notices issued by the registrar of births to parents that their infants must be vaccinated within three months should be required to be given in again, when the vaccination has taken place, bearing the certificate of the surgeon that the process had taken effect. The failures in the return of the notice would show the amount of neglect, and would indicate to the officers of health where the Act needed enforcing.

Meantime, we can all be health-officers in our own houses and neighbourhoods. We can at once cause every member of our own households to be vaccinated a second time, if it has not been done for a long course of years; and we must put forth our whole influence to get it done wherever our neighbours are lazy, thoughtless, or ignorant.

But much of the omission proceeds from downright disapprobation of the practice, and a conscientious objection on the part of parents. Here is a difficulty: and it is all the greater from the objections being too often well founded. We may pity and coax an ignorant mother who thinks it is cruel to make her little infant ill for a day or two, and to give it an ugly sore on its pretty arm; and we may reason with the scrupulousness which fears to meddle with "the natural course" of the diseases supposed to be appointed to all living; but what can we say to the objection that the local surgeon does not know or care whether he does the thing properly, and never inquires what comes of the experiment; or that particular diseases have followed upon vaccination; and that it has been proved to be no security against smallpox itself? These things have all been, or seemed, too true, in one place or another; and we cannot be offended at parents who had rather their children should take their chance than be thrust among these risks.

Here is a strong call upon us to look well to the character and qualifications of the surgeons charged with the vaccination of the people. It is intolerable that unfit men should hold the appointment by local favour, or because they are cheap. Which costs most—a batch of 3000 smallpox patients requiring nursing or burial, or both, or a surgeon who understands his business?

The great anxiety and difficulty of such a surgeon is about obtaining good vaccine matter. It is out of the question for ninety-nine in a hundred to get it fresh from the cow; and indeed, among the varying accounts that have been given to me, I hardly know what to think of the true matter being now ever obtained from its proper source. Meantime, the lymph is often ineffective, so that there is a wide-spread belief that its efficacy wears out by long transmission from person to person. Cannot some of us help in these difficulties? Are surgeons duly informed whenever healthy cows show an eruption which looks like the true pock? And are they told in time to make sure of their seeing the pock at the right stage? Cannot we aid the over-busy surgeon of our parish to obtain a fresh supply from proper sources? The first appearance of sympathy and appreciation on our part works wonders on the medical officers in our neighbourhood. It animates the zeal and comforts the heart of the conscientious man, and gives him weight and influence among his ignorant and reluctant clients; and, on the other hand, it is a tacit rebuke to the indolent or reckless vaccinator, making him look to his ways, and rousing him to his work. It may be safely believed that if the educated part of society were to choose and decide that society should be secured against smallpox by vaccination, the thing would be done.

We have a straight and easy course before us in regard to what to do when smallpox actually appears. A house should be ready to receive the patients, the moment the nature of their complaint is understood. We must everywhere have a house at command for a hospital, with airy rooms, proper fittings, and a sensible woman and the local surgeons in charge of it. We must have a vehicle set apart for the smallpox patients; and they must not be left to infect the people about them for a minute longer than cannot be helped. Clear as this duty is, hundreds of the sick of our great towns, in the most loathsome condition are shut in with their families or fellow-lodgers, with the worst chance for their own recovery, and the best chance of bringing down everybody about them to their own condition.

How different to the management in some places! In New England, for one. Friends of mine in Boston, a middle-aged clergyman and his wife, asked me one day what I could suppose to have been the pleasantest fortnight of their married life. I certainly should never have guessed; for it was the time when the lady had the smallpox! After a day or two of slight indisposition, she was told by her physician that a pimple on her hand looked suspicious; and the next day he pronounced it smallpox. He at once informed the authorities that there was a case of smallpox in the city; and immediately the city coach came to carry away the patient to the

quarantine island in the bay. Her husband accompanied her; and much they enjoyed themselves. There was nobody in the hospital but themselves, and excellent attendants, who made them thoroughly comfortable. The patient was not at all ill when the one pustule had fairly come out. She had taken a favourite piece of fancy-work; and they carried some of their best-beloved poets, and a good novel or two; and they sat in the verandah all the lovely summer day, or strolled in the garden, and looked out on the sea. I need not say she had been vaccinated.

When we arrive at removing the first case of smallpox in our cities in this vigilant way, and when we reduce the disease to something like this one pustule, by universal vaccination, backed by good general sanitary habits, we may regard the malady as gaily as my American friends did. It makes one's heart ache to think of the contrast between their feelings and those of the families of the sixty or seventy patients in London who are being carried to the grave week by week, leaving three or four times as many more tossing in the intolerable fever, and suffering under the horrible eruption which is more repugnant to our feelings than any other disease but leprosy. And we are conscious of a deeper disgust and humiliation under the calamity than our fathers felt, because we well know that this is no "visitation of God," and that it has no more business among us at this day than leprosy.

FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

MY NEIGHBOUR AT THE THEATRE.

I HAVE a grievance, one of old standing too, and it is a wonder therefore that I have not long ere this rushed into print with the true British feeling that a course of letter-press is the only system of blood-letting applicable to such a case. A "letter to the 'Times'" has many a time arrested a fever, if indeed it has not in some instances prevented a suicide. Pray let me therefore vent my feelings this once, and consider that in reading my grumbings you may have warded off from me an attack of brain-fever. My grievance is this; I can't, that is, I am not allowed, to enjoy the theatres as I would. I am an old playgoer. I was brought up from my early childhood to believe in theatrical amusements, both my parents having been enthusiastic admirers of this kind of entertainment, and intense believers in Edmund Kean, the Kembles, and other celebrities of their day. Do I not remember how often I have heard them speak of going twenty nights in succession to see Grimaldi in the pantomime of "Mother Goose," the first pantomime, as I have been told, which had a comic opening? But all this by the way—I speak of my theatrical experiences, not of those of my forefathers! I have stated my grievance to be, that, with a strong predisposition for the drama, I am not allowed to enjoy it, and why? Why, because I am always annoyed by my neighbour! Now I speak from an experience of a good many years, during several of which I was a constant attendant at the different theatres from pure love of the thing, and during the last few years of which I have been equally assiduous in my visits from severe compulsion, having been engaged to

"do" the theatres for a weekly paper of great celebrity and increasing circulation. Throughout the whole period, however, I can safely say that two out of three of my evenings, so far as enjoyment goes, have been marred by my neighbour. Are all theatre-goers equally afflicted, or is it a special ban upon me? My tormentors assume manifold forms of annoyance; so manifold, indeed, that I do not expect to be able to recollect each of the varieties, but pray bear in mind that, of each form I am going to instance, I have met with repeated examples. I go to see a favourite actor, Fechter or Charles Kean, in one of Shakspeare's tragedies. I go early, and find myself seated next to an old gentleman evidently a devout admirer of the immortal bard, and well up in all the different readings of particular passages adopted by actors of my day, and also those of his younger days. Thinks I to myself, well, I am in luck to-night at all events, especially when the old gentleman says, "Now, young man, recollect, if you please, that, though it gives me great pleasure to chat with you before the curtain goes up, and the more so as I find you really seem to understand something about Shakspeare, and the way his text ought to be rendered, it will annoy me excessively if you make any remarks to me after the curtain is once up, till the act-drop descends." I hasten of course to assure the old gentleman that his sentiments upon this point are in exact accordance with mine, and we are thereupon great friends. We are in the dress-circle, the curtain rises, and all is rapt attention for the first scene of "Hamlet," which, as the *Ghost* appears almost immediately, soon becomes very exciting. While the two soldiers are speaking, I look with some uneasiness at four empty seats next to me, feeling sure that the "party" will arrive late, and in the midst of an interesting speech. The *Ghost*, however, arrives before them, and the whole scene passes off, with those benches yet remaining vacant. I begin to nourish a hope that they will remain so. Scene II. Enter the *King*, *Queen*, *Hamlet*, *Polonius*, &c., &c. The *King's* long introductory speech over, he reaches at length the words:

"But now, my Cousin Hamlet and my son,"

Ham. "A little more than kin, and less than kind."

[*Aside.*]

Box-keeper—Party for box 12, four seats in the front row.—[Bang, bang, go the seats]—Will you take a book of the play, sir?

Paterfamilias—Book of the play, let's see; let's see; no, no, got it in my library at home. Now Jane, you come and sit next me.

Jane—Oh, no, Pa; I think Tom would rather be next you.

The old Gentleman—Hush, hush!

Myself—Hush, hush, hush!

People in next box—Silence there.

Paterfamilias and Co. look rather frightened; soon, however, younger branches seem to recover, and when Mr. Kean is commencing:

"Oh that this too, too solid flesh would melt."

The son inquires of his papa, quite audibly:

"Who is that short gentleman in black velvet, Pa?"

His Papa whispers to him that he's not sure, but he'll look at the bill, a reference to which enables him to inform his son that it is *Polonius*!

But I need not carry the agonies of this performance further; you will of course understand that the same kind of criticism is carried on through the five acts. I should mention, however, that when, after the end of the scene between the *Queen* and *Hamlet*, in the third act, Paterfamilias announces in an authoritative tone to his family, "That he isn't sure, after all, whether that fellow isn't *Hamlet* himself,—"

"My friend!" the old gentleman, jumps up, exclaiming, "I can't stand this any longer!" and after wishing me a hurried good-night, rushes out of the theatre.

Sometimes I get for a neighbour, a fellow who is the very antipodes of Paterfamilias; that is, knows all the actors and actresses too well, informing the people around him (albeit, perfect strangers to him):—

"Ah, ah, there's Teddy Wright; what a chap he is, and there's Sarah Jane!"

"Who, may I ask, is Sarah Jane?" inquires a staid-looking individual.

"Oh, why, Miss Woolgar, to be sure; everyone calls her Sarah Jane."

And so on, down to the man who brings in a message; even *he* is known by his Christian name.

Now, I ask, is this sort of neighbour not irritating? But I haven't nearly done yet. There is, (and this neighbour is a particular aversion of mine) the man or woman who sits next you, and has a method of laughing, the effect of which is a "hiss," so like it that I have, on several occasions, heard an indignant audience insist upon an individual being "turned out," who was enjoying the performance quite as much as themselves, but suffered from this unfortunate mode of expressing his or her enjoyment. Closely allied to this is another class of people, who, at every smart saying or bit of repartee in a farce, emit a "cluck, cluck" with their tongue against the roof of the mouth, which, if I had to endure it for longer than an hour or so at a stretch, would inevitably send me into an asylum.

Another case or two, and I think I have adduced sufficient instances to show that I have been in the matter of theatrical amusements a thorough martyr. I go to hear a favourite opera; my fate places me either next a person who has never heard the opera before, but has a book of it, which he studies carefully, and as each air comes on, interrupts my enjoyment of it to ask me to point out, in his book, "where they are now;" or, I am planted in the upper-boxes next a fellow "with a voice" who knows *all* the airs, and sings them in an undertone, *with* the performers. Again, I go to see a burlesque, which has made a great sensation, the points and hits at passing events of the day are so telling and so plentiful. My usual luck attends me here, too. I sit next an *habitué* of the theatres, whom I know slightly; but he has, poor man, a friend from the country with him, who, being unaccustomed to this sort of thing, fails to catch the points and allusions, and at each burst of laughter from the audience, you hear him: "Eh, what; what was that? I didn't quite catch

that; what did he say?" Anon, I go to see a three-act drama of "thrilling interest," my immediate neighbour has a book; his immediate neighbour (a stranger to him) hasn't a book, and presumes on that urbanity which marks the British playgoer to ask my neighbour, every five minutes, if he will allow him to look at his book "just for a moment only—a moment, very sorry to trouble him indeed. Let's see, where is it? Oh, here, yes; thank you. Rather complicated the plot;—don't you think so, sir?"

I, unfortunately, have an opera-glass, so my next but one neighbour, in the intervals, during which he thinks fit to allow the rightful owner of the book to have possession of it, leans across him to me and borrows my glass, just to see "whether that isn't a friend of his on the other side of the house;" and having satisfied himself that it isn't, first stares right and left, and then quietly returns it with neither apology nor thanks.

Again, I once went to see Madame Ristori in "Adrienne Lecouvreur." I did not dream of feeling my usual annoyances on such an occasion as this, the theatre being small, and the sort of performances appealing only to the sympathies of a limited circle, and that circle one of superior breeding and intelligence; but vain hope,—the curtain had not been up two minutes before I found I was oppressed by my usual bugbear. Two ladies sat in the stalls next to me, the one with a "book of the play" in her hand, in Italian and English, from which she read the play to her friend, in the vernacular, as it proceeded.

Now, I have no doubt, these two ladies, on their return home, were enthusiastic in their criticism of Madame Ristori's delineation of the character she represented, but seeing that their undivided attention was given to the book during the whole performance, it does seem to me that they might have enjoyed the play quite as much by reading it at home; and, I may add, the arrangement would have been considerably more satisfactory to me.

I had nearly forgotten another *bête noire* of mine at the theatre, from whom I very often suffer. This is an individual who, at a farce, burlesque or pantomime, never allows the faintest smile to pass over his face. I do not know why, but a man of this "genus" exercises a sort of serpent-like fascination over me, so that, though I loathe him, I cannot restrain myself from constantly watching him, and at each sally which sets the house in a roar, I find myself turning round to look at the brute to see if he has been able to withstand that last joke, and there behold him with the same stolid look either of perfect indifference, or pity for the poor idiots who can be amused with such childish nonsense! Now this sort of fellow spoils my evening completely. I get restless and uncomfortable; why doesn't he go away instead of remaining to look so martyred?—why does he stop and make me nervous? This last instance, however (for I really must make an end of my grumbings), has fairly exhausted my patience, and probably that of my readers also: but I think I have made out a case, if not for legislative interference, at all events for the sympathies of a British public in favour of a poor playgoer.

ELEANOR'S VICTORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AURORA FLOYD," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," &c.



CHAPTER XIX. LIKE THE MEMORY OF A DREAM.

MRS. DARRELL drove away from Tolldale Priory late in the afternoon, and in a very despondent state of mind. She had done no good by her visit to Woodlands, and it seemed painfully probable that she had done a great deal of harm; for the unfortunate accident of a resemblance between Laura Mason's companion and the late George Vane had stirred up the memories of the past in that turbid stream, the old man's mind. The widow scarcely opened her lips during the homeward drive. She would fain have punished Eleanor for that unhappy chance by which she

happened to resemble the dead man, and she had not failed to remark unpleasantly upon Miss Vane's conduct at Woodlands.

"One would really think you wished to trade upon your likeness to Mr. Vane, and to insinuate yourself into my uncle's good graces, Miss Vincent," the widow said, rather sharply.

Eleanor blushed crimson, but did not attempt to reply to her employer's bitter speech. The falsehood of an assumed name was perpetually placing her in positions against which her truthful nature revolted.

If Mrs. Darrell had been free to dismiss

Eleanor Vane, she would doubtless have done so, for the girl's presence had now become a source of alarm to her. There were two reasons for this sentiment of alarm. First, the likeness which Maurice de Crespigny had discovered between Eleanor and his dead friend, and which might prompt him at any moment to some capricious fancy for the girl; and, secondly, the fact that Eleanor's beauty and fascinations might not be without their effect upon Launcelot Darrell.

The widow knew by cruel experience that her son was not a man to surrender his lightest caprice at the entreaty of another. At seven-and-twenty years of age he was as much a spoiled child as he had been at seven. Ellen Darrell looked back at the bitter trials of the past, and remembered how hard it had been to keep her son true even to his own interests. Selfish and self-willed, he had taken his own way; always relying upon his handsome face, his shallow versatility, his showy accomplishments, to carry him through every difficulty, and get him out of every dilemma; always eager for the enjoyment of the present hour, and reckless as to any penalties to be paid in the future.

Mrs. Darrell had concentrated every feeling of her heart into one passion: her love for this young man. Frigid and reserved to others, with him she was impulsive, vehement, spontaneous, ready to pour out her heart's blood at his feet, if he had needed such an evidence of her devotion. For him she was jealous and exacting; harsh to others; desperate and unforgiving to those whom she thought his enemies.

For Launcelot she was anxious and ambitious. The hope that her uncle Maurice would leave his fortune to the young man, or, on the other hand, would die without a will, thus leaving Launcelot to succeed as heir-at-law, never entirely deserted her. But, even if that hope should fail, her sisters were elderly women like herself. If they succeeded in cajoling Maurice de Crespigny out of his fortune, they must surely eventually leave it to their only nephew, Launcelot. This was how the widow reasoned. But there was another chance which she fancied she saw for her son's advancement. Laura Mason, the heiress, evidently admired the young man's handsome face and dashing manners. What more likely than that Launcelot might succeed in winning the hand and fortune of that capricious young lady?

Under these circumstances Mrs. Darrell would have been very glad to have removed Eleanor Vane out of her son's way; but this was not easily to be done. When the widow sounded Laura Mason upon the subject, and dimly suggested the necessity of parting with Eleanor, the heiress burst into a flood of tears, and declared passionately that she would not live without her darling Nelly; and when Mrs. Darrell went even further than this, and touched upon the subject in a conversation with Mr. Monckton, the lawyer replied very decidedly that he considered Miss Vincent's companionship of great benefit to his ward, and that he could not hear of any arrangement by which the two girls would be separated.

Mrs. Darrell, therefore, could do nothing but submit, in the hope that for once her son might

consent to be governed by his interests, rather than by those erratic impulses which had led him in the reckless and riotous days of his early youth.

She pleaded with him, entreating him to be prudent and thoughtful for the future.

"You have suffered so much from poverty, Launcelot," she urged, "that surely you will lose no opportunity of improving your position. Look back, my boy; remember that bitter time in which you were lost to me, led away by low and vicious companions, and only appealing to me when you found yourself in debt and difficulty. Think of your Indian life, and the years you have wasted,—you who are so clever and accomplished, and who ought to have been so fortunate. Oh, Launcelot, if you knew what a bitter thing it is to a mother to see her idolised child waste every opportunity of winning the advancement which should be his by right,—yes, by right, Launcelot, by the right of your talents. I never reproached you, my boy, for coming home to me penniless. Were you to return to me twenty times, as you came back that night, you would always find the same welcome, the same affection. My love for you will never change, my darling, till I go to my grave. But I suffer very bitterly when I think of your wasted youth. You must be rich, Launcelot; you cannot afford to be poor. There are some men to whom poverty seems a spur that drives them on to greatness, but it has clogged your footsteps, and held you back from the fame you might have won."

"Egad, so it has, mother," the young man answered, bitterly; "a shabby coat paralyses a man's arm, to my mind, and it's not very easy for a fellow to hold his head very high when the nap's all worn off his hat. But I don't mean to sit down to a life of idleness, I can tell you, mother; I shall turn painter. You know I've got on with my painting pretty well during the last few years."

"I'm glad of that, my dear boy. You had plenty of time to devote to your painting, then?"

"Plenty of time; oh, yes, I was pretty well off for that matter."

"Then you were not so hard worked in India?"

"Not always. That depended upon circumstances," the young man answered, indifferently. "Yes, mother, I shall turn painter, and try and make a fortune out of my brush."

Mrs. Darrell sighed. She wished to see her son made rich by a quicker road than the slow and toilsome pathway by which an artist reaches fortune.

"If you could make a wealthy marriage, Launcelot," she said, "you might afford to devote yourself to art, without having to endure the torturing anxieties which must be suffered by a man who has only his profession to depend upon. I wouldn't for the world wish you to sell yourself for money, for I know the wretchedness of a really mercenary marriage; but if—"

The young man flung back the dark hair from his forehead, and smiled at his mother as he interrupted her.

"If I should fall in love with this Miss Laura Mason, who, according to your account, is to have a power of money one of these days, I should prove myself a wise man. That's what

you mean, isn't it, *madre mia*? Well, I'll do my best. The young lady is pretty, but her childishness is positively *impayable*. What's the amount of the fortune that is to counterbalance so much empty-headed frivolity? Eh, mother?"

"I can't quite answer that question, Launcelot. I only know that Mr. Monckton told me Laura will be very rich."

"And Gilbert Monckton, although a lawyer, is one of those uncompromising personages who never tell a lie. Well, mother, we'll see about it; I can't say anything more than that."

The young man had been standing before his easel with his palette and brushes in his hand during this conversation, now and then putting a touch here and there into a picture that he had been working at since his return. He had taken up his abode in his old apartments. His mother spent a good deal of her time with him; sitting at needlework by the open window, while he painted; listening while, in his idler moments, he sat at the piano, composing a few bars of a waltz, or trying to recall some song that he had written long ago; always following him with watchful and admiring eyes, shadowed only by the mother's anxiety for her son's future.

Launcelot Darrell did not seem to be altogether a bad young man. He accepted his mother's love with something of that indolent selfishness common to those spoiled children of fortune upon whom an extra share of maternal devotion has been lavished. He absorbed the widow's affection, and gave her in return an easy-going, graceful attention, which satisfied the unselfish woman, and demanded neither trouble nor sacrifice from the young man himself.

"Now, if the wealthy heiress were the poor companion, mother," Mr. Darrell said, presently, working away with his brush as he spoke, "your scheme would be charming. Eleanor Vincent is a glorious girl; a little bit of a spitfire, I should think, quiet and gentle as she is with us; but a splendid girl; just the sort of wife for an indolent man; a wife who would rouse him out of his lethargy and drive him on to distinction."

Yes, Launcelot Darrell, who had never in his life resisted any temptation, or accepted any guidance except that of his own wishes, was led by them now, and, instead of devoting himself to the young heiress, chose to fall desperately in love with her fair-haired companion. He fell in love with Eleanor Vane; desperately, after his own fashion. I doubt if there was any great intensity in the young man's desperation, for I do not believe that he was capable of any real depth of feeling. There was a kind of hollow, tinselly fervour in his nature which took the place of true passion. It may be that with him all emotions—love and remorse, penitence, pity, regret, hate, anger, and revenge—were true and real so long as they lasted; but all these sentiments were so short-lived, by reason of the fickleness of his mind, that it was almost difficult to believe even in their temporary truth.

But Eleanor Vane, being very young and inexperienced, had no power of analysing the character of her lover. She only knew that he was handsome, accomplished, and clever; that he loved her,

and that it was very agreeable to be loved by him.

I do not believe that she returned the young man's affection. She was like a child upon the threshold of a new world: bewildered and dazzled by the glorious aspect of the unknown region before her; beguiled and delighted by its beauty and novelty. All the darker aspects of the great passion were unknown to her, and undreamed of by her. She only knew that in the blank horizon that had so long bounded her life, a new star had arisen—a bright and wonderful planet, which for a while displaced the lurid light that had so long shone steadfastly across the darkness.

Eleanor Vane yielded herself up to the brief holiday-time which generally comes once in almost every woman's life, however desolate and joyless the rest of that life may be. The holiday comes,—a fleeting summer of gladness and rejoicing. The earth lights up under a new sun and moon; the flowers bloom into new colours and scatter new perfumes on the sublimated atmosphere; the waters of the commonest rivers change to melted sapphires, and blaze with the splendour of a million jewels in the sunshine. The dull universe changes to fairyland; but, alas! the holiday-time is very short: the children grow tired of paradise, or are summoned back to school; the sun and moon collapse into commonplace luminaries, the flowers fade into every-day blossoms, the river flows a gray stream under a November sky, and the dream is over.

Launcelot Darrell had been little more than a fortnight at Hazlewood, when he declared his love for Miss Mason's companion. The young people had been a great deal together in that fortnight; wandering in the grassy lanes about Hazlewood, and in the shadowy woods round Tolldale Priory, or on breezy hills high above the lawyer's sheltered mansion. In hope of an alliance between Launcelot and Gilbert Monckton's ward, Mrs. Darrell was obliged to submit to the necessity which threw her son very much into the society of the companion as well as of the heiress.

"He will surely never be so foolish as to thwart my plan for his future," thought the anxious mother. "Surely, surely, he will consent to be guided by his own interests. Gilbert Monckton must know that it is only likely an attachment may arise between Launcelot and Laura. He would not leave the girl with me unless he were resigned to such an event, and ready to give his consent to their marriage. My son is poor, certainly; but the lawyer knows that he is likely to inherit a great fortune."

While the mother pondered thus over her son's chances of advancement, the young man took life very easily; spending his mornings at his easel, but by no means over-exerting himself, and dawdling away his afternoons in rustic rambles with the two girls.

Laura Mason was very happy in the society of this new and brilliant companion. She was bewitched and fascinated by Mr. Darrell's careless talk, which sounded very witty, very profound, sarcastic, and eloquent in the ears of an ignorant girl. She admired him and fell in love with him, and wearied poor Eleanor with her very un-

reserved rhapsodies about the object of her affection.

"I know it's very bold and wicked and horrid to fall in love with anybody before they fall in love with one, you know, Eleanor," the young lady said in not very elegant English; "but he is so handsome and so clever. I don't think any one in the world could help loving him.

"I have no hope in loving thee,
I only ask to love;
I brood upon my silent heart,
As on its nest a dove;"

added Miss Mason, quoting that favourite poet of all desponding lovers, poor L. E. L.

I think Mr. Monckton's ward rather enjoyed the hopelessness of her attachment. The brooding upon her silent heart was scarcely an accurate exposition of her conduct, as she talked reams of sentiment to Eleanor upon the subject of her unrequited affection. Miss Vane was patient and tender with her, listening to her foolish talk, and dreading the coming of that hour in which the childish young beauty must be rudely awakened from her rose-coloured dream.

"I don't want to marry him, you know, Eleanor," the young lady said; "I only want to be allowed to love him. You remember the German story in which the Knight watches the window of his lost love's convent cell. I could live for ever and ever near him; and be content to see him sometimes; or to hear his voice, even if I did not see him. I should like to wear boy's clothes, and be his page, like Viola, and tell him my own story, you know, some day."

Eleanor remembered her promise to Gilbert Monckton, and tried sometimes to check the torrent of sentimental talk.

"I know your love is very poetical, and I dare say it's very true, my pet," she said; "but do you think Mr. Darrell is quite worth all this waste of affection? I sometimes think, Laura dear, that we commit a sin when we waste our best feelings. Suppose by-and-bye you should meet some one quite as worthy of your love as Launcelot Darrell; some one who would love you very devotedly; don't you think you would look back and regret having lavished your best and freshest feelings upon a person who—"

"Who doesn't care a straw for me," cried the heiress, half crying. "That's what you mean, Eleanor Vincent. You mean to insinuate that Launcelot doesn't care for me. You are a cruel, heartless girl, and you don't love me a bit."

And the young lady bemoaned her disappointment, and wept over the hardships of her lot, very much as she might have cried for any new plaything a few years before.

It was upon a burning August morning that Launcelot Darrell declared himself to Eleanor Vane. The two girls had been sitting to him for a picture,—Eleanor as Rosalind, and Laura as Celia,—a pretty feminine group. Rosalind in her womanly robes, and not her forester's dress of grey and green; for the painter had chosen the scene in which Celia promises to share her cousin's exile.

This picture was to be exhibited at the Academy,

and was to make Mr. Darrell's fortune. Laura had been called from the room to attend to some important business with a dressmaker from Windsor, and Eleanor and Launcelot were alone.

The young man went on painting for some time, and then, throwing down his brush with a gesture of impatience, went over to the window near which Eleanor sat on a raised platform covered with a shabby drapery of red baize.

"Do you think the picture will be a success, Miss Vincent?" he asked.

"Oh yes, I think so, and hope so; but I am no judge, you know."

"Your judgment must be as good as the public judgment, I should think," Launcelot Darrell answered, rather impatiently. "The critics will try to write me down, I dare say, but I don't look to the critics to buy my picture. They'll call me crude and meretricious, and hard and cold, and thin and grey, I've no doubt; but the best picture, to my mind, is the picture that sells best, eh, Miss Vincent?"

Eleanor lifted her arched eyebrows with a look of surprise; this very low view of the question rather jarred upon her sense of the dignity of art.

"I suppose you think my sentiments very mercenary and contemptible, Miss Vincent," said the painter, interpreting the expression of her face; "but I have lived out the romance of my life, or one part of that romance, at any rate, and have no very ardent aspiration after greatness in the abstract. I want to earn money. The need of money drives men into almost every folly; further, sometimes: into follies that touch upon the verge of crime."

The young man's face darkened suddenly as he spoke, and he was silent for a few moments, not looking at his companion, but away out of the open window into vacancy, as it seemed.

The memory of Gilbert Monckton's words flashed back upon Eleanor's mind. "There is a secret in Launcelot Darrell's life," the lawyer had said; "a secret connected with his Indian experience." Was he thinking of that secret now, Eleanor wondered. But the painter's face brightened almost as suddenly as it had been overshadowed. He flung back his head with an impetuous gesture. It seemed almost as if he had cast some imaginary burden from off his shoulders by the same sudden movement.

"I want to earn money, Miss Vincent," he said. "Art in the abstract is very grand, no doubt. I quite believe in the man who stabbed his model in order to get the death agony for his picture of the Crucifixion; but I must make art subservient to my own necessities. I must earn money for myself and my wife, Eleanor. I might marry a rich woman, perhaps, but I want to marry a poor one. Do you think the girl I love will listen to me, Eleanor? Do you think she will accept the doubtful future I can offer her? Do you think she will be brave enough to share the fortunes of a struggling man?"

Nothing could be more heroic than the tone in which Launcelot Darrell spoke. He had the air of a man who means to strive, with the sturdy devotion of a martyr, to win the end of his ambition, rather than that of a sanguine but

vacillating young gentleman who would be ready to fling himself down under the influence of the first moment of despondency, and live upon the proceeds of the pawning of his watch, while his unfinished picture rotted upon the canvas.

He had something of George Vane's nature, perhaps; that fatally hopeful temperament common to men who are for ever going to do great things, and for ever failing to achieve even the smallest. He was one of those men who are perpetually deluding other people by the force of their power of self-delusion.

Self-deluded and mistaken now, it was scarcely strange if he deceived Eleanor Vane, who was carried away by the impetuous torrent of words in which he told her that he loved her, and that the future happiness of his life depended upon the fiat which must issue from her lips.

Only very faltering accents came from those tremulous lips. Miss Vane was not in love; she was bewildered, and perhaps a little bewitched by the painter's vehemence. He was the first young, elegant, handsome, and accomplished man with whom she had ever been thrown much in contact. It is scarcely wonderful, then, if this inexperienced girl of eighteen was a little influenced by the ardour of his admiration—by the eloquence of his wild talk.

She had risen from her seat in her agitation, and stood with her back to the sunlit window, trembling and blushing before her lover.

Launcelot Darrell was not slow to draw a flattering inference from these signs of womanly confusion.

"You love me, Eleanor," he said; "yes, you love me. You think, perhaps, my mother would oppose our marriage. You don't know me, dearest, if you can believe I would suffer any opposition to come between me and my love. I am ready to make any sacrifice for your sake, Eleanor. Only tell me that you love me, and I shall have a new purpose in life; a new motive for exertion."

Mr. Darrell held the girl's two hands clasped in both his own, as he pleaded thus, using hackneyed phrases with a vehement earnestness that gave new life to the old words. His face was close to Eleanor's, with the broad light of the sunny summer sky full upon it. Some sudden fancy—some vague idea, dim and indistinct as the faint memory of some dream whose details we strive vainly to recall—flashed into the mind of George Vane's orphan daughter as she looked into her lover's black eyes. She recoiled from him a little; her eyebrows contracted into a slight frown; her blushes faded out with the effort which she made to seize upon and analyse that sudden fancy. But her effort was vain: transient as a gleam of summer lightning the thought had flashed across her brain, only to melt utterly away.

While she was still trying to recall that last idea, while Launcelot Darrell was still pleading for an answer to his suit, the door of the painting-room was pushed open—it had been left ajar by volatile Miss Mason, most likely—and the widow entered, pale, stern, and sorrowful-looking.

CHAPTER XX. RECOGNITION.

"I THOUGHT Laura was with you," Mrs. Darrell said, rather sharply, as she scrutinised Eleanor's face with no very friendly eyes.

"She was with us until a few minutes ago," Launcelot answered carelessly; "but she was called away to see a milliner or a dressmaker, or some such important personage in the feminine decorative art line. I don't believe that young lady's soul ever soars above laces and ribbons, and all those miscellaneous fripperies which women dignify by the generic title of their 'things'!"

Mrs. Darrell frowned darkly at her son's contemptuous allusion to the heiress.

"Laura Mason is a very amiable and accomplished girl," she said.

The young man shrugged his shoulders, and took up his palette and brushes.

"Will you settle yourself once more in the Rosalind attitude, Miss Vincent," he said. "I suppose our volatile Celia will be back presently."

"Will you go and look for her, Launcelot?" interposed Mrs. Darrell, "I want to speak to Miss Vincent."

Launcelot Darrell flung down his brushes and turned suddenly towards his mother with a look of angry defiance in his face.

"What have you to say to Miss Vincent that you can't say before me?" he asked. "What do you mean, mother, by breaking in upon us like this, and scowling at us as if we were a couple of conspirators?"

Mrs. Darrell drew herself to her fullest height, and looked half sternly, half contemptuously at her son. His nature, in every quality weaker and meaner than her own, prompted him to shrink from any open contest with her. Dearly as she loved this selfish, handsome scapegrace, there were times in which her better sense revolted against the weakness of her affection; and at such times Launcelot Darrell was frightened of his mother.

"I have a great deal to say to Miss Vincent," the widow answered, gravely. "If you refuse to leave us together, I have no doubt Miss Vincent will have the good taste to come elsewhere with me."

Eleanor looked up startled and bewildered by the suppressed passion in the widow's tone.

"I will come with you anywhere, Mrs. Darrell," she said, "if you wish to speak to me."

"Come this way, then."

Mrs. Darrell swept out of the room, and Eleanor followed her, before the young man had any opportunity for remonstrance. The widow led the way to the pretty chamber in which Miss Vane slept, and the two women went in together, Mrs. Darrell shutting the door behind her.

"Miss Vincent," she said, taking Eleanor's hand in her own, "I am going to appeal to you more frankly than one woman often appeals to another. I might diplomatise and plot against you, but I am not base enough for that; though, I dare say, I could stoop to a good deal that is despicable for the sake of my son. And, again, I have so good an opinion of you that I think candour will be the wisest policy. My son has asked you to be his wife."

"Madam," stammered Eleanor, looking aghast

at the pale face which had an almost tragic aspect in its earnestness.

"Yes, I told you just now that I could do despicable things for my son's sake. I was passing the door while Launcelot was talking to you. The door was ajar, you know. I heard a few words, enough to tell me the subject upon which he was speaking; and I stopped to hear more. I listened, Miss Vincent. It was very contemptible, was it not?"

Eleanor was silent. She stood before the widow looking down upon the ground. The colour came and went in her face; she was agitated and confused by what had happened; but in all her agitation and confusion the memory of that sudden fancy that had flashed across her brain while Launcelot Darrell talked to her was uppermost in her mind.

"You despise me for my conduct, Miss Vincent," said Mrs. Darrell, reading the meaning of the girl's silence; "but the day may come in which you may experience a mother's anguish; the brooding care, the unceasing watchfulness, the feverish, all-devouring anxiety which only a mother can feel. If that day ever comes, you will be able to forgive me; to think mercifully of me. I do not complain of my son; I never have complained of him. But I suffer, I suffer. I see him holding no place in the world, despised by prosperous and successful men, with a wasted youth behind him and a blank future before. I love him, but I am not deceived in him. The day for all deception is past. He will never be rich or prosperous by any act of his own. There are but two chances for him: the chance of inheriting my uncle's fortune, or the chance of marrying a rich woman. I speak very frankly, you see, Miss Vincent, and I expect equal candour from you. Do you love my son?"

"Madam—Mrs. Darrell—I—"

"You would not answer him just now; I ask you to answer me. The prosperity of his future life hangs upon your reply. I know that he *might* marry a girl who does love him, and who can bring him a fortune which will place him in the position he ought to occupy. Be generous, Miss Vincent. I ask you to tell me the truth. That is the least you can do. Do you love my son, Launcelot Darrell? Do you love him with your whole heart and soul, as I love him?"

Eleanor lifted her head suddenly, and looked full in the widow's face.

"No, madam," she answered, proudly, "I do not."

"Thank God for that! Even if you had loved him, I would not have shrunk from asking you to sacrifice yourself for his happiness. As it is, I appeal to you without hesitation. Will you leave this place; will you leave me my son, with the chance of planning his future after my own fashion?"

"I will, Mrs. Darrell," Eleanor said, earnestly. "I thought, perhaps, till to-day—I may have fancied that I—I mean that I was flattered by your son's attention, and perhaps believed I—I loved him a little," the girl murmured shyly; "but I know now that I have been mistaken. Perhaps it is the truth and intensity of your love

that shows me the shallowness and falsehood of my own. I remember how I loved my father,"—her eyes filled with tears as she spoke,—"*and*, looking back at my feelings for him, I know that I do not love Mr. Darrell. It will be much better for me to go away. I shall be sorry to leave Laura; sorry to leave Hazlewood, for I have been very happy here—too happy, perhaps. I will write to your son, and tell him that I leave this place of my own free will."

"Thank you, my dear," the widow said, warmly; "my son would be very hard with me if he thought that my influence had been the means of thwarting any whim of his. I know him well enough to know that this sentiment, like every other sentiment of his, will not endure for ever. He will be angry and offended, and wounded by your departure, but he will not break his heart, Miss Vincent."

"Let me go away at once, Mrs. Darrell," said Eleanor; "it will be better for me to go at once. I can return to my friends in London. I have saved some money while I have been with you, and I shall not go back to them penniless."

"You are a generous and noble-hearted girl. It shall be my care to provide you with at least as good a home as you have had here. I am not selfish enough to forget how much I have asked of you."

"And you will let me go at once. I would rather not see Laura, or say good-by to her. We have grown so fond of each other. I never had a sister—that is to say, never a—and Laura has been like one to me. Let me go away quietly without seeing her, Mrs. Darrell. I can write to her from London to say good-by."

"You shall do just as you like, my dear," the widow answered. "I will drive you over to Windsor in time for the four-o'clock train, and you will get into town before dark. I must go now and see what my son is doing. If he should suspect—"

"He shall suspect nothing till I am gone," said Eleanor. "It is past one o'clock now, Mrs. Darrell, and I must pack all my things. Will you keep Laura out of my room, please, for if she came here, she'd guess—"

"Yes, yes, I'll go and see—I'll make all arrangements."

Mrs. Darrell hurried out of the room, leaving Eleanor to contemplate the sudden change in her position. The girl dragged one of her trunks out of a recess in the simply-furnished bedchamber, and, sitting down upon it in a half-despondent attitude, reflected on the unlooked-for break in her existence. Once more she was called upon to disunite herself from the past, and begin life anew.

"Am I never to know any rest?" she thought. "I had grown so accustomed to this place. I shall be glad to see the Signora and Richard once more; but Laura, Mr. Monckton,—I wonder whether they will be sorry for me."

By three o'clock in the afternoon, all Eleanor's preparations were completed. Her trunks packed, and handed over to the factotum of the Hazlewood establishment, who was to see them safely despatched by luggage train after the young lady's

departure. At three o'clock precisely Miss Vincent took her seat beside Mrs. Darrell in the low basket carriage.

Circumstances had conspired to favour the girl's unnoticed departure from Hazlewood. Laura Mason had been prostrated by the intense strain upon her faculties caused by an hour's interview with her dressmaker, and had flung herself upon the sofa in the drawing-room after sopping up half a pint of eau-de-Cologne on her flimsy handkerchief. Worn out by her exertions, and lulled by the summer heat, the young lady had fallen into a heavy slumber of two or three hours' duration.

Launcelot Darrell had left the house almost immediately after the scene in the painting-room, striding out of the hall without leaving any intimation as to the direction in which he was going, or the probable hour of his return.

Thus it was that the little pony-carriage drove quietly away from the gates of Hazlewood, and Eleanor left the house in which she had lived for upwards of a year without any one caring to question her as to the cause of her departure.

Very few words were said by either Mrs. Darrell or her companion during the drive to Windsor. Eleanor was absorbed in gloomy thought. She did not feel any intense grief at leaving Hazlewood; but some sense of desolation, some despondency at the thought that she was a wanderer on the face of the earth, with no real claim upon any one, no actual right to rest anywhere. They drove into Windsor while she was thinking thus. They had come through the park, and they entered the town by the gateway at the bottom of the hill. They had driven up the hill and were in the principal street below the castle wall, when Mrs. Darrell uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"Launcelot!" she said, "and we must pass him to get to the station. There's no help for it."

Eleanor looked up. Yes, before the door of one of the principal hotels stood Mr. Launcelot Darrell, with two other young men. One of these men was talking to him, but he was paying very little attention. He stood upon the edge of the curbstone, with his back turned to his companion, kicking the pebbles on the road with the toe of his boot, and staring moodily before him.

In that one moment,—in the moment in which the pony-carriage, going at full speed, passed the young man,—the thought which had flashed, so vague and indistinct, so transient and intangible, through the mind of Eleanor Vane that morning, took a new shape, and arose palpable and vivid in her brain.

This man, Launcelot Darrell, was the sulky stranger, who had stood on the Parisian Boulevard, kicking the straws upon the curbstone, and waiting to entrap her father to his ruin.

(To be continued.)

WORKING MEN'S CLUBS.

THE aristocracy and gentlemen of England are no longer to hold a monopoly in that hitherto unique institution—a West End Club. For the future, the working man is to enjoy this luxury: he is to share with the nobleman, the prelate, the

officer, and the professional, his own well-arranged, well-ventilated, comfortable house of call. Everywhere, throughout the kingdom, establishments are being formed, self-supporting, where the members can retire at any hour of the day to rest, to read, or to refresh the inner man. They may assume various names, such as Working Men's Club and Institute, Working Men's Club and Reading Rooms, Workmen's Hall, Working Men's Mutual Improvement and Recreation Society, or the Village Club; but they are all founded with the same object, and are animated by the same spirit.

The success which they have already met with demonstrates unmistakably how necessary and useful they are. They satisfy a want which years ago it was thought would have been supplied by the Mechanics' Institute. They provide for the physical and intellectual requirements of the industrial classes, and, if properly conducted, extended, and developed, will contribute most materially to the moral and mental improvement of the toiling, moiling masses.

Let us watch the working of two or three. In 1858, the Saint Matthias Working Men's Club was established at Salford. Two large cottages, well lighted, warmed, and ventilated, were thrown into one, and made to present, as far as possible, the features of *home*. The speedy growth of the club, however, necessitated a larger tenement; and a club-house, at a cost of 1000*l.*, has been erected in Silk Street. This new building contains rooms for conversation, amusements, committee meetings, and school purposes, as well as a library, well stocked with works of history, travel, and popular science, a lavatory, and a news-room. The club, although founded and conducted by the clergy and congregation of Saint Matthias, is established upon the broadest basis of self-government, being open both in management and membership to all working men. One half of the committee consists of artisans. The weekly subscription is one penny. Social meetings are held on Monday evenings, when refreshments—intoxicating liquors excepted—are provided. Conversation is encouraged, whilst the exhibition of illustrated works and engravings, or chess-matches, serve to attract the attention, and gently stimulate the mental faculties of the subscribers. The subjects chosen for lectures and conversational discussion are usually of a stirring nature. Social and political questions are particularly brought forward, as tending specially to interest the members. Every one is invited to express his opinion freely.

At Southampton, no less than three Workmen's Halls have been opened within the past year or so. Its members, we are glad to say, include not a few seafaring men. The management is in the hands of one central, and three executive committees—the latter being working men, elected half-yearly, by the members. The Halls are open on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, from six to ten o'clock in the evening, and from two to nine on Sundays. Refreshments are supplied at a low fixed rate, and smoking is allowed, though intoxicating drinks are excluded. A large number of publications, five daily

and nine weekly London and provincial newspapers, and sixteen monthly and weekly periodicals are placed on the tables, whilst provision is made for fourteen games in the halls and skittle-grounds. There are class-rooms and places for letter-writing. Public readings, recitations, and singing take place every Wednesday, when the members take their wives and families, whilst a trade register is kept for the benefit of persons seeking employment. This last is a great boon, and tends to destroy the infamous and demoralising public-house system. The subscription is one penny per week, but a single payment secures admission to either of the three halls.

Perhaps the oldest club of the kind is the Stormant House Working Men's Association, established in 1853, at Notting Hill. Its rooms are open every evening; and, besides weekly lectures and concerts, there are classes for elementary instruction; a reading room, well supplied with newspapers and periodicals; and a library of 400 volumes. Refreshments may be had by members; intoxicating drinks, however, as well as smoking—committees indeed appear to set their faces steadily against intoxicating liquors—are altogether prohibited. This association differs from the others we have mentioned, in being formed on a strictly religious basis. There is, indeed, no actual test of membership, but care is taken that the instruction imparted shall be in entire accordance with, and shall imply the acceptance of, the truths of Christianity. To preserve this principle from being infringed, the trustees reserve to themselves the power of vetoing the resolutions that may be passed, either by the committee or the members. This regulation has had a decidedly blighting effect upon the institution; for whereas the others have flourished, and continue to flourish, the Stormant House Association has exhibited great fluctuations during its career.

Seeing the good these institutions are likely to achieve, and the avidity with which they are welcomed, it is gratifying to know that nearly every county in England and Wales enjoys one or more of them. It is to be hoped moreover that the time is not far distant when every city, town, and village will be able to boast of its Working Men's Club, or Workmen's Hall. In the metropolis they will be found especially useful, not only as rivals of the gin-palace and beer-shop, but as places where the members may obtain real rest and real recreation, stimulating the mental faculties, while refreshing the physical energies. Already much has been done in London in this excellent work. The Tower Hamlets possesses four clubs: there is the Albert Institution in Southwark; a Workman's Institute in Wellclose Square; a second in Portugal Street, Lincoln's Inn; a third in the Kensington Potteries; a fourth in Duck Lane, Westminster; and a fifth in Clare Market. We are not certain that we have enumerated all, but we have enumerated enough to show that the promoters of these admirable institutions are labouring with zeal and energy, and that their labour is being not unattended with success. It is a curious circumstance, and one that should be recorded in letters of gold, as it redounds to the credit of the fair sex, that

most of these clubs owe their origin to the sympathetic exertions of ladies. By their benevolent and enterprising efforts, the Working Men's Halls of Southampton, as well as the clubs at Notting Hill, Westminster, and Portugal Street, have been founded. It is to this female influence, felt rather than seen—we are proud to say—that these institutions owe so much of their quiet comfort and orderly arrangement.

The aim and purpose of the founders of these clubs, it is scarcely necessary to observe, is to aid the working classes towards obtaining the benefits of "social life." By social life is meant pleasant company. But not this merely. Pleasant, agreeable company may, perhaps, be obtained in the parlours of taverns. There is abundance of company in a billiard-room or a bowling-alley. The Frenchman finds agreeable company in his cabarets; the Italian in his trattoria; the Turk in his café. This, however, is not the social life it is intended to introduce the working classes to. By social life in this sense is meant "the feelings, the habits, and all the various forms of activity appropriate to the whole class of working men, or at least of all those who have realised their actual position of living together as fellow workers, as neighbours, as citizens, and as men." The object is to make these clubs and institutes something more than mere places where men can come to get a little amusement, a little instruction, a cup of coffee or a pleasant chat. Although these things are not overlooked, although they form a principal feature, more is added to them. They are intended to furnish, besides this, something better—something that appeals to feelings higher than the gratification of simply selfish instincts. "They must be societies," says one of their warmest advocates, "the members of which should be led to feel an interest in one another's well-being, as well as a desire to promote the common good; there is no fear of the sociability of the club-room being spoiled by the studies of the class-room; the two are supplementary the one to the other,—the one inspires the general social sentiments, the other is the best guarantee for substantial knowledge, steady habits, personal effort, and a sense of duty,—conditions without which any mere sentiment evaporates, without which no society can long hold together. The club will be most honoured, most loved, most enjoyed by those who have found an opportunity within its walls alone or together with others to put forth their efforts for the good of all. Thus by various means each must be encouraged to do what he can for the general success of the enterprise, and for the individual comfort and welfare of his brother members. In proportion as this corporate brotherly spirit is evoked and cherished the club will not only be securing the best chance of permanence, but will be sure to do far greater good while it lasts than could have been effected by the most lavish expenditure of money or by any accumulation of mere teaching appliances.

Excellent are these principles, and happy the institution based on them. Where the spirit of union thus indicated pervades the whole body, there can be no doubt but these clubs must be

productive of the highest good. It is hardly to be expected, however, that so much purity of feeling, so much disinterestedness, so much unalloyed mutual benevolence should be universally found, and if the promoters of these institutions imagine they are to discover them in the majority of the members, they will, we fear, be disappointed. It seems to us they anticipate too much. If they hope to realise a little of what is laid down in the first clause of their programme, they will do well.

It is a trite proverb, and older than the days of Mrs. Glasse, "first catch your hare." To us it seems that the main object should be to induce men to join. How can this be best effected? Unquestionably by offering the advantages which we have already pointed out; but if the working classes are to be bored with fine sentiments, or the noble aims of these institutions, they are likely rather to retire than come forward. It is well, indeed, that there should be instruction as well as games, that there should be the opportunities of reading as well as of lounging, of study as well as amusement, and that members should take a personal share in the administration of the clubs as well as enjoy their tea and coffee within its walls, but the ultimate drift of these institutions should be carefully veiled, and only the more alluring features put forward, the conditions of membership being as few as possible.

Many vital and interesting questions have, of course, arisen during the formation of these clubs. For instance, are games absolutely necessary, and do they not lead to gambling and quarrelling? Should beer and intoxicating drinks be sold in them? Should smoking be permitted? How is order to be maintained? What class of working men is likely to attend? and other queries of this kind. Games, it is needless to say, are essential to the success of these clubs; working men must have something to do, they will not sit hours together with their hands before them idle and listless; many, for whom the clubs are intended, can only read with difficulty and by spelling out the words slowly; few care to be instructed, whilst most have no fund of conversation. As a rule, beer is sipped simply for the mere pleasure of having something to do. Games, then, are essential; they employ the hand and recreate the mind. It has, however, been found by experience that the working man does not care, unless incited by drink or low companions, to lay stakes upon the play. He enjoys, and he enters into a love game with as much zeal as if money were laid upon the result. There is, however, as we have hinted, one instigator to betting and also to quarrelling, an enemy to order and sobriety, a dangerous comrade at all times, and that is John Barleycorn. For this reason he has been expelled from most of the clubs—if not from all. We are glad, however, that the claims of the "soothing" weed, which has just experienced the clement attentions of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, have been recognised. Tobacco in nearly every club is introduced; in fact, without it, we could hardly recognise the idea of the place being a working-man's club at all.

How is order to be maintained? "Our first bye-law," writes one of the indefatigable hono-

rary secretaries of the admirable Workman's Hall, in Southampton, "is, that every man must be his own policeman, and after six months' experience we have never known this simple law broken. One or two of the executive committee attend every evening to sell tickets, &c., and we have a resident female superintendent at each hall. We exclude political discussion or handbills, and during our present contested election, the members have nobly kept their ground in this respect, however warmly they espoused party politics elsewhere." To the same correspondent we may refer for an answer to another question. What class of working man generally attends? "On analysing the first 700 men enrolled," he says, "we found that one fourth, or 172, were labourers, hawkers, porters, &c.; 109 bricklayers, masons, and carpenters, &c.; 103 boiler-makers and smiths, &c.; 61 shoemakers, carriers, &c.; 54 engineers and seamen; 99 painters, mechanics, &c.; 26 tailors; and the remainder shopmen, agents, carriers, &c."

The outline which we have briefly given will convey a very fair idea of the nature and utility of these Working Men's Clubs. Gratifying is it to know that they are rapidly extending throughout the kingdom. Whatever tends to draw away the labouring man from the stifling fumes and stupefying liquors of the tap-room must be welcomed universally; and if, having thus withdrawn him, we can introduce him to a better life—a life in which he will find amusement, recreation, and instruction, where he can enjoy the amiable pleasures of society, converse and smoke—we shall have achieved all that can be expected for the present. Had this been the aim of those who originally founded the Mechanics' Institutes, we should not have witnessed the utter failure of those well-intentioned establishments. However, we learn by experience, and we may regard the Working Men's Clubs as in a great measure emanating from this other great failure. It may be that we shall have much yet to learn even in the conduct and management of these supplementary institutes, but we believe they are based upon sound principles, that their aims are excellent, and that they constitute a movement in the right direction.

BANBURY CAKES AND BANBURY CROSS.

THAT the ancient town of Banbury, lying on the northern verge of the county of Oxford, has been, from time immemorial, famed for its rich cakes, should not excite our special wonder; seeing that the district has some of the richest pasture-land in the kingdom; a single cow being here known to produce upwards of 200 pounds of butter in a year! Butter, we need scarcely add, is the prime ingredient of the Banbury cake, giving it the richness and lightness of the finest puff paste; and to the paper in which the cakes are wrapped, the appearance of their having been packed up by bakers with well-buttered fingers.

The cause of this cake-fame must, however, be sought in a higher walk of history than in the annals of pastry-making. The Banbury folks went on rejoicing in the fatness of their cakes until the reign of Elizabeth; from which time to that of

Charles II., the people of the town were so reputed for their peculiar religious fervour, as to draw upon themselves most unsparingly the satire of contemporary playwrights, wits, and humourists. By some unlucky turn of time, cakes, which were much valued by the classical ancients, and were given away as presents, in the Middle Ages, instead of bread, were looked upon as a superstitious relic by the Puritans, who thereupon abolished the practice. They formed so predominant a party at Banbury, in the reign of Elizabeth, that they pulled down Banbury Cross, celebrated in our nursery rhymes. In the face of this historical fact, however, the reputed "zeal" of the Banburians has been attributed to an accidental circumstance, in modern phrase, "an error of the press." In Gough's edition of Camden's "Britannia," in the MS. supplement, is this note: "Put out the word *zeale* in Banbury, where some think it a disgrace, when a *zeale* with knowledge is the greater grace among good Christians; for it was first foisted in by some compositor or press-man, neither is it in my Latin copie, which I desire the reader to hold as authentic." It was, indeed, printed, as a proverb, "Banbury zeal, cheese, and cakes," instead of "Banbury veal, cheese, and cakes." Gibson, in his edition of Camden, however, gives another version, relating: "there is a credible story—that while Philemon Holland was carrying on his English edition of the 'Britannia,' Mr. Camden came accidentally to the press, when this sheet was working off; and looking on, he found, that to his own observation of Banbury being famous for, cheese, the translator had added cakes and ale. But Mr. Camden thinking it too light an expression, changed the word *ale* into *zeal*; and so it passed, to the great indignation of the Puritans, who abounded in this town." Barnaby Googe, in his "Strappado for the Divell," refers to "Banbury" as:

Famous for twanging ale, zeal, cakes, and cheese.

Better remembered are the lines in his "Journey through England":

To Banbury came I, O profane one!
Where I saw a puritane one
Hanging of his cat on Monday
For killing of a mouse on Sunday.

Early in the seventeenth century, the Puritans were very strong in Banbury. In Ben Jonson's "Bartholomew Fair," Zeal-of-the-Land-Busy, the Puritanical Rabbi, is called a *Banbury man*, and described as one who was a baker—"but he does dream now, and sees visions; he has given over his trade out of a scruple that he took, that it spiced conscience, those cakes he made were served to brides, May-poles, morrises, and such profane feasts and meetings:" in other words, he had been a baker, but left off that trade to set up for a prophet; and one of the characters in "Bartholomew Fair," says: "I have known divers of these Banburians when I was at Oxford." And Sir William D'Avenant, in his play of "The Wits," illustrates this Puritanical character, in

A weaver of Banbury, that hopes
To intice heaven by singing, to make him lord of twenty
looms.

Old Thomas Fuller personifies the zeal in the Rev. William Whately, who was Vicar of Banbury in the reign of James I., and was called "The Roaring Boy." Fuller adds: "only let them (the Banbury folks) adde knowledge to their zeal, and then the more zeal the better their condition." The Vicar was a zealous and popular preacher, according to his monument:

It's William Whately that here lies,
Who swam to's tomb in's people's eyes.

In the "Tatler," No. 220, in describing his "Ecclesiastical Thermometer," to indicate the changes and revolutions in the Church, the Essayist writes, "that facetious divine, Dr. Fuller, speaking of the town of Banbury, near a hundred years ago, tells us: 'it was a place famous for cakes and zeal, which I find by my glass is true to this day, as to the latter part of this description, though I must confess it is not in the same reputation for cakes that it was in the time of that learned author.'"

The Banburians, however, maintained their character for zeal in a grand demonstration made by them in favour of Dr. Sacheverell, whose trial had just terminated in his acquittal; and in the same year, this High Church champion made a triumphal passage through Banbury, on his journey to take possession of the living of Salatin, in Shropshire, which was ridiculed in a pamphlet, with a woodcut illustrative of the procession; and there appeared another pamphlet on the same lively subject.

Thus far the association of cakes with zeal in the case of Banbury. It is worthy of remark that cakes had formerly not unfrequently a religious significance, from their being more used at religious seasons than at other times. The triangular cakes made at Congleton, in Cheshire, have a raisin in each corner, thought to be emblematic of the Trinity; the cakes at Shrewsbury may have had something to do with its old religious shows. Coventry, on New Year's day, has its God-cakes. Then we have the Twelfth-cake with its bean; the Good Friday bun with its cross; the Pancake, with its shroving or confession; and the Passover cake of the Jews. The minced pie was treated by the Puritans as a superstitious observance, and after the Restoration it almost served as a test for religious opinions. According to the old rule, the case or crust of a minced pie should be oblong, in imitation of the cradle or manger wherein the Saviour was laid; the ingredients of the mince being said to refer to the offerings of the Wise Men.

Returning to the Banbury cake. In a "Treatise of Melancholy," by T. Bright, 1586, we find the following:—"Sodden wheat is a grosse and melancholicke nourishment, and bread especially of the fine flower unleavened. Of this sort are bag puddings made, with flower, fritters, pancakes, such as we call *Banberrie Cakes*; and those great ones confected with butter, eggs, &c., used at weddings; and however it be prepared, rye, and bread made thereof, carrieth with it plentie of melancholie."

At Banbury, the cakes are served to the authorities upon state occasions. Thus, in the

Corporation accounts of Banbury, we find a charge of "Cakes for the Judges at the Oxford Assizes, 2l. 3s. 6d." The present form of the Banbury cake resembles that of the early bun before it was made circular. The zeal has died away, but not so the cakes; for in "Beesley's History of Banbury, 1841," we find that Mr. Samuel Beesley sold, in 1840, no fewer than 139,500 twopenny cakes; and in 1841, the sale increased by at least a fourth. In August, 1841, 5000 cakes were sold weekly; large quantities being shipped to America, India, and even Australia.

The cakes are now more widely sold than formerly, when the roadside inns were the chief depôts. We remember the old galleried Three Cranes inn at Edgware, noted for its fresh supplies of cakes; as were also the Green Man and Still, and other taverns of Oxford Road, now Oxford Street.

Banbury Cheese, which Shakspeare mentions, is no longer made, but it was formerly so well known as to be referred to as a comparison. Bishop Williams, in 1664, describes the clipped and pared lands and glebes of the Church "as thin as Banbury cheese." Bardolf, in the "Merry Wives of Windsor," compares *Slender* to Banbury cheese, which seems to have been remarkably thin, and all rind, as noticed by Heywood, in his Collection of Epigrams:—

I never saw Banbury cheese thick enough,
But I have often seen Essex cheese quick enough.

The same thought occurs in "Jack Drum's Entertainment," 1601:—

Put off your clothes, and you are like a Banbury cheese—nothing but paring.

In the Birch and Sloane MSS., No. 1201, is a curious receipt for making Banbury cheese, from a MS. cookery book of the sixteenth century. A rich kind of cheese, about one inch in thickness, is still made in the neighbourhood of Banbury.

We have already traced the destruction of the Cross at Banbury to the leaven of fanaticism. The nursery rhyme,

Ride a cock-horse
To Banbury-cross,

is by some referred to this act; and to signify being overproud and imperious. Taylor, the water poet, has

A knave that for his wealth doth worship get,
Is like the divell that's a-cock-horse set.

The Banburians have lately rebuilt the Cross to commemorate the marriage of the Princess Royal with the Crown Prince of Prussia. They also exhibit, periodically, a pageant, in which a fine lady on a white horse, preceded by Robin Hood and Little John, Friar Tuck, a company of archers, bands of music, flags and banners, passes through the principal street to the Cross, where the lady (Maid Marian) scatters Banbury cakes among the people. How far this pageant may be associated with local tradition time and the curious have hitherto failed to explain.

JOHN TIMBS.

ANSWER TO CHARADE IN No. CXCI.*

THEY sit apart, and shun the dance,
They heed not how the moments fly,—
She trembles 'neath his eager glance,
He bends to catch her low reply :
And clever chaperones nod and smile,
And jealous maidens think they see
That in a very little while
A match will surely be.

But August comes—and left behind
Awhile are operas, balls, and plays;
And "out of sight is out of mind,"
An ancient proverb truly says.
Alas for man's inconstancy,
And trusting woman's tenderness,
That love once breathed so ardently
Should thus so soon grow less !

Then, by degrees, as passion cools,
So sordid worldly maxims rise ;
And love is deemed a sport for fools,
And gold the only worthy prize ;
And vow and promise go for nought
When weighed against the precious ore ;
And charms no longer claim a thought,
So matchless deemed before.

SOPHIA E. ROOKES.

FRENCH CASTLES.

No. II.

CHINON, PLESSIS LES TOURS, SAUMUR.

MORE, perhaps, than in any scenes which I have ever visited, do these old French châteaux startle one with curious contrasts. Yet again we pass on, and leaving the neighbourhood where we have lingered so long, we seek the prettily situated town of Azay le Rideau ; and proceeding through one of those fine old French forests, at length emerge in a steep hollow way, at the back of the Castle of Chinon, another of those royal domains, perhaps even more rich in historic association than any of those previously visited. But, unlike the frightful traditions of Lôches, they belong more to royal and distinguished personages, who have been dwellers within these walls, than to tragic events or to terrible crimes. It is now left to the hand of time, how often the embellishing hand ! and in its ruined state forms a most picturesque and striking object. In early ages it was the residence in succession of our Plantagenet kings : here Henry II. died, uttering the bitterest complaints of the undutiful conduct of his sons, whose disobedience and ingratitude hastened his death ; but not alone our own kings dwelt in this royal abode, but many of the French kings from Philip Augustus to Henri Quatre : here, also, did that extraordinary drama, which had a peasant girl for its heroine, kings and princes, knights and nobles, priests and monks for its *dramatis personæ*, its opening scene brilliant and full of promise, its closing one a funeral pile and a woman dying a martyr to her cause—here, in these castle walls, did the opening scene of this drama first unfold itself ; for it was here that Joan of Arc made her first public appearance. In one of the royal apartments, as the story goes, she first saw Charles VIII., and though he had no outward

* See page 261.

mark of his high station, and was dressed in a remarkably plain set of clothes, still she at once recognised him, and singled him out, as the favoured object to whom her high and sacred mission was to be delivered.

The ruins are of vast extent; the situation of the castle must have been magnificent, as the lofty rock on which it stands is full 300 feet above the river: the royal apartments are beneath, the only habitable part of the edifice. The scene of the memorable interview between the Dauphin Charles, and the shepherd girl of Donrèmy, is now a broken ruin, open to the sky; there, where the careless and luxurious Charles enjoyed the splendours of his magnificent court, nothing now is to be seen but a mass of luxuriant vegetation instead of the gorgeous flooring; stone walls, for gay hangings; the open air of heaven, in lieu of the perfume-laden atmosphere, in which dwelt that effeminate prince. So complete is the ruin, that one wonders at the faithfulness of tradition, that still points out the exact locality of those scenes we have been describing; but we have not yet done with the recollections belonging to these old walls. In the third court, we were shown the towers of La Glacière, where it is said Jacques de Molay, the Grand Master of the Templars, was imprisoned; and still more interesting to one's feelings (at least our romantic feelings), the Tour d'Argentan is now before the visitor; from hence, a secret passage had been fabricated under ground, leading beyond the outer walls, to the Maison de Robardeau, the retreat of poor Agnes Sorel, the king's mistress. Contemplate those two lives, side by side, both women eminently gifted, mentally and corporeally—both intimately connected with the same royal personage, only in a totally different manner; neither of them born in high life; the one renouncing all her feminine attributes to serve her country's cause and her king's; the other, through the depth of her affection for the man, sacrificing all a woman holds most dear; but, from the time of her fall, devoting all her influence, and all her time, to doing good and showing, from her utter indifference to all the luxuries, the gorgeous dwellings, the careful tendance with which Charles surrounded her, that neither ambition, nor love of pleasure, nor a love of wealth had any share in bringing about her fall. And as widely different were their lives, so different also were their deaths: one betrayed by those who owed her most, died a miserable death, a martyr and a heroine to the last; while Agnes Sorel died tranquilly on her bed, making her final acts promote the good of numbers yet unborn, by endowing public institutions with the wealth lavished upon her by Charles, and greatly as she erred, so deeply did she repent her fall.

Who that has read the delightful pages of our matchless novelist, is not familiar with the name of Plessis les Tours, the castellated den, for really one is loth to give any other name to the residence of the cruel, crafty tyrant and bigot, Louis XI., who mixed up the most abominable hypocrisy with the most open and barefaced crimes? This castellated house (for a real castle, even a French one, it certainly is not) is situated near a small hamlet on the outskirts of the town of Tours.

It resembles, in some measure, the Palace of Hampton Court, which is about the same date; but the mean, niggardly nature of Louis, so cramped the plans of his architects, while his miserable cowardice so multiplied all the means of defence, battlements, drawbridges, walls of inclosure, &c., &c., that it resembled as a whole something between a prison and an ill-built mansion; though, in some points, it recalled to one's mind, our own far more stately palace. Only a small part of the original building now remains; it is of dark red brick, with a very pointed, high-pitched roof. The vaulted chambers under ground still remain, and according to old records of the place, dungeons abounded in this gloomy spot. At the end of the garden there is a deep vault, which is shown to strangers, and it retains the name of Cardinal Baluc's prison. He was shut up here for telling his master's secrets to his rival, Charles Duke of Burgundy. The barred window, the narrow stone stair, bear signs of great age. Not very far from the spot is a small deeply-vaulted chapel, which is called Louis's Oratory. Here he spent half the day or night, in abject entreaty to the Virgin, or some one of his favourite saints, for the restoration of his health, when suffering from the different maladies that finally put an end to his life. He died as he had lived; to the very last a hypocrite, forming crafty plans for the defeat of his enemies, by every sort of wicked device, or cruel scheme, that even his fertile fancy could invent. In 1483 he breathed his last at Plessis, more abjectly and utterly miserable than any of those whom he had persecuted. A worthy end to so hateful a life!

As one passes from Tours to Angers, taking the route by Saumur, there are still several of these historical châteaux to be cursorily noticed. The name of Cinq Mars will recall the handsome, spirited, clever and ambitious favourite of Louis XIII., the sharer in all his pleasures, courageous, courtly, and fascinating; and as we gaze on the ruined walls of the castle whence he derived his title, a whole romance seems to unfold before one: indeed, his fate has been made the subject of both a French and an English novel. Not all his advantages were of any avail when he roused the suspicious fears of Cardinal Richelieu: a plot against the omnipotent minister was discovered, his share in it proved, and the cardinal represented him to the king as a traitor to his royal master. Louis made a stand in favour of Cinq Mars, and for a long while refused to give him up; but it was all in vain, the fiat had gone forth, and the favourite perished, a victim to the insatiable ambition and love of power of the cardinal. The castle is now only a picturesque ruin.

It is singular in this part of France that there is hardly a small hamlet that cannot boast of its château. Langeais, which in England would only be called a flourishing village, is still distinguished by a castle in very good preservation. It is somewhat remarkable as having been the scene of the marriage of Charles VIII. and Anne of Brittany; this great province being the appanage of Anne, became henceforth united to the Crown of France. It was built as far back as in the time of Philippe le Hardi, by Pierre le Brosse,

who had been minister to the good St. Louis. That was in the thirteenth century. His end was most tragical; he perished on the gibbet, having poisoned the king's son, and endeavoured to accuse the queen of the crime.

How can we pass unnoticed the far-famed Fontevrault? Though an abbey and not a château, still its associations have so much in common with the subjects of our previous remarks, that I cannot pass it by.

In ancient times it was one of the most opulent

institutions of the kind in France, and entirely at variance with all similar places of retreat; it had the peculiarity that monks and nuns were all subject to the control of a lady abbess, and yet it did not owe its foundation to a lady, but to a Breton monk, named Robert d'Arbriseil, so early as in the year 1098. His followers, when he arrived in the dense and magnificent forest which he fixed on for his future home, numbered nearly 3000 persons of all ages and both sexes, and strange to say, though it was in opposition to all known schemes of the sort, for more than nine centuries did this singular convent maintain its existence. This venerable and beautiful abbey was in former times the prison of many royal

and celebrated persons, who were entrusted to the safe keeping of the reverend brothers.

Fontevrault is the last resting-place of many royal persons. Our own valiant Richard Cœur de Lion here reposes after his stormy career. As one gazes at his effigy clad in royal robes in lieu of armour, and notices the lofty stature of the figure, more than six feet in height, the fine broad forehead and the finely cut features, how many thoughts crowd into the mind as it contemplates the exact resemblance of this renowned Norman

king! The strong natural frame, the hasty, fiery temperament, the chivalric honour, all so in unison with the Norman character, all seemed portrayed in this sculptured face—a most interesting monument! And who reposes by his side? His father, Henry II., the wisest, and one of the best kings that England ever saw, the greatest trouble of whose life was the undutiful conduct of this very son. The only one of his sons who accompanied their father's remains to this last home, was his natural son, Geoffrey; and tradition

says that, when Richard afterwards came and stood by his father's tomb, remorse for his conduct to him quite overcame the iron-hearted prince. How true it is that if "We sow the wind we shall reap the whirlwind." Nearly the sorest trial of Richard's life was the treacherous conduct of his brother John.

The monument of Henry is as fine as that of his son. His queen, Eleanor of Guienne, beautiful even in this stone effigy, rests near her husband. That of Isabella d'Angoulême is even more beautiful. She was the widow of King John; her features are of rare and most queenlike loveliness. The body of Henry II. was brought from Chinon, and laid in the sanctuary for some time before interment,

and Richard saw it just before the closing of the royal coffin.

How do these royal recollections crowd upon one! We pass on but a small distance, and what is the next picture in this interesting collection? A very melancholy one, and at the same time a very instructive one. As one stands and gazes at the Château de Dampierre, we seem to see before us the melancholy figure of Margaret of Anjou, who passed within its walls the latter years of her ambitious and most unhappy life,



Château de Dampierre.

Louis XI. having ransomed her from Edward IV. for the enormous sum of 50,000 crowns, after she had been imprisoned already five years. This closing part of her life was spent in misery, and, for one in her station, in actual poverty. What a fate for this strong-minded, ambitious, and yet fine-natured woman! All her plans defeated, the survivor of all she loved, not a single thing, as far as this world was concerned, to soften the dread reality. Truly these pictures of bygone royalty are not without their lesson, if we read them aright.

We are drawing rapidly to the conclusion of these sketches. Our last but one will take a different line to any of the preceding ones; though the story connected with the castle we are now to speak of is sadly and terribly true, the romance that has arisen out of these facts has been one of the most widely-circulated and ancient fairy tales on record.

Near the little village of Champtoile there are some very magnificent ruins of a feudal castle, which we stopped to explore, having heard previously of the celebrity they had acquired from the frightful crimes of their owner, by name Gilles de Retz Sieur de Laval, who lived in the reign of Charles VII. He was a perfect monster in human shape, and a complete bugbear to all the surrounding country, who gave him the name of Barbe Bleu, the original of our well-known story of Blue Beard. The story-tellers have thought proper to clothe the hero in a turban and Eastern dress; though he comes from the banks of the Loire. His history affords a remarkable instance of the superstitions of the fifteenth century, and of the impunity for his atrocities which a feudal seigneur enjoyed in that dark age. This wretch, having run through an enormous fortune by extravagance, and greatly injured his constitution in early youth, sought to renovate both by magic arts. He kept in his pay an Italian alchemist and magician, who induced his miserable dupe to believe that a charm could be produced from the blood of infants, which would restore both his health and fortune, if he used it as a bath. For this purpose children and young persons were spirited away, and then murdered in the deep dungeons of his castle, or in the dense darkness of his forests, to the number, as stated in ancient chronicles, of one hundred, the monster in many cases plunging the dagger into the breasts of his victims. At length the fury and indignation of the whole country reached such a height that a regular insurrection was organised, and the people rose against their lord with a determination to put him to death, but the then Duke of Brittany interfered in the business: he heard the charges against De Retz; he was found guilty, condemned, and burnt at Nantes, in 1440, after making a full confession of his monstrous crimes. The peasants actually still regard with horror the ill-omened walls and vaults in which these awful atrocities were committed, and the popular belief is still unaltered, that this wretched being had made a compact with the Evil One. This whole story is accurately recorded in the ancient chronicles of the time.

The locality of this sad story of crime and misery suits well with the events that then occurred. The country hereabouts is wholly devoid of attrac-

tion, though there is a gloomy grandeur about these really fine ruins, that renders them no unfitting stage for the awful tragedy that was here enacted; but we will leave this mixed chapter of fact and fiction and close our chronicle with one more scene of stirring and brilliant events; and then drop the curtain.

The last castle to which we will lead the reader is that of Saumur, which we visited on a beautiful autumnal day. Its situation is most striking; it crowns a ridge that rises like a lofty wall above the pretty town (Sous-le-Mur is a fanciful derivation of its name). The donjon is of great height, and is now used as a powder magazine. The associations with this castle are numerous. The great Protestant leader, Du Plessis Mornay, was sent there as governor by Henri Quatre. It was under his care made the great stronghold of the Protestants; but the revocation of the Edict of Nantes altered all that state of things, and the castle is next brought before our notice during the stirring times of the Vendean War. One of the greatest events of that time was the capture of the castle, June 10, 1793, after storming the heights on which the Republican army was intrenched. Henri de la Rochejaquelin, that pattern of a brave and valiant gentleman, devoted, loyal, generous, and warm hearted, was more like one of the chivalrous Paladins, in the days of knight-errantry, than like a real existing character in the awful times in which he lived;—this brave chief forced the intrenchments of the town, and excited his followers to the capture of a redoubt by throwing his hat, decorated by a white plume, into the midst of it, calling out "Qui me le cherchera?" an appeal not thrown away, we may be sure. With only 60 men to back him, he dashed into the town, clearing all before him as far as the bridge. This gallant conduct gained the day, the castle surrendering almost immediately. 11,000 prisoners were taken and arms in proportion. This was one of the many successes that made the Vendean War rather one continued chronicle of wondrous deeds, than a matter-of-fact account of fights between two contending parties.

And now we have done. What a period do our slight chronicles embrace, beginning with our recollections of the magnificent Francis the First, embracing in its annals our own Plantaganet monarchs; one French king after another appearing upon our motley page. The great, the distinguished, the learned, the brave, the criminal; the fairest, the noblest, and again the frailest among women; stirring events, deep tragedies, pathetic love stories, conspiracies, massacres even, all have had their place here, till we are brought down to the memorable time when a whole nation was convulsed throughout the length and breadth of the land, and when such characters as Henri de la Rochejaquelin are seen to rise to the distinction they merit. To the present day his name is worshipped in all the country, where the account of his exploits are still handed down from father to son, as their boast and glory. On such a memory it is pleasant to dwell, and pleasant to drop the curtain on a character so deserving of all praise, though a degree of mournful pathos is mixed up with it when we reflect on his tragic fate.

THE CENTURION'S ESCAPE.

A TALE OF THE EGYPTIAN PRIESTHOOD.*



"How cursedly hot it is," muttered the Centurion Septimius, to his lieutenant, grave old Lepidus, as he lay half stripped in the shade of his tent, longing for the Northern wind.

And he might well say so. The place was Syene, the time the month of August, and the

almost vertical sun was pouring down his rays with a fierceness such as the Roman officer had never felt before.

Septimius and his cohort had been marched up to Syene to hold in check the inhabitants of the neighbourhood, who, servile in general, and little

* The plot of the following tale first suggested itself to the writer, while examining the wonderful remains of secret passages, dungeons, etc., in the Island of Philæ, at the southern extremity of Egypt. The story has no foundation in fact; but, so far as passages, escapes, etc., are concerned, might possibly have happened. Somewhat similar machinery has been employed in the early portion of Moore's "Epicurean." The only unexplained mystery, the visions which were seen by Lepidus, might have been managed by the

help of a magic-lantern; and his subsequent fainting fit is easily explained, by the use of the fumes of Indian hemp or some similar narcotic. The whole magic in the story is trickery. How far the Egyptians, particularly in the olden time, may have been acquainted with mesmerism, clairvoyance, second sight, or similar phenomena is a difficult, perhaps an unanswerable, question. That, in latter times, they adopted more mechanical and chemical jugglery, there can be no doubt.

recking then as now who was their master, provided the taxes were not too heavy, had been stirred up by the priests to a state of most unwonted agitation, in consequence of some insult offered by the Roman soldiery to the sacred animals of the district.

The palm-trees were standing motionless, not a breath stirring their long pendent branches; the broad, swollen Nile was glittering like molten metal, as he rolled majestically to the sea. In the back ground the steep sandy ridges and black crags were baking in the sun, and the only sound that broke the silence was the roar of the distant cataract.

"Curse these Egyptians and their gods," muttered poor melting Septimius. "I only wish I had the bull Apis here to-day, or that lumbering brute Basis which pretty Cleopatra used to worship at Hermonthis, and I would see how *he* could stand this weather. I say, Lepidus, a steak cut out of Apis would be a blessed change for us from those eternal scraggy fowls, that they feed us on. How snug the fat brute looked in his temple at Memphis. I only wish the Emperor's Centurions were put up half as luxuriously."

"Hush, hush, Septimius," answered Lepidus, his second in command, "you shouldn't ventilate those free-thinking opinions of yours so openly. Whatever you *think*, keep a check on your tongue, for the old priesthood is jealous and powerful even yet, and strange stories are told of their secret doings."

"A fig for the priesthood!" quoth Septimius. "What care I for Apis or Osiris either? I am a Roman citizen and a Roman soldier. I fear no man but my superior officer, and I know no god but the Emperor."

"Mark my words," was the reply. "Antony was a greater than you, Septimius, and *he* bowed the knee to Apis and Osiris too; why, they say, he was consecrated himself, and stood high in the priestly ranks, and yet he crouched like a beaten hound to old Petamon, the priest of Isis, and obeyed his very nod. I have heard strange things of that Petamon; men say he knew the old Egyptian secrets, and could raise the very dead from their long sleep to answer him. And his grandson and successor is a mightier enchanter than his sire. It was he that stirred up these poor Egyptian slaves almost to rebellion, not ten days ago, because one of the legionaries broke the head of a dirty ape that he caught stealing the stores. They say he is at Philæ just now concocting some new plot; so, my good fellow, *do* keep your eyes open, and your mouth shut—if you can."

Septimius laughed, half good-naturedly, half contemptuously; and, humming a stave of Horace, turned in to take a nap, while Lepidus went round the sentries, to see that none were sleeping on their posts.

It was evening, the sun had set some half hour before; and the sky, after melting through all the hues of the rainbow, had merged in one delicious violet, in which the pure clear moon and the planet Venus were shining with a glorious light such as they never attain in duller climes, and throwing long, quivering, silver reflections across the dark

water; the soldiery were preparing for their night's rest, and the simple inhabitants of the country had already forgotten all their cares in sleep. The silence was broken only by the baying of a few dogs, and the howl of a distant jackal, when Septimius, shaking off his drowsiness, left his tent to saunter through the village and see how his troop were faring.

The beauty and stillness of the night tempted him to extend his ramble. The purlieus of the town were soon passed, the few dogs he met shrank cowering from before his tall form and the clank of the good sword at his side, and in a few moments he was alone in the desert. He had more than once followed the same track towards the now silent quarries, where the old Egyptians once hewed those blocks of granite which are a wonder to all succeeding ages. It was the *same* scene, yet how different! When he had marched over the ground once before at the head of his legionaries to check an incursion of one of the marauding desert tribes, the sky seemed brass, the earth iron, the sun was blazing overhead like a ball of molten metal, and scorching all colour and life out of the landscape; the heat, reflected from the black basalt and red syenite rocks, had beaten on his armour almost beyond endurance; while his stout soldiers could barely struggle on through the heavy sand, sighing and groaning for one drop of water where none was to be had.

How different it was now; the moon, hanging low in heaven, threw the long black shadows of the craggy rocks over the silvered sand; and the air was deliciously cool and fresh after the extreme heat of the day.

So he wandered on, till he reached a huge boulder, on which some old Pharaoh, now forgotten, had carved the record of his marches and victories. The figures of gods and kings were half obliterated, but the Centurion stood trying to follow the mouldering lines in idle curiosity.

"Be their gods true or false," muttered he, "they were great men, these Egyptians, and their works are mighty—surely 'there were giants in those days.'"

As he turned round, a huge crag behind him was shaped out by the uncertain moonlight into the figure of a colossus seated on a throne, such as he had seen at Thebes, on his way to Syene, and that so distinctly that he was for a moment fairly startled. Ere long the light changed, and the colossus faded away again into an ordinary rock.

Suddenly from behind the boulder an old man advanced to him, and bowing low, with the cringing servility to which the lower classes of the Egyptians had been reduced by long ages of tyranny, prostrated himself at the feet of the Centurion, and in broken Greek craved a hearing. Septimius was good-natured, and at a loss for occupation; he, therefore, gladly welcomed the interruption, and as he was, like all well-educated men of his time, as well or better acquainted with Greek than with his native tongue, in a few kindly words bade the old man speak on.

"My lord Centurion," said the beggar, "I have followed your steps for days, in the hope of obtaining a hearing. My tongue is Greek, but my

heart is true. You have heard of the Egyptian priesthood, and their wives; not long ago one of your nation, a Centurion like yourself, fell into their hands, and they hold him captive in the neighbourhood. If you would deliver him, come here to-morrow night, and come alone; I will tell you *then* what must be done, but I cannot now—meanwhile, farewell.”

And ere the Centurion could utter a word he had vanished behind the rocks.

“By Castor and Pollux,” muttered Septimius, “was ever a decent fellow—not that I *am* a particularly decent fellow—in such a fix before? It *may* be a trap set for me; yet surely they *dare* not touch a soldier of the Emperor’s—a Centurion too,” he said. “Ay, poor Claudius vanished a month ago, they said it was a crocodile, but none saw it; yes, it must be Claudius; go I will, let Lepidus say what he likes; but stay, if I tell Lepidus, he will have my steps dogged, or some such nonsense. I’ll keep my own counsel; I’ll go, and go alone.” With a brisk step he turned on his heel, and wended his way back to his quarters.

The beggar stood behind the rock, his keen black eyes glittering with the light of triumph; his long white beard fell off, and the rags dropped from his shoulders, as he joined his companion, who was lying perdué behind the rock. He drew himself up to his full stature, and his haughty step and proud port marked Petamon, the son of Osorkon, and grandson of Petamon, the high priest of Isis at Philæ.

“Hey, Sheshonk,” he laughed to his subordinate, with a snort of scorn, “I have baited the trap for my eagle right daintily, and the noble bird shall have his wings clipped ere long. *He* mocks the divine Apis does he, and blasphemes the Apes of Thoth! *He* thinks to come here and lord it over us all, with his licentious soldiery, and his cursed Roman pride. We have been slaves before, but we have never been slaves for long; and, as the Shepherds and the Persians have passed away to nothingness, and *we* remain, so these Romans shall have their day and perish too. The vengeance of Heaven fell heavily on Cambyzes for the blood of the murdered Apis, and shall this son of the Italian wolf escape? By Him that sleeps in Philæ, he shall bow the knee to the gods, and swear to betray his country and his emperor, or die!” And his pale face, in which, worn though it was with care, and distorted by passion, might still be traced the majestic lineaments of the great *Rameses* himself, spoke his unchangeable resolve.

“Well done, Petamon,” quoth Sheshonk, the assistant-priest, whose low forehead, heavy brow, and sensual lips, were in strange contrast to his companion’s face, “what a pity there is nobody here to listen to you; and that such eloquence should be thrown away upon me, who know, as well as you do yourself, if the truth were told, that Apis is only a bull after all, and Thoth’s ape is a very dirty troublesome ape; at least the one I had charge of at Hermopolis was.”

“Peace, fool,” replied Petamon, with an angry glare of his eye, “the beasts are but beasts, that I know as well as you: but the beast is only the type of the divinity, whom the vulgar may not know. Enough.”

The rest of their conversation was lost in the distance, as they slowly wended their way to the south.

Next day Septimius was somewhat thoughtful; he retired early to his tent on the pretence of weariness, and when all was still he stole out of the town as before. The hour was the same, but how different this night was from the last. A tornado had been blowing from the south all day, raising the sand in huge clouds, which obscured everything, and nearly choked man and beast with a penetrating and impalpable dust. Even now the air was hot and depressing, the sand felt heavy under foot, and the Centurion’s heart was so full of foreboding that more than once he had almost turned back.

At last he reached the granite boulder, and crouching in its shade, as before, sat the beggar. He rose as the Centurion approached, and beckoned him silently to proceed. Somewhat puzzled, Septimius obeyed, and followed in silence, plodding wearily through the deep sand. At last the beggar turned.

“Sir Centurion,” he said, “the night is hot, and the way heavy; let me ease you of your sword;” and before Septimius could remonstrate or resist, his nimble hands had unstrapped the belt, and slung the sword over his own shoulder. “What men you Romans are!” he continued, slightly raising his voice, as they passed along a narrow track between high rocks on either side. “You fear nothing in heaven or on earth. I verily believe you would *make beef-steaks of the Divine Apis*;” and he halted full in the way, and seemed absolutely to grow before the Centurion’s eyes, he loomed so large and majestic in the moonlight, while his eyes glared like blazing coals with hatred and revenge.

The Centurion recoiled, and at the same moment two from each side, four strange white figures, each with the head of a hawk, surmounted by the disk of the sun, glided forth and laid hands on him. Septimius struggled like a snared lion, but it was of no avail; he threatened them with the wrath of the Emperor, and they answered with a low mocking laugh. He made one furious rush at the *ci devant* beggar who had betrayed him, and clutched him by the robe. Petamon quietly threw the sword far away over the sand, and crossed his arms, while his ghostly allies advanced to the rescue. In another moment the prisoner was torn away, but not before he had rent off a fragment of the priest’s robes, which fell upon the sand. His good sword was gone far beyond his reach, and after a few frantic plunges he was bound hand and foot, and lashed to a rude litter which was brought from behind the rock. The four mysterious phantoms silently raised the litter and bore it swiftly across the sands, while Petamon, with a vigour remarkable in one so far advanced in years, led the way.

They had advanced along the sandy track for some distance, when suddenly the eye of Septimius, who could just raise his head and look forward by straining painfully against his bonds, caught the glimmer of the moonlight on the water, and before him rose perhaps the most

unearthly, most beautiful scene that can meet the eyes of man.

Ruined as it now is, with its broken columns and shattered piers, marked at every turn by the hand of the destroyer, Philæ, and Philæ by moonlight, is wondrously lovely; what must it have been then?

In the midst of a quiet lagoon lay the Sacred Island, girt in by hills, on whose rugged sides the black basaltic rocks were piled in the most magnificent confusion—a green spot in the midst of a desert of stone—and, amid the Grove of Palms upon its shore, rose the roofs of temples, and the tops of huge pyramidal gateways, while the solemn moonlight poured over all. A boat, manned by four more of the strange hawk-headed beings, was anchored at the shore. Silently the priest embarked, silently Septimius was lifted on board, silently the rowers bent to their oars, and in a few minutes they were passing along under the massy wall which rises sheer out of the water on the western side.

Suddenly the boat stopped, and the Priest struck the wall thrice, repeating each time, "In the name of Him who sleeps at Philæ." Silently, a portion of the apparently massy wall swung back and disclosed a narrow stair, up which they carried the Centurion; and by a side door entered the outer court. Before them rose the huge gateway, on each of whose towers was carved the giant semblance of a conqueror grasping with his left hand a group of captives by the hair, while he lifts the right to strike the death-blow. They hurried on through the great Hall of Pillars up a narrow stair, and opening a small aperture, more like a window than a door, thrust in the Centurion, and left him, bound hand and foot, to his own reflections. These, you may imagine, were not of the most cheerful description, and might be put in words as follows: "Well, I have made a fool of myself pretty effectually this time; what a laugh honest Lepidus will have at me when I get back, if I do get back at all, of which there does not seem to be much prospect at present. I wonder what the fellows mean to do with me; and what, in the name of Pluto and Proserpine, were those hawk-heads that fell upon me, were they men or demons? I remember there were some pictures of things very like them at Thebes; and who can the old fox be that trapped me so cleverly? Lepidus was talking of their Egyptian guile. It *must* be Petamon himself, or perhaps the ape Thoth; it was a most apish trick he played me. And if they do put an end to me, what next? Will that be the finish, or is there a world beyond? If there be, I hope it is something different from this, for it would be somewhat fatiguing to be a Centurion for ever, and hear every day that eternal story of Domitian's, of how to boil a turbot, for ten years on end." And here Septimius, who was young and cheery, began to hum a tune, and ere long fell fast asleep.

Next morning Lepidus was early astir, and, after going his rounds, entered the tent of Septimius. It was empty, the bed had not been slept on, and there were no signs whatever of the tenant. "Mad boy," muttered Lepidus; "off on

some frolic as usual. I must hush it up, or Septimius, great though his family interest be, will get but a rough welcome from the General on our return. I must say he is sick, or tired, or busy. He gives me more trouble than the whole cohort put together, and yet I love the lad for his merry face and his kindly smile more than I love anything on earth:" and for a moment the soldier's rough face was mellowed by a smile of wondrous softness.

Noonday and evening came and went, and still Septimius was absent; and next morning, Lepidus, blaming himself much for having delayed so long, gave the alarm that the Centurion had vanished or been spirited away, and instituted a regular inquiry. Little information could be elicited. One of the sentries had noticed Septimius wandering away towards the desert, but he was too much accustomed to his officer's little vagaries to take much note of the fact. Doubt and gloom hung over all, for the Centurion, rash as he was, was a brave leader, and a kindly cheerful man. Parties were detached to search the neighbourhood in every direction, and Lepidus could only sit and wait for information, chafing inwardly at every moment's delay.

Towards evening one of the sergeants craved an audience of him, and when they were alone together produced the Centurion's sword and a piece of a heavy golden fringe. He had struck into the desert, come upon a spot where there were evident marks of a struggle, and picked up the sword and torn fringe lying on the ground. Sergeant and officer looked at each other, and the same fear clouded the faces of both.

"Petamon is at Philæ?" inquired Lepidus.

"He is, sir."

"Then may Jove the Preserver help the poor boy, for he will need all his help. I see it now: his foolish scoffs at the gods have reached the ears of the crafty priest who has hated us Romans bitterly for long, and he has kidnapped the lad. We may be too late to *save* him, not too late for *revenge*. Muster the men at once, and let us to Philæ—*quick!*"

In half an hour the cohort were tramping through the sand under the still moonlight, and an hour more brought them to the banks of the quiet river. There was no boat, and they had to halt till morning broke.

At sunrise a boat was brought from the neighbouring village, and Lepidus, embarking with a portion of his troop, was rowed over to the Sacred Island. He landed at a flight of steps on the northern side, and mounting them, halted for an instant, giving the quick imperative, "In the name of the Emperor." Ere many minutes elapsed, a band of priests, headed by Petamon himself, appeared at the great gateway, and the Centurion, advancing, briefly demanded to speak with their High Priest.

Petamon, with the rising sun flashing on his leopard-skin cloak, and the golden fringe of his girdle, with his head and beard close shaven, in his pure linen garments and papyrus sandals, stepped forward.

"I am Petamon, the grandson of Petamon, High Priest of Isis. Roman soldier, speak on."

"I seek," commenced Lepidus; but he stopped abruptly. His eye had caught the glitter of the golden fringe, and he saw that at one side a piece had been torn away. He sprang forward like a tiger and grasped the priest's throat. "Petamon, Priest of Isis, I arrest you on the charge of kidnapping a Roman citizen. In the name of Caesar Domitian; Soldiers, secure him!"

Priests and soldiers stood for a moment transfixed with amazement, while Lepidus slowly released his grasp on the priest's throat, and they stood face to face, till the Roman almost quailed before the fierce glare of the Egyptian's eye. The other priests began to press forward with threatening gestures; they outnumbered the Romans three times, and, though the strength and discipline of the latter would doubtless have proved victorious in the end, might have offered a stout resistance; but Petamon motioned them back. "Fear not, children," he said, speaking in the Greek tongue, so that both parties might understand him, "the gods can protect their own, and you, Sir Roman, that have laid hands on the servant of Isis, tremble!" He walked forward, and surrendered himself to two of the soldiers.

"Rather him than me," muttered Sheshonk. "The gods are all very well to fool the people with, but I doubt if Isis herself will save him under the Roman rods."

Petamon raised his eyes and met those of Sheshonk. A few words in the Egyptian tongue, and a few secret signals passed between them, and Sheshonk, with a deep obeisance, retired into the temple and disappeared.

The soldiers were despatched to search the Island, and poor Septimius heard them several times pass the very door of his prison, but his gaolers had had time to thrust a gag into his mouth, so he could give no alarm. He lay there sick at heart, for he was stiff and weary, and even his cheerful spirits felt nearly broken.

The search was fruitless, as Lepidus had fully expected; and he commanded Petamon again to be brought before him. "Sir Priest," he said, "I seek Septimius the Centurion, who is or was in your hands; unless he is restored before to-morrow's sun sinks in the west, you die the death."

"It is well," said the priest, while the mock submission of his attitude was belied by the sinister fire of his eye; "the gods can protect their own."

Towards evening Petamon requested an audience of Lepidus, and when they were again together, addressed him with more civility than he had hitherto condescended to use. He explained that it was the practice that the High Priest should, at certain seasons, sleep in the sacred recesses of the temple, and have the decrees of the goddess revealed to him in visions; he humbly craved permission to perform this sacred duty, it might be for the last time. Lepidus mused for a moment, and then gave orders that the priest, chained between two soldiers, should have leave to sleep where he would.

The night closed in; the shrine of the goddess was illuminated; and the blaze of a hundred lamps flashed on the rich colours and quaint

designs on the walls of the shrine. One picture specially, behind the altar, attracted the eye of Lepidus. It represented King Ptolemy trampling down an enemy, while Isis stood by his side, with her hand raised in blessing, and Osiris held out a huge blue falchion, as if to bid him complete his task. Before the altar stood Sheshonk burning incense, while Petamon, chained between his guards, bowed for a time in prayer. By midnight the ceremony was over; Petamon, chained to a soldier on each side, lay down before the altar; the lights, all but one, were extinguished; the great door of the sacred chamber was closed. Lepidus lay down across it with his drawn sword in his hand, and, wearied with anxiety and care, soon fell fast asleep.

The sun was rising when he awoke, and, hastily rising, gave orders to change the guard upon the prisoner, and himself entered the chamber to see that the fetters were properly secured. The lamp was burning dimly, and there lay the two soldiers: but *where* was the prisoner? He was gone—utterly gone. The fetters were there, but Petamon had vanished. Half mad with vexation, Lepidus gave one of the soldiers an angry kick; the man neither stirred nor groaned; he snatched up the lamp and threw its rays upon the soldier's face. It was white and still, and a small stream of blood, which had flowed from a wound over the heart, told too plain a tale. It was the same with the other; the soldiers' last battle was fought, and they had gone to their long home.

Terrified and perplexed beyond measure, Lepidus rushed out into the court, and hastily roused the cohort. It was some minutes ere he could get them to comprehend what had happened; and even then the men followed him most unwillingly as he snatched up a torch and hurried back. To his amazement, the corpses of the soldiers were gone, and in their place lay two rams, newly slaughtered, and bound with palm ropes: the fetters had also vanished. He raised his eyes, and now noticed what he had not seen before,—the picture of Osiris and Isis was behind the altar still, but the blade of the falchion of the god was dyed red, and dripping with newly-shed gore. Shuddering and horror-stricken, he left the chamber, followed by the soldiers; and, as he passed out of the temple, met Sheshonk in his priestly robes going in to perform the morning services.

A panic seized the soldiery, in which Lepidus more than half concurred. They were men, they said; why fight against the gods? In half an hour they had left Philæ, and were marching through the desert to Syene, with drooping heads and weary steps, under the already scorching sun.

Terrified though he was, at this awful tragedy, Lepidus was too honest and true to abandon the quest. The soldiers positively refused to assist further in the search, and he was left almost to his own resources. After much thought he published a proclamation in Egyptian and Greek, offering a thousand pieces of gold for the Centurion, if alive; five hundred for the conviction of his murderers, if dead; and five hundred more for the head of the priest Petamon;

and threatening the last penalty of the law on all men detaining the Roman a prisoner, or sheltering his murderers.

His hopes were faint, but he could do no more ; and having despatched a full report of the whole case to the Roman General at Alexandria, he waited, impatiently enough, his heart sickened with alternate hopes and fears.

During the next few days he was much disturbed by the sentiments of disaffection which he heard being muttered among the soldiers. Like all ignorant men, they were superstitious, the events which had occurred at Philæ had produced a deep impression on their minds, and they murmured almost openly at Lepidus for having taken them to such a fearful place, and even now for halting in so ill-omened a neighbourhood.

This feeling was much increased by an old beggar-man who constantly haunted the camp. He had attracted the attention of the soldiers by some ordinary tricks of magic, and was constantly telling fortunes and reciting prophecies, all foreboding evil to the cohort, if it stayed in the neighbourhood ; and, indeed, foretelling the speedy and utter downfall of the Roman power.

Much grieved and perplexed, Lepidus ordered the beggar to be brought before him, and when he came, taxed him with attempting to incite the soldiers to mutiny, and sternly reminded him that the punishment for such an attempt was death. The old man listened quietly and calmly, crossing his arms and fixing his glittering eye, which seemed strangely familiar to Lepidus, on the Roman officer.

After a pause he spoke—"My lord," and again the tone struck Lepidus as strangely familiar to his ear, "I serve the gods, and you the Emperor : let us both serve our masters truly. You would have news of Septimius the Centurion ? It may be that the gods will permit you to see a vision : shall it be so ?"

A slight curl of contempt was on the Roman's lips as he answered :

"You know the proclamation. I am prepared to fulfil its terms."

The old man shook himself, like an awakening lion, and again the gesture struck Lepidus as familiar.

"I seek not gold," he said ; "give me your attention, and keep the gold for those that need it."

"It is well," said Lepidus ; "proceed."

A small stove was burning in the tent ; the old man cast upon the charcoal some drugs that raised a dense smoke, and filled the tent with a heavy perfumed smell.

"Look !" said the old man, pointing to the smoke ; and retiring behind Lepidus, he crouched upon the ground.

A circle of light formed itself clearly and well-defined among the smoke, and in its midst Lepidus suddenly saw the image of the bull Apis, as he had seen him once before at Memphis, with all his gorgeous scarlet and gold trappings, and the golden disk between his horns. A moment, and the image suddenly grew smaller and smaller, and vanished from the eyes of the wondering Roman.

Again the circle of light formed, and he saw

Osiris seated on his judgment throne, and the human soul being tried before him. There was the child Horus seated on a lotus flower, with his finger at his lips. There was the dog of the infernal regions, panting to devour the wicked ; and there was the ape of Thoth, watching the turn of the balance. Again the vision faded.

"These are our gods," said the beggar. "Now behold thine own."

The circle formed again, and he saw the Emperor Domitian, his features bloated with intemperance, revelling among the degenerate senators and trembling patricians. The soldier sighed, and the vision faded again.

Again the circle formed, and this time he saw the Centurion Septimius sitting at his tent door, as when he first saw him, and, stranger still, he saw himself in converse with him.

But suddenly, whether it was the perfumes or the excitement that overcame him he never knew, but the circle of light, the old man, the tent spun round and round, and he sank fainting to the ground.

When he awoke from his swoon, the stove was burnt out, the old man was gone, and he hardly knew whether he had been dreaming or not. He felt dull and heavy, and could scarcely rise. His servant entered with a light. He glanced at his finger on which he wore his signet-ring, with which all important despatches must be sealed, and which marked their authenticity—it was gone. He felt in his bosom for the secret orders which the general had entrusted to him rather than to the headlong Septimius—they were gone too. His head still swum round ; he could not think, he fell upon his bed, and sank into a long heavy dreamless slumber.

We must now return to Philæ — on the fifth day after Lepidus so hurriedly left it.

Septimius was still alive. A scanty allowance of bread and water was daily furnished him, and his bonds had been somewhat loosed, but he had not seen the light of day since his capture, and his heart sank within him in hopeless despondency. Release seemed impossible, rescue hopeless ;—he could see no way out of his calamities but by death. He had never seen or spoken to anyone since his capture ; invisible were the hands that had relaxed his bonds, and invisible the attendants who supplied his daily food.

Petamon had been stirring here, there, and everywhere, rousing priests and people, reminding them of old wrongs and old memories, and urging them to join in one strong effort, and expel the Roman despots.

The news of Lepidus' proclamation had just reached the Island of Philæ. It was the turn of Sheshonk to officiate at the altar of Isis, and, while the incense was burning, he stood for a few moments wrapped in deep thought.

"Petamon is crafty and wise," so his meditations ran ; "but Rome is strong, and we can never resist her. Better swim with the flood of the river, and release that poor Centurion—and the gold, ay, the gold !—and the wrath of the gods, what of that ? I have helped the trickery here for so many years that I hardly know whether

there be gods at all. Petamon believes in them; but I am not Petamon. The gold is my god. I will save the youngster yet."

He mused for a few moments longer, and then proceeded briskly about his accustomed duties.

The evening closed, the night was half spent, and Petamon, who had been away all day—on what errand the reader may easily guess—had not returned, when Sheshonk stole silently up the stair with a bundle under his arm, and, touching the spring, entered the dungeon of Septimius. The weary-worn Centurion inquired in a languid voice who it was.

"A friend," whispered Sheshonk. "Hush, Sir Centurion, and hearken. Lepidus, your second in command, has offered a thousand pieces of gold for your safe return; do you confirm the offer?"

"Ay, and add a thousand to it," answered the Centurion. "I have an old father in Rome, who values his son at that sum ten times told, spend-thrift youngster though he be."

"Good," said the priest. "Petamon seeks your life, and in a few days will take it; you cannot be worse than you are, therefore you can lose nothing by trusting me—will you do so?"

"I will," said the Centurion.

A knife was drawn gently across the cords which bound him, and he stretched his limbs here and there with a delicious sense of recovered freedom. Cautiously the priest struck a light with flint and steel, and lighted a small lantern, after which he produced from his bundle a pair of huge hawk's heads, surmounted by the disk of the sun, with great glass eyes, and a pair of white disguises, such as the original captors of Septimius had worn. The Centurion eyed them with an amused smile, and muttering to himself "So much for the hawk demons," proceeded to array himself in the disguise, while Sheshonk did the same. This accomplished, the priest opened the door, and they cautiously descended the stair. They met a young priest, but at a whispered word from Sheshonk he bowed and passed them by. They entered a small chamber on the west side; the priest touched a mark on the floor, and a trapdoor opened at their feet, showing a long dark stair. Down this they slowly made their way, the priest stopping for a moment to draw a heavy bolt on the under side of the trapdoor to impede pursuit. After some time the Centurion heard a rushing of water above him, the passage grew damper and damper, and the priest in a whisper explained that they were passing under the bed of the river. In a little while they again ascended a high flight of steps, another trapdoor opened at the touch of Sheshonk, and they emerged in a small temple on the Island of Snem, now called Biggeh. The priest silently opened the door, and they stole out. The fresh breeze was blowing from the north, and Septimius, raising for a moment the choking weight of the hawk's head, let the air play about his temples, and then, at a warning sign from his companion, replaced the mask.

The moon had set and the night was almost dark. Cautiously picking their steps they crossed the island, and found at the other side a small skiff lying at anchor, and two swarthy Nubian rowers

in attendance; a few words passed between them and Sheshonk.

"We must wait," he said, "till the day breaks; they dare not pass the cataract by night. Sleep if you can, and I will watch."

Septimius was too glad of the permission; he had slept but ill in his dungeon, and, taking off the heavy mask, he buried his head in his garments and fell fast asleep.

In a few hours the morning broke, and, ere the sun was risen, Sheshonk and Septimius were on board the boat. The rowers pulled stoutly at their oars, and they soon neared the cataract, whose roar became louder as they advanced. Before them lay a stretch of the river, fenced in on either hand with desolate rocky hills;—here, there, everywhere, in the course of the stream jutted out the heads of cruel black rocks, round which the water foamed and raced like the stream of a milldam. On sped the boat. The Centurion shut his eyes and held his breath; the current caught them; they were hurried helplessly along for a moment, stern foremost, and were on the point of being dashed upon a rock, when a dexterous stroke of one of the oars righted them: a rush—a tumult of waters—dashing spray and the roar of the current for a moment, then the boat floated again in calm water and the danger was past.

In a few moments they reached the Roman encampment. The Nubians, at a word from Sheshonk, pulled away up the stream, while the two hawk-headed ones hurried through the camp, to the no small wonderment of several drowsy sentries.

Lepidus was just awakening with the weary disheartened feelings of one who dreads impending misfortune, when the flap of his tent-door was thrown back, and the sleepy officer fancied he must still be dreaming, when he saw a strange hawk-headed phantom rush into the room.

It was no phantom, as he found to his cost, for it hugged him close in its arms, while its huge beak left a dint on his face that he bore till his dying day, and a voice—the voice of Septimius—issued forth, hollow sounding, from the depths of the mask:

"Dear, dear, old Lepidus, I never thought to see your sulky face again."

There was little time for greeting and congratulations. Sheshonk was urgent on them to complete their work, and, ere long, the legionaries, their fears dispelled by the re-appearance of the gay young Centurion, hastened again across the desert to Philæ, burning so hotly to wipe out the insult that had been offered to the Roman name that they never felt the sun.

Several boats were lying at the shore, and while Lepidus, with the main body of the men made for the stairs upon the northern side, Septimius and a few chosen followers, under the guidance of Sheshonk, crept along under the western wall in a small boat, and reached the secret door. It opened, obedient to the touch of the priest, and silently they mounted the stair—they met the other party in the great Hall of

Columns; the island seemed deserted—no living thing was to be seen.

Sheshonk's eye twinkled.

"Five hundred golden pieces for Petamon's head!"

"Ay, and five hundred more," said Septimius.

The priest beckoned them on. They entered the sacred chamber where Petamon had kept his vigil on that memorable night, and Lepidus half shuddered as he looked round at the familiar paintings on the wall. The altar was prepared and the fire burning on it. The priest advanced and set his foot heavily on one side of the step in front. Suddenly altar and step, solid though they seemed, rolled away noiselessly to one side, disclosing a dark passage beneath. In a moment the Romans leapt down, Lepidus, hastily lighting a torch at the altar fire as they did so. The passage led them to a small room in the thickness of the wall, and, throwing in the light of his torch, he saw the arms and accoutrements of the two murdered soldiers, and the fetters that had bound Petamon lying in a corner. Here the passage apparently terminated abruptly, but the priest raised a stone in the roof with his hand, and they crept up through the narrow aperture thus opened. A strongly barred wooden door was on their left. They shot back the bolts and the door opened, revealing a small cell hewn out of one solid stone, with no aperture save the door for the admission of air; the light of day never has penetrated those gloomy recesses. The cell was untenanted, but a heap of human bones at one corner told of the uses to which it had been applied.

Shuddering they closed the door, and upon Sheshonk touching another spring, a square aperture opened, through which they glided, serpentwise, into another of the sacred chambers, and gladly hailed the light of day as it glimmered faintly through the door.

They searched the whole temple, but in vain; secret chambers they found more than one; even the dungeon of Septimius was opened, but nothing was discovered, and even the bloodhound sagacity of Sheshonk seemed for a moment at fault.

But his eye soon brightened, and muttering to himself "five hundred pieces of gold," he led them through the court under the high painted pillars, and opening a door in one of the sides of the pyramidal gateway, proceeded up a long narrow stair. Suddenly a rustle of garments was heard above them, and they caught sight of the robes of Petamon, his leopard-skin cloak and his golden fringe, as he fled before them. The two Romans dashed after him like greyhounds on a hare, but as they reached the top of the staircase Septimius stumbled and fell, and so checked the pursuit for an instant. In a moment he recovered himself, but in that instant Petamon, casting back on his pursuers a glance of baffled malignity, sprang from the tower, and in another moment lay, dashed upon the pavement of the hall, a shapeless mass, while his blood and brains were splashed over the gay painting of the pillars.

The soldiers and Sheshonk, horror-struck, hastened down, and were standing beside the body,—Lepidus had just recovered from the finger of the priest the signet ring that he had

lost, and was in the act of drawing the roll of secret orders from his bosom,—Sheshonk had raised his head-dress and was wiping the perspiration from his brows, when suddenly, from aloft—it almost seemed from heaven—a sharp dagger was hurled with unerring aim. It cleft the bald skull of the traitor, and he fell, with scarcely a groan, on the top of Petamon's corpse.

The Romans looked up: no one was to be seen. With a party of soldiers they searched the huge gateway towers, but, without a guide, such a quest was hopeless, and they never traced the hand from which the dagger came.

Their main object was accomplished. Petamon was dead, and with him expired all chances of a revolutionary outbreak. Sheshonk was dead, too; but, as Lepidus said, *that* saved the good gold pieces.

The same evening they returned to Syene, and next day the camp was broken up, and the Cohort embarked on the river and floated down to rejoin the garrison at Memphis.

Little more need be said. In six months Septimius and Lepidus left Egypt for good, and when they were fairly out of sight of land they seemed to breathe more freely.

"I owe you many a good turn, Lepidus, old boy," said the Centurion; "but I'll never admit, to the end of time, that Apis would not have made splendid beefsteaks."

"Whoever said he wouldn't?" retorted the other, his grim features relaxing into a smile; "only I think it would need a braver man than either you or I to eat them under the nose of old Petamon."

No doubt a good deal more interesting conversation would have followed, but the wind at this point freshened, the sea began to rise, and the two Romans became deplorably sick.

A DREADFUL BELL.

CHAPTER I. OUT OF DOORS.

It was one of those large and important hotels that seem to swoop down and take possession of little villages. The first object that caught the eye of the traveller as he approached the hamlet over the neighbouring hill was the new Grand Hotel, with its white staring walls and numberless windows, and the letters of its name in black paint running across it. It had scattered the little houses to the right and left of it. It had fixed itself in the best possible situation in front of the sea, and had swallowed up in its erection all the most time-honoured and distinguished characteristics of the locality. In short, instead of the hotel being considered as belonging to the village, the village was now looked upon as an appurtenance to the hotel. The cause of this change was that the little fishing hamlet being prettily situated on the sea coast in North Wales, "the Faculty" had passed its opinion in favour of the place, and the hotel had in consequence sprung up like magic—"The Montmorency Hotel," with plate-glass windows and a grand portico, hundreds of bed-rooms and sitting-rooms, bathing-machines, hot and vapour baths, invalid chairs, and various other conveniences.

How I came to be stopping at "The Montmorency" was in this wise: my old college chum, Tom Marlowe, had just got married to his Julia, and having spent their honeymoon abroad, they took it into their heads that a little repose and a little peaceful enjoyment of each other's society would not be an inappropriate change. Accordingly they had taken apartments in one of the houses in Montmorency Terrace. Tom had heard that I was going to Ireland for my vacation, and had written to ask me to stop and see him on my way.

I accepted the invitation, and put up at the hotel, as there was no vacant room in Tom's house, and I intended to make only a flying visit.

On an evening when the village was undergoing one of its very heartiest squalls, and the wind and the rain and the sea were all roaring together, I had enjoyed a pleasant dinner with Tom and his Julia. The storm without had made the windows rattle rather noisily in their frames: and the street door would persist in flying open suddenly, and when once open, banging itself; the chimneys, too, were altogether uncomfortable, and grumbled incessantly, and the whole establishment had exhibited decided symptoms of a general shakiness of constitution peculiar to mansions that are rapidly "run up" in rising localities. But we were so merry, and had so much to talk about—Tom was in such good spirits, and his Julia was emphatically what he had so often described her to me to be, "a born angel"—that I believe if the house itself had been carried away bodily out to sea, it would have been a matter of indifference to them, provided they had gone with it, in each other's society. The time had passed so pleasantly and quickly that I was quite startled when a clock struck eleven; and, as I knew they were early people at the "Montmorency," I rose to take my leave.

"By Jove! what a night!" said Tom, as he opened the street door to let me out. "Will you have a rug to put round you, or my top coat?"

"No, thank you."

"Well, get home as fast as you can. How it does come down, and as dark as pitch. Come round in the morning, there's a good fellow."

"All right. Good night, old boy."

"Good night."

"The Montmorency" was only about 500 yards distant. I ran as fast as I could, and soon reached the portico, but the whole of the hotel was in darkness. Everybody had evidently gone to bed.

"They are early people with a vengeance," I muttered, as I seized the bell and rang vigorously.

"They will think that rather a strong pull, but one can't wait out long in such a night as this."

And it was a night! The portico afforded no protection. The wind howled round its columns, and the rain dashed through it. There was not a soul about. The sky and the sea were both as black as ink.

"Confound it," I said, after I had waited some considerable time; "I wonder when they're going to open the door. I'll wait two minutes more and then I'll ring again."

The two minutes seemed to be twenty, and no one came.

Surely it was not intentional to keep me out in the rain, to give me the street for shelter, because I was not in before the door was shut. It certainly was an hotel where such an arrangement might have been adopted as a "Rule," but the mere thought of such an absurdity gave me new vigour, and I rang the bell violently for several minutes, and only desisted from sheer exhaustion. I had just commenced to consider whether under the circumstances I should not be justified in throwing a few stones and smashing one or two of the upstairs windows, when, through the pane of glass at the side of the door I saw to my great relief a faint glimmer of light thrown into the hall. This gradually became brighter and brighter, as if some one were slowly coming down the principal staircase, which was at right angles with the door, bearing a light. It proved to be so, for the next moment I saw, standing on the last step of the stairs, an old gentleman of about sixty, with perfectly white hair, habited in a dressing-gown, and carrying high above his head a lighted bedroom candle.

"Some one I have awakened at last by my ringing," thought I. "One of the visitors, no doubt. I shall apologise to him when he has opened the door, and the early hour at which I commenced to ring, and the state of the night will surely be a sufficient excuse."

I steadily fixed my eyes on the old gentleman, and got nearer to the door ready for the chain to be dropped and the bolts to be drawn, for I was becoming more bitterly cold every minute. The old gentleman advanced cautiously into the hall and crossed it, without however once looking towards the door. When he had reached the side of the hall farthest from the stairs he looked up, as if contemplating something fearfully high upon the wall, and as he did so I saw that his arm which held the candle trembled violently.

"You shall hear me at any rate," thought I, and I rang again.

To my utter astonishment immediately I had done this, the old gentleman, still without looking towards the door, gave a start, and appeared to shake from head to foot. By his profile, which was towards me, I could see that the expression of his face was one of intense alarm. I heard him utter a shout of horror, and then with a bound he turned on his heel, dashed up the stairs he had so lately descended, and the hall was once more plunged in darkness.

I had scarcely time to question myself as to what could possibly be the meaning of these strange proceedings, before my attention was attracted by a great noise in the upper part of the hotel. It sounded to me as if a number of people were running about. Then doors banged violently. Then there were a succession of crashes. Then shouts of men and screams of women. Nobody however appeared in the hall. I rushed into the road and looked up at the hotel. Gracious Heavens! What was the matter? Nearly all the windows, before so black, were now illumined with a bright light. Dark outlines of the human form passed hurriedly backwards and forwards upon the blinds looking like struggling and excited phantoms. Still not a window opened. The

noise continued with unabated fury; then, as gradually as it had commenced, the shouting ceased and became murmurs, the doors banged off one by one, until there seemed no more to bang, the lights went out like specks of fire upon a burnt paper, and then all was again in darkness and silence. What could it mean? In vain I asked myself the question, and no one came to the door to enlighten me upon the subject, or to give me admittance. "I'll try once more," I exclaimed, "and this shall be the last time." I rang feebly and despairingly. Instantly bells seemed to ring all over the house and passages. Big bells and little bells, near bells and distant bells, up-stairs bells and down-stairs bells, burst out together in one long continuous angry jangle. The last little bell was still tinkling away somewhere up in the garrets, when a light once again appeared, and this time as if it were coming up a trap in the floor of the hall. I saw it was borne by the head waiter. He was only partly dressed, and he wore a nightcap made out of a red handkerchief. He looked for an instant towards where I stood, and then shambled in his slippers to the door, let down the chain, half opened the door, put his nose through the opening, and breathed out a ghostly, inflamed, husky whisper, "Who is it?"

"It's me," I said somewhat petulantly, "open the door."

He rubbed his eyes, held up the light, looked intensely hard at the wick of the candle, said "Oh!" and opened the door.

"Well, you have kept me a pretty time outside," I said, as I entered. "I have been ringing the bell since eleven, and by George, there goes one o'clock. I'm wet to the skin and nearly dead with cold."

The head-waiter was putting the chain up in a fumbling uncertain sort of gaoler fashion. He didn't seem to be altogether quite awake yet, and from the fumes of rum and the smell of tobacco smoke that pervaded him, and the very fishy and winking condition of his eyes, I concluded that Bacchus had assisted Morpheus in the task of lulling him to sleep. In reply to my observation he simply breathed out another rum-and-water "Oh!" and hoisted his apparel about his waist in a dreamy way.

"Has anything been the matter?" I continued, as I lighted a bedroom candle. "What a terrible row there was in the house at about half-past twelve."

"Was there, though?" he said, with a yawn, a hiccup, and a lurch. "Now, was there, though? Well, you knows best, I've no doubt."

And without another word he shuffled away, with his two long braces dragging behind him and bumping their buckles on the floor, looking like a drunken old bashaw, whilst I went off to bed.

CHAPTER II. IN-DOORS.

I NEVER slept so sound in my life as I did that night. It was eleven o'clock before I came down-stairs and entered the coffee-room to order breakfast. There was only one gentleman in the room, and he was seated at a table at the extreme end having breakfast, with a newspaper balancing against the coffee biggin, and simultaneously de-

vouring the news and the buttered toast in the heartiest manner possible. He was a small, middle-aged gentleman, and was evidently suffering from severe nervousness, for he made a great clatter with the cups and spoons, knocking them together loudly; and I noticed that his hands and head shook so continuously that he had the greatest difficulty in carrying anything in a direct line to his mouth. His hair, which was short and black, stood up very straight and stiff, and he wore a large pair of gold eye-glasses. As I entered and took my seat at a table near the window, he fixed his glasses with greater steadiness upon his nose, and directed at me a long and anxious gaze. Apparently, however, finding that I was a stranger, he turned the newspaper with much gesticulation, and went on with his breakfast.

It was not a rude look. It was only the stare of a short-sighted man; but still it made me think of three trifling incidents that had occurred to me on my passage down-stairs from my bedroom to the coffee-room. On the first landing I had met the chambermaid. Immediately she had seen me she had backed into a corner, and had stared at me with mingled curiosity and terror until I had passed. On a lower floor I had encountered the Boots. On seeing me, he had instantly dropped a bootjack, two chamber-candlesticks, three pair of slippers, and a warming-pan, with a terrible clatter, and then wagged his head reprovingly at me as if I had done it. Finally, in crossing the hall, the second waiter—a limp wretch in a perpetual perspiration—on meeting me, turned on his heel, and, with a half-smothered cry, fled up a passage. The head-waiter here entered the room. He had resumed his usual dignified appearance; his white cravat was stiff and spotless, and his black wig was curled and oiled into quite a lustrous condition. He made a complete circuit of the room, walking in a solemn manner, and looking at me gravely the while; and, having done this, he approached my table, leant over it on the knuckles of his hands, and contemplated me sternly and inquiringly.

"Breakfast, waiter, if you please."

"Oh! breakfast?" he repeated, without altering his position. "Well now, sir, did you order breakfast?"

"Yes," I answered; "and I should like it as quick as possible."

"Ah!" said the waiter, heaving a deep sigh, and still in a contemplative condition. "Should you? Mind, I don't say you shouldn't. Only it may be difficult—and then, again, it's rather unnatural—that's all."

And then, before I could express my surprise at this extraordinary conduct on his part, he bent his head near to mine, and whispered in my ear:

"You've done it."

"Done it! Done what? What do you mean?" I said, instinctively adopting a whispered tone.

"Horful!" gasped the waiter, in the same horrid whisper, and throwing his head and eyes up. "No one could have believed it. I am not a bad sort, sir; but I am a family man, sir; I have a wife and three small children, one of 'em, sir, now in arms and cutting its teeth, sir; and when a family man has been examined in the

way I have been; when it's been extricated out of me by threats—threats of the most horrid nature—when a hunder waiter has been threatened to be put over my head—a hunder waiter so ignorant of 'rithmetic that he don't know plated spoons from silver ones—how could I help it?"

"Help what?" I said. "What are you talking about? I don't understand a word of what you are saying. Am I to have any breakfast, or not?"

At this last question the head-waiter drew himself up to his full height, and in a perfectly serious—indeed, solemn—manner, said:

"Well, sir, if you ask me as a matter of opinion, I should say that you are *not* to have any breakfast. Mind, it is a matter of opinion on my part. However, no one have ever accused me of possessing the feelings of a wolf, and so I will go and make the inquiry."

Either the waiter was mad, or he had not entirely recovered from his last night's libations. I ordered him again to bring the breakfast, and threatened to speak to the proprietor of the hotel if he any longer delayed doing so.

"Well!" he said, looking at me curiously. "Well, I always said philosophy were a wonderful invention, but if ever I see such a go as this—skewer me! You knows what I mean, and what you've done—you knows you did!" And then, with a look full of meaning and reproach, he whispered, "F. D.!" and slid gravely out of the room.

I was still lost in astonishment at the waiter's conduct, when, happening to look round, I perceived that the little gentleman at the other end of the room, having by this time clattered through his breakfast and finished with the newspaper, was now steadily observing me. He had certainly not been able to overhear my whispered conversation with the waiter, but he had evidently noticed that what had taken place had been the cause of exciting my anger, for he now said:

"Stupid fellow, that!"

I experienced quite a feeling of gratitude towards the stranger for his sympathy.

"I cannot think what is the matter with him," I said, as I passed down the room to a table nearer to the little gentleman. "He don't seem in condition to take an order for breakfast."

"Oh!" said the stranger, fidgeting in his chair, and nervously endeavouring to fix the cruets in their stand. "Ah, it's very extraordinary! I can't make him out either. He has been bringing me wrong things all the morning. I ordered fish, and he brought me cutlets. I don't like cutlets. Then he brought me a fish-alice to cut the butter with. Ridiculous! And, look at these cruets, not one of them will go into the stand. As an excuse, he says he has been greatly agitated. So have I been agitated! So has everyone been agitated after the disgraceful proceedings of last night."

"Indeed?" said I. "I heard something, but I was unable to distinguish what it was."

The little gentleman stared hard at me.

"You must be a sound sleeper, young man—a very sound sleeper; but perhaps it did not happen to you. Did it?"

Not having the remotest idea as to what the question referred, I answered in the negative.

"Perhaps," said the little gentleman, "you do not even know what did happen—eh?"

"No."

"Very extraordinary," said the little gentleman, and then he went on nervously: "I never went through such a night—never. A man of my weak nerves, too. My doctor sent me down here for quiet and repose, 'Go down, Bamby,' he said, 'no railway-station within three miles, no organs, no yelling black men, no Punches and Judies, in fact, a Paradise of peace and comfort.' So I came. I arrived yesterday in the midst of the most terrible storm I ever saw. I went to bed about half-past ten, and, contrary to my usual custom, soon dropped off to sleep. I am a bad sleeper, young man. About half-past twelve o'clock I was awoke by some one knocking violently at my door. I had bolted it before getting into bed. Judge of my alarm at such a proceeding at such an hour. The knocking continued in violence, then a heavy body seemed to be thrown against the door, which, after repeated shocks, burst open, and a man fell head foremost into my room;—a tall, powerful man, in a coloured gown and Wellington boots, with a pair of trousers tied round his throat. Before I had time to utter a word, he had started to his feet and assumed a threatening attitude. 'Help! murder! fire! thieves!' I shouted out at the top of my voice. 'I'll help you,' he cried, dancing wildly round me, 'come out of this!' And in a moment he had seized the bedclothes and had dragged off the counterpane and blankets. 'Come out of this!' he again cried, and again pounced upon me, this time clutching me by the ankle of my left leg and commencing to drag me—a man of my weak nerves—bodily off the bed. Maddened with terror, I clung to the head of the bedstead, and shouted still louder for assistance. The more I shouted the more the villain tugged at my leg. The struggle was fearful. Chairs, table, drawers, looking-glasses and fire-irons, all seemed to be tumbling and crashing about the room indiscriminately. The very bedstead, with myself still madly clinging to it, seemed to be whirled round and round in the fury of the conflict. At length my assailant appeared to weaken in his efforts, and summoning all my remaining strength with my disengaged leg, I gave him one terrible kick full in the chest that sent him staggering back on to the wash-hand stand, in his fall knocking it down, smashing the jugs and basins into atoms, and deluging the room with water. Just fancy the situation to a man of my weak nerves!"

"Did you capture him?"

"No; before I could recover myself he was on his legs again,—had rushed out of the room and was gone. Winding the remains of the bedclothes round me, I dashed out after him, shouting 'stop thief!' To my astonishment I found the whole house in an uproar. Ladies and gentlemen in the most extraordinary state of deshabille I ever saw, were running about with lights, asking each other what it was, and where it was, and who had done it, and what it meant? Everybody seemed to have

been served in the way I had been. The mistress of the hotel appeased us by saying that the matter should have full inquiry in the morning, and eventually we retired to rest again. You must admit, young man, you were a very sound sleeper, not to have been awakened by these proceedings."

I was considerably astonished at this recital. This, then, accounted for the excitement in the hotel whilst I was ringing at the door.

"And what was the explanation of this extraordinary affair?" I inquired.

"The explanation," continued Mr. Bamby, "as far as I have heard it, is more mysterious to me than the affair itself. The landlady in answer to my inquiries this morning, informed me it was the F. D., and everybody I have asked has answered me in the same way; but who the F. D. is, or what the F. D. is, or why the deuce the F. D. pulled everybody out of bed, last night, by the leg, is a problem I mean to have unravelled before I leave this place."

I gave quite a start of astonishment. The head waiter had whispered these mysterious letters into my ear. For a moment a thought flashed through my mind that I might be suspected of being the perpetrator of the outrages described by Mr. Bamby; but then I was not in the hotel at the time they occurred, and no one knew this better than the head-waiter, who had opened the door to me.

"Do you think you should know your aggressor again," I said, "if you saw him?"

"I don't know," said Mr. Bamby. "It was so dark at the time, and I was so bewildered; but dear me, how very late it is. What a thing it is to have one's rest disturbed. It loses one's whole day. I should like to catch my friend the F. D. or the Funny Devil, or whatever he is, I'd show him some fun, although I am a man of weak nerves. Good morning."

And Mr. Bamby took up his hat and umbrella, and trotted out of the room. As he went out the head-waiter came in. I looked hungrily towards him, but he only carried an empty plate in one hand, and advanced with great solemnity, bearing it before him like a church-warden going round after a charity sermon. He presented it to me. I looked at him, and then at the plate.

"What's this? Where is the breakfast, fellow? What in the name of heaven is the meaning of all this? What's that plate for?"

Without a movement of his face he still advanced the plate before me. I really think I was about to take it out of his hand and hurl it through the window, when I caught sight of a paper lying upon it. I took it up and looked at it. It was my bill!

"What's this?" I demanded fiercely.

"What is that, sir?" said the head-waiter. "That is the bill, sir. We have *not* charged for breakfast. We have *not*, I believe, charged for a bed to-night; but the attendance is included."

"I will see the proprietor at once," I cried, "and have this affair explained. A pretty hotel this seems to be. I am kept waiting half the night ringing at the bell. Breakfast is refused me, and my bill is thrust upon me without my asking for it. Who do you take me for? Eh?"

I advanced upon the head-waiter; he retreated in terror.

"Don't, sir, don't. I am a family man, and not a bad sort: but hotels is hotels, sir, and can't afford to be ruined. Whole families turning out—families from the Philippine Islands—two Nabobs, and one a general—ain't they nothing? Then, to see the deluges—the breakages—the spilled linen—oh! to see it—"

It was clear I was taken for the author of the last night's proceedings—the mysterious F. D. referred to by Mr. Bamby. I heard no more. I rushed out of the room, intending at once to have an interview with the proprietor of the hotel, and explain matters. In the hall there were groups of servants, all talking anxiously. As I made my appearance there was a general movement of excitement amongst them; all eyes were directed towards me, and I again heard the mention of the mysterious letters in an under tone, clearly in reference to myself.

"Can I see the proprietor?" I addressed a young woman in the bar of the hotel.

"Walk this way," she answered, in a sharp, snappish tone.

I passed through the bar and into a back room. Here was seated the landlady, with a large book before her. As I entered, and she saw who it was, she started up, took off her spectacles, and confronted me with a glare of terrible indignation.

"So, Number 24," she said, before I could open my mouth, "I hope you are satisfied with the mischief of which you have been the cause. The affair of last night may be my ruin, and I have to thank you for it. (She pointed to the book.) I am now making out the bill of Number 4; a gentleman suffering from the gout. How can he be expected to remain in a hotel where he is pulled out of bed in the middle of the night, and dragged about his room by the leg? Here is the family in Number 18, who have been in hysterics ever since, and who threaten me with an action for the loss of wigs and teeth and all sorts of valuable property. And here is the Indian General in Number 82, who declares he will have your life, and there will be murder on the premises in the height of the season. It's shameful of you. It is disgraceful."

"Madam," I interrupted, "I assure you I am perfectly innocent of the outrages which I have heard were committed last night in this hotel."

"How dare you, Number 24," cried the landlady, "utter such wilful falsehoods? Is it not enough, what you have done? I have perfect confidence in the statement made to me by Mr. Loverock, our head-waiter."

"If Mr. Loverock," I urged, "has made a charge against me of being the author of this affair, he is a villain, since he knows that such a charge is false."

"He is no villain," said the landlady, now in a towering passion. "He is no villain; and he is not false. He was not at first willing to divulge you; and it was only when I threatened to remove him from his situation that he made the statement he did. He is no villain, Number 24. It is you, and you alone, who are the villain."

You, who have been the cause of all this misery and ruin."

The matter was becoming to me momentarily more inexplicable. I was about to make further reply to the landlady, when I was startled by a loud noise outside the bar, and I heard a man's voice exclaiming,

"Where is he? Where is he? Where is the ruffian? Let me reach him. Let me grasp his throat. Let me revenge my wife. Let me revenge my three daughters. Out of the way!"

"It is the General!" shrieked the landlady; and at the same moment a gentleman in a furious rage bounded into the room. He carried a boot-jack in one hand, which he waved wildly over his head, and he was advancing to seize me, when another gentleman jumped into the room after him, threw his arms round his waist, and held him as if he were in a vice.

"Let me go," shouted the first gentleman, struggling to get free.

"I shan't," shouted the second gentleman. "What do you want to do?"

I knew the voice. It was Tom Marlowe.

"Tom," I cried, "what is all this about? I am charged with the most extraordinary conduct. Speak for me, old fellow."

"Why—what—" exclaimed Tom, putting his head round the General's body without relaxing his hold. "Good gracious! is it you? If this gentleman would only have the kindness to leave off struggling, and abandon his bloodthirsty intentions, I could discuss the matter with him. There is some mistake."

"There's not!" roared the General.

"There is!" I shouted.

"You had better retire, sir," interposed the landlady, addressing me. "Your presence only serves to excite the General's frenzy. I am willing to explain matters to Mr. Marlowe."

"Go into the next room, will you," said Tom, again putting his head round the General's body, "and lock the door on him, ma'am. I won't let go of this gentleman unless you do."

"Go, sir!" exclaimed the landlady to me; and pointing to an inner room in a Lady Macbeth attitude.

I entered. The door was immediately closed, and locked upon me. It was quite an hour before Tom made his appearance. Directly he came in he fell into a chair, and burst into a fit of laughter. When he had partially recovered himself, he said:

"Excuse me, my dear fellow, laughing in this wild manner; but for the last hour I have been dying with suppressed emotion. I have been wanting to laugh, and have not dared."

"What is it all about?"

"Well, my dear boy," said Tom, "it seems it was you who did it after all."

"Impossible! I wasn't in the hotel."

"Just listen for one moment. I have been making inquiries all over the house, and have had interviews with the parties concerned. I think I have found it all out, and if I know anything of the laws of cause and effect, it was you who did it. However, don't make yourself uneasy. I have cleared up the matter now, and appeased the landlady, and they have determined to forgive you."

"Forgive me—but what for? What have I done?"

"It seems," said Tom, "that there is an elderly gentleman from America stopping in the house with his family. He is of very nervous temperament, and from having some short time ago severely suffered from the effects of a fire upon his premises, exists in a perpetual state of alarm as to one breaking out wherever he may be. In fact, he is almost a monomaniac upon the subject. Now, it appears that it was you who rang the bell last night. Loverock, the waiter, who sleeps down-stairs, says he opened the street-door to you at one o'clock. You left me at eleven, so that you were at it about two hours."

"That's true," I said. "They wouldn't open the door. What was I to do?"

"Precisely," continued Tom. "At about half-past twelve o'clock it further appears that the fire-fearing gentleman having listened to a violent and almost continuous ringing of a bell for an hour and a half, at length took it into his head to travel out of his bedroom to discover the cause. On reaching the hall—"

"Yes, I saw him through the door-window."

"On reaching the hall, he examined all the bells upon the wall, and seeing a particularly large one madly ringing came to the conclusion it was the fire-bell. The alarm of fire always drives him out of his senses, and the instinct of preserving his fellow-creatures at such a time is so strong upon him that it becomes a madness. It was this feeling that drove him through the house shouting for help, bursting open doors, pulling the furniture out of the rooms and the people out of their beds,—in fact, acting as if a fire were actually raging in the hotel."

"But why should he have thought it was the fire-bell?"

"Come and see," said Tom.

We passed into the hall.

In the midst of a cluster of bells hanging upon the wall, each of which had its number, was one bell of an unusually large size, and underneath this, painted in red, were the mysterious letters "F. D."

"That's the bell you rung," said Tom. "The American gentleman, in his excitement, not unnaturally concluded it gave the alarm of fire."

"And what, in the name of Heaven, do those initials stand for?"

"Front Door!"

LEOPOLD LEWIS.

MAWGAN OF MELLUACH, THE CORNISH WRECKER.

NOTE.—Mawgan, a well-known wrecker, occupied a hut, about a hundred years ago, at Melluach, the Vale of the Lark, four miles south of Bude. Among other crimes, it is said that he once buried the captain of a wrecked vessel, whom he found exhausted on the beach, alive. At the death of the old man, it was told that a vessel came down channel and lay-to off Melluach, in a tremendous sea. At Mawgan's last gasp, the doom-ship went to sea suddenly against the wind, and was seen no more.

I.

'Twas a fierce night when old Mawgan died!
Men shudder'd to hear the rolling tide:
The wreckers fled far from the awful shore,—
They had heard strange voices amid the roar!

II.

"Out with the boat there!" some one cried;
 "Will he never come! we shall lose the tide:
 His berth is trim, and his cabin stored;
 He's a weary long time coming on board!"

III.

The old man struggled, and clutch'd the bed,
 He knew the words that the voices said;
 Wildly he yell'd, as his eyes grew dim,
 "He was dead! he was dead! when I buried him!"



The Cornish Wrecker's Hut.

IV.

Hark yet again to the devilish roar!
 "He was nimbler once with a ship on shore;
 Come, come, old man! 'tis a vain delay!
 We shall make the offering by break of
 day!"

V.

Hard was the struggle, but at the last,
 With a stormy pang, old Mawgan pass'd;
 And away, away! beneath their sight,
 Gleam'd the Red Sail at pitch of night

R. S. II.

ELEANOR'S VICTORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AURORA FLOYD," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," &c.

CHAPTER XXI. ON THE TRACK.

THE little pony-carriage drove on to the station; and Eleanor, like some traveller in a dream, saw the castle walls and turrets, the busy street and hurrying people spin past her eyes, and melt into confusion. She did not know how she entered the railway station, or how she came to be walking quietly up and down the platform with Mrs. Darrell. There was a choking sensation in her dry throat, a blinding mist before her eyes, and a confusion that was almost terrible to bear in her brain. She wanted to get away; anywhere, so long as it was away from all the world. In the meantime, she walked up and down the platform with Launcelot Darrell's mother by her side.

"I am mad," she thought. "I am mad. It cannot be so!"

Again and again in the course of Eleanor Vane's brief association with the widow's son, something, some fancy, some shadowy recollection, vague and impalpable as the faintest clouds in the summer sky above Hazlewood, had flashed across her mind, only to be blotted away before she could even try to define or understand it. But now these passing fancies all culminated in one conviction; Launcelot Darrell was the man whom she had seen lounging on the kerbstone of the Boulevard on the night of her last parting with her father.

In vain she reasoned with herself that she had no justifiable grounds for this conviction—the conviction remained, nevertheless. The only foundation for her belief that Launcelot Darrell, from amongst all other men, was the one man whom she sought to pursue, was a resemblance in his attitude as he stood lounging in the Windsor street, to the attitude of the young man on the Boulevard. Surely this was the slightest, the weakest foundation on which belief ever rested. Eleanor Vane could acknowledge this; but she could not lessen the force of that belief. At the very moment when the memory of her father, and her father's death, had been furthest from her thoughts, this sudden conviction, rapid and forcible as inspiration, had flashed upon her.

The matter was beyond reason, beyond argument.

The young man loitering listlessly upon the kerbstone of the Windsor street, was the man who had loitered on the Boulevard; waiting, sulkily enough, while his companion tempted George Vane to his destruction.

It seemed as if the girl's memory, suddenly endowed with a new and subtle power, took her back to that August night in the year '53, and placed her once more face to face with her father's enemy. Once more the dark, restless eyes, the pale, cowering face, and moustachioed lip, overshadowed by the slouched hat, flashed upon her for a moment, before the sulky stranger turned away to keep moody silence throughout his companion's babble. And with that memory of the

past, was interlinked the face and figure of Launcelot Darrell; so closely, that do what she would, Eleanor Vane could not disassociate the two images.

And she had suffered this man, of all other men, to tell her that he loved her; she had taken a romantic pleasure in his devotion; day after day, and hour after hour, she had been his companion; sharing his enjoyments, sympathising with his pursuits, admiring and believing him. This day—this very day—he had held her hand, he had looked in her face, and the words she had spoken to Richard Thornton had proved only a vain boast, after all. No instinct in her own heart had revealed to her the presence of her father's murderer.

Mrs. Darrell looked furtively every now and then at the girl's face. The iron rigidity of that white face almost startled the widow. Was it the expression of terrible grief restrained by a superhuman effort of will?

"Does this girl love my son, I wonder?" the widow thought; and then the answer, prompted by a mother's pride, came quickly after the question. "Yes, how could she do otherwise than love him? How could any woman on earth be indifferent to my boy?"

Something, almost akin to pity, stirred faintly in the heart which was so cold to every creature upon earth, except this spoiled and prodigal son; and Mrs. Darrell did her best to comfort the banished girl.

"I am afraid you are ill, my dear Miss Vincent," the widow said. "The excitement of this sudden departure has been too much for you. Pray, my dear, do not think that I submit to this necessity without very great regret. You have given me perfect satisfaction in everything you have done, ever since you entered my house. No praises I can bestow upon you in recommending you to a new home will go beyond the truth. Forgive me, forgive me, my poor child; I know I must seem very cruel; but I love my son so dearly—I love him so dearly."

There was real feeling in the tone in which these words were spoken; but the widow's voice sounded far away to Eleanor Vane, and the words had no meaning. The girl turned her stony face towards the speaker, and made a feeble effort to understand what was said to her; but all power of comprehension seemed lost in the bewilderment of her brain.

"I want to get back to London," she said. "I want to get away from this place. Will it be long before the train starts, Mrs. Darrell?"

"Not five minutes. I have put up your money in this envelope, my dear, a quarter's salary, the quarter began in June, you know, and I have paid you up to September. I have paid for your ticket, also, in order that your money might not be broken into by that expense. Your luggage will be sent to you to-morrow. You will get a cab at the station, my dear. Your friends will be very much surprised to see you, no doubt."

"My friends!" repeated Eleanor, in an absent tone.

"Yea, the good music-mistress and her son. I have your address, Miss Vincent, and you may rely on hearing from me in a few days. I shall take care that you suffer no inconvenience from this sudden change in all our plans. Good-bye, and God bless you, my dear!"

Eleanor had taken her seat in the carriage by this time, and the train was about to move. Mrs. Darrell held out her hand; but the girl drew away from her with a sudden movement of terror. "Oh, please do not shake hands with me!" she cried. "I am very, very unhappy."

The train moved away before the widow could reply to this strange speech, and the last thing that Eleanor saw, was the pale face of Launcelot Darrell's mother turned towards her with a look of surprise.

"Poor child," thought Mrs. Darrell, as she walked slowly back to the station-door, before which her pony-carriage waited. "She feels this very much," but she has acted nobly."

The widow sighed as she remembered that the worst part of the struggle was yet to come. She would have her son's indignation to encounter and to endure; not the stormy passion of a strong man, unfairly separated from the woman he loves; but the fretful irritation of a spoiled child who has been robbed of a favourite toy.

It was nearly dark when Eleanor Vane reached the Pilasters. She paid and dismissed the cab in Dudley Street, and made her way on foot under the familiar archway, and into the Colonnade, where the same children seemed to be playing the same games in the dusky light, the same horses peering from the stable-doors, the same cabmen drinking at the old-fashioned public-house at the corner.

The Signora was giving a singing-lesson to a stolid young person with a fat face and freckles, who was being prepared for the lyric drama, and wished to appear at one of the opera houses as Norma, after a dozen lessons or so. Eliza Picirillo was trying her hardest to simplify a difficult passage for this embryo Grisi's comprehension, when Eleanor Vane opened the door of the little sitting-room, and appeared upon the threshold.

It would have been natural to the girl to have rushed to the piano and flung herself into the arms of the Signora at the risk of upsetting the stolid pupil; and there was something so very unnatural in her manner as she paused in the open doorway,—something so wan and ghost-like in her appearance, that Eliza Picirillo rose in alarm from her music-stool and stared aghast at this unexpected visitor.

"Eleanor!" she exclaimed, "Eleanor!"

"Yes, dear Signora, it is I! I—I know I have come back very unexpectedly; I have a great deal to tell you by-and-by. But I am tired to death. May I sit down, please, while you finish your lesson?"

"May you sit down! My darling Nelly, is that the way you talk in your old home. My dear, dear child, do you think you can ever come so unexpectedly as to fail to find a welcome from Eliza

Picirillo. Here, my dear, sit down and make yourself as comfortable as you can, until I'm able to attend to you. Excuse me, Miss Dodson, we'll go on with the duet directly."

The music-mistress wheeled forward an old easy-chair, her own favourite seat, and Eleanor dropped wearily into it. Signora Picirillo removed the girl's bonnet, and tenderly smoothed her tumbled hair, murmuring expressions of welcome and affection, and whispering a promise that the lesson should be very soon finished.

She went back to Norma after seeing Eleanor comfortably ensconced in the arm-chair, and hammered away sturdily and conscientiously at the "*Deh, Conte*" duet, in which Miss Dodson gave a very mild interpretation of the Italian composer's meaning, and sang about Pollio, her children, and her wrongs as placidly as if she had been declaiming her wish to be a butterfly, or any other sentiment common to English ballad-singers.

But when Miss Dodson had finished singing, and had put on her bonnet and shawl, which operation occupied a good deal of unnecessary time, and had rolled up her music, and found her gloves, which had fallen off the piano and hidden themselves in an obscure and dusty corner of the room, and had further entered into a detailed and intricate explanation of her engagements and domestic circumstances, before making an appointment for the next lesson, and had been finally hustled out of the room and lighted down the stairs, and fully instructed as to the nearest way from the Pilasters to Camden Town, Eliza Picirillo was able to give her full attention to the pale-faced girl who had returned so suddenly to her old shelter. The music-mistress was almost frightened at the expression of Eleanor Vane's face. She remembered only too well having seen that look before, upon the September night in Paris; when the girl of fifteen had sworn to be revenged upon her father's enemies.

"Nelly, my darling," she said, seating herself beside Eleanor's chair, "how is it that you come home so suddenly? Nothing could be greater happiness than to have you back, my dear. But I know that something has happened; I can see it in your face, Nelly. Tell me, my dear, what is it?"

"It is nothing to be sorry about, dear Signora; I have come away because—because Mrs. Darrell wished it. Her son—her only son has come home from India, and she wants him to marry a rich woman, and—and—"

"And he has fallen in love with you, eh, Nelly?" asked the Signora. "Well, I'm not surprised to hear that, my dear; and you are honourable enough to beat a retreat, and leave the young man free to make a mercenary marriage at his mother's bidding. Dear, dear, what strange things people are ready to do for money now-a-days. I'm sure you've acted very wisely, my darling; so cheer up, and let me see the bright smile that we've been accustomed to. There's nothing in all this to make you look so pale, Nelly."

"Do I look pale?"

"Yes, as pale as a ghost weary with a long

night's wandering. Nelly, dear," said the Signora, very gently, "you weren't in love with this young man; you didn't return his affection, did you?"

"In love with him!" cried Eleanor Vane, with a shudder, "oh! no, no."

"And yet you seem sorry at having left Hazlewood."

"I am sorry—I—I had many reasons for wishing to stay there."

"You were attached to your companion, Miss Mason?"

"Yes, I was very much attached to her," answered Eleanor; "don't ask me any more questions to-night, dear Signora. I'm tired out with my journey and the excitement of—all—that has happened to-day. I will explain things more fully to-morrow; I am glad to come back to you—very, very glad to see you once more, dearest friend; but I had a strong reason for wishing to stay at Hazlewood,—I have a powerful motive for wanting to go back there, if I could go back—which I fear I never can." The girl stopped abruptly, as if absorbed in her own thoughts, and almost unconscious of her friend's presence.

"Well, well, my dear, I won't question you any further," Eliza Picirillo said, soothingly. "Goodness knows, my dear, I am glad enough to have you with me, without worrying you about the why and the wherefore. But I must go and try and get your little room ready again for you, or perhaps, as it's late, you'd better sleep with me to-night."

"If you please, dear Signora."

The music-mistress hurried away to make some preparations in the bed-chamber adjoining the little sitting-room, and Eleanor Vane sat staring at the guttering tallow candles on the table before her, lost in the tumult and confusion of thoughts which as yet took no distinct form in her brain.

At the very moment in which she had set a barrier between herself and Hazlewood, that might prevent her ever crossing the threshold of its gates, she had made a discovery which rendered that retired country dwelling-house the one spot upon earth to which she had need to have free access.

"I fancied that I was going away from my revenge when I left London to go into Berkshire," she thought, "now I leave my revenge behind me at Hazlewood. And yet how can it be as I think? How can it be so? Launcelot Darrell went to India a year before my father died. Can it be only a likeness after all—an accidental likeness between that man and Mrs. Darrell's son?"

She sat thinking of these things—reasoning with herself upon the utter improbability of the identity of the two men, yet yielding again and again to that conviction which had forced itself upon her, sudden and irresistible, in the Windsor Street,—while the Signora bustled about between the two rooms, stopping to cast a stolen glance now and then at Eleanor Vane's thoughtful face.

Mr. Richard Thornton came in by-and-by. The Phoenix was closed as to dramatic performances, but the scene-painter's work never stopped. The young man gave utterance to a cry of delight as

he saw the figure sitting in his aunt's easy-chair.

"Nell!" he exclaimed, "has the world come to an end, and have you dropped into your proper position in the general smash! Eleanor, how glad I am to see you."

He held out both his hands. Miss Vane rose and mechanically put her white fingers in the weather-beaten looking palms held out to receive them.

In that moment the scene-painter saw that something had happened.

"What's the matter, Nell?" he cried eagerly.

"Hush, Dick," said the girl, in a whisper. "I don't want the Signora to know."

"You don't want the Signora to know what?"

"I have found that man."

"What man?"

"The man who caused my father's death."

CHAPTER XXII. IN THE SHIPBROKER'S OFFICE.

ELEANOR VANE employed the morning after her arrival at the Pilasters in writing to Laura Mason. She would have written a long letter if she could, for she knew what grief her sudden departure must have caused her childish and confiding companion; but she could not write of anything except the one thought that absorbed her whole brain, leaving her for the common business of life a purposeless and powerless creature. The explanation which she gave of her sudden departure was lame and laboured; her expressions of regard were trite and meaningless. It was only when she came to that subject which was the real purpose of her letter; it was only when she came to write of Launcelot Darrell, that there was any vigour or reality in her words.

"I have a favour to ask you, dear Laura," she wrote, "and I must beg you to use your best discretion in granting it. I want you to find out for me the date of Mr. Darrell's departure for Calcutta, and the name of the vessel in which he sailed. Do this, Laura, and you will be serving me; perhaps serving him also."

"If I find that he really was in India at the date of my father's death," Eleanor thought, "I must cease to suspect him."

Later in the day, Miss Vane went out with Richard into the streets and squares in which all their secret conferences had taken place. She told the scene-painter very simply and briefly of what had happened, and poor Dick listened to her story with a tender respect, as he would have listened to anything from her. But he shook his head with a sad smile when she had finished.

"What do you think now, Richard?" she asked.

"I think that you are the dupe of a foolish fancy, Nelly," the young man answered. "You are deceived by some chance resemblance between this Mr. Darrell and the man you saw upon the Boulevard. Any dark pale-faced man lounging moodily on a kerbstone would have reminded you of the figure which is so interwoven with the memories of that mournful time in Paris. Forget it, Nelly, my dear; forget that dark chapter in the history of your girlhood. Your father's rest will be none the sweeter because the brightness of

your youth is blighted by these bitter memories. Do your duty, Eleanor, in the state to which you are called. You are not called upon to sacrifice the fairest years of your life to a Quixotic scheme of vengeance."

"Quixotic!" cried Eleanor, reproachfully, "you would not speak like this, Richard, if *your* father had suffered as my father suffered through the villany of a gambler and cheat. It is no use talking to me, Dick," she added, resolutely, "if this conviction which I cannot get out of my mind is a false one, it's falsehood must be proved; if it is true—why then it will seem to me as if Providence had flung this man across my pathway, and that I am appointed to bring punishment upon him for his wickedness."

"Perhaps, Eleanor; but this Mr. Darrell is *not* the man."

"How do you know he is not?"

"Because, according to your own account, Launcelot was in India in the year '53."

"Yes, they *say* that he was there."

"Have you any reason to doubt the fact?" asked Richard.

"Yes," answered Eleanor, "when Mr. Darrell first returned to Hazlewood, Laura Mason was very anxious to hear all about what she called his 'adventures' in India. She asked him a great many questions, and I remember—I cannot tell you, Dick, how carelessly I listened at the time, though every word comes back to me now as vividly as if I had been a prisoner on trial for my life, listening breathlessly to the evidence of the witnesses against me—I remember now how obstinately Launcelot Darrell avoided all Laura's questions, telling her at last, almost rudely, to change the subject. The next day Mr. Monckton came to us, and he talked about India, and Mr. Darrell again avoided the question in the same sullen, disagreeable manner. You may think me weak and foolish, Richard, and I dare say I am so, but Mr. Monckton is a very clever man. *He* could not be easily deceived."

"But what of him?"

"He said, 'Launcelot Darrell has a secret, and that secret is connected with his Indian experiences.' I thought very little of this at the time, Dick; but I think I understand it now."

"Indeed, and the young man's secret—?"

"Is that he never went to India."

"Eleanor!"

"Yes, Richard, I think and believe this, and you must help me to find out whether I am right or wrong."

The scene-painter sighed. He had hoped that his beautiful adopted sister had long since abandoned or forgotten her Utopian scheme of vengeance, in the congenial society of a gay-hearted girl of her own age; and, behold, here she was, vindictive, resolute, as upon that Sunday evening, a year and a half ago, on which they had walked together in those dingy London streets.

Eleanor Vane interrupted her companion's sigh.

"Remember your promise, Richard," she said.

"You promised to serve me, and you must do so—you *will* do so, won't you, Dick?"

The avenging fury had transformed herself into a siren as she spoke, and looked archly up

at her companion's face, with her head on one side, and a soft light in her grey eyes.

"You won't refuse to serve me, will you, Richard?"

"Refuse," cried the young man. "Oh, Nelly, Nelly, you know very well there is nothing in the world I could refuse you."

Miss Vane accepted this assurance with great composure. She had never been able to disassociate Richard Thornton with those early days in which she had accompanied him to Covent Garden to buy mulberry leaves for his silkworms, and learned to play "God save the Queen" upon the young musician's violin. Nothing was further from her thoughts than the idea that poor Dick's feelings could have undergone any change since those childish days in the King's Road, Chelsea.

The letter which Eleanor so feverishly awaited from Laura Mason came by return of post. The young lady's epistle was very long, and rather rambling in its nature. Three sheets of note-paper were covered with Miss Mason's lamentations for her friend's absence, reproachful complainings against her friend's cruelty, and repeated entreaties that Eleanor would come back to Hazlewood.

George Vane's daughter did not linger over this feminine missive. A few days ago she would have been touched by Laura's innocent expressions of regard; now her eyes hurried along the lines, taking little note of all those simple words of affection and regret, and looking greedily forward to that one only passage in the letter which was likely to have any interest for her.

This passage did not occur until Eleanor had reached the very last of the twelve pages which Miss Mason had covered with flowing Italian characters, whose symmetry was here and there disfigured by sundry blots and erasures. But as her eyes rested upon the last page, Eleanor Vane's hand tightened upon the paper in her grasp, and the hot blood rushed redly to her earnest face.

"And I have found out all you want to know, dear Nell," wrote Miss Mason, "though I am puzzled out of my wits to know why you should want to know it—when I did exercises in composition at Bayswater, they wouldn't let me put two 'knows' so near together; but you won't mind it, will you, dear? Well, darling, I'm not very clever at beating about the bush or finding out anything in a diplomatic way; so this afternoon at tea—I am writing to catch the evening post, and Bob is going to take my letter to the village for sixpence—I asked Launcelot Darrell, who was not drinking his tea, like a Christian, but lolling in the window smoking a cigar: he has been as sulky as a bear ever since you left—oh, Nelly, Nelly, he isn't in love with you, is he?—I should break my heart if I thought he was—I asked him, point blank, what year and what day he sailed for India. I suppose the question sounded rather impertinent, for he coloured up scarlet all in a minute, and shrugged his shoulders in that dear disdainful way of his that always reminds me of Lara or the Corsair—L and the C. were the same person, though, weren't they—and said, 'I don't keep a diary, Miss Mason, or I should be

happy to afford you any information you may require as to my antecedents.' I thought I should have dropped through the floor, Nelly,—the floor won't let one drop through it, or else I'm sure I should,—and I couldn't have asked another question, even for your sake, dear; when, strange to say, Mrs. Darrell got me quite out of the difficulty. 'I am sorry you should answer Laura so very unkindly, Launcelot,' she said, 'there is nothing strange in her question. I remember the date of your departure from your native country only too vividly. You left this house upon the 3rd of October, '52, and you were to sail from Gravesend on the 4th, in the Princess Alice. I have reason to remember the date, for it seemed as if my uncle chose the very worst season of the year for sending you upon a long sea voyage. But he was prompted, no doubt, by my sisters. I ought to feel no anger against him, poor old man.'"

Eleanor Vane glanced hurriedly at the concluding words of the letter. Then, with the last sheet crumpled in her hand, she sat motionless and absorbed, thinking over its contents.

"If Launcelot Darrell sailed for India upon the 4th of October, '52, he is not likely to have been in Paris in '53. If I can only prove to myself that he did sail upon that date, I will try and believe that I have been deluded by some foolish fancy of my own. But why did his face flush scarlet when Laura questioned him about his voyage—why did he pretend to have forgotten the date?"

Eleanor waited impatiently for the arrival of her friend and counsellor, Richard Thornton. He came in at about three o'clock in the afternoon, while his aunt was still absent amongst her out-of-door pupils, and flung himself, jaded and worn out, on the chintz-covered sofa. But, tired as he was, he aroused himself by an effort to listen to that portion of Laura Mason's letter which related to Launcelot Darrell.

"What do you think now, Dick?" Miss Vane asked, when she had finished reading.

"Pretty much what I thought before, Nell," answered Mr. Thornton; "this young fellow's objection to talk of his Indian voyage is no proof that he never went upon that voyage. He may have half-a-dozen unpleasant recollections connected with that part of his life. I don't particularly care about talking of the Phoenix; but I never committed a murder in the obscurity of the flies, or buried the body of my victim between the stage and the mezzanine floor. People have their secrets, Nell, and we have no right to pry into the small mysteries which may lurk under a change of countenance or an impatient word."

Eleanor Vane took very little notice of the young man's argument.

"Can you find out if Launcelot Darrell sailed in the Princess Alice, Dick?" she added.

The scene-painter rubbed his chin, reflectively.

"I can try and find out, my dear," he said, after a pause; "that's open to anybody. The Princess Alice! She's one of Ward's ships, I think. If the shipbrokers are inclined to be civil, they'll perhaps help me; but I have no justifi-

cation for bothering them upon the subject, and they may tell me to go about my business. If I could give them a good reason for my making such an inquiry, I might very likely find them willing to help me. But what can I tell them, except that a very beautiful young person with grey eyes and auburn hair has taken an absurd crotchety into her obstinate head, and that I, her faithful slave, am compelled to do her bidding?"

"Never mind what they say to you, Richard," Miss Vane replied, authoritatively, "they must answer your question, if you only go on asking them long enough."

Mr. Thornton smiled.

"That's the true feminine method of obtaining information, isn't it, Nell?" he said; "however, I'll do my best, and if the shipbrokers are to be 'got at,' as sporting gentlemen say, it shall go hard if I don't get a list of the passengers who sailed in the Princess Alice."

"Dear, dear Dick!" cried Eleanor, holding out her hands to her young champion. The young man sighed. Alas, he knew only too well that all this pretty friendliness was as far away from any latent tenderness or hidden emotion as the bold blustering North from the splendid sunny South.

"I wonder whether she knows what love is," thought the scene-painter; "I wonder whether her heart has been touched ever so slightly by the fatal emotion. No; she is a bright virginal creature, all confidence and candour, and she has yet to learn the mysteries of life. I wish I could think less of her and fall in love with Miss Montalembert—her name is plain Lambert, and she has added the Monta for the sake of euphony. I wish I could fall in love with Lizzie Lambert, popularly known as Elise Montalembert, the soubrette at the Phoenix. She is a good little girl, and earns a salary of four pounds a week. She's fond of the Signora, too, and we could leave the Pilasters and go into housekeeping upon our joint salaries."

Mr. Thornton's fancies might have rambled on in this wise for some time, but he was abruptly aroused from his reverie by Eleanor Vane, who had been watching him rather impatiently.

"When are you going to the shipbroker's, Dick?" she asked.

"When am I going?"

"Yes, you'll go at once, won't you?"

"Eh! Well, my dear Nell, Cornhill's a good step from here."

"But you can take a cab," cried the young lady. "I've plenty of money, Dick, and do you think I shall grudge it for such a purpose? Go at once Richard, dear, and take a cab."

She pulled a purse from her pocket, and tried to force it into the young man's hand, but he shook his head.

"I'm afraid the shipbroker's office would be closed, Nelly," he said. "We'd better wait till to-morrow morning."

But the young lady would not hear of this. She was sure the shipbroker's office wouldn't close so early, she said, with as much authority as if she had been intimately acquainted with the habits of shipbrokers, and she hustled Dick down stairs

and out of the house before he well knew where he was.

He returned, in about an hour and a half; very tired and dusty; having preferred his independence and an omnibus, to the cab offered by Eleanor.

"It's no use, Nelly," he said despondently, as he threw off his hat, and ran his dirty fingers through the rumpled shock of dusty brown hair that had been blown about his face by the hot August wind, "the office was just closing, and I couldn't get anything out of the clerks. I was never so cruelly snubbed in my life."

Miss Vane looked very much disappointed, and was silent for a minute or so. Then her face suddenly brightened, and she patted Richard's shoulder with a gesture expressive of patronage and encouragement.

"Never mind, Dick," she said smilingly, "you shall go again to-morrow morning, early; and I'll go with you. We'll see if these shipbroker's clerks will snub me."

"Snub you!" cried Richard Thornton, in a rapture of admiration. "I think that, of all the members of the human family, paid officials are the most unpleasant and repulsive; but I don't think there's a clerk in Christendom who could snub you, Miss Vane."

Eleanor smiled. Perhaps for the first time in her life the young lady was guilty of a spice of that feminine sin called coquetry. Her boxes had arrived from Hazlewood upon the previous evening. She was armed therefore with all those munitions of war without which a woman can scarcely commence a siege upon the fortress of man's indifference.

She rose early the next morning—for she was too much absorbed in the one great purpose of her life to be able to sleep very long or very soundly—and arrayed herself for her visit to the shipbroker.

She put on a bonnet of pale blue crape, which was to be the chief instrument in the siege—a feminine battering ram or Armstrong gun before which the stoutest wall must have crumbled—and smoothed her silken locks, her soft amber-dropping tresses, under this framework of diaphanous azure. Then she went into the little sitting-room where Mr. Richard Thornton was loitering over his breakfast, to try the effect of this piece of milliner's artillery upon the unhappy young man.

"Will the clerks snub me, Dick?" she asked, archly.

The scene-painter replied with his mouth full of egg and bread-and-butter, and was more enthusiastic than intelligible.

A four-wheel cab jolted Miss Vane and her companion to Cornhill, and the young lady contrived to make her way into the sanctum sanctorum of the shipbroker himself, in a manner which took Richard Thornton's breath away from him, in the fervour of his admiration. Every barrier gave way before the blue bonnet and glistening auburn hair, the bright grey eyes and friendly smile. Poor Dick had approached the officials with that air of suppressed enmity and lurking hate with which the Englishman generally addresses his brother Englishman; but Eleanor's

friendliness and familiarity disarmed the stoniest of the clerks, and she was conducted to the shipbroker's private room by an usher who bowed before her as if she had been a queen.

The young lady told her story very simply. She wished to ascertain if a gentleman called Launcelot Darrell had sailed in the *Princess Alice* on the 4th of October, '52.

This was all she said. Richard Thornton stood by, fingering difficult passages in his last overture on the brim of his hat, out of sheer perturbation of spirit, while he wondered at and admired Miss Vane's placid assurance.

"I shall be extremely obliged if you can give me this information," she said, in conclusion, "for a great deal depends upon my being able to ascertain the truth of this matter."

The shipbroker looked through his spectacles at the earnest face turned so trustingly towards his own. He was an old man, with granddaughters as tall as Eleanor, but was nevertheless not utterly dead to the influence of a beautiful face. The auburn hair and diaphanous bonnet made a bright spot of colour in the dinginess of his dusty office.

"I should be very ungallant were I to refuse to serve a young lady," the old man said politely. "Jarvis," he added, turning to the clerk who had conducted Eleanor to his apartment, "do you think you could contrive to look up the list of passengers in the *Princess Alice*, October 4, '52?"

Mr. Jarvis, who had told Richard to go about his business upon the day before, said he had no doubt he could, and went away to perform this errand.

Eleanor's breath grew short and quick, and her colour rose as she waited for the clerk's return. Richard executed impossible passages on the brim of his hat. The shipbroker watched the girl's face, and drew his own deductions from the flutter of agitation visible in that bright countenance.

"Aha!" he thought, "a love affair, no doubt. This pretty girl in the blue bonnet has come here to look after a runaway sweetheart."

The clerk returned, carrying a ledger, with his thumb between two of the leaves. He opened the uninteresting-looking volume, and laid it on the table before his employer, pointing with his spare forefinger to one particular entry.

"A berth was taken for a Mr. Launcelot Darrell, who was to share his cabin with a Mr. Thomas Halliday," the shipbroker said, looking at the passage to which the clerk pointed.

Eleanor's face crimsoned. She had wronged the widow's son then after all.

"But the name was crossed out afterwards," continued the old man, "and there's another entry further down, dated October 5th. The ship sailed without Mr. Darrell."

The crimson flush faded out of Eleanor's face and left it deadly pale. She tottered forwards a few paces towards the table, with her hand stretched out, as if she would have taken the book from the shipbroker and examined the entry for herself. But midway between the chair she had left and the table, her strength failed her, and she would have fallen if Richard Thornton had not

dashed his hat upon the ground, and caught her sinking figure in his outstretched arms.

"Dear me!" exclaimed the shipbroker, "bless my soul: a glass of water, Jarvis; this is very sad, very sad, indeed. A runaway lover, I suppose, or a brother, perhaps. These sort of things are always happening. I assure you, if I had the gift that some of you young people have, I could write half a dozen romances out of the history of this office."

The clerk came back with the glass of water: it was rather a murky-looking fluid, but a few drops between Eleanor's pale lips seemed to bring the life back to her.

She lifted her head with the proud resolution of a queen, and looked at the compassionate shipbroker with a strange smile. She had heard the old man's suppositions about lovers and brothers. How far away his simple fancy led him from the bitter truth.

She held out her hand to him as she rose from her chair, erect and dauntless as a fair-haired Joan of Arc, ready to gird on the sword in defence of her King and country.

"I thank you very much, sir," she said, "for what you have done for me to-day. My father was an old man; as old or older perhaps than yourself; and he died a very cruel death. I believe that your kindness of this day will help me to avenge him."

(To be continued.)

THE ANTIQUITY OF THE CASTANET.

THE national dances of Spain and the merry-sounding castanet so universally accompany each other, that they both are generally considered of Spanish invention; but the castanet is of a far remoter origin.

The original name given to that sonorous instrument in Europe was *crótalo*, from the Greek word *krōtō*, equivalent, according to Plutarch, to *pulsio* or *verbero* in Latin. The word *castañuela*, one of the many names given to the castanet in Spain, may have its origin from the custom of keeping time to the national dances and music by cracking the fingers, which is called a *castañeta*, a word easily transformed into *castañuela*, to express the instrument used for the same purpose. Amongst the ancient Romans dances with the *crótalo* were introduced after feasts (when the wine had freely circulated), even in the houses of the grave and learned, and Virgil testifies to this custom in some lines addressed to a celebrated dancer of that time

Copa Syriaca caput Graiâ redimita mitellâ
Crispum sub Crótalo docta movere latus,
Ebria famosâ saltat lasciva tabernâ
Ad cubitum raucos excutiens calamos.

Propertius assures us, that amongst those who accompanied Thales of Miletus when he went from Greece to Egypt to study philosophy and geometry, about 600 years before Christ, was one Phyllis, who beguiled his leisure hours by dancing before him with the *crótalo*: and that she taught the Egyptians how to play them, and that they were introduced by the priests of Isis in their ceremonies and processions dedicated to Isis on the banks of the Nile.

Propertius describes them as two small round plates, rattled in the hand, and adds that they are engraved on the obelisk of Oriental granite in the Plaza del Populo in Rome.

In Italy we hear of them in the time of Trajan (a Spaniard by birth, and who seems to have been as much admired for the fair sex as he was a devoted lover of theirs). For Pliny says, in speaking of the Roman ladies of that time, "that they vied with each other which should be the most lavish in her expenditure: and also, that they selected amongst their most precious pearls, not only the largest, but those particularly of an almond shape, through which they bored a hole in the upper part, and stringing two or three together, they tied them on their hands and rattled them as *crótalos* to please Trajan." He may have introduced them into Spain; or perhaps they were brought later by a race of Getanos, who pretend to be lineally descended from an Egyptian king, who, flying from his country, settled in Spain. I accosted a fortune-teller once, and asked her if she was a gipsy (a *Jitana*). She drew herself up, and her beautiful eye flashed, and her lip curled half in triumph, half in scorn:

"I a *Jitana*? No—I do not belong to that scum of the earth; I am a *Getana*, a descendant of the Egyptian kings."

There were three distinct races of the followers of Mahomet who overran Spain. The first invaders were Arabs from the desert, who held dominion for 400 years; then came the Moorish kings, who, after many battles, supplanted without exterminating their predecessors, and held sway for 300 years; but not without continual outbreaks and skirmishes between them. These last came with Abderhaman, the first King of Cordova, from the wilds of Yeman, included in the Caliphate of Egypt, and were called *Egipeios* (Egyptians), to distinguish them from the Arabs, and from the barbarous hordes from Fez and Morocco, who came subsequently, headed by the Princes Almozados, and were called *Moros*, or Moors. After the conquest by the Christians, a great distinction was made in favour of the Egyptians, as the aristocratic, educated, and civilised, race; but subsequently, one after one, their privileges were curtailed; they were harshly and cruelly treated, and at last in 1611 an edict was issued confounding all the tribes under one head as *Egipeios* or *Getanos*, forbidding them to speak their own language, which for the future was to be called gibberish. This must be the race alluded to by the gipsy woman. The word *moro* is still used by the lower classes in Andalusia as an epithet of extreme contempt.

The most ancient *crótalo* was round, and made of metal; later, they were made concave, and of the wood of the pomegranate, cherry, or of ebony, and in the shape of an almond; but for the last 200 years an *oreja* (or ear) was substituted for the pointed almond shape.

They are paired male and female;† the latter (*hembra*) has a shriller and sharper tone than her mate, and is played in the right hand and more quickly than the *macho*, or male. After the conquest of the New World, ivory castanets

† See page 610.

became the fashion amongst the *élite*, as being more expensive, but their tone is never so mellow or musical; they have not as much vibration. The older castanets are, and the more they are



used, the better is the sound they emit. The various names of the castanet in Spanish are *crócalos*, *castañuelos*, *palillos* (from *palo*, Lat. *palus*, wood), and *sonajas* (from *sonar*, Lat. *sonare*, to sound).
SOY YO.

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON.

(A LEGEND OF AN ENGLISH WORKHOUSE.)

I.

What does it matter whether Giles or Styles
(The name is not material to the story),
Some years ago there was an old, old pair,
With time, not trouble, bent and bowed and hoary.
In a trim cottage overrun with flowers,
They'd lived for forty years of sun and showers.

II.

Outside the door, the well-thatched hives were set,
And bees with busy angry eagerness
Ransacked the honeyed hollyhocks for toll,
Still dreading winter's pinching meagreness.
The vine to the old walls did fondly cling,
To no croft oftener came the birds to sing.

III.

On the white threshold loved the cat to doze
(A humble type of calm and quiet content),
Within were peace and holy happiness,
As e'er of yore beneath the patriarch's tent,
The poplars waved by the roadside there,
As if to warn away all woe and care.

IV.

But hard times came, the wolf was at the door
With gnashing jaws—that gaunt wolf Poverty,
And Sickness halted in with livid face,
And hope fled bleeding from armed misery.
There are but two retreats that beggars crave,
The parish workhouse and the pauper's grave.

V.

They left that cottage (as the first pair left
Their withering Eden), silent, full of tears,
And slowly took their solitary way,
Mocked by a gibing mob of cruel fears,
And at the workhouse gate with clasped hands,
Parted for ever “by the law’s commands.”

VI.

No, not for ever! duly once a week,
When the sad pauper prisoners came to pray
In the dull chapel-room, barred like a gaol,
And scarcely lit by the dull sun’s dim ray,
They saw each other for one little space.
What though they gazed upon each other’s face,

VII.

It was a weekly death to part again,
Yet while the droning voices mumbled on,
They sat and joined their hands across the aisle,
As in the happy days for ever gone.
The angels looking from their homes above,
Smiled on that pure, imperishable love.

VIII.

How could it last? those long and dreary hours
The prison clock doled out were hours of pain,
That sordid crowd could never yield a friend;
Their hearts grew chill—a weight was on each brain:
The quiet home, so peaceful and so neat,
Brute poverty had trod beneath its feet.

IX.

Almost together—but a week apart,
The old folks died, unpitied and unwept;
Eternal calm upon each dead face came,
A calm—majestic as on kings that slept.
Strange that the jargon of the doctor’s art,
Disdains to classify “the broken heart.”

X.

But e’en the grave did not unite the two,
Apart they lay beneath the rank green grass,
In the damp churchyard’s coldest, dreariest place,
The same black yew-tree shadowed them. Alas!
The poor have but few mourners, yet the dew
Hung in big tears on flowers that o’er them grew.

XI.

When last I saw their quiet, humble graves,
A shower was sprinkling on the turfen mounds,
And there rose from the blossoming orchard trees
A pleasant harmony of mingling sounds,
And then a rainbow coloured the white sky,
As ’twere the gate of Heaven opening silently.

W. T.

YARROW AND ST. MARY’S.

LATE in last autumn we journeyed up Yarrow to St. Mary’s Loch, for the purpose of spending a few days in that pleasant locality. The season was mild, and the soft dreamy autumn sunlight added beauty to the yellowing wood-banks along the romantic valley and every day brightened the green uplands in the vicinity of St. Mary’s. Neither hill nor valley scenery could have been prettier at any season; but tourists and visitors had all disappeared, so that our wanderings in the district of the lake were of a solitary nature, unless when accompanied by the gentleman under whose hospitable roof we stayed during our sojourn.

Leaving Selkirk, where its late illustrious “Shira,” Sir Walter Scott, is still well remembered by many of the inhabitants, and where a graceful monument to his memory has been erected, we crossed the Ettrick on a fine autumn morning on our way to the braes of Yarrow; not, however, before arranging with the Yarrow postman, who drives an easy-going vehicle, to have a ride during the forenoon from a certain point in Yarrow.

Shortly after crossing the bridge that spans the Ettrick, within a mile of Selkirk, we entered the battle-ground of Philliphaugh. Remembering that these grounds were once possessed by the “Outlaw Murray” of the Border ballad, we were struck with the elegance and seeming capaciousness of a homestead, which, we were informed, the present proprietor, a lineal descendant, and bearing the family name of the celebrated outlaw, erected, and which is well known as a fine model home-

stead over the south of Sootland. The high lands over which Lealie conducted his men on the morning on which he defeated Montrose, in 1645, were to within a few years ago a rough uncultivated moorland; now finely cultivated fields stretch out to the very hill-tops, and plantation strips of young firs gracefully wind along the boldest ridges.

At the most southern point of the grounds of Philliphaugh the Yarrow is reached; but in place of the melancholy murmurs which the thousand-and-one ballads might lead any one to expect, we were greeted by a brawling, dancing trout-stream; and, as the silvery spoil were busy all over the shallows, taking down the surface-flies, for a time we thought of nothing but fine tackle and trout-slaughter.

Lovers of the angle delight in the Yarrow. Its trout are large and fine; and, one day last spring, no less than two fine grilse, after an exciting run of half-an-hour each, were brought ashore by the hand of Lady Victoria Scott, the fair daughter of the Duke of Buccleuch. A number of ladies wield the trout-rod, but very few on Tweedside try the salmon. "Where Ettrick twines with Yarrow," the rich woodland scenery of Bowhill, belonging to the nobleman above-named, begins, and the finely grown trees of all the varieties commonly grown in Scotland—the dark Scotch pine being often placed so as to produce a fine effect among the hardwoods—are set off to great advantage by the steep banks and undulations along the Yarrow, and the background of heath or grass-covered hills.

On the peninsula formed by the two rivers is Carterhaugh, the scene of the weird and romantic ballad of "Tamlane." Of all the Border ballads this is perhaps the most wild and strange.

Carterhaugh was also the place where the great match at foot-ball was played by the men of Ettrick and Yarrow at which Scott and the Ettrick Shepherd were present, both of whom, if we remember correctly, wrote verses in praise of the men whose side they took in the match.

At Fasteneven, both foot and hand ball are still played at most of the towns on the Scottish border; and to a person who has not been accustomed from youth to seeing ball-playing, the game seems barbarous in the extreme. The ball is tossed up midway between two goals, perhaps a mile apart; and, if hand-ball, any means by the opposing parties of getting the ball to a goal may be used—throwing it, running with it, or concealing it, and thereby getting quietly to the goal with it. And the rule of play is, that any person holding the ball, or lifting it, or attempting to lift it, is liable to be floored by any means short of striking; so that broken heads and broken bones are by no means uncommon: and a ball is seldom played for a day without being carried into the river in the vicinity of the town or village where the game is annually held; and it is there where a Londoner would open eyes and mouth in astonishment. Although the season for ball-playing is winter, and although keen frosty weather may prevail, a large number of the players dash into the river after the ball; and there they souse and plunge each other as freely,

and apparently with as much relish, as if it were midsummer.

Ball-playing in the river affords great amusement to a large number of on-lookers, who crowd the bridges and the banks of the river in order to see the sport. The on-lookers are of both sexes, the females being all of the poorest class. Men and boys, however, of all grades and ages, eagerly watch the game.

From the mouth of the Yarrow upwards, for somewhere about five miles, the visitor passes through as beautiful and romantic a valley as Scotland can reveal; and within that compass, among other places of note, stand Foulshiels, the birth-place of Mungo Park, and Newark Castle, the scene of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel."

Foulshiels is a humble cottage on the left bank of the river; and, until within a few years ago, it was inhabited by John, or, as the Selkirk folk called him, Johnnie Park—a brother of the traveller—a man of little learning and a small amount of knowledge, who knew little of either his brother or his travels.

Park served an apprenticeship in a doctor's drug-shop in Selkirk, and during his study of physic-compounds, the following little episode, which we had from a venerable doctor of medicine, occurred:—

An old well-known burgher stepped into the shop one day, and, looking in an excited manner at the boy, said:

"Mungo, is the doctor in?"

"No, sir."

"O lord! and I'm nearly dead wi' the tooth-ache."

"But I'll draw the tooth for you, if you wish it drawn."

"You, callant? Did ye ever draw ony teeth afore?"

"Yes, I have, sir."

"Faith, I'll rather come back again and see the doctor than lippen ye!"

The old gentleman went off, and, ere long, he returned with the old question:

"Mungo, my man, is the doctor in now?"

"No, sir; he's not come yet."

"What am I to do? I'm nearly daft wi' the pain. Mungo, are ye perfectly downright sure ye've drawn teeth before this?"

"I really have, sir," said the boy.

"Then get the nippers, and take out mine. Now mind!—take care—be canny."

The youth extracted the tooth, and after the old gentleman got over the shock it caused, and found himself relieved, he complimented him on the skill he had shown,—and then asked him how many teeth he had drawn before operating on himself.

"Only thirty-two," said Mungo.

"Thirty-twae! Faith, I think it's a guid *only*. Where in the world did a' the folk come frae?"

"O, I took them all out of one man's mouth."

"That was dreadfu! I wonder the man let ye pull them."

"He couldn't prevent me."

"How?"

"Because he was dead."

The old gentleman sprang from his seat, ejaculated "Mercy on us!" and hurriedly left the shop.

Newark Castle, we consider, is more beautifully placed than any of the Border keeps, and we have seen many of them. The building is a large square tower of great strength, adorned with a few flanking turrets, and much the same in style as the Border towers, still so common in the upland pastoral districts of Roxburghshire. All of these towers are ruinous. Newark, however, possesses a charm of its own which all lovers of out-door nature must feel. It stands on a prominent elevation, and its time-worn walls and turrets are softened by a background of fine trees and lofty green hills; and the stirring waters of the Yarrow make a perpetual murmur round its walls. Peace, or, as Wordsworth has it, "pastoral melancholy" pervades the scene.

Newark was the occasional residence of the Outlaw Murray, whose ancestors held it for some generations, and received a yearly allowance from the crown for keeping it in repair. It afterwards passed into the Buccleuch family. Here the Last Minstrel sang his lay, and a finer scene for such a subject could not easily be conceived—less easily formed. The castle stands within the policy of Bowhill, but free access is had to it by the public; and the pleasant winding footpaths leading along the banks of the river are, every summer, trod and enjoyed by a large number of visitors.

We had little more than crossed the bridge leading from the ducal domain, when up came our postman with a hearty—

"Weel, sir, I hope ye've enjoyed yersel'; am sure ye'll hae found it a bonny place."

We mounted the vehicle, and, during our five or six miles' ride, had many stoppages at farm-houses, noteworthy localities, and humble cottages. At the latter the flowers of Yarrow were good-humouredly bantered about "the lads" by the postman. His vehicle, by the way, seemed to contain all kinds of merchandise; and his memory seemed excellent, for all his morning's orders were fulfilled; and, when receiving them, he informed us, he made no notes.

We had the benefit of his oral catalogue of houses, places, and families of the olden time. And although unfamiliar with his writings, he spoke of the Ettrick Shepherd with some enthusiasm. He remembered him well: and the Shepherd was at his wedding, where he, as usual, was the soul of the party.

"Man," said he, "he *was* bright! And he *did* keep them laughin'. He was a hearty fallow; and he never was ony ways proud. But, eh, man, it is lang sin' the weddin' now, and what changes hae taen place since then!"

The scene of the Dowie Dens of Yarrow is near Yarrow Kirk, where the scenery is pastoral, and where two massive stones are supposed to mark the spot of the tragedy; but further down the valley, where it is graced with wide-spreading woodlands, the gloominess of the river at a certain spot is striking, and this place is often pointed out by the people in Yarrow as the Dowie Dens. We

stood upon the edge of the high bank overlooking the scene, and far down, in an almost perpendicular direction from where we stood, the foaming, brawling river rolled from our sight away under the gloomy shade of tangled elms and birches that overhang and clothe the banks from top to bottom. The scene is in harmony with the dule and sorrow so often repeated in the ballads commemorating the love and death of Yarrow's Romeo and Juliet, some of the traditional scenes of which have of late, through the aid of Mr. Noel Paton's brush, been forcibly brought before the public, and appreciated by many who perhaps never read or cared for the ballads.

No stream in these isles is so interwoven with our literature as Yarrow. The ballads connected with it would fill a goodly-sized volume; and, what is strange, they almost without exception bear the stamp of the vision and the faculty divine. Many of the best are anonymous, but we have the names of the authors of some of the more modern pieces which take rank among the best. Greatest among these stand Hamilton and Wordsworth. "The Braes of Yarrow," by the former, published in 1748, is a ballad of great power and tenderness. After gazing down on the Dowie Dens, these lines from Hamilton's ballad lingered for some hours about our memory, and at times forced the tongue into utterance:

Why runs thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow, red?
Why on thy braes heard the voice of sorrow?
And why yon melancholious weeds
Hung on the bonny birks of Yarrow?

What's yonder floats on the ruefu', ruefu' flude?
What's yonder floats? O dule and sorrow!
'Tis he, the comely swain I slew
Upon the duleful braes of Yarrow.

Mount Benger and Altrive Lake, farms occupied by the Ettrick Shepherd, are seen on the right and left, respectively, of the river. The fun and frolic enjoyed by men of parts in the houses belonging to these farms during the poet's occupancy were of too racy a nature to be easily forgotten. Many pleasant allusions thereto have been made in the writings of the literati who at times enjoyed the Shepherd's upland retreat. Hogg had his share of the world's sorrows, but he was ever manly enough to keep even the shadow of such from his guests.

His guests, however, were often too numerous for his means; but, from the hospitality in his nature, they would have been welcome to feast on the best he could provide, had famine loomed in the distance. In this he was doubtless as much open to blame as praise. The manager he had on Mount Benger farm said to a friend of the writer, that no moderately-rented farm of such dimensions could possibly stand the drain upon it for household expenses, caused, as he said, by the visits of so many friends—friends from all quarters of the country. And sheep after sheep had to be brought from the hill to fill the larder at a ruinous rate for the farmer. The manager's belief was, that his master was brought to poverty through the thoughtlessness of his friends, who thus caused him great expense. In the summer months his house was seldom without guests.

"Often after the merry nights in the house,"

said the manager, "I've seen him come quietly out, about five or six o'clock in the morning, leaving a' his friends in their beds, and gang up the burn wi' the licster or the fishing-rod for a few hours' sport by himself." Seeing him alane in this way, he seemed to me at times perfectly sick o' the trouble o' company, and glad to get away into the glen. But when friends cam', what could he do? He had to act like a friend. And alang wi' that he was naturally an easy man concernin' farm matters; so that ye may say baith ends o' the meal-bag were open at ance."

The letters he received daily also caused him much expense. He sometimes received twenty in a day, and these would cost him eightpence or tenpence each. How could an "easy man" keep free of debt under such circumstances? He himself told a gentleman, still living, that the postages he had to pay for letters received were almost ruinous in amount. After the publishing of any new work, congratulatory epistles showered upon him from all quarters, most of them written by people he never saw or heard of, and the postages were, of course, all unpaid.

Although the sun was shining softly on the hills when we reached St. Mary's Loch, it had a dull, black appearance we were scarcely prepared for; and we concluded that the double swan and shadow, and the rhythmical remark as to not a feature of the hills being in the mirror sighted, must have been pictures of the imagination; but next morning we found the poet—to use a favourite sentence of the Parisian garçons—all right.

Roused from sleep about seven o'clock, by the shouting of two or three voices and the yelping of dogs, we hurriedly drew up our blind, and, with some excitement, witnessed a spanking chase up the hill-side before our window, by two sheep-dogs after a hare. But puss, after one or two turns, left her loud-voiced assailants nonplussed. The morning was bright, and, in a few minutes, we were out into the sunlight, with the lake little more than a hundred paces in front of us.

Arcadia, and all our dreams of Arcadia, could never present a scene more peaceful, fresh, and beautiful than the one before us. All the hills were bathed in sunlight, their soft outlines blending with the semi-transparent and snowy cloud-spots that here and there lay as if resting on their summits: the rills were like crystal; the verdure was smooth and green, and spotted on slopes and angles with snowy sheep; and, clear and distinct as the scene itself, the lake, as if revealing fairy-land, reflected all the hills and sunlight before us, but causing everything to look more rich and soft than it did in the upper element. It was a sight never to be forgotten:

The morn rays lit the lake, the hills,
The fleecy dew wreaths skyward bore,
And silvered up the thousand rills
That seek St. Mary's lonely shore:
It was the faery land I loved
To picture once with fancy wild,
But fairer 'neath the unchequered beams
Of rosy sunlight, than the dreams,
My boyhood's wayward thoughts beguiled.

Our friend proposed a row across the lake in his

boat, which we readily agreed to. In crossing we learned that a retired officer of the navy had, a few years previously, taken soundings all over the lake; and his report brought out an average depth of one hundred and fifty feet all along the lake's centre. This seems a great depth for a sheet of water scarcely a mile in width, and only seven miles in circumference; and especially so when we remember that the general average depth of the Baltic reaches only one hundred and ten feet.

Scotch lakes are, however, mostly all very deep in contrast with their surface measurement,—a natural result where the shores are flanked by large hills. In the Highlands some of the lakes are much deeper than St. Mary's, the deepest part of Loch Lomond, for instance, being six hundred feet.

The lake is well stocked with fine large trout, perch, eels, and pike; and salmon are occasionally plentiful in its waters, which they enter from the Yarrow. The burns that enter it are also numerously stocked with small trout. From these circumstances the place has for many years been a retreat for a large number of anglers, who, along with enjoying fine sport, find cosy up-putting at Tibbie Shiel's. In Tibbie's snug cottage, more "runs," imaginary and real—for "anglers' lies," form a proverbial term in all river-side cottages,—are talked over, than under any roof in Scotland.

In the departed days of salmon-spearing, fine sport was often had in the small waters in the neighbourhood of the lake, and of this sport almost every shepherd and farmer was fond, and none more so than Hogg himself. Pike-spearing, in the shallow or breeding-places in St. Mary's Loch, was also a sport occasionally indulged in; and our friend, who has resided from infancy in the district, gave us an account of a ludicrous on-slaught he made upon a large pike he was anxious to secure. He knew the haunt of the giant; and, on a day when the water of the lake was very clear, and well adapted for the sport, he got a shepherd to row the boat, and he was instructed to cause as light a ripple on the water as possible. The fish was lying in the place expected—by the side of a weed-bed, in pretty deep water. The spear was fourteen feet in length; and, certain that he could easily reach the fish with it, he struck. But he had reckoned without his host, for he himself followed the spear head-foremost, and entirely disappeared for some seconds. When he came to the surface he wildly caught hold of the boat, but found it impossible to enter without causing it to upset. On seeing this the dull-brained oarsman cried out in a wild accent:

"Lord, maister, ye'll hae to drown!"

It never occurred to him, until told, to give a stroke or two with the oars by which to bring the boat to the shore. The clearness of the water had caused the mishap; and when a spear-stroke is made and the bottom not reached, the sportsman, of course, follows his instrument in a great hurry.

Our first morning's visit was to St. Mary's Kirk, on the hill flanking the north side of the lake:

But St. Mary's Kirk bell's lang done ringing!
There's naething now but the grave-stane hill
To tell o' a' their loud psalm-singing.

The church has disappeared; and the little lonely churchyard bears a number of old tombstones, partly covered here and there with tangled bushes, doubtless planted by affectionate hands, but long ago grown wild. Only one pillared, showy tombstone is in the place, in remembrance of an Edinburgh hatter. Erecting such a tombstone in such a place was an act as much out of keeping, so to speak, as it would be to whitewash an abbey.

In this burial-ground lie the remains of many a famous outlaw; and among Border warriors and rieurs the church was held in high esteem. It holds a place in many traditions and many ballads. The Lord William and Lady Margaret of the Douglas tragedy are buried here; and the scene of the tragedy, where Lady Margaret's brothers fell before the sword of her lover, is on Douglas Burn, within a few miles of the churchyard. We did not notice the intertwined bonny red rose and brier, reported to have grown on their graves, a floral phenomenon which modern minstrels of the Cowel school take much delight in.

Here also lie the remains of Percy Cockburn of Henderland, whose ruined tower still stands in the adjoining vale of Meggat. When, in 1529, James V. made his memorable raid among the rieurs, and hanged, among others, Johnnie Armstrong, and Adam Scott the King of the Border, he surprised Cockburn while at dinner, and hanged him over his own gate, amid the exultation of his followers. His body was left with his weeping wife, who had not a living creature near her. Alone she sewed his shroud, and afterwards bore his corpse to St. Mary's Kirk:

I took his body on my back,
And whiles I gae'd, and whiles I sat;
I digg'd a grave and laid him in,
And happed him with the sod so green.
But think na ye my heart was sair,
When I laid the moulds on his yellow hair?
And think na ye my heart was wae,
When I turned about awa to gae?

Dryhope Tower, a fine old Border peel, in which "Mary Scott, the flower of Yarrow," was born, stands within view of St. Mary's Kirk, near the foot of the lake; and Bowerhope stands opposite, on the far side of the lake, nestling among trees at the foot of a rugged glen, and the high background of hills, pile on pile, seems to terminate among the clouds. Away to the right, nearly hid by trees, and standing on a narrow neck of land, dividing St. Mary's and the Loch o' the Lowes, is the house of Tibbie Shiel—St. Mary's Cot. Within a very short space of the cottage stands the monument recently erected to the Ettrick Shepherd. It is a graceful pedestal, crowned by a sitting figure of the Shepherd overlooking his favourite lakes and hills. St. Mary's Loch, perhaps, looks better from the lonely churchyard than anywhere.

Long ago these lakes were regularly visited in the winter season by wild swans,—now, however, they never appear. Falconidæ of different kinds frequent, and some nest in, the district. Both the golden eagle and the osprey were frequent visitors long ago; and many of the older people

say that, in their younger days, eagles were seen every year in the district. For a number of years, however, no eagle has been seen. The last that our friend saw he had cause to remember. Some twelve years ago, riding along a hill-side facing the lake, he saw above him, perched on a large stone, what he thought was an eagle, but, from its being within fifty or sixty yards of him, he could scarcely think his conjecture correct, eagles being, as he knew, so wild. He accordingly turned his horse's head up hill towards the bird, for the purpose of ascertaining what it was. He was soon certain it was an eagle, and, thinking that it must be lame, he got his whip ready to strike it down. But, just as he was about to lift his hand, it suddenly spread its great wings and flew off with a scream. From that moment he remembered the bird no more for many weeks; for his pony suddenly wheeled as the eagle flew off, and in trying to gallop down the steep hill, fell, heels over head, and crushed and bruised his rider to such an extent that he remained insensible for a considerable time, and unfit, for upwards of a year, to attend to his ordinary duties.

We thought it strange to see the venerable Tibbie Shiels in the flesh; for in the racy writings of the late Professor Wilson, written upwards of thirty years ago, in which we first became acquainted with her name, we looked upon her merely as a "character," a sort of "Meg Dodds." We had a long crack with the old lady, however, and found her very communicative and agreeable, and with an intellect apparently unimpaired, though she is nearly eighty years of age.

She asked us if we had read the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* enacted at her house, and was pleased when informed that we had.

"That was the greatest day," said she, "we ever had i' the house, for the Professor, ye see, invited maist o' the gentry round, and brought some frae Edinburgh wi' him. Ye'll hae seen the thing Mr. Chambers (it was Robert) wrote in his 'Journal' too. Little did I ken, when he was gettin' me to tell about sae many things, that he was gaun to prent it a'. And, mind ye, he's a droll ane, for he put a hantle things in the book that I never said. But he's a frank, nice man."

Of Professor Wilson and Hogg she spoke with the greatest respect and esteem.

"How was it, do you think, Tibbie," we said, "that so many farmers and others in Yarrow thought so lightly of Mr. Hogg?"

"Weel, sir, I think that this was ane o' the things that made the alder folk no like him: He was a guid fiddler, ye ken, and he was pleasant, nice company, and wi' his fiddle at night, when he was a young chield, he could get a' the lassies he asked after him to dancings here and there, whilk keepet them late often; and sair the auld folk ca'd him for't. A kinder hearted man ye couldna find than Mr. Hogg. Him and the Professor were guid, kind friens o' mine."

We saw several people who knew Hogg intimately, a number of them shepherds, and all spoke of his kindly, genial nature. One old man had neighboured him for many years, and although

he had never read a line of his writings—he thinking the Bible the only book worth reading—of Hogg he spoke in a most friendly manner :

“He was an obligin’ neebor; and I’m sure that at smearin’ times, when we helped ane anither, we never kenn’d how the time flew away, for he keepet us aye a’ laughin’ wi’ queer stories and sangs.”

Among a class of saving, industrious people, the poor Shepherd’s improvidence—caused by ways and means they could not understand—his late hours, and hilarious meetings with friends, were certain to bring discredit upon him to a consider-

able extent; and spleen at his success as a writer, and the manner in which he was taken out by his “betters,” doubtless made many of his Yarrowdale fellows speak contemptuously of him at times.

The trip to the Grey Mare’s Tail from St. Mary’s is through a wild mountainous region. Here and there on every side small but high waterfalls strike the eye, as they dash down the rocky sides of high hills; and there, at the head of Moffatdale, the hills are steeper—almost perpendicular, some of them—than anywhere in the south of Scotland.

Birkhill, a shepherd’s house where refreshments



Newark Castle, see p. 612.

can be had, stands on the water-shed of Little Yarrow, whose waters finally reach the German Ocean, and Moffat Water, whose final outlet is the Solway Firth. Opposite the house, four Covenanters were shot by Claverhouse. All round this place the Covenanters used to take up hiding-places, the deep and extremely rugged glens affording comparative security. The shepherd’s wife, who attends to the wants of travellers at Birkhill, is a character worth knowing. She is strong-minded and strong-nerved; and a number of authentic anecdotes are told of her prowess. The following is one of the best.

Her house is solitary, no other dwelling being

within miles of it, and during the day, when her husband and son are on the hills, she has sometimes strange visitors, for the road passing the door connects the east with the west of Scotland in that district. When the Hawick branch of the North British Railway was making, navvies often passed this way from the Caledonian line towards Hawick, and of these she generally had a call. A solitary Irish navvy came in one day when she was alone, saving a little girl, a grandchild. After lighting his pipe, and staring round him for a time, the following dialogue ensued :

“Well, missus,” said he; “you’ve some mighty nice hams there.”

"Nice hams," was the dry response.
 "Faix, I think I'll have one, missus!"
 "But ye'll no get ane, my man."

Pat, nothing daunted, put his foot upon a stool for the purpose of taking one down from the ceiling, where they hung, and he did so boldly, for he saw no one was in the house but the woman and child. With a stern face, however, she suddenly stepped before him, and said:

"Did ony body see ye come in here?"

"The devil a one," was answered, defiantly.

"And the devil a ane'll see ye gang out again! Bring me the axe, lassie!"

In a moment the blackguard was out at the door and off, leaving her to enjoy a hearty laugh at the success of her ruse.

She, poor woman, has had her sorrows. A number of years ago, a son grown to manhood left the house one morning, to look after his flock on the neighbouring fells. A snowstorm had lain for some time, and on that morning a slight thaw had set in. He did not return at his usual hour, and his father, fearing the avalanches that occasionally occur on these hills when a thaw sets in and the snow is deep, went out in search of him. He did not go far, until he, with trembling heart, observed a snow-cleared line down the side of a steep hill which he knew his son had to traverse. With eager steps he made for the gleam, and there, in the burn, he found his corpse. The young man had, it was thought, stepped from the ridge of the hill on to the slope, whereby the snow had lost its hold and hurled him down with it.

Nor was this the whole of her misfortunes. Many years ago the father of our respected host was buried by an avalanche in the same locality. He was under the snow sixteen hours. His dog, immediately after he was immersed, came home, and by its restlessness showed something was wrong; but, being near nightfall, friends could make little search. Next day the dog led the way to the place where his master lay, and after some digging he was found,—alive, too,—and in a short time he quite recovered.

When sheep happen to die on these hill-sides, their death-struggles send them nearly all dashing down the slopes into the burns; and when a sheep is wanting, the burns are the first places searched for it, or rather its remains. It is astonishing how rich and green the grass grows on the steepest slopes here, and on these the sheep, from custom, feed and move about with perfect ease.

The Grey Mare's Tail is a waterfall which, from its shape, is not inappropriately named. When the water which forms the fall is fullish, it would have weight sufficient, with an ordinary fall, to turn a country mill. From this the size of the water may be guessed. The fall is three hundred feet in height, and seems, when approached from below, to tumble from the top of a pretty high hill. The water that supplies the fall comes from Looch Skene, which is one of the wildest, most solitary, and gloomy tarns in the country, two miles or so distant from the Grey Mare's Tail.

The precipice over which the water dashes is dark and rugged, and in the dark caldron below

the loose stones are, from a sort of perpetual motion caused by the action of the water, churned into a round ball shape.

Many years ago, two rash young shepherds thought they could climb the precipice on the left side of the fall. They made the attempt; but when little more than half-way up, the lowermost of the two became giddy, and, with a cry of despair, fell to the bottom, and was killed. A portion of his plaid—a shepherd without his plaid in Scotland is a phenomenon—which a point of rock caught in the descent, hung on the precipice for a number of years after the accident. The other young man got to the top without accident; but he had no heart to remain in the district afterwards, and emigrated. The ascent has been several times made since. A gentleman, now in Keswick, made the ascent one day in presence of a party of friends, including the Ettrick Shepherd. This gentleman's *modus operandi* was unique. He first took a shower-bath under the fall, and then, in nature's apparel, made for the precipice, up which he scrambled monkey fashion.

During the ascent some of the on-lookers were terrified, some of them amused. The gentleman who told us the anecdote was an eyewitness, and his sensations during the ascent, he said, were, according to the place and position of the climber, sometimes those of horror, but oftener of hearty laughter.

The solitude and beauty of all this upland district, both in Yarrow and Upper Moffatdale, are striking; and the charms they seemed to possess for most of the best writers of the early part of the century—drawn partly toward the scene, doubtless, from the genuine ballads and stirring traditions connected with it—may, through their writings and otherwise, have been the means of drawing thousands to the locality. And of these we are certain a large portion will bear away remembrances of wild corries, and fine solitary glens and nooks, green sunny hills and gleaming waterfalls, that will not for many a long day pass into forgetfulness; for, without either tradition or ballad, the district of Yarrow and St. Mary's

"With beauty all its own is blest."

THE SEASONS.

SPRING—and her heart is singing

A song full of joyous cheer;
 For each brightening day seems bringing
 The hope of her life more near.

SUMMER—her heart is waiting;

Its dream is yet unfulfilled:
 But her trust knows no abating,
 Though the Spring's glad song is stilled.

AUTUMN—her heart is burning

With the fever of restless fears;
 And the darkened days returning
 Bring her no relief save tears.

WINTER—her heart is broken:

The struggles of Hope are o'er;
 But the love that was here unspoken
 Will be hers where hearts bleed no more.

EVELYN FOREST.

MY BROTHER'S STORY.



"PLEASE, sir, the gentleman—rather a foreign looking party—says he *must* see you. He'd rather not give his name, but he's uncommon positive."

So said Gubbins, my clerk, holding the door ajar, and peering in, with a deprecatory expression on his sallow face.

"Tell him, Gubbins, that I am engaged, very particularly engaged. He must call again, or write, for I am busy now. You can shut the door," answered I, somewhat testily. For I really was engaged, and I had been so short a time in real practice as a Chancery barrister, that the work I was deep in had the charm of novelty.

I was half smothered in parchments, folios, and sheets of draught paper, ploughing my way through a most difficult abstract of title, which Neeld and Fusby, of Southampton Row, were clamorous for. Gubbins, the most obedient of clerks, did his best to comply with my commands, but a scuffle succeeded, open flew the inner door of my chambers, and in burst a wild hairy Orson of a man, in very loose clothes, and with a tremendous beard masking the lower part of his face.

"Really, sir, I must say—" I began, rising in wrath from my padded chair.

But this strange intruder caught me by both hands, held me at arm's length, and fixed his quick bright hazel eyes on mine.

"Tom, old boy, don't you know me?"

Bless my soul! Of course I did, though eleven years had passed since my brother Henry and I had met. Harry had been out of England, pushing his fortune, as he called it, and though he had written sometimes, and I more frequently, there had been great gaps in our correspondence. Harry was fresh from Spanish America, had landed at Southampton that very morning, in time for the London express, and had come straight to my den in the Temple. Of course I was glad to see him. The best proof of which was that I kicked the abstract aside, heedless of the wrath of Neeld and Fusby, that I closed my chambers, took Harry and his light luggage to my house in Kensington, and killed the fatted calf in honour of his return. After dinner, when my wife had left us to keep company with the decanters, my sun-burnt brother began as follows:

"You got my last letter from Valparaiso, I think you said? Well, Tom, I am really ashamed to own it *was* the last. You see at that time I was doing very well, and I began to think that the Will o' the Wisp of fortune, that had led me such a dance for years, was within my grasp at last. You remember the sanguine, rose-coloured view I took of things, then? The fact is, I saw the world through the medium of the dollars in my purse, and still more of the brilliant prospects a-head. It all turned out moonshine, Tom. The Yankee speculator who had got me and other fools in tow proved himself as great a humbug as ever rigged a share market. We were thoroughly entrapped, lost all we had saved, and, for a long time, I was in such poverty, Tom, as I thank Heaven you and yours have never known, and of which you cannot guess the bitterness."

"But why did you not—" I began, reproachfully; but Harry cut me short.

"Why did I not write to you for help, eh? Why not write whining accounts of my state to my relatives at home. Why, Tom, I was ashamed, after all my boasts and crowing. Besides, though I knew you'd bear a hand, dear old boy, to drag me out of the mire, I knew fees were not too plentiful with you, and begging doesn't come natural to me, somehow."

"So I set my face against ill luck, fought the matter out, and after near a year's toil and privations, I was able to leave the place, free of debt, but with just coin enough to pay my passage to another port. Well, I won't weary you with descriptions of my doings for the next eighteen months; it's enough to say that I was assistant to an architect at Buenos Ayres, and right hand man to a cattle farmer in Brazil, and earned beef and bacallao, but not much beyond. At the end of that time I got a capital offer—that of the post of chief engineer of the Cerro Azul mining company, in Mexico. Don't laugh, Tom; upon my word that was a *bond fide*, genuine concern. Most of the proprietors were English, with a sprinkling of Yankees and Mexicans. There was money enough—real paid-up capital; my salary was safe, and had been calculated on a liberal scale. Indeed,

it was thought one of the prizes of our profession, out there, to get the place, and I should not have got it but for meeting old Captain Cooper, R.N., at Rio. He took a fancy to me, gave me a passage to Vera Cruz, and recommended me to his nephew, the resident director. So there I was, with close upon six hundred a-year, and a small percentage on the ore extracted."

"Which turned out to be purely imaginary, no doubt," said I. "Help yourself. That's decent sherry, though I dare say the Dons have spoiled you in that respect."

"You are mistaken, brother," said Harry, "for the silver was real enough, and reasonably plentiful. The mine paid well, or would have paid well, after all expenses had been reckoned for, but for the bribes that we had to furnish under various pretexts. Such a corrupt government you never dreamed of, and the worst of it was, that Chihuahua—did I say that was the State we were in?—was always changing masters, and both factions pressed us for requisitions, mulcts, and taxes of all sorts. Still, the mine did its duty; we got out new pumping machinery from England, with Cornish engines, and Cornish miners, and a very tolerable staff of surveyors and engineers. I must tell you that Cerro Azul, or the Blue Mountain, is one of the rugged hills of the great Sierra de Carcay, the backbone of Mexico, and about fifty miles from the city of Chihuahua. The company had purchased a very extensive concession, and besides the main shaft and two smaller pits, there were many acres of argentiferous ground, to say nothing of copper, and of the gold which the miserable gambusinos washed by grains out of the half-dried beds of the torrents. Mines have always been a hobby of my own; if I know any one branch of my profession better than another, it is that which relates to lodes and smelting, and ventilation, and all that refers to subterranean work. So I fell to with a will, prospecting in my spare moments, analysing, sifting, and comparing specimens, and at the end of two months I could safely report to my employers that two, if not three, fresh veins, at a distance from the main shaft, might be opened with every hope of profit. The company responded, voted me their thanks, and sent out more machinery and capital. I was in high feather, and trusted to make our Blue Mountain mine as famous as any in Mexico. You will ask, Tom, or at least you will think the question, why did I not write? Often I have taken up my pen to begin, but something always checked me. You see, I remembered my confident predictions written from Valparaiso, and the end of them, and I was shy of becoming a false prophet once more. There is no such gambling, after all, as mining operations. My report was an honest and truthful one; practical men on the spot agreed in my estimate of the value of the new veins, and yet I did not want to reckon too much on what might prove a castle in the air. The veins might shrink to nothing, or dip down through the hard crystalline rock, and baffle us. Or the Church party, desperate for means to pay their troops, might confiscate the property of the company, for might is right in Mexico. So, as the Yankees say, I concluded to wait. It so happened,

that among those in the employ of the company, and under my own immediate supervision, there was but one to whom I took a fancy. The others were, for the most part, honest fellows enough, but young Arthur Lake was the only member of the staff who had an idea of anything beyond the petty details of our profession. A smart lad, too, and well-grounded in the technical knowledge requisite for an engineer, but there were those who thought him too young for the post he held, and growled at the partiality of the directors. Young Lake was somehow connected with the Cooper family, and, as I told you, Mr. Cooper was our resident manager, though he lived in the city of Mexico, only visiting the mine at intervals.

"At the risk of tiring your patience, Tom, I must try and give you an idea of our life at Cerro Azul. Imagine a big, round-shouldered mountain, looking bluff and clumsy among the sharp serrated peaks that ran away to North and South in an irregular line. The hill that looked so blue through the distant haze turned out, when you got a closer view, to be of all sorts of blended colours, gray, and green, and red, and brown, like a dull tartan, only that the hues lay rather in stripes than chequers, after the fashion of serpentine rocks. There were a few large trees, and here and there a dense thicket of wild agave, cactus, and all manner of thorny shrubs and plants, but most of the mountain was bare, and the sides of it were seamed by ghastly ravines, which were spanned by those swinging bridges of twisted creepers and raw hide, peculiar to Spanish America. As for our settlement, there were two decent houses; they had been begun in stone, but the builder had changed his mind, or lost his workmen, and they had been coarsely finished with those sun-dried bricks which the Mexicans call *adobés*. There were two store-houses and a sort of wooden barrack, all made of jointed framework, sawn and shaped at a saw-mill belonging to two Americans near Chihuahua, and painfully carried up the hill on the backs of Indian porters. Besides these there were nine or ten cottages of adobe brick, roofed with leaves and twigs plastered over with mud, and twice as many huts of boughs, where our peons lived. There was a chapel, with a tin roof that glittered grandly in the sunbeams, as did also the tin roofs of the three timber buildings. And there were the smelting-houses and engine-sheds, of rough stone daubed with mud, that had been erected in the old days of the Spanish domination, when the mine was first opened. There was good water from a sort of natural rocky well that never ran dry, a great boon in those stony sierras. This well was in a kind of grotto, the coolest, darkest nook conceivable, and it was a real pleasure to pass at once from the white glare of the fierce sunshine into that moist, twilight cave, and hear the incessant drip and gurgle of the water as it flowed from the crevices of the rock into the shapeless basin below. Without this supply we could never have held our ground during the summer droughts, when the very pebbles in the beds of the exhausted torrents were glowing with heat, and the grass withered to brown threads, and the game deserted the country.

"As for the human population of the place, it was motley indeed, and it was only at the cost of infinite pains and patience that I could keep harmony amongst so many jarring nationalities. There were the sub-surveyors and inspectors, English, French and American; there were our Cornishmen, sober and steady enough, but full of scorn for the natives, and abhorred as heretics by the latter. Then we had a miscellaneous lot of Mexicans, half-breeds, and Indians, to do the rough work of the mine, to say nothing of an assayer from Germany, and a Pole for overlooker. The Indians I speak of were Manzos, or 'tame Indians,' as the whites call them, and were valuable to us, though they required much humouring. Such patient, gentle beasts of burden I never saw; there was no road by which mules could ascend to the pit mouth, and every thing, fuel, provisions, stores, silver, had to be carried up on men's backs. When we received the steam-engines and machinery, there was a tough job of it to get them over the ravines, for of course the picturesque swinging-bridges could not bear the weight. But we did it, somehow, with cranes and guys and windlasses, after endless trials and trouble, while with ordinary packages our peons would come toiling, uncomplainingly, up the steep paths, like a line of laden ants.

"But with all their industry, they were ignorant and awkward, and their superstition was a sore stumbling-block to us. It was on their account that the company had built the chapel, and paid a salary to the priest, an oily, scowling Friar Tuck, from a monastery in the plains. That might be all very well, but there was no end to the red-letter days in their calendar; feasts, fasts, vigils, and eves were continually recurring, and the burden of the song was—no work. Besides, they had extraordinary notions of their own, and when, one day, we found a couple of Aztec skeletons, swathed in cottons like a ruder sort of Egyptian mummies, in turning up the ground, the peons went off like scared birds, and would not return for a week. We were obliged to bribe the priest, who bore us no good will, to sprinkle the place with holy water, before we could get our copper-coloured legion to lift pick or shovel in our cause. The priest, I often suspected, thwarted us as much as he dared. He was a half-taught man, dull and vicious, like most Mexican monks, and could hardly read the dog-Latin of his well-thumbed breviary, but he hated us cordially as foreigners and schismatics. As for the poor peons, he ruled them with a rod of iron, screwing fees out of them on every possible pretext, as of a wedding, christening, or burial, and they were all deep in his debt, and virtual slaves, as commonly happens in Mexico. Did I say that the Indians had brought their wives and children to the settlement? Such was the case, and the brown, soft-eyed women, with their lank black hair and high cheekbones, were always to be heard singing some plaintively monotonous ditty at the doors of the huts, as they kneaded the *torillas* for the evening meal, and the children rolled in the dust around.

"The other workmen, the whites and half-breeds, though more intelligent, and fitter to be employed

in difficult operations, gave us some trouble, though certainly not by over-attention to the religious observances of their church. They were a queer set, and I do not fancy that any one of them would have gained the Monthyon prize for virtue. Outlaws, broken adventurers, léperos who had made some city too hot to hold them, escaped felons, and Gambusinos out of luck, such were the recruits of our ragged army. They fought regular duels among themselves with the knife when they quarrelled, and they were always cheating and squabbling with each other over their greasy cards, a pack of which every ruffian of them carried, along with his rosary and clasp-dagger. Once we made a great effort at a reformation in morals; we had three wounded men in camp just then, in consequence of play disputes; and we burned every pack we could find, in spite of threats and muttered mutiny. It was strange how our scamps felt the deprivation; I saw more than one villanous looking rogue, whose unwashed face was scarred all over with hurts received in those affairs of honour I have mentioned, cry over the dirty cards we took from him, like a child over a damaged doll. But they proved too cunning for us; they made cards out of the most unlikely things; they constructed dice out of bones, and played at 'buck! buck!' with their fingers, like schoolboys in England; they encouraged a travelling gambler to come among us, and set up a public Monté table, and though we turned him out we were glad to compound for peace, and to let in king, knave, and queen once more. So with ardent spirits; we tried to keep *aguardiente* and *pulque* out of camp; it was of no use trying; they smuggled it in ways so ingenious that we could not but admire the craft they displayed in getting a daily supply of the ill-flavoured, fiery poisons. You may guess from what I have told you that it took a watchful eye and a tight hand to master them. It was necessary, too, that the workmen should be searched, on leaving the shaft. They always *did* attempt to conceal some fragments of silver under their rags, and sometimes the hidden treasure escaped detection; generally it was seized: not that detection abashed those rogues in the least. They knew that, as long as they worked, they would not be discharged; bad as they were, we could get no better labourers. Every week their wages were punctually paid them, and we were obliged to keep watch in turn, we Europeans, knowing that if it could be safely done, our Calibans would cut our throats to get at the cash-box and stores. So two of us kept guard, nightly, in a sort of block-house, armed to the teeth.

"I dare say, Tom, to your fancy all this sounds very unbearable and dismal—the record of a wretched existence. It was not so, however, for it had its own excitement and interests, even its own pleasures. The country swarmed with game, so long as grass and water abounded, and our guns procured many a welcome addition to the larder. We fished, too, catching quantities of odd-looking finned creatures, which, I must own, we seldom ventured to taste. Then there were our professional duties, the most stirring of which was the task of escorting the monthly yield of

silver to Chihuahua, where it was to be coined into sparkling duros. This was often a service of some risk, for not only were the miserable roads rendered unsafe by broken soldiers and white highwaymen, but bands of the prowling Apaches were encouraged by the feebleness of the government to approach the very capital of the State, eager for scalps and plunder. It was needful, therefore, that six or eight well-armed men should accompany the Indian peons who carried the precious metal, and afterwards travel with the mule-train. We kept our mules, you understand, which were the property of the Company, as well as the private riding-horses of such as possessed those animals, at Quexhatepec, a large village that stood on the main road from the mountains. Here, too, were kept the sheep and bullocks which were necessary for the consumption of our colony; the Indians lived pretty much on beans and cakes, with melons and other fruit, but our Mexicans required regular rations like ourselves. These various four-footed creatures were under the care of an official of the Cerro Azul Mining Company, a native of old Spain, who was called the *comprador*, and who made all purchases of live stock and forage, sending his accounts to me, to be audited and transferred to the resident director. These expeditions, as I have said, were not without danger; and yet they were so popular with our little community, that, to avoid any semblance of partiality, I settled that our turns should come round in rotation, according to seniority. The fact was, that the journey formed an agreeable break in our ordinary routine, and also we usually contrived to spend two or three days in the city, where we met with much hospitality from the foreign residents.

"Lake was especially joyous whenever an opportunity of going to the town presented itself, and we had soon become sufficiently intimate for him to share with me what was as yet a secret from the rest, that he was engaged to be married. He had fallen in love with the belle of Chihuahua, pretty Jane Acworth, the eldest daughter of an English merchant, who had long lived, rich and respected, in Mexico. I think, but am not sure, that there was some distant tie of kindred between them; but, at any rate, old Mr. Acworth was a firm friend to the Coopers, to whose intercession both I and Arthur owed our preferment. Mr. Acworth was very rich; the shares he held in our company were but a modicum of his fortune, which was none the less safe for not being, for the most part, invested in the Republic of Mexico. The perfect immunity which the merchant had hitherto enjoyed from military exactions or insolence, was said to result from the fact of his having advanced large sums to Santa Anna and other chiefs. Be that as it may, it is certain that Mr. Acworth's house and property had been respected by some of the most rapacious governors who ever swayed a city.

"And now let me come to the point as briefly as I may. The time for conveying a quantity of silver to the city had come round, and the yield having been larger than usual, there were several hundred ounces to be sent. It was my turn to go as head of the party, and that of Arthur as second

in authority. The assayer and the head clerk were to remain in charge at the mine, with eleven trustworthy men. We were to take the rest, amounting to fourteen persons, not reckoning Indian porters or the muleteers from the village, neither class of whom could be expected to show fight in case of attack. And attack was probable, more than probable, for several parties of disbanded soldiers were robbing on the highways, while there were dark rumours of a foray, conducted with unusual boldness, on the part of the wild Apaches.

"We were mustering our forces for the start, when Herr Bergmann, the assayer, came to me with a very serious face. He had just heard a rumour, brought from the plains by an Indian woman, that a suspicious troop of horsemen, probably Apaches, had been seen hovering within a league of Quexhatepec. It was almost certain that we should fall into an ambush laid by these greedy and pitiless savages. Therefore honest M. Bergmann proposed that we should postpone our journey until the Governor could be solicited to send up a military guard from Chihuahua, under whose protection the silver could safely be removed.

"A guard!" said I, rather scornfully; "who is to guard the treasure from the guard? Mexican soldiery are more formidable to friends than enemies; and your proposal, Mein herr, suggests the idea of giving the poultry into the safe-keeping of a fox."

"But the assayer gravely proceeded to assure me that, although we should have to pay a heavy percentage on the specie, actual spoliation was not probable. The new Governor, he reminded me, was a stern disciplinarian. This was true. General Miguel Gomez, the new military governor of Chihuahua, was a man of energetic character, and was reported to keep great order among his troops. This was unusual in Mexico, and the more so as Gomez was in arms for the clerical party, and bore away over the State in the names of Miramon and the Church. I think I should have given way to the assayer's arguments, but for the extreme disappointment of poor Arthur, and the vigour with which he urged me on to adhere to our customary course. Of the savages he spoke with contempt, treating the report of their near neighbourhood as a mere chimera, and expressing his conviction that we could easily beat off a whole squadron of such foes. I knew pretty well why young Lake was so bent on the journey. He and I had received an invitation to spend as many days as we could spare from duty at Mr. Acworth's house. To me, of course, the only temptations were the good table, the snug quarters, the priceless cellar, and the pleasant company sure to be found at the rich man's board. To Arthur the attraction was different. His suit to Jane Acworth had been approved by the easy-tempered old widower, who could not make up his mind to thwart his darling child in anything, and who had a high opinion of Lake's honour and cleverness. A long engagement was, to be sure, a stipulation with which the merchant had clogged his consent, but youthful hope leaps lightly over an intervening gulf of years. Arthur was wild to

go, and I, perhaps weakly, yielded to his wishes. We got under arms. A number of Indian peons loaded themselves with the silver, carefully secured in skin packages, with provisions for the two days' march, and with the light tents which were to screen us from the dews and night air in our temporary encampment. The fighting part of the contingent consisted of four Cornishmen, besides their "captain," a giant in stature, graver and more sober than any one in our employ, and whose cool courage and mighty thews had earned him the enforced respect of the Mexicans. Besides these, we had four clerks or surveyors, one English, one French, and two Americans. A German and two Dutchmen, seafaring persons whose ship had been wrecked on the coast, and who had been recruited for work on dry land, made up, with Lake and myself, fourteen combatants. Each man had a rifle, with ball-pouch and powder-horn, a revolving pistol, and a bowie knife.

"After cautioning the assayer to keep a bright look-out in case of mutiny among our dissolute Mexican gang, and bidding farewell to the rest, I gave the word to 'march.'

"To my astonishment, not a peon stirred. The usually submissive Indians stood still, their heavy loads strapped on their shoulders, and evidently awaited some indispensable preliminary.

"What is this?" I called out. "Do you hear me, boobies?"

"The bronze statues remained motionless, with bowed heads and folded arms, their stolid faces turned towards the tin-roofed chapel and the adjoining house, where the priest lived.

"I think it is the padre they are waiting for," said young Lake, in a low voice: "he has not blessed our enterprise, and the simple creatures are reluctant to move without his sanction."

"I muttered an angry comment on the personal character of the absent ecclesiastic, and then added:

"Pray go to Father Bartholomew, some of you, and beg his reverence to be quick. If he wants a fee, he must have one, for I see that these copper-coloured beauties of ours will not stir till he gives them leave."

"The holy father has been busy all the morning, writing letters," said a Mexican, who stood by; "he had a visit from an Indian of the half-blood, a man of the plains, who came up here, panting and travel-stained. He has been shut up in his reverence's dwelling ever since, and there I found him when I looked in, an hour ago, to speak about the indulgence to eat flesh on prohibited days. Carrajo! I've known our priest two years, and never saw him spoil white paper nor handle pen before this day."

"At another time I dare say I should have attached more importance to this communication than I did; but now I only saw in it the reason of a vexatious delay which was wasting precious time. Already young Arthur Lake, quick and light of foot, had scampered across the open square to the priest's abode, and presently arrived Father Bartholomew, hot and puffing, in full canonicals, and followed by a strange Indian, who bore a brush and a pot of holy water. The latter was a lean, muscular fellow, scantily dressed in

cotton cloth, with a purple fillet of Maguey thread crossing his low forehead and circling his dull black hair, and with evident signs of travel on his sandaled feet and dusky limbs. The latter were scarred and bleeding, from the thorns of the mezquite bush through which he had forced his rapid way. It struck me that the fellow's countenance was sly and sinister; but I had little time to observe him, for the ceremony commenced. Our porters and their loads were duly sprinkled with holy water: a few prayers, and a blessing, or something in barbarous Latin that represented one, were mumbled out, and the Church gave full sanction to our journey. We Protestants looked on with undisguised impatience, and even the French clerks sneered as they beat a tattoo with their boot-heels on the dusty ground; but the peons brightened up wonderfully, and they set off at a good round pace down the hill, as the monk concluded.

"Thank you, Father Bartholomew," said I, handing over a dollar to the chaplain, whose eyes twinkled as he received it; 'you have done a miracle on our behalf, turned bronze men into living sentient creatures, and your fee is well earned.'

"Ah, Señor Ingles! ah, noble sir! don't be too hard on our poor flock," said the monk, rolling his eyes and speaking in meek tones; 'they are unlearned peasants, but the solace of the Church is very dear to them. I have a favour to beg of you. Please to permit yonder Indian, a good man, to travel home to the suburbs of the city under your valiant protection.'

"Well! this, you will say, Tom, was but a small boon to ask, but I own I hesitated. Some unerring instinct whispered to me that all was not right; that Father Bartholomew's affected humility meant mischief. He was seldom commonly civil in his intercourse with us. In his cups—for his reverence had an unsaintly love for maize brandy and pulque—he was well known to rail bitterly at his heretic paymasters, and to gloat over the future torments which were destined for us all, and now he was cooing as gently as any sucking dove.

"Why, too, was this stranger in such an amazing hurry to get back to Chihuahua? He might well need a little repose after a march of fifty miles. It was odd, very odd. The monk had some experience in reading the human face,—a book he knew better than his manual. He saw my indecision, and began to whine out a long, rambling statement concerning the Indian: how he was one of the most pious and respectable of his old parishioners, whose affection for his former confessor had induced him to undertake this journey, all the way from the suburbs of Chihuahua, on purpose to relieve his tender conscience, by imparting his griefs and scruples to his favourite director. How he was now far from home, separated from his wife and babes, and in great peril from savages, jaguars, and broken soldiery, should he be compelled to return alone, and on foot. Lastly, how it would be so kind and generous, if my clemency would permit this interesting penitent to voyage under the guard of our invincible rifles.

"Hang it, Slingsby, the poor man can't eat us!" cried young Arthur Lake, always good-natured, as he noticed my hesitation; 'let him come, and let's be off, for look, the peons are already at the swinging-bridge.'

"I gave my consent. 'March!' was the word, and our men stepped gaily out, and descended the hill at double-quick, followed by the Indian protégé of Father Bartholomew. The latter snuffled out some valedictory words, and stood watching our start. It so happened that my own eyes were averted from the chaplain just then, for a pistol belonging to a clumsy German in front went off accidentally, causing some confusion, and inflicting a slight graze with its bullet on the man nearest him. The injury was only skin-deep, but a great deal of clamour ensued, and, what with rating Hans for his awkwardness, tying a silk handkerchief round the wounded man's arm, and getting the party into order, I quite forgot the monk. When we were across the ravines, and had overtaken the porters, Arthur came to my side.

"Slingsby," said he, in a low voice, 'that padre is a queer customer. You didn't see the expression of his face as we started. I did, and if ever a face expressed malignant triumph, his did then. I hope he has no mischief in his head. You know he thinks it a moral duty to hate heretics.'

"Pshaw! what can Father Bartholomew do?" answered I, with a laugh. 'Nobody doubts how gladly the worthy man would see our schismatical flesh frizzling in the blaze of a good pile of tar-barrels; but his malice finds vent in impotent curses and black looks, and Britons, even in Mexico, can bid defiance to such enemies as he. I don't half like the face of that demure Indian, whom his reverence recommended to us, and shall keep an eye on him till we are clear of the disturbed districts.'

"We found the village of Quexhatepec in an uproar. There was news from Chihuahua of another political outbreak. The comprador came busting to meet us, with uplifted hands and eyes of tragic meaning. He informed us that a wicked conspiracy on the part of the Liberals—those fiends who longed to confiscate Church lands and melt down Church plate—had been discovered. General Gomez had put down an attempt at rising with a strong hand. Executions were frequent, and martial law proclaimed. Blood, added my imaginative informant, ran like water through the streets of the capital. Military detachments scoured the country in search of proscribed fugitives. Of course our excellencies would see that our journey was impossible!

"Our excellencies saw nothing of the kind. We were foreigners, in no way concerned with the domestic broils and massacres of the distracted country. We were subjects or citizens of states able and willing to protect or avenge us. We were bound on a lawful errand—why should we turn back?

"This was clear and logical, and yet the comprador groaned as he gave orders for the horses and mules to be equipped for the road, and the whole population followed us to the end of the

straggling village, blessing themselves in the names of St. Antony of Italy and St. James of Spain, that such foolhardiness should be possible to men.

"We formed a tolerably imposing cavalcade. Arthur, myself, and two of the clerks, had good nags of our own; the rest were mounted on excellent mules, the property of the company. The silver had been transferred from the backs of the porters to the pack-saddles of a train of baggage-mules, and the peons, now transformed into muleteers, were to lead and tend these sure-footed creatures on the march. Our intention was to bring back stores, as usual, from Chihuahua. The low-country Indian, Father Bartholomew's parishioner, was permitted to ride a spare mule, since it appeared inhuman to compel him to renew the toilsome tramp of fifty miles after such brief repose.

"The country, for some miles, was rather lonely and sterile, full of rocky ridges that were connected with the spurs of the grand sierra, and seamed with ghastly ravines, just the places best adapted for an ambush of lurking Indians. Yet we accomplished our day's route of above thirty miles without any signs of the Apaches being visible. A few tattered scarecrows, dressed in the remains of military uniforms, and irregularly armed, we now and then met, and had little doubt that they were on the look out for unprotected travellers; but they slunk away at the sight of our formidable force. We encamped for the night. The place we selected was an open plateau, free from bush and brake, and where foes could not easily approach us unseen. There was good water within reach, and we had fuel on some of the pack-mules. Fires were kindled, tents pitched, the evening meal was cooked and despatched, and sentinels were posted and relieved at regular intervals. No attack took place. A few small wolves prowled about the camp, but a firebrand, flung among the pack, soon drove them howling into the darkness. In the morning a discovery was made, and one of by no means a pleasant nature.

"The strange Indian, Father Bartholomew's model parishioner, was gone. He had slipped away during the night, and, unfortunately, Arthur Lake's horse—a valuable animal of good Spanish breeding—was likewise missing. It was plain that the steed had been stolen, and that the copper-coloured deserter was the thief: but what could we do? We found that the picket-rope had been cut; the horse must have been gently and cautiously led away, for some faint marks of the trail were to be seen in the soft turf, and led towards the high road.

"There could be no doubt about it: the Indian was a rogue, but he was beyond pursuit, and, with muttered vows of vengeance on his tawny hide, if ever we set eyes on him again, we gave up the jennet as lost. Arthur, who was much annoyed at the loss of his favourite nag, was obliged to content himself with the mule previously ridden by the runaway, and we again started.

"This is some rascally trick of the monk's," said one of the party, "and if I were Mr. Slingsby, I would pluck a crow with Father Bartholomew on the subject."

"The captain of the Cornishmen presently came up to me with a very grave face.

"Them painted beggars are coming, sir." And he pointed to the blue line of the horizon, on which appeared a number of dark specks that rapidly grew larger.

"What makes you consider those objects to be Indians, Mr. Atkins?" asked I dubiously, for, although the captain was famous for his powers of vision, I could hardly believe that the savages would venture so near a strongly garrisoned city.

"They are buffaloes," said one of the American surveyors, "some half-wild herd on their way to the southern markets."

"I should take them for vultures, now," cried Arthur Lake, no less earnestly; "I feel sure that I see the flapping of their broad wings."

"The captain shook his head.

"Indians, and on no honest errand," he repeated with dogged conviction; "it's the flutter of their feathered head-dresses," Mr. Lake observed. "I can make out men and horses."

"So can I," cried a young Frenchman, whose sight was nearly equal to that of the Cornishman, and directly afterwards the dusky peons set up a yell of dismay:

"Indios bravos! los Apachés—the saints defend us!"

"There was a moment of gabbling and confusion, but my voice was soon hearkened to, and we formed in good order to receive the expected charge. The armed men drew up in the form of an irregular square, with the mules and porters in the centre. By the advice of Atkins, who had been many years in Mexico, we all dismounted and hobbled the forelegs of the horses and mules, lest they should be stampeded by the horrid Indian whoop. Very soon did the distant clump of specks develop itself into a long string of tawny horsemen, mounted on active little steeds, and coming over the plain at a headlong gallop. Presently they halted, formed into two squadrons, and came rushing down upon us, striking their mouths with the palm of the open hand as they uttered the fearful and unearthly war cry.

"Hia! hia! hia! hi—a!" the last note prolonged into the melancholy fierceness of a wolf's howl, rang over the wide plain; and as they came on I must own that their excited gestures, their faces and bodies smeared with paint of every colour, and the tossing and brandishing of lances, shields, bows, and plumed head-gear, had something terrific, especially when accompanied by that dreadful pealing cry, that seemed worthy of the throats of so many actual demons. They were about two hundred, as nearly as we could count. On our side no one flinched. Even the foreign seamen, who had never seen an Indian before, and who were quite inexperienced in the use of firearms, stood steadily and coolly in their allotted places, and handled their weapons with resolution. Don't yawn, Tom; I have no battle to relate, for just as the wild riders drew near enough for the rifles to take effect, and as the word 'fire' was trembling on my lips, the savages gave a cry of disappointed rage, pulled up their foaming horses, huddled together in tumult, and then, shaking their clenched fists at us with

many an insulting and wrathful gesture, wheeled round and galloped off. In a minute more we saw the reason for this apparently capricious movement in the appearance of a strong body of Mexican lancers, whose gay uniforms of blue and silver, sparkling lance-heads, and flaunting scarlet pennons, caught the eyes of some of our party. The Apachés had evidently no idea of coping with a force so superior in numbers and equipment, and they never turned again, but lashed on, till their fantastic troop vanished in the distance.

"'Heaven be thanked!' cried several of us by a common impulse, and instantly our martial array broke up, and we prepared to receive the advancing soldiery as friends. But, to our surprise, the lancers came forward at a brisk pace, wheeled, changed their formation from column to squadron, and brought their spears to the charge.

"'Confound the fellows!' said Lake; 'what do they take us for? Slingsby, give them a hail. Your Spanish is the most intelligible that we can muster.'

"I called out accordingly, explaining in few words who we were, and claiming the character of friends. But no response was given, save that several officers rode to the front, and that among them, in eager converse with the commandant, was the Indian deserter of the previous night, mounted on the stolen horse.

"Arthur Lake uttered an angry exclamation, and stepped forward.

"'Caramba!' thundered the Mexican major, 'keep back, you heretic dogs. Soldiers, arrest the traitors: forward!'

"And before we could close our ranks or make ready our guns, we were rudely charged, ridden down, and trampled under foot. When we scrambled, bruised and hurt, to our feet again, we were disarmed and secured by a number of dismounted troopers, who proceeded very composedly to tie our hands tightly together with scraps of rope or hide, answering our remonstrances with blows and curses. An indignant appeal which I made to the officer in command fared no better. He gruffly informed me that if I did not hold my tongue, I should be gagged; and added that I had better keep my oratory for the ears of my judges. My judges! but I had little time wherein to ponder on the matter, for we were singly placed between two mounted lancers, to whose saddle-bows our wrists were secured with cords, and in this ignominious manner we were half dragged, half driven over the eighteen miles that lay between us and the capital. Although we had been goaded to our utmost speed by the unscrupulous use of the spear-point and spear butt, our progress was necessarily slow, and it was late in the day when we arrived, dusty and exhausted, in Chihuahua.

"The silver was removed to the Governor's palace; the peons were dismissed, the mules being detained, however, with the curt announcement that the property of the Cerro Azul Company was 'confiscated for seditious offences.' We heard this from a warder of the squalid jail into which we had been thrust, and were further informed that a detachment of infantry was about to set off for the sierra, to take possession of the mine and stores on behalf of government. The reason for

this arbitrary proceeding we could not guess, nor could the warder—who gave us in pity a little water and fruit, heedfully emptying our pockets, at the same time, of every coin or valuable article they contained—give us any explanation of the crimes of which we were accused. After great importunity, however, we prevailed upon our guards to slacken the cords and thongs which bound us, since they had been drawn cruelly tight, lacerating the skin, and causing much suffering. Just before sunset we were conducted, under a strong guard, to a large whitewashed apartment in the principal barrack, where a drum-head court-martial, composed of seven officers, had assembled to try us. Don't expect, Tom, that I should give you a detailed account of that most iniquitous mockery of justice. My blood boils when I think of it. We were accused of being mixed up in the recently detected conspiracy of the Mexican Liberal party. The accusation was especially strong against Lake and myself, but the only evidence, if evidence it may be called, seemed to be a rascally lying deposition on the part of our precious chaplain, Father Bartholomew. This had been despatched by his dark-skinned accomplice, the Indian deserter who had stolen Arthur's horse. It was read aloud in court, and contained a tissue of the most barefaced falsehoods, hardly worth repeating. But we were not allowed to refute these statements. We were condemned beforehand, the manifest object of the authorities being to get possession of the rich mine of Cerro Azul, whose wealth rumour had exaggerated. Without being allowed to speak, we were removed from the court, and only brought back to hear our sentence. This was one worthy of its pronouncers. The mine, and all effects of the Company, were confiscated to the public use, a phrase pretty intelligible to Mexican ears. The subordinate agents and servants of the Company were to be set at liberty. But as some victims were necessary to give a colour to these infamous acts, Lake and I were doomed to—death! Ay, brother, you may start and look surprised—it's Gospel truth, for all that. We were condemned to be shot within twenty-four hours, a respite granted us that we might be 'reconciled to the Church,' if our native obstinacy as 'burros Ingleses,' or English asses, a polite phrase of the president, permitted. We were then marched off under escort, ironed, and thrust into a cell. How we passed that night, I well remember. The rage, the stormy indignation, the half-incredulity, the dull stupefaction of despair. Worn out with bodily fatigue and mental emotions, we slept at last, upon the damp stone floor.

"Shall I ever forget how the next day dawned, how the light of the last sun we were ever to see, came sadly pouring into the dismal den where we lay in chains! I do not care to dwell on what we felt. Poor Arthur Lake suffered the most. He was a brave lad, but of a sensitive nature, and delicate in mind and body. The sudden, cruel blight to all his sweet hopes of a happy future with his darling Jane, half maddened him. I was obliged to rack my brains to find some consolation for him, but I tried in vain. As for myself, I thanked Heaven that no other heart was linked to mine on that dark day, to suffer with my suffer-

ing, to die with my death. I was alone, a rough stranger in the land, and I was glad to be spared that extra pang which my comrade had to endure. Still, Tom, it was a bitter pill to swallow. Disguise it as we may, we all shrink from the black shadow. They neglected us in that jail, as usual in Mexico, and it was not till noon that a surly mulatto brought us a few beans fried in oil, and, what we valued more, a pitcher of water. He shook his woolly head and declined to answer any of my questions.

"An hour afterwards arrived a priest, though not, as I at first conjectured, on a bootless and tormenting errand of conversion. He was of a gentle disposition and good repute, had often been a guest at the table of Mr. Acworth, and had come to visit us at the request of his Protestant friend. Father Diego, a very different sort of ecclesiastic from our chaplain in the mountains, spoke to us with great sympathy and kindness, and bade us be of good cheer. Mr. Acworth, roused to unwonted energy, was using in our behalf his whole interest with the authorities. He had already had an interview with the corregidor and the alcalde, and had seen the Governor, Don Miguel Gomez. The latter was the man on whose breath hung our lives. He was, as we knew, of a stern nature, an honest fanatic, full of fiery zeal for his Church and faction; but Mr. Acworth, who stood high in his esteem, hoped to mollify his determination.

"This was the padre's first visit. He came again in two hours' time, and his words and looks were less cheerful than before. The Governor, he said ambiguously, was a hard man; but even rocks might be melted. Mr. Acworth had gone a third time to his residence, and this time his daughter had accompanied him. She was a dear friend to Manuela and Inez, the Governor's two children, and she had gone to petition them to kneel with her at their fierce father's feet, and to beg our pardon. 'May the blessed St. Iago, St. George, and Our Lady of the Pillar, soften his hard heart!' said the old padre, shuffling out of the cell, evidently ill at ease. He came again, but by that time the afternoon was far spent, and there was an ominous change in his benevolent wrinkled face; he was pale, and his hand was cold and tremulous as he took mine.

"My son," said he, "we must all die one day. What matter a few brief hours in the account of our allotted pilgrimage?"

"My eye met his. I read our fate at a glance.

"Is there no hope?"

"None!" said the old man, almost sobbing. He went on to say how Jane Acworth and the Governor's daughters had knelt in vain at the great man's feet, had implored mercy for us in vain.

"They wept, they pleaded and prayed," said the padre. "Oh! it would have melted a heart of marble; but his must be harder than marble. Prepare, my poor children, to die. If my spiritual ministry can avail—"

"Father Diego, we thank you, but we must pray alone," returned I; "the sentence stands, then, for sunset?"

"For sunset! An old man's blessing will do

you no harm—take it.' And he made the sign of the cross, and left the cell with drooping head and slow step. The great golden sun was going down fast. The mellowing rays fell slanting upon the bare wall. About one hour, as near as I could guess, was the span between us and eternity.

"A dreadful hour, brother, in which the bitterness of death was drained to the dregs. But my own state of mind was peaceful, compared to Arthur's. He showed no unmanliness, no actual fear, but he was in a febrile condition painful to mark, his nerves were strung to an unnatural tension, and he suffered cruelly from the blow that robbed him of love, and hope, and life, so young. 'Poor Jane, this will kill her!' he said, several times over. Once he grasped my hand as I tried to comfort him, and said:

"Bless you, old friend. I know you don't think me a coward for making such a fuss about the matter. It's not death alone—you've seen me in danger before, haven't you? But Jane—and all our fond hopes—these bloody Mexican butchers—it's hard to bear!"

"Just before sunset I heard the tramp of steps, the clank of muskets on the stones without. They had come to fetch us. I whispered in Arthur's ear as he lay moodily musing, and he sprang up, his irons rattling, and prepared for the last. The door opened, and a subaltern and ten soldiers appeared, with the gaoler and a smith.

"Knock off their irons," said the officer, lighting a cigar. "Stand at ease, men."

"The fetters were removed; we were placed between two files, and the march began. At the gate of the prison a crowd waited. There was a murmur as we appeared.

"Mueran los malditos!" cried a few voices; but most of the people showed some signs of pity, mingled with curiosity.

"Poor boys!—so young! I wonder if they have mothers at home to mourn them?" said one woman, aloud.

"Forward," said the officer, drawing his sword. We moved on, surrounded by the guard. Every balcony of the great street, every window in the Prado, were full of life, of rustling fans and fluttering veils and scarfs, as the dark-eyed ladies of the city looked out at the show. The streets contained large groups of gazers. At one corner we saw Father Diego, and bowed to him, and the old priest lifted his feeble hands, and blessed us as we passed. We neared the great square of the Parade, where we could discern a gay squadron of mounted lancers, escorting a number of officers on horseback, in rich uniforms—the Governor and his staff. Besides these, a body of infantry was drawn up, and a great crowd thronged as close as the sentries allowed. We were now under the windows of Mr. Acworth's mansion, when I saw Arthur, who had till then walked calm and tranquil at my side, start and change colour. I looked up. Could it be! Yes, in the balcony stood Jane Acworth, fresh and radiant in her beauty, with bright eyes and flushed cheeks, waving her handkerchief to us. Lake groaned, and hid his face between his hands.

"'She false!—she callous and careless! Oh, great Heaven!' he muttered.

"In a minute more we were in the middle of the Plaza, kneeling before an open grave, close to which were two rough coffins of unpainted wood. These were to receive our quivering bodies. In front of us was drawn up a firing-party, who began to handle their pieces. Our eyes were bandaged, in spite of our expostulations. We shook hands once more. I said some words of farewell, but Arthur did not answer.

I heard the clatter of hoofs as the General and his staff approached. The officer in command called out his orders. I heard the muskets rattle. 'Fire!' was the word, and the report of the muskets followed. I knelt, unharmed. A long pause followed. Then my eyes were unbound, and I found some one supporting me—Mr. Acworth.

"'It's over now, Slingsby: the volley was but one of blank cartridge. When the General spared your lives it was on condition that you should suffer this cruel trick; but now it is over. Heavens! What has happened? Lake has faint!' "

"'Worse than that—he was dead—stone dead, though not slain by bullets. The poor lad's heart, overtortured, had given way. That is why I left Mexico—pah! I hate the very name of it. Tom, let's go upstairs, and ask your wife for a cup of tea."

TREASURE TROVE, AT HOME AND ABROAD.

"To search as for hid treasures" is an expression which loses much of its strong significance when it falls on English ears. It is so long since invasion or oppression rendered hiding in the earth necessary, that the idea of such concealed wealth or of earnest search for it has died out amongst us.

Very recently, however, a treasure trove has occurred even in our long-tilled, tunnel-burrowed England. A month or two ago, a labourer, ploughing at Mountfield, in Sussex, raised to the surface a chain of golden links a yard long, attached to each end of which was a horn or "trumpet," as he called it, of the same precious metal. The peasant showed it to his master, who gave no directions about it, only observing that he did not know what it was; and Butcher retained his *trouvaille*. A neighbour, called Silas Thomas, examined it, and as when cleaned and polished it shone brightly, he took it for brass, and offered sixpence a pound to the finder for it. This offer William Butcher accepted, selling 11 lbs. of solid gold, worth 550*l.*, for 5*s.* 6*d.*

Silas Thomas carried the chain to Hastings, and showed it to his brother-in-law, Stephen Willett, a cab driver, who, having been a gold digger in California, at once recognised the value of the prize, and purchased it of his kinsman. He then sold the gold to Messrs. Brown and Wingrove, of Cheapside, for 529*l.*, and invested 300*l.* of the money in a Hastings bank.

But the fact of his possessing so much money, and the amount of ready cash exhibited by himself and his brother-in-law, roused suspicion.

Another piece of the metal which Butcher had found was shown to a blacksmith, who, testing it with aqua fortis, found it was gold. The affair was talked of; and finally Mr. Egerton, the Lord of the Manor, where the *trouvaille* was made, communicated the circumstance to the Treasury.

Inquiries were instantly instituted. The notes paid into the Hastings bank were traced back, and found to have been received by Willett, from Messrs. Glyn's bank, in payment of a cheque given by the gold dealers. Thus the secret of Willett's sudden wealth was discovered, and the buried treasure traced.

By an old law of Edward I.'s reign, *treasure trove* becomes the property of the Crown, if, after an inquest held on it, no owner is found in existence. The coroner of the Rape of Hastings was consequently called on to inquire touching this long-buried treasure, and he pronounced it the property of the Queen.

We are not told whether the chain and horns have escaped the melting-pot or not. It is to be feared, however, that they have not; as mention is made of "three bars of the gold, which have been preserved and examined by several eminent antiquaries, by whom it is believed the treasure has lain hidden in the field for 2000 years."

It was, it appears, a Druidical ornament. Probably part of the sacerdotal habiliments on festival days. With those golden horns the high priest of the Britons may have called them to the solemn gathering of the mistletoe, or to the awful human sacrifice by which they would have averted the invasion that caused the final hiding of the golden chain and its appendages. What a loss for our Museum! Ulterior proceedings are, we understand, to be taken against Willett for his fraudulent conduct.

But whilst we blame this man, who could grow rich by imposing on an ignorant neighbour, we can scarcely wonder that the concealment of valuable treasure trove should be common.

It is difficult to make the peasantry comprehend manorial rights. A man who finds a treasure in his own ground, and that treasure, one which can have no living owner, naturally looks on himself as its rightful possessor. He has probably never heard of King Edward's law, and a natural sense of justice does not guide him rightly in the matter.

If a liberal reward were given—nearly the *metal* value of the *trouvaille*—it is quite possible that we might have become possessed of many precious relics which now are broken up and consigned to the melting-pot.

A circumstance tending to prove this occurred while the Danish antiquary, Professor Worsaae, was in Edinburgh, some few years ago. A man came to him, and with much secrecy offered him a splendid armlet, a massive serpent coil of great value, which he said he had found in his own field, and which he wished to sell privately, as otherwise it would be taken from him. The Professor declined the purchase under such circumstances, though the bracelet was proffered at half its real value; but he gave information of the discovery to his antiquarian friends in Edinburgh, and every effort was made instantly to trace the

man and his precious *trouvaille*, but in vain. He could not be found, and the bracelet probably was melted down almost before the search for him commenced.

In Denmark, a wise and liberal policy with regard to treasure trove is securing to Copenhagen a museum of national relics such as no other nation possesses.

A peasant finding any antiquities on his land, receives the full value for his prize. In consequence of this wise arrangement, every year adds to the treasures of the Danish Museum.

Denmark is, indeed, singularly rich in "hid treasures." In her Museum are to be found the relics of the "age of stone," mentioned by Sir C. Lyell. And golden hair-pins, needles, and stiletos of the same precious metal, once used by the fair "Seakings' daughters" of former ages, attest the honesty of her peasantry and the success of her liberal law. With these are also preserved some golden war trumpets of the old Scandinavians, of rare value and beauty. Perhaps our Mountfield horns might have proved of the same age and fashion if they could have been compared with each other.

The largest and most perfect horn yet discovered was found near Tonder, in Slesvig, in 1639,* by a young Danish peasant, called Katherina. As she was returning home one evening she saw something sticking up from the ground, but passed it without examining it. Some days later her foot struck against the same object, and she determined to pull it up and see what it was. By dint of great exertion she succeeded, took it home, carefully washed it, and rubbed it free from mud, and was laughed at as wasting her labour on a brass horn! But Katherina liked her found treasure, and believed in it, and took one of the rings which hung from it to a goldsmith in the village, who declared it to be gold.

The discovery was noised abroad, and at length reached the ears of the king (Christian IV.), then on a visit to his son, the Crown Prince, at Glückstadt. He purchased the horn of the girl, and presented it to the prince. It weighed seven pounds, and was worth about 450*l*.

In the year 1737, near the same place, a peasant, named Erik Lauritzen, found another gold horn. He presented it to Count Schack, the owner of the land, who gave it to Christian VI. The king sent the peasant 25*l*. The value of the horn was 500*l*. The peasant was so delighted that he wrote twice to thank the king for his liberality.

These horns were drinking-cups. One of them contained three pots and a-half of wine; a cup worthy of Thor himself! Their story is not yet finished.

In 1802 they were stolen by a jeweller named Heidenreich, and were melted down before their loss was discovered. The robber was imprisoned for life, and that life lasted eighty weary years!

But the great treasure trove of the present century was that made in Spain in 1859.

Romance and tradition have always associated the idea of hidden treasure with the name of Andalusia. Everybody knows that if one could

but find the lost key of the hall of the Abencerages in the Alhambra, one would be able to discover the Moorish treasure hidden in its vaults and gardens (for the key is as communicative as Blue Beard's!); and the discoveries of four years ago appear to confirm romance and tradition in their assertions.

For, behold, a peasant digging a wild, uncultivated spot near La Fuente de Guazzazar, discovered there eight golden crowns enriched with gems of rare value! Attached to four of them were massive jewelled crosses of gold, which, with two inscriptions of a very singular and elegant character, are supposed to prove that they were offerings made by a Gothic king to the church, for pendant from the largest crown, by small separate chains, are letters of gold forming these words:

Reccesvinthus. Rex. Offeret.

Now Reccesvinthus was king of the Visigoths in 653; he is described in the chronicle of the Archbishop of Toledo as a devout Catholic, and one who

"Altaria Christi ornamentis variis decorabat."

Thus we easily ascertain the date and destination of these crowns. Were they a thanksgiving for some household mercy vouchsafed to the family, or only a united offering of devout worshippers? for strangely enough, they consist of a king's crown, a queen's, and six small ones of varied size, belonging evidently to children.

Very splendid was the gift. The largest crown is twenty-seven inches in circumference—a hoop of massive gold plates soldered together, the margin of Cloisonné work with incrustations of cornelian. It is enriched with thirty Oriental sapphires of large size, *en cabochon*, and set in *collets*, giving to the gems a very prominent relief. Thirty very large Oriental pearls alternate with the sapphires; the intervening spaces are pierced in open work, and engraved to represent foliage and flowers.

But the chief beauty of this remarkable crown is the fringe of jewelled letters, which, as we have already said, records the offering it by the king. Four golden chains attached to the upper margin (united by an elegant foliated ornament enriched with pendent pearls and emeralds, and surmounted by a knob of rock crystal elaborately carved and polished) served doubtless to hang it up in the church.

Within the crown, suspended by a long slender chain, is a Latin cross, which hangs a little lower than the letter-fringe. It is set with six fine sapphires and eight pearls in very high relief; jewelled pendants are attached to the arms and foot of the cross, and on its reverse side is the *acus*, by which it might be attached, when worn as a fibula, to the royal robes.

Our lady-readers might like to know what sort of crown the Visigoth queen wore. It is a broad circlet set with fifty-four rubies, sapphires, emeralds and opals. A fringe of eight pendent sapphires rested on her brow, and there are little loops within the edges for attaching to it a cap or lining, so that the heavy gold might not chafe her delicate forehead. This crown has also a cross within it, but less costly than the king's.

The children's crowns are small circlets of open

* See "Jutland and the Isles," by H. Marryat.

gold-work ; three horizontal little hoops, traversed by numerous upright lines with gems and mother-of-pearl at the points of intersection. Indeed, mother-of-pearl, probably then of great value, is used profusely for the children's crowns, and has lasted admirably during its long entombment, being still brilliant. Some mock stones placed in the smaller crowns are defaced and spoiled, perishing, as everything false must, under the hand of Time.

In the days of the Eastern emperors the children "born in the purple" were permitted to wear the royal insignia, and the fashion of Constantinople appears to have been followed by the Visigoth monarchs ; who were the more likely to imitate the Byzantine mode at this time, from the fact that they had only worn crowns for sixty years when Reccesvinthus succeeded to the kingdom—Lewvildus being the first Gothic king of Spain who possessed a royal diadem, and he reigned in 586 ; Reccesvinthus in 653, about forty years before Roderick, "the last of the Goths."

Our readers are well aware that it was in the reign of the latter monarch that the Saracens invaded Spain. Doubtless it was to preserve these costly offerings from the Moors that the monks concealed them in the earth, from which they were never able to reclaim them, and where they have remained a thousand years, untouched and hidden in the ill-cultured soil of Spain.

The proprietor of the land on which they were found carried them to Paris, and sold them to the French Minister of Public Instruction, for the national collection at the Hôtel de Cluny, for the sum of 4000*l*. The discovery and sale, however, reached the ears of the Spanish Government, which at once claimed them as inalienable heirlooms of the Spanish crown. Whether that claim has been allowed or not, we know not. The war between France, Italy, and Austria broke out shortly after, and in the stirring events of the present, these mementoes of a long faded past have been forgotten.

There must have been a tale attached to such an offering ; could we know it, we might feel a strong human interest, perchance, in this shadowy old Gothic king, whose very name was forgotten till the discovery of these offerings of his piety restored it to the lips of men.

One cannot help wishing that so interesting a relic of her past may be restored to Spain.

The earth has always been the hiding-place for treasure during periods of long and successful invasion, and it is in countries which have suffered most from foreign foes that we find the belief in "hid treasures" most prevalent.

In Hungary, the invasion of the Huns (those Ogres of the nursery) produced an amount of treasure-hiding which to this day is not forgotten ; and a set of men who pass their lives in the mountains in a vain but fascinating pursuit of buried gold are still called "treasure-seekers."

In the East, the same impression prevails, and there, probably, it is well grounded. We have ourselves heard of a recent case of treasure-hiding which may one day come to light when Greece is again an empire, and her soil worked by her sons,—if such a dream be not too wild !

A Greek lady told us that her husband's brother,

who was one of the leaders in the Greek struggle for liberty in 1828 or 1830, being "hunted on the mountains by the Moslem foe," committed to the sure keeping of Mount Athos the gold and gems which formed the sole remaining heritage of their house.

He had of course intended to communicate the secret of its place of concealment to his brother, but he was unhappily slain in some obscure guerilla conflict before they met again.

A letter left behind him informed the survivor that Mount Athos was their banker, but did not in the slightest degree enter into particulars as to the absolute spot in which the gold and jewels were buried. Probably the Greek chief had a higher opinion of the patriotism of his followers than of their honesty, for he confided the secret to no one. When Greece was tranquillised, the family had a strict search made on every spot where Odysseus had been known to rest or wander, but in vain—to this day Mount Athos keeps the secret of the hid treasure. We have been told that amongst those which remain undiscovered, are the crown and regalia of Poland, buried at the time of the infamous partition of the country—as the statue of Charles I. at Charing Cross was in the days of England's troubles.

We conclude by an earnest hope that the time is coming when its hiding-place may safely be revealed, and Poland, free and victorious, may rejoice in her royal treasure-trove.

THE TIMES NEWSPAPER OF 1798.

THERE lies before us one of the most eventful pages of that eventful year, in the shape of the "Times" newspaper, of October 3rd, 1798, reprinted from the original. The "Times" of that date, compared with its present size, was a veritable infant—not much bigger, when spread open, than a lady's pocket-handkerchief—but within its little face we see clearly its present features in embryo.

The Americans, with that self-consciousness which is so characteristic of the nation, are for ever "making history," and sidgetting themselves as to how they shall look in the pages of some future Bancroft. What a contrast to the dull Englishman of 1798, who "made history," especially in that year, without being at all aware of the dignity of his occupation. Let us turn over our "Times," for example, and the first thing that strikes our attention is the account of Lord Nelson's Victory of the Nile. Our admirals then did their fighting better than their writing—a feature which some seamen of a later date seem to have reversed. The total annihilation of an enemy's fleet is narrated by our hero in fewer words than a Yankee commander would detail the robbing of a hen-roost. Of the French fleet of seventeen line-of-battle ships only four managed to escape. They struck hard and heavy in those days without much boasting. In another part of the paper we have a glimpse of the rebellion in Ireland, a sighting of the Plymouth squadron sent under Sir Borlase Warren to intercept the Brest fleet which was sailing to reinforce the Irish rebels.

We see the working of the dogs of war in a far more vivid manner in these cotemporary pages than in those of after history. The Anson frigate sails so near the Hoche (French admiral's ship), that they can see "on board the whites of the eyes of the marines," with whom she is so crowded as to cause her "to sail badly." From Ireland again we have tidings of Major-General Trench's defeat of the rebels, "with great slaughter," in the neighbourhood of Killaloe; and there is a charming picture drawn of the French Commandant of the town, cooped up with his officers in the Bishop's Palace with that dignitary, himself armed to the teeth against the very rebels he had come to succour. Then there are the paragraphs of courts-martial, in which it is thought sufficient to say "some have been hanged, and various punishments have been inflicted on others." Little paragraphs hint at the social condition of the period, and show what a robust habit the public had of expressing their opinions; everywhere physical force was in the ascendant.

A singular example of the license which roughs were allowed in those days, is given in a paragraph which states that a mob on the previous evening gathered round the entrance of the Admiralty in honour of the great victory; and adds:

They insisted on every person of genteel appearance pulling off their hats. Six officers passing along were ordered to pay the same compliment to the mobility, and, refusing to do so, the populace attempted to force their hats off. *The officers drew their swords, and it is said that some persons were wounded.*

This reads like a scene in a pantomime, or like some of those little Austrian or Prussian affairs we used to hear of in which the supreme contempt of the military for civilians and the civil law was so conspicuous. Imagine half-a-dozen officers of the guard showing fight with their falchions to roughs now-a-days! Public opinion in those times of forbidden utterance through the press, generally found means to express itself in these rough and terrible scenes; and they were blunt of speech also in the most "genteel places." For instance, there appeared to have been an unusual amount of cat-calling and abuse of the musicians at Drury Lane that night, because having been wearied with playing "Rule Britannia," and "God save the King," they would not listen to a boisterous cry on the part of some individual for "Britons strike home," a demand which was silenced by some one singing out in the gallery, "Why, damn it, they have, haven't they?" The recording of such little episodes as these is strikingly illustrative of the strong stomachs which our ancestors had for forcible language. The reader cannot read far down a column without coming in contact with specimens of the violence of that age. We are told that

John Hanning, the seaman who killed one of the press-gang at Newhaven, was discovered hanging in his cell this morning,—

a hint at a double death caused by the working of the infamous press-gang law. The poor fellow was further followed by the vindictive usages of the times, for we are told that he was buried in the

evening, in the cross roads near St. Paul's, but that *the stake* commonly used on such occasions was dispensed with. The highwayman and footpad it is evident were then in full fashion, for there are no less than three highway robberies recorded as having happened on the previous day. Mr. Vernon of the Treasury, and another gentleman travelling in a post-chaise were stopped near Merton, by two footpads, and were robbed of all their valuables. It does seem rather strange, that *three* men, for there must have been a postilion, should have so quietly given in to two rascals on foot. Lieutenant Miller of the Horse Guards was stopped by two highwaymen," and "Mr. Couvoisier, one of her Majesty's messengers, at Maidenhead," in the same manner.

An affair of honour is not wanting in this number of the paper to make the manners of the times perfect, for we are informed that one came off between Captain H—— and Colonel A——, on account of a supposed injury in Ireland; and there is a forcible abduction, too, of a Miss. Mitchell, by a gentleman in the county of Cork,—which really reads like a case we heard of only a few years ago.

We have a hint, too, of a project on foot which has since been realised, namely, a tunnel under the Thames; but, in this instance, between Gravesend and Tilbury. There appears to have been just the same style of glorifying the "spirit of progress" in those days as there is now, for we hear that—

Among the wonders of the present day Mrs. Siddons's late achievements at Brighton, Bath, and London should not be forgotten. She positively performed at each of these places within the incredibly short space of ninety-six hours.

Four days and nights! Not so bad by Palmer's mail; but how flat and slow seem the wonders of one age to that which follows. How near the chit-chat of a newspaper brings you to past events,—you can't help feeling yourself a contemporary. What life and movement; what petty details, all of which, however, are necessary to fill up the picture of the time, and to clothe the bones which history picks so bare. It seems as though we were talking to our grandfather when we read of John Kemble as *Zanga*, in the "Revenge," "finely marking the subtle and malignant spirit of vengeance" of the Moor; and one almost feels inclined to endorse the extravagant opinion of our grandpapas, with respect to the grandiose actors in the stilted dismal plays of that day.

Mrs. Powell did not disdain the unimportant character of *Leonora*—a bright face like hers would indeed have lighted up any character. We wish some of the actresses of the present day would emulate her disinterestedness.

The two great political figures of the period make their appearance in several parts of the paper. Mr. Fox, we are told by the opposition papers, "does not mean to attend his duties in parliament during the ensuing session," whereupon we have the editorial remark—the "Times" in those days was no namby-pamby Conservative, but downright Tory—

However greatly the talents of this gentleman may

be rated, the want of his counsel has not proved detrimental to the public service.

The Foxites, however, understood the sneer, and estimated it at its true value, for on turning to the advertising column we find that "the anniversary of Mr. Fox's first election for Westminster will be held at the Shakespere tavern. The Honourable C. J. Fox, in the chair." Where was the Shakespere tavern situated? We see that the dinner tickets were only eight shillings, although dukes and earls were to partake of it, and the time was four o'clock. We have the authority of the editor, that, on October 2nd, 1798, Mr. Pitt was not laid up in flannel with the gout, as it had been reported, for—

We saw him yesterday in the Park in perfect [*sic*] good health.

Even in the little paragraphs, the "we," it will be seen, is retained, giving us a notion that even such scraps in those days were picked up by the editor himself instead of by penny-a-liners as now. In the gigantic "Thunderer" of to-day, with its abstract editor, we lose these little personal touches which bring us face to face with the demi-god that launched the dread bolts in those times.

As we write, the paper-boy comes for "The Times," from which we have extracted a good pennyworth this morning, and we see him collecting his papers at door after door, all the way up the street. What a comment this upon a little paragraph in the "Times" of October, 1798, to the following effect:

The keepers of several reading-rooms in Fleet Street have been fined 5*l.* for lending newspapers for hire.

What meddlesome stumbling-blocks were placed in those days in the path of the poor politician.

Whilst the "Emperor of Germany" was deciding his politics in the face of the French Directory, and the "Grand Signior,"—what old world titles these!—was acting with "decision and vigour," poor old George III. was at Weymouth, recruiting his poor shattered brain, and certainly the Court levelled itself to the meanest capacity in its amusements, if we may judge from the programme of the fête at Maiden Castle, near Dorchester, on the anniversary of the birth-day of the Duchess of Wurtemberg—which runs as follows:

To be played for at cricket, a round of beef—each man of the winning set to have a riband.

A cheese to be rolled down the hill—prize to whoever stops it.

A silver cup to be run for by ponies, the best of three heats.

A pound of tobacco to be grinned for.

A barrel of beer to be rolled down the hill—a prize to whoever stops it.

A Michaelmas goose to be dived for.

A good hat to be cudgelled for.

Half-a-guinea for the best ass in three heats.

A handsome hat for the boy most expert in catching a roll dipped in treacle and suspended by a string.

A leg of mutton and a gallon of porter to the winner of a race of 100 yards in sacks.

A good hat to be wrestled for.

Half-a-guinea to the rider of an ass who wins the best of three heats by coming in last.

A pig—prize to whoever catches him by the tail.

This was the age of Chloes and Phyllises, of Damons and Corydons, when shepherds piped to their shepherdesses on Dresden china tea-cups, and made love in the tender verses of noble poets. We see what the amusements of the country people were, and how they attracted royalty.

If we turn to the advertisements—the glory of the leading journal of the present day—we see on what slight beginnings its present prosperity was built. The first page, as at present, and half of the last page, contained then about as many as would go into one full column of the present journal. The nature of the advertisements of the last century differed but very little from those of the present day. "Elegant villas" and desirable mansions were advertised to let in much the same style as they are to-day. Even the public auction-rooms were the same—there was "Garraway's" in the city and "Christy's" in Pall Mall. Patent medicines cured all diseases as at present, and Dr. Jaimes's powder was even then sold at "Newberry's in St. Paul's Church-yard!"

There are some noteworthy things, however, even among the advertisements. For instance, we see that a live male elephant and 1095 elephant's teeth are to be sold at Garraway's "by the candle." This hints at a custom which dates from the time of Queen Anne, and was conducted thus: a very small piece of candle was lit, and the biddings proceeded until it went out, the last bidder before which event took place, claiming the lot. The intense anxiety existing whilst the flicker of the mould or the dip was at the last gasp, induced much competition among the bidders, but it could hardly have been so satisfactory and decisive a method of sale as the sharp rap of the hammer.

There is something very illustrative of the times in the advertisement of "Miss Rutter's Boarding School," in which much stress is laid upon the instruction given in "useful and ornamental needle-work." We have seen the results of this careful training in the faded old sampler work framed in our grandmother's houses. But the Miss Rutters' pupils were indoctrinated into the useful as well as the ornamental, for we find there was a Mr. Rutter, who offers the "inestimable advantages to the young ladies" of the indispensable graces of domestic economy, and "a thorough knowledge in writing and arithmetic." Possibly if the present generation of young ladies were to think a little more of these things, and less of a smattering in half-a-dozen languages, it would be better, especially for those bachelors who wish to know "How to live on two hundred a-year." But the question arises, what has become of all those young misses of Miss Rutter's academy, of Morden Lane, Surrey? Is there an old lady in a mob cap still living who can converse of the times of her youth? or are they all gone, "the old familiar faces" whose sayings and doings, goings and comings, are chronicled in this fragile, old, old paper, which seems to smile upon us with a smile of perpetual youth? A. W.

ELEANOR'S VICTORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AURORA FLOYD," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," &c.



CHAPTER XXIII. RESOLVED.

LAUNCELOT DARRELL had not sailed for Calcutta in the *Princess Alice*. This point once established, it was utterly vain for Richard Thornton to argue against that sudden conviction, that indomitable belief which had taken possession of Eleanor Vane's mind, respecting the identity between the man who had won her father's money at *écarté*, and Mrs. Darrell's only son.

"I tell you, Richard," she said, when the scene-painter argued with her, "that nothing but proof positive of Launcelot Darrell's absence in India at the date of my father's death would have dispossessed me of the idea that flashed upon me

on the day I left Berkshire. He was not in India at that time. He deceived his mother and his friends. He remained in Europe; and led, no doubt, an idle, dissipated life. He must have lived by his wits, for he had no money from his mother; no one to help him—no profession to support him. What is more likely than that he went to Paris,—the paradise of scoundrels, I have heard you say, Richard,—under an assumed name? What more likely? Why, *he was there!* The man I saw on the Boulevard, and the man I saw in the Windsor Street, are one and the same. You cannot argue me out of that settled idea, Richard Thornton, for it is the truth. It is the truth,

and it shall be the business of my life to prove that it is so."

"And what then, Eleanor?" Mr. Thornton asked gravely. "Supposing you can prove this; by such evidences as will be very difficult to get at; by such an investigation as will waste your life, blight your girlhood, warp your nature, unsex your mind, and transform you from a candid and confiding woman into an amateur detective? Suppose you do all this,—and you little guess, my dear, the humiliating falsehoods, the pitiful deceptions, the studied basenesses, you must practise if you are to tread that sinuous pathway,—what then? What good is effected; what end is gained? Are you any nearer to the accomplishment of the vow you uttered in the Rue l'Archevêque?"

"What do you mean, Richard?"

"I mean that to prove this man's guilt is not to avenge your father's death. Neither you nor the law have any power to punish him. He may or may not have cheated your poor father. At this distance of time you can prove nothing against him, except that he played *écarté* in the private room of a café, and that he won all your father's money. He would only laugh in your face, my poor Nelly, if you were to bring such a charge as this against him."

"If I can once prove that, which I now believe as firmly as if every mortal proof had demonstrated its truth, I know how to punish Launcelot Darrell," replied the girl.

"You know how to punish him?"

"Yes. His uncle—that is to say, his great uncle—Maurice de Crespigny, was my father's firmest friend. I need not tell you that story, Dick, for you have heard it often enough from my poor father's own lips. Launcelot Darrell expects to inherit the old man's money, and will do so if Mr. de Crespigny dies without making a will. But if I could prove to the old man that my father died a melancholy and untimely death through his nephew's treachery, Launcelot Darrell would never inherit a sixpence of that money. I know how eagerly he looks forward to it, though he affects indifference."

"And you would do this, Eleanor?" asked Richard, staring aghast at his companion; "you would betray the secrets of this young man's youth to his uncle, and compass his ruin by that revelation?"

"I would do what I swore to do in the Rue l'Archevêque. I would avenge my father's death. The last words my poor father ever wrote appealed to me to do that. I have never forgotten those words. There may have been a deeper treachery in that night's work than you or I know of, Richard. Launcelot Darrell knew who my father was—he knew of the friendship between him and Mr. de Crespigny. How do we know that he did not try to goad the poor old man to that last act of his despair; how do we know that he did not plan those losses at cards, in order to remove his uncle's friend from his pathway? Oh, God! Richard, if I thought that——!"

The girl rose from her chair in a sudden tumult of passion, with her hands clenched and her eyes flashing.

"If I could think that his treachery went beyond the baseness of cheating my father of his money for the money's sake, I would take his life for that dear life as freely and as unhesitatingly as I lift my hand up now."

She raised her clenched hand towards the ceiling as she spoke, as if to register some unuttered vow. Then, turning abruptly to the scene-painter, she said, almost imploringly:

"It can't be, Richard; he cannot have been so base as that. He held my hand in his only a few days ago. I would cut off that hand if I could think that Launcelot Darrell had planned my father's death."

"But you cannot think it, my dear Eleanor," Richard answered, earnestly. "How should the young man know that your father would take his loss so deeply to heart? We none of us calculate the consequences of our sins, my dear. If this man cheated, he cheated because he wanted money. For Heaven's sake, Nelly, leave him and his sin in the hands of Providence. The future is not a blank sheet of paper, Nelly, for us to write any story we please upon; but a wonderful chart mapped out by a divine and unerring hand. Launcelot Darrell will not go unpunished, Nelly. 'My faith is strong in Time,' as the poet says. Leave the young man to Time—and to Providence."

Eleanor Vane shook her head, smiling bitterly at her friend's philosophy. Poor mad Constance's reply always rose, in some shape or other, to the girl's lips in answer to Richard's arguments. The Cardinal reasons with wonderful discretion, but the bereaved mother utters one sentence that is more powerful than all the worthy man's prim moralities:

"He talks to me, that never had a son!"

"It is no use preaching to me," Miss Vane said.

"If your father had died by this man's treachery, you would not feel so charitably disposed towards him. I will keep the promise made three years ago. I will prove Launcelot Darrell's guilt; and that guilt shall stand between him and Maurice de Crespigny's fortune."

"You forget one point in this business, Eleanor."

"What point?"

"It may take you a very long time to obtain the proof you want. Mr. de Crespigny is an old man, and an invalid. He may die before you are in a position to denounce his nephew's treachery to your poor father."

Eleanor was silent for a few moments. Her arched brows contracted, and her mouth grew compressed and rigid.

"I must go back to Hazlewood, Dick," she said, slowly. "Yes, you are right; there is no time to be lost. I must go back to Hazlewood."

"That is not very practicable, is it, Nell?"

"I must go back. If I go in some disguise—if I go and hide myself in the village, and watch Launcelot Darrell when he least thinks he is observed. I don't care how I go, Richard, but I must be there. It can only be from the discoveries I make in the present, that I shall be able to trace my way back to the history of the past. I must go there."

"And begin at once upon the business of a detective? Eleanor, you shall not do this, if I can prevent you."

Richard Thornton's unavowed love gave him a certain degree of authority over the impulsive girl. There is always a dignity and power in every feeling that is really true. Throughout the story of Notre Dame de Paris, the hunchback's love for Esmeralda is never once contemptible. It is only Phœbus, handsome, glittering, false, and hollow, who provokes our scorn.

Eleanor Vane did not rebel against the young man's tone of authority.

"Oh, Dick, Dick," she cried, piteously, "I know how wicked I am. I have been nothing but a trouble to you and the dear Signora. But I cannot forget my father's death. I cannot forget the letter he wrote to me. I must be true to the vow I made then, Richard, if I sacrifice my life in keeping my word."

Eliza Picirillo came in before the scene-painter could reply to this speech. It had been agreed between the two young people that the Signora should know nothing of Miss Vane's discoveries; so Eleanor and Richard saluted the music-mistress in that strain of factitious gaiety generally adopted under such circumstances.

Signora Picirillo's perceptions were perhaps a little blunted by the wear and tear of half-a-dozen hours' labour amongst her out-door pupils, and as Eleanor bustled about the room preparing the tea-table and making the tea, the good music-mistress fully believed in her protégée's simulated liveliness. When the table had been cleared, and Richard had gone to smoke his short meerschaum amongst the damp straw and invalid cabs in the promenade before the Pilasters, Eleanor seated herself at the piano and practised. Her fingers flew over the keys in a thousand complexities of harmony, but her mind, for ever true to one idea, brooded upon the dark scheme of vengeance which she had planned for herself.

"Come what may," she thought, again and again, "at any price I must go back to Hazlewood."

CHAPTER XXIV. THE ONE CHANCE.

ELEANOR VANE lay awake through the greater part of the night which succeeded her interview with the shipbroker. She lay awake, trying to fashion for herself some scheme by which she might go back to Hazlewood. The discovery which she had to make, the proof positive that she wanted to obtain of Launcelot Darrell's guilt, could only be procured by long and patient watchfulness of the young man himself. The evidence that was to condemn him must come from his own lips. Some chance admission, some accidental word, might afford a clue that would guide her back to the secret of the past. But to obtain this clue she must be in intimate association with the man whom she suspected. In the careless confidence of daily life, in the freedom of social intercourse, a hundred chances might occur which could never be brought about while the gates of Hazlewood were closed upon her.

There was one other chance, it was true. Launcelot Darrell had asked her to become his

wife. His love, however feeble to withstand the wear and tear of time, must for the moment, at least, be real. A line from her would no doubt bring him to her side. She could lure him on by affecting to return his affection, and in the entire confidence of such an association she might discover.

No! not for the wide world—not even to be true to her dead father—could she be so false to every sentiment of womanly honour.

"Richard was right," she thought, as she dismissed this idea with a humiliating sense of her own baseness in having even for one brief moment entertained it. "He was right. What shame and degradation I must wade through before I can keep my promise."

And to keep her promise she must go back to Hazlewood. This was the point to which she always returned. But was it possible for her to regain her old position in Mrs. Darrell's house? Would not Mrs. Darrell take care to keep her away, having once succeeded in banishing her from Launcelot's society?

Miss Vane was not a good schemer. Transparent, ingenuous, and impulsive, she had the will and the courage which would have prompted her to denounce Launcelot Darrell as a traitor and a cheat; but not the slow and patient attributes which are necessary for the watcher who hopes to trace a shameful secret through all the dark intricacies of the hidden pathway that leads to it.

It was long after daylight when the young lady fell asleep, worn out, harassed, and baffled. The night had brought no counsel. Eleanor Vane dropped off into a fitful slumber, with a passionate prayer upon her lips,—a prayer that Providence would set her in the way of bringing vengeance upon her father's destroyer.

She flung herself upon Providence—after the manner of a great many persons—when she found her own intellect powerless to conduct her to the end she wanted to gain.

Throughout the next day Miss Vane sat alone on the chintz-covered sofa by the window, looking down at the children playing hop-scotch and gambling for marbles upon the rugged flags below; "weary of the rolling hours," and unable to bring herself to the frame of mind necessary for the ordinary purposes of life. Upon any other occasion she would have tried to do something whereby she might lighten the Signora's burden, being quite competent to take the pupils off her friend's hands; but to-day she had suffered Eliza Picirillo to trudge out under the broiling August sky, through the stifling London streets, and had made no attempt to lessen her labours. She seemed even incapable of performing the little domestic offices which she had been in the habit of doing. She let the London dust accumulate upon the piano; she left the breakfast-table scattered with the debris of the morning's meal; she made no effort to collect the stray sheets of music, the open books, the scraps of needlework that littered the room; but with her elbow on the smoky sill of the window, and her head resting on her hand, she sat, looking wearily out, with eyes that saw nothing but vacancy.

Richard had gone out early, and neither he nor his aunt were expected to return till dusk.

"I can have everything ready for them when they come back," she thought, looking listlessly at the unwashed tea-things, which seemed to stare at her in mute reproachfulness; and then her eyes wandered back to the sunny window, and her mind returned with a cruel constancy to the one idea that occupied it.

Had she been really looking at the objects on which her eyes seemed to be fixed, she must have been surprised by the advent of a tall and rather distinguished-looking stranger, who made his way along the straw-littered promenade between the colonnade and the stables, erasing the chalk plans of the hop-scotch players with the soles of his boots, and rendering himself otherwise objectionable to the juvenile population.

This stranger came straight to the shop of the shoemaker with whom Signora Picirillo lodged, and inquired for Miss Vincent.

The shoemaker had only heard Eleanor's assumed name a day or two before, when Laura's letter had arrived at the Pilasters. He had a vague idea that the beautiful, golden-haired young woman, who had first entered his dwelling in the early freshness of budding girlhood, was going to distinguish herself as a great musical genius, and intended to astonish the professional world under a false name.

"It's Miss Eleanor you want, I suppose, sir?" the man said, in answer to the stranger's question.

"Miss Eleanor—yes."

"Then, if you'll please to step up-stairs, sir. The young lady's all alone to-day, for Mr. Richard he's over the water a scene-paintin' away for dear life, and the S'nora she's out givin' lessons; so poor young miss is alone, and dismal enough she must be, cooped in-doors this fine weather. It's bad enough when one's obliged to it, you know, sir," the man added, rather obscurely. "Will you please to walk up, sir? It's the door facing you at the top of the stairs."

The shoemaker opened a half-glass door communicating with a tiny back parlour and a steep staircase that twisted corkscrew-wise up to the first floor. The visitor waited for no further invitation, but ascended the stairs in a few strides, and paused for a moment before the door of Signora Picirillo's sitting-room.

"He's one of these here London managers, I dessay," thought the simple cordwainer, as he went back to his work. "Mr. Cromshaw come here one day after Mr. Richard, in a pheaton and pair, and no end of diamond rings and breast-pins."

Eleanor Vane had not noticed the stranger's footsteps on the uncarpeted stair, but she started when the door opened, and looked round. Her unexpected visitor was Mr. Monckton.

She rose in confusion, and stood with her back to the window, looking at the lawyer. She was too much absorbed by her one idea to be troubled by the untidiness of the shabby chamber, by the disorder of her own hair or dress, or by any of those external circumstances which are generally so embarrassing to a woman. She only thought of Gilbert Monckton as a link between herself and

Hazlewood. She did not even wonder why he had come to see her.

"I may find out something; I may learn something from him," she thought. Against the great purpose of her life, even this man, who of all others she most respected and esteemed, sank into utter insignificance. She never cared to consider what he might think. She only regarded him as an instrument which might happen to be of use to her.

"You are very much surprised to see me, Miss Vincent," the lawyer said, holding out his hand.

The girl put her hand loosely in his, and Gilbert Monckton started as he felt the feverish heat of the slim fingers that touched his so lightly. He looked into Eleanor's face. The intense excitement of the last three days had left its traces on her countenance.

Mrs. Darrell had made a confidant of the lawyer. It had been absolutely necessary to explain Eleanor's absence. Mrs. Darrell had given her own version of the business, telling the truth, with sundry reservations. Miss Vincent was a handsome and agreeable girl, she said; it was of vital consequence to Launcelot that he should not form any attachment, or entertain any passing fancy, that might militate against his future prospects. An imprudent marriage had separated her, Mrs. Darrell, from her uncle, Maurice de Crespigny. An imprudent marriage might ruin the young man's chance of inheriting the Woodlands estate. Under these circumstances it was advisable that Miss Vincent should leave Hazlewood; and the young lady had very generously resigned her situation, upon the matter being put before her in a proper light.

Mrs. Darrell took very good care not to make any allusion to that declaration of love which she had overheard through the half-open door of her son's painting-room.

Mr. Monckton had expressed no little vexation at the sudden departure of his ward's companion; but his annoyance was of course felt solely on account of Miss Mason, who told him, with her eyes streaming, and her voice broken by sobs, that she could never, never be happy without her darling Eleanor.

The lawyer said very little in reply to these lamentations, but took care to get Miss Vincent's address from his ward, and on the day after his visit to Hazlewood went straight from his office to the Pilasters.

Looking at the change in Eleanor Vane's face, Mr. Monckton began to wonder very seriously if the departure from Hazlewood had been a matter of great grief to her; and whether it might not be that Mrs. Darrell's alarms about her son's possible admiration for the penniless companion were founded on stronger grounds than the widow had cared to reveal to him.

"I was afraid that Laura's frivolous fancy might be caught by this young fellow," he thought, "but I could never have believed that this girl, who has ten times Laura's intellect, would fall in love with Launcelot Darrell."

He thought this, while Eleanor's feverish hand lay, loose and passive, in his own.

"It was not quite kind of you to leave Hazle-

wood without seeing me, or consulting me, Miss Vincent," he said: "you must remember that I confided to you a trust."

"A trust!"

"Yes. You promised that you would look after my foolish young ward, and take care that she did not fall in love with Mr. Darrell."

Mr. Monckton watched the girl's face very closely while he pronounced Launcelot Darrell's name, but there was no revelation in that pale and wearied countenance. The gray eyes returned his gaze, frankly and unhesitatingly. Their brightness was faded, but their innocent candour remained in all its virginal beauty.

"I tried to do what you wished," Miss Vane answered. "I am afraid that Laura does admire Mr. Darrell. But I can't quite understand whether she is serious or not, and in any case nothing I could say would influence her much, though I know she loves me."

"No, I suppose not," said Mr. Monckton, rather bitterly, "women are not easily to be influenced in these matters. A woman's love is the sublimation of selfishness, Miss Vincent. It is delightful to a woman to throw herself away; and she is perfectly indifferent as to how many unoffending victims she drags to destruction in her downfall. An Indian woman sacrifices herself out of respect to her dead husband. An English woman offers up her husband and children on the altar of a living lover. Pardon me if I speak too plainly. We lawyers become acquainted with strange stories. I should not at all wonder if my ward were to insist upon making herself miserable for life because Launcelot Darrell has a Grecian nose."

Mr. Monckton seated himself, uninvited, by the table on which the unwashed tea-things bore testimonies to Eleanor's neglect. He looked round the room, not rudely, for in one brief observant glance he was able to see everything, and to understand everything.

"Have you ever *lived* here, Miss Vincent?" he asked.

"Yes, I lived here a year and a half before I went to Hazlewood. I was very happy," Eleanor added hastily, as if in depreciation of the lawyer's look, which betrayed a half-compassionate interest. "My friends are very good to me, and I never wish for a better home."

"But you have been accustomed to a better home, in your childhood?"

"No, not very much better. I always lived in lodgings, with my poor father."

"Your father was not rich then?"

"No, not at all rich."

"He was a professional man, I suppose?"

"No, he had no profession. He had been rich—very rich—once."

The colour rose to Eleanor's face as she spoke, for she suddenly recollected that she had a secret to keep. The lawyer might recognise George Vane by this description, she thought.

Gilbert Monckton fancied that sudden blush arose from wounded pride.

"Forgive me for asking you so many questions, Miss Vincent," he said gently. "I am very much interested in you. I have been very much interested in you for a long time."

He was silent for some minutes. Eleanor had resumed her seat near the window, and sat in a thoughtful attitude, with her eyes cast upon the ground. She was wondering how she was to make good use of this interview in discovering as much as possible of Launcelot Darrell's antecedents.

"Will you forgive me if I ask you a few more questions, Miss Vincent?" the lawyer asked, after this brief silence.

Eleanor raised her eyes, and looked him full in the face. That bright, straight, unfaltering gaze was perhaps the greatest charm which Miss Vane possessed. She had no reason to complain that Nature had gifted her with a niggardly hand; she had beauty of feature, of outline, of colour; but this exquisitely candid expression was a rarer beauty, and a higher gift.

"Believe me," said Mr. Monckton, "that I am actuated by no unworthy motive when I ask you to deal frankly with me. You will understand, by-and-bye, why and by what right I presume to question you. In the meantime I ask you to confide in me. You left Hazlewood at Mrs. Darrell's wish, did you not?"

"Yes, it was at her wish that I left."

"Her son had made you an offer of his hand?"

The question would have brought a blush to the face of an ordinary girl. But Eleanor Vane was removed from ordinary women by the exceptional story of her life. From the moment of her discovery of Launcelot Darrell's identity, all thoughts of him as a lover, or an admirer, had been blotted out of her mind. He was removed from other men by the circumstances of his guilt; as she was set apart from other women by the revengeful purpose in her breast.

"Yes," she said. "Mr. Darrell asked me to be his wife."

"And did you—did you refuse him?"

"No; I gave him no answer."

"You did not love him then?"

"Love him! Oh, no, no!"

Her eyes dilated with a look of surprise as she spoke, as if it was most astounding to her that Gilbert Monckton should ask her such a question.

"Perhaps you do not think Launcelot Darrell worthy of a good woman's love?"

"I do not," answered Eleanor. "Don't talk of him, please. At least, I mean, don't talk of him, and of—love," she added hastily, remembering that the very thing she wished was that the lawyer should talk of Launcelot Darrell. "You—you must know a great deal of his youth. He was idle and dissipated, was he not; and—and—a card-player?"

"A card-player?"

"Yes—a gambler; a man who plays cards for the sake of winning money?"

"I never heard any one say so. He was idle, no doubt, and loitered away his time in London under the pretence of studying art; but I never remember hearing that gambling was one of his vices. However, I don't come here to speak of him, but of you. What are you going to do, now that you have left Hazlewood?"

Eleanor was cruelly embarrassed by this question. Her most earnest wish was to return to

Hazlewood, or at least to the neighbourhood. Absorbed by this wish she had formed no scheme for the future. She had not even remembered that she stood alone in the world, with only a few pounds saved out of her slender salary, unprovided with that which is the most necessary of all weapons in any warfare, Money!

"I—I scarcely know what I shall do," she said. "Mrs. Darrell promised to procure me a situation."

But as she spoke she remembered that to accept a situation of Mrs. Darrell's getting would be in some manner to eat bread provided by the kinswoman of her father's foe, and she made a mental vow to starve rather than to receive the widow's patronage.

"I do not put much confidence in Mrs. Darrell's friendship when her own end is gained," Gilbert Monckton said thoughtfully. "Ellen Darrell is only capable of loving one person, and that person is, according to the fashion of the world, the one who has used her worst. She loves her son, Launcelot, and would sacrifice a hecatomb of her fellow-creatures for his advantage. If she can get you a new home, I dare say she will do so. If she cannot, she has succeeded in removing you from her son's pathway, and will trouble herself very little about your future."

Eleanor Vane lifted her head with a sudden gesture of pride.

"I do not want Mrs. Darrell's help," she said.

"But you would not refuse the counsel, or even the help of any one you liked, would you, Eleanor?" returned the lawyer. "You are very young, very inexperienced,—the life at Hazlewood suited you, and it might have gone on for years without danger of unhappiness or disquiet, but for the coming of Launcelot Darrell. I have known you for a year and a half, Miss Vincent, and I have watched you very closely. I think I know you very well. Yes, if a lawyer's powers of penetration and habit of observation are to go for anything, I *must* know you by this time. I may have been an egregious fool twenty years ago; but I must be wise enough now to understand a girl of eighteen."

He said this rather as if reasoning with himself than talking to Eleanor. Miss Vane looked at him, wondering what all this talk would lead to, and what motive, under heaven, could have induced a lawyer of high standing to leave his chambers in the middle of the business day, for the purpose of sitting in a shabby lodging-house chamber, with his elbow resting upon a dirty table-cloth amid the confusion of unwashed breakfast cups and saucers.

"Eleanor Vincent," Mr. Monckton said by-and-bye, after a very long pause, "country people are most intolerable gossips. You cannot have lived at Hazlewood for a year and a half without having heard something of my history."

"Your history?"

"Yes, you heard that there was some secret trouble in the early part of my life—that there were some unpleasant circumstances connected with my purchase of Tolldale."

Eleanor Vane was utterly unskilled in the art of prevarication. She could not give an evasive answer to a straight question.

"Yes," she said, "I have heard people say that."

"And you have no doubt heard them say that my trouble—like every other trouble upon this earth, as it seems to me—was caused by a woman."

"Yes, I heard that."

"I was very young when that sorrow came to me, Eleanor Vincent, and very ready to believe in a beautiful face. I was deceived. My story is all told in those three words, and it is a very old story after all. Great tragedies and epic poems have been written upon the same theme until it has become so hackneyed that I have no need to enlarge upon it. I was deceived, Miss Vincent, and for twenty years I have profited by that bitter lesson. Heaven help me if I feel inclined to forget it now. I am forty years of age, but I do not think that the brightness of my life has quite gone yet. Twenty years ago I was in love, and in the ardour and freshness of my youth, I dare say I talked a great deal of nonsense. I am in love once more, Eleanor. Will you forgive me if all my faculty for sentimental talk is lost? Will you let me tell you, in very few and simple words, that I love you; that I have loved you for a very long time; and that you will make me unspeakably happy if you can think my earnest devotion worthy of some return?"

Every vestige of colour faded slowly from Eleanor's face. There had been a time—before the return of Launcelot Darrell—when a word of praise, an expression of friendliness or regard from Gilbert Monckton, had been very precious to her. She had never taken the trouble to analyse her feelings. That time, before the coming of the young man, had been the sunniest and most careless period of her youth. She had during that interval been false to the memory of her father—she had suffered herself to be happy. But now a gulf yawned between her and that lapse of forgetfulness. She could not look back clearly; she could not remember or recall her former feelings. Gilbert Monckton's offer might then have awakened some answering sentiment in her own breast. Now his hand struck upon the slackened chords of a shattered instrument; and there was no music to respond harmoniously to the player's touch.

"Can you love me, Eleanor? Can you love me?" the lawyer asked, imploringly, taking the girl's hands in his own. "Your heart is free: yes, I know that; and that at least is something. Heaven forgive me if I try to bribe you. But my youth is passed, and I can scarcely expect to be loved for myself alone. Think how dreary and undefended your life must be, if you refuse my love and protection. Think of that, Eleanor. Ah! if you knew what a woman is when thrown upon the world *without* the shelter of a husband's love, you would think seriously. I want you to be more than my wife, Eleanor. I want you to be the guardian and protectress of that poor frivolous girl whose future has been trusted to my care. I want you to come and live at Tolldale, my darling, so as to be near that poor child at Hazlewood."

Near Hazlewood! The hot blood rushed into Eleanor's face at the sound of those two words, then faded suddenly away and left her deadly white, trembling and clinging to the back of her

chair for support. To all else that Gilbert Monckton had said she had listened in a dull stupor. But now her intellect arose and grasped the full importance of the lawyer's supplication. In a moment she understood that the one chance which of all other things upon this earth she had most desired, and which of all other things had seemed furthest removed from her, was now within her reach.

She might go back to Hazlewood. She might return as Gilbert Monckton's wife. She did not stop to consider how much was involved in this. It was her nature to be ruled by impulse, and impulse only; and she had yet to learn submission to a better guidance. She could go back to Hazlewood. She would have returned there as a kitchen-maid, had the opportunity of so doing offered itself to her; and she was ready to return as Gilbert Monckton's wife.

"My prayers have been heard," she thought. "My prayers have been heard: Providence will give me power to keep my promise. Providence will set me face to face with that man."

Eleanor Vane stood with her hands clasped upon the back of her chair, thinking of this, and looking straight before her, in utter unconsciousness of the earnest eyes that were fixed upon her face, while the lawyer waited breathlessly to hear her decision.

"Eleanor," he cried, entreatingly, "Eleanor, I have been deceived once; do not let me be a woman's dupe, now that there are streaks of grey amongst my hair. I love you, my dear. I can make you independent and secure; but I do not offer you a fortune or a position of sufficient magnitude or grandeur to tempt an ambitious woman. For God's sake, do not trifle with me. If you love me now, or can hope to love me in the future, be my wife. But if any other image holds the smallest place in your heart—if there is one memory, or one regret, that can come between us, Eleanor, dismiss me from you unhesitatingly. It will be merciful to me—to you also, perhaps—to do so. I have seen a union in which there was love on one side, and indifference—or something worse than indifference—upon the other. Eleanor, think of all this, and then tell me, frankly, if you can after all be my wife."

Eleanor Vane dimly comprehended that there was a depth of passionate feeling beneath the quiet earnestness of the lawyer's manner. She tried to listen, she tried to comprehend; but she could not. The one idea which held possession of her mind, kept that mind locked against every other impression. It was not his love, it was not his name, or his fortune, that Gilbert Monckton offered her—he offered her the chance of returning to Hazlewood.

"You are very good," she said. "I will be your wife. I will go back to Hazlewood."

She held out her hand to him. No trace of womanly confusion, or natural coquetry, betrayed itself in her manner. Pale and absorbed she held out her hand, and offered up her future as a small and unconsidered matter, when set against the one idea of her life—the promise to her dead father.

(To be continued.)

THE WAR INSTINCT:

WHAT TO DO WITH IT.

WE have heard less and less of "the material tendencies of the age" for some years past, as occasions came round for modern men to show that they are of the same make as their fathers. Without stopping to discuss the relative value of human faculties, desires, and passions, we may look for a moment at a few facts which may show whether there really is the change in men from one age to another which is supposed by persons who denounce their generation as materialistic and degenerate, or extol it as exalted above old barbarisms, and more lofty in its temper and aims than any race or people ever was before. The present state of the world affords pretty plain evidence that war does not cease because the Commercial Period of civilisation has set in; while, in the Military Period, during its whole rise, predominance, and decline, there was as thorough a commercial spirit at work in society as there is at present, though it was comparatively restricted in its exercise.

Ages and periods are short things in comparison with the constitution of Man; and all the faculties of Man work on, from century to century, through every form and fashion of civilisation. Thus, there were apt and eager traffickers (other than Jews) in the most quarrelsome times of the Middle Ages: a peaceable trading class grew up, meek and humble, while aristocracies were engrossed with the Crusades, or with their mutual feuds; till at length the enterprising, and brave, and generous, and ambitious faculties passed into the new pursuit, and found such exercise and scope that the world heard of Merchant-Princes, and saw the military dignity begin to falter and hesitate before that of wealth, when the wealth was obtained by adventure which supposed the acquisition of great and rare knowledge, and the exercise of the bold animal faculties, as well as of the intellect.

In the reverse case which we heard so much of up to ten years ago, there was the same real balance of faculties as that which we now thankfully recognise. Our philosophers and divines were immensely disgusted and angry at the degradation of the people of England, who had forgotten how to fight, and would submit to any treatment rather than endanger their "blood and treasure;" and who invited the world's contempt and encroachments by the want of spirit and bodily helplessness of the citizens. The Crimean war and the Volunteers have done all that was necessary in the way of answer to such croakings in our case, as the response of the Free States of the American Union and the continuance of the war to this day have sufficed, in reply to the same reproach against the commercial people of the North. The Southerners were, by their own account, a military people, reconciled to no industry beyond that of superintending agricultural operations, and scornfully superior to commercial and manufacturing pursuits. They would rule or withdraw,—confident that the North would not fight, and that a trading people would yield everything for peace. The North, on the other hand, conscious of having yielded too far for the sake of

—not peace—but the preservation of the Union, made no difficulty about fighting, when the assault was actually begun, and was confident that the South must soon yield for want of the necessities and comforts of life.

The world has thus witnessed the spectacle of a military spirit in the North, brave enough to undergo the suffering of the necessary training, and of an unexpected economical ability in the South. Men can manufacture and trade in the Slave States; and men can fight, and grow fond of military adventure in the Free States. The whole set of faculties has existed in both all the while; and they will no doubt be found by-and-by to have improved incalculably by the more complete exercise of their powers; and to have risen in one another's estimation by the proof afforded of what they can do.

We shall not hear much more in my time of the gross materialism and ignoble spiritlessness of our age. The Italian revolution, and the conflicts and turmoils and alarms which have kept Europe in incessant excitement for the last five years, have silenced the haughty censors of their age, and have turned not a few of the clergy into preachers of war instead of peace. Our generation is now more likely to be scolded for its sympathy with war, and branded as retrograde, than despised for being too pacific.

Some of us have had a secret, if not an open, belief, during our forty years' peace, that the commercial period was not extinguishing the spirit of Englishmen, and that it would not bear us on into the Millennium without interruption. The strength of the organ of destructiveness,—or, as it would better be called, of antagonism,—in the English brain has hinted itself in some significant way all the time to observers who, like myself, did not wish to see all England mortifying one of the best organs in the human brain, in the course of cultivating and gratifying some others. Field-sports at home, and the glee with which young men (if not old ones) have entered into any possible warfare with poachers, have always shown me what a force of antagonism or destructiveness lay beneath the outward quietness which is the reaction from the bullying manners of the duellists of the last century. But the most curious and amusing spectacle is the emotion of our countrymen,—and, I may add, our countrywomen,—on coming face to face with man's natural enemies, in remote countries and strange climates. The peculiar relation into which my countrymen are being brought with the wild animals of the world makes this spectacle one of great interest, if we did not look beyond it.

I have seen, without any surprise or overmuch contempt, the fear of almost all animals in which most English children are,—or were till lately,—brought up. I have seen what a drawback it was to the pleasures of a summer retreat at Bolton Abbey, or near Barden Tower at the other end of the valley of the Strid, that the vocation of the neighbourhood is grazing. It really is, to peaceable and unarmed people, a grievance to be able to go nowhere upon the glorious hills around, or in the wild pastures, without being warned as you pass every farmhouse, or cried out to from every

eminence, to take care of the bull. It is vexatious when two-thirds up a Westmoreland mountain, to meet somebody who tells you there is a menacing bull in possession of the ridge, or this or that enclosure which you have to pass through. I could understand the paroxysm of terror which caused a maid-servant, in attendance on her mistress, to seize the lady's arm, and hide behind her from the stare of a cow which looked up from her grazing. I could comprehend how a young lady, though late for dinner, felt compelled to turn round and leave a pasture, and make a long circuit home, because two young horses were running and tossing their manes. But I could not have conceived, without seeing and feeling it, what the emotion is of first coming within view of a brute enemy in a far country;—the emotion which is kindred to that felt by the soldier on the day of his first battle;—the emotion which may remain a singular experience in one's life, or may grow into that peculiarity which I shall speak of presently.

I was rather surprised at the vigour of my own dislike of mosquitoes when at New Orleans; but I found how mild was that abhorrence when I learned to dread the rattlesnake on the Mississippi. Without finding the voyage up the river tedious, I liked, as the other passengers did, to step ashore at the wooding-places, and peep into the forest, which we could not penetrate beyond a few yards. It was so disagreeable, however, to have to examine every step among the dead wood and tangled creepers for snakes, and to be warned away from the woodpile lest some treacherous creature should wriggle out, that, after having sighted two or three abominable reptiles of one branch or another of the snake tribe, I grew less eager about visiting the shore, just for the sake of saying I had been in this or that state, or of gathering an armful of the splendid honeysuckle of the forest, or yellow jasmine, or dogwood, or crow-poison.

It was with a different kind of interest that I first saw real wild beasts roaming at pleasure. A small herd of buffalo were the very first, I think: but they were not unused to the sight of men. They were not tamed; that was impossible; and their cruel eyes, their heavy gait, and the weight of their forepart, which looked as if framed expressly to crush an enemy, caused a wonderful thrill of hostility, unlike anything I had felt before. I could fancy at once the attraction of hunting these ugly, powerful, malignant-looking creatures. Very different was my next accout of the wild part of creation. I was in a waggon crossing an expanse of open country in the western States, when a tawny dog, as I supposed, crossed the track, some distance before us, at a slow trot, carrying its head low, and its tail between its legs. It was a prairie-wolf; and before we could get a nearer view, it had disappeared behind some rise in the ground. The next encounter was more impressive. I was in a waggon on the prairie with a party of friends later at night than was prudent. The driver and other natives tried the effect upon a stranger of stories of travellers who had lost themselves on this prairie, and gone round and round for a few days and nights without seeing a single habitation. I did not expect this fate; but

it seemed possible that we might be out all night, with overtired horses in the waggon. Moreover, we could not stop, or walk, if we wished it; for the water stood in the grass over the whole prairie, as far as we could see, to the depth of one or two feet. If there had been any track, the water would have concealed it. It was a cloudy night, no star visible, and so gloomy that I should have said, but for experience to the contrary, that we could see nothing but the outline of one another's heads against the sky. It was slow and wearisome,—the splash of the horses' feet, and the fizzing of the wheels through the water. To keep ourselves awake, we discussed some public men and measures; when, as I chanced to look down on my side of the waggon, I saw something moving,—a dark creature, trotting slowly at our pace. It was a bear; and a good long view I had of him, till he began to increase his distance, and then disappeared in the darkness. It was most unlikely that he or another should join us again; but I could not help watching for the chance till the rise of some yellow points of light on our horizon showed that we were not to wander all night on the prairie, but were nearing our resting-place.

There were no hunting instincts awakened by the other natural enemies which have come in my way. A comrade and I were tempted one hot day to bathe in the most alluring place imaginable, on the shores of the Red Sea, far away from native dwellings or travellers' ordinary routes. We had had a general warning against bathing in that sea, on account of sharks; but here the water was so shallow, and there were such slopes and shelves of rock under the clear green water, that we could not imagine any shark venturing into something so like a bath for us and a trap for him. Some cries and shouts, however, disturbed our luxury, as we lay on smooth rocks under water. Some of our Arabs had seen our clothes under a palm clump on the shore, and began to look about for us. They were sorely distressed that they could not get us out instantly. We did not half believe them, and finished our bath; but we found afterwards that they were right enough, that the danger was real, so that nobody, native or foreigner, ever bathes along that reach of the shore. Perhaps we should have done differently if we had known the sensation of seeing a shark, when turned back downwards, ready to seize its prey. We are told that the aspect of the creature is dreadful beyond comparison or description; but my companion and I had never seen a shark, nor have we yet, though we made bold to bathe wherever we pleased, all the way up to Akaba, and when we met the sea again on the coast of Syria.

On the Nile we were of course on the look-out for crocodiles; and we saw plenty; but they did no harm before our eyes. I do not think I could run the risks that we witnessed every day, if I had been such a swimmer as every native is. Not only in the lower part of the river, where no crocodiles come now, but where they so abound that their detestable flat heads and loathsome whitish bellies and stiff tails may be seen on almost every sandpit, men and boys go careering down the stream on a log, or swim slowly across on a bundle

of reeds, or down in the water so that only their heads and their arms, going like the sails of a windmill, are seen. I could not, if ever so much at home in the water, have launched out into so broad a river, so full of crocodiles. They do not seem to be quite so mischievous as the Indian alligators; but there are accidents enough happening there, from time to time, to make it natural that Englishmen in Upper Egypt shoot a good deal more than they bathe. It is amusing to see the eagerness of my countrymen to shoot a crocodile, the vexation of those who have not carried suitable ball, and the rivalry between competing parties. From what I heard, and from the triumph I witnessed in one party, and the low spirits of another at that triumph, I should suppose the shooting of a crocodile to be a somewhat rare achievement. It is, indeed, no easy matter to get an aim at the vulnerable part, under the forearm.

In those regions, I think, there was besides only the howling of the jackals at night to remind us of wild beasts. We were kept in mind of the wonderful instinct of natural antipathy by the scorpions we had to beware of in the desert. When the tent was pitched, the dragoman entered, tongs in hand, and turned over every stone within the enclosure. We watched the process, and when one scorpion was found, or possibly two, we were surprised to observe how our antipathy grew with every one we looked at, as it writhed its disgusting tail in the tongs.

It is very striking to observe, in travelling from one quarter of the world to another, how all nations take for granted that Englishmen can cope with their natural enemies, and will be willing to do so. The Germans were perhaps the foremost huntsmen in old times. The Americans show, by what they do in the Western States, how strong the instinct is in them, though it does not appear in the seaboard States, or in those of their people whom we see on their travels. To see it, we must go to them, and watch an ambush for a panther in some new clearing, or an onset on a herd of buffalo, or an expedition against a mischievous bear. I will say nothing of the fiercer instinct which is called into play by any provocation to Indian hunting. That phase of human passion is too fearful to be lightly touched. As for other game, Americans in the Far West are very like Englishmen at the Pole, when bears come prowling round their ship at night, or whalers, when the spout is seen coming nearer over the heaving sea; but we see no more of the spirit of sport, in its grave sense of warfare with the wild enemies of man, in the ordinary run of travelled Americans, than in our own cockney countrymen who visit the Rhine in autumn.

When these natural enemies become too mischievous for endurance, it is the English who are petitioned to afford deliverance. At least, this is the case in southern countries. There has been plenty of astonishment in Norway, Sweden, and Iceland at the adventurous character of Englishmen; and their ardour in the pursuit of glaciers and capercaillie, of geysers and reindeer, of Laps and salmon, has fired the curiosity of the people; but those people have themselves been always adequate

to cope with their own bears. An Englishman there is admitted to a bear-hunting expedition as receiving rather than conferring a favour. His behaviour in the frost, his gait in snow-shoes, his pluck when it comes to facing the bear, and his pertinacity when it is a brute-family whose quarters are broken up, are all appreciated by Scandinavian comrades; but only a weak settlement of peasants, infested by a strong party of bears, would ask a foreigner's aid in dealing with the enemy. It is far otherwise in tropical countries.

In reading of South African sporting, or of missionary travel, one is pretty sure to come upon some narrative of a dreadful pair of lions which come prowling about a village at night, carrying away one valuable ox or horse after another, and killing the people, till nobody ventures out, and the village is in despair. Then, if an Englishman is heard of, anywhere within the reach of rumour, a deputation waits on him to implore him to come and take these lions in hand. It seems as if success always followed. Perhaps it does; or if not, the failure may be set down among the accidents of the journey. Whatever the special ability of the Englishman may be (which seems to be merely a matter of sufficient or insufficient practice), there is evidently a full faith in the Englishman's courage and coolness in all native minds, wherever his services are invoked.

In Ceylon, the British gun and its sporting owner are an institution, raised up in opposition to the natural curse of the wild elephants. When the peasants hear the crash in the jungle at night-fall, and feel the tread which shakes the ground, they know what is coming. In the morning the fences are broken down, the crops are trampled, the young trees are snapped off or uprooted. There is a prospect of ruin within a wide circuit, unless active measures are speedily taken against the enemy.

True sportsmen in Ceylon think such a case as this as much a matter of course, as the rat hunts in the barn at home, in their school days. They soon cure the elephant, or the pair or family of elephants, of doing mischief; and while they are about it, they may perhaps have to tell, on going back to business, that they have "bagged" seven, or nine, or eleven elephants. They consider it "quite a simple thing," when once in practice. There is a spot behind the ear through which the small brain of the animal is most easily reached; and the sportsman who knows how to aim can make sure of his "bag" with scarcely more risk and trouble than our squires encounter on the 1st of September. The secret of the case once known, the adepts make themselves merry with the mistakes of the unskilled; as happened when two Englishmen in Ceylon, returning from making prey of (I think) twenty-three elephants, found in their newspapers from home the account of the slaying of poor Chuny, the mad elephant at Exeter Change. While two gentlemen had quietly "bagged" twenty-three elephants, without any help or public notice, the one elephant in London had had pounds upon pounds of poison,—large draughts of prussic acid making him only somewhat uncomfortable for a little time,—and at

last, after many hours of danger to the public, the poor animal was fired at by a line of soldiers, and received 120 balls before he died. The gentlemen remarked that it was a pity that somebody at Exeter Change did not know of the thin space behind the ear, and may be excused for laughing at the array of soldiers. But it should always be remembered that a training,—a severe and perilous training,—has to be gone through before our sportsmen can attain the ease and comparative security which enable them at last to take the high ground they hold. What concerns us here is the strong instinct of antagonism and wild warfare which is requisite to carry a man, first into such a training, and then through it.

We are reminded of this very painfully every few months by the stories which come over from India of some fine young officer, or some married man, whose life is precious, having been terribly injured, or killed, by a tiger. I have just been reading an account of two such accidents which have happened this spring. In the one case three Englishmen went out alone, to deal with a tiger which had killed a bullock. One of them, Major Brownlow, of the Saharampore Canals, is severely mauled, the tiger having sprung on him after his shot had missed. He owes his life to the vigour with which one of his comrades beat the creature about the head, inducing it to retreat; for they missed killing it after all. The other case is worse. An engineer of the public works at Roorkee, Mr. Harris, a man with a wife and four children, went forth against a tiger on foot, because he had once shot a tiger in that way. A mounted comrade could not get his elephant to approach; and the attendants could do nothing to separate the beast from its prey. The poor fellow was cruelly torn and crunched, and died in a few hours, after a leg had been amputated.

Such a catastrophe seems rather to send more men out into the wilderness, than to keep them out of danger. I observe that there are appeals made now to English sportsmen to rid two districts of their plague of tigers; and I have no doubt the appeal will be answered.

All security of living seems gone at Singapore, from a disagreeable habit which the tigers have got of swimming over from the mainland. Scores of people are destroyed every year; and labourers outside the town are apt to disappear, and be seen no more, unless in the shape of a few bones, with some remains of clothing, in the jungle. Singapore asks whether Englishmen, who will go anywhere for sport, will not go there, and revel in the abundance of tigers? The same question is hinted in regard to the Sonderbunds,—the low, swampy lands in the delta of the Ganges, where improvement is now penetrating in the shape of roads, and a new or enlarged port by which a new branch of the Hooghly will be brought into prominence. Those lands have a fertility without limit; and the natives can live there. They might send us cotton, of the true Sea-island quality, to any amount; and this is only one of many products which would be enormously profitable to both countries. But the Sonderbunds are like the very home of the tigers; and they make it a real difficulty to utilise the

district. It is not to be supposed that Englishmen will go into such a malarious region, unless it can be shown to be more healthy than it now appears; but the hint shows what is thought of our tendencies and tastes: and I have a strong impression that not a few of my countrymen, in India and at home, are silently indulging in dreams of the delights of delivering Singapore and the Sonderbunds of their special curse, by the genial exercise of the hunt. If any two or three,—possibly if one were to offer, so as to save others from looking ridiculous, romantic, and so forth, there would, I doubt not, be dozens more eager to share the venture. While I write, Indian newspapers come in with paragraphs which tell of Englishmen having gone out against a tiger here, and wild elephant there, which have come after livestock and succulent crops; and of a leopard having scared some ladies by rushing into their presence, when wanting a young cow as a prey. It is plain that such tidings are particularly pleasant to Englishmen within reach of the spot.

In our cooler quarter of the world, we have not leopards, and tigers, and elephants to complain of; but we can direct our energies against more mischievous creatures than hares and pheasants, or even the red deer of the Highlands. The Italians do not want any help from us while they have a sporting king of their own. We saw, the other day, how Victor Emmanuel relieved a poor peasant of the enemy of his hen roost, and refused the fee that was offered; and how he rejoined his hunting staff with the fox dangling over his shoulder; and how appalled his employer was on discovering who it was that he had been making so free with. But there are worse marauders than foxes in countries so near us as France.

We have seen how the Duke of Beaufort's pack of hounds was invoked to rid a district of Poitou of wolves. The news thrilled many a heart among us, no doubt,—so terrible are the wolf stories we used to hear in our childhood;—the story of the peasant girl who saved her little brother from a pack of wolves by putting him into the oven, and was torn to pieces the moment after;—and the cowardly mother in Norway, who, when her sledge was followed by wolves, flung her children to the pack, one after another, to give her time to escape; and who escaped at last,—with nothing left to live for,—and could never hold up her head again, under the contempt and pity of all who knew her. We were proud for the Duke of Beaufort that he should be the good knight to rid Poitou of these fearful enemies of children, and sheep, and horses, and cattle, that the people might never again have such a winter as the last to dread.

The experiment has not, so far, been as successful as was hoped. English dogs seem not to have so sure and lively an instinct of combativeness as English men; and the hounds looked complacently or indifferently on the wolves till they were roused and instructed by the dogs of the neighbourhood. They will do very well next year, for their passion was awakened; and if it had been weather for the scent to lie, they would have made a good beginning of their work. As

it was, they learned what a wolf was, and how to pull him down.

If they had learned less, the expedition would have been worth while; for French men learned a lesson, as well as English dogs. The French notion of "sport" is—plenty of noise and bustle, and as much uproar as possible, with horns, and shouts, and hurry-scurry. With infinite surprise the spectators saw the business-like way in which our countrymen went to work,—anxious about the scent alone, and careful not to distract the dogs' attention from it. The people had the sense to see the superior promise of the quiet method,—its greater profit and dignity. English solidity asserted itself as usual; and it did no hurt to our reputation,—so well aware as the spectators were of the passion for sport which is a part of English nature.

One wonders whether it struck them that when a nation does not prostitute its war-instinct to the conquest of a remote, or inferior, or unwarlike people, it is no undignified use to make of that instinct to direct it against the natural enemies of Man. May it never be worse employed!

FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

EGERIA.

A DREAM of that dim legendary time
When the gods talked with mortals, and could leave
Their starry home to gaze on women's eyes.

On a fair summer's morn, when all was still,
Save the reed's rustling in the breeze, which fell
Like distant voices murmuring on the ear,
Or the shrill halcyon, which sailed slowly by,
Tipping his wings with purple in the sun;
Once 'neath the golden linden's glimmering shade,
Upon the deep-red summer grass there sat
Nympha, and near the beating of his heart,
With velvet limbs, white as the ocean foam,
A nymph of more than mortal mien, whose love
Was all too great for heaven, and so she longed
To perfect it with sorrow in this world.
There, often, she would open Nature's book,
Interpreting its mystic eloquence,
Telling him secrets of each living thing,
From the grey torrent to the clinging moss,—
Or listen, tremulous, in a bright excess
Of rosy modesty, the while he spoke,
With wistful eagerness; more often full
Of gentler thoughts than any this earth knows
She sang, Cassandra-like, with dim faint eyes,
Whose lids dropped gathered nectar, while the leaves
Of amaranth were waving on her brow,
How the great golden age had passed away,
And how the harmonious chords of peace and love
Should be unstrung, and sound again no more.

So Nympha, by the music of her voice,
In such sweet sorrow was imparadised,
That life was like a dream; till in his soul
Those sacred germs of nobler birth than dust
Grew strong beneath her smiling influence,
And left fair deeds of fame to future time.
Thus would they talk in language kind and low
Like lovers watched, though there was none to hear,
And heeded not the hours, till her grey eyes
Grew darker in the twilight, and the dew
Shone in her hair like drops of silver rain;
Till the warm sunset faded, and the stars
Peeped forth to watch the dying of the day. J. M.

A MODERN VIVARIUM.

LETTER from Miss Aquaria Stickleback to Miss Fluminia Minnow :—

The Vivarium.

MY DEAREST FLUMINIA,—Here we are, delightfully settled in our sweet little hermitage—such a *bijou* of a residence—quite a “*multum in parvo*,” papa calls it. Believe me, except for the loss of your society, darling, I do not at all regret having left our spacious mansion under the banks of Trent.

I know that ill-natured people will say that we were *compelled by straitened circumstances* to contract our establishment. My Fluminia will not listen to such malicious whispers. It will be enough for her to receive my assurance that we all of us prefer such a snug, cosy, compact little place as this.

We find here everything we could desire: excellent water—so like that which we have been accustomed to, that we could almost believe it came from the same source; provisions abundant, and close at hand; considerable variety of scenery, considering the small extent of our domain; delightful shelter from the heat of the sun, and plenty of open surface for enjoying his rays, when the weather is cold.

But that which pleases us most in our present situation, indeed the thing which above all decided us in choosing this locale, is the unexampled opportunities it gives us of studying the habits of a race of creatures of the highest interest to the lovers of natural history. I mean the family that Dr. Gudgeon describes in his lectures under the rather repulsive name of “*Bipes vorax*,” declaring that he only knows them by their two propensities,—that of walking on two feet, and that of *devouring fish*! Horrible, my dear, if true; but the dear good creature has been deceived in the last particular, I am sure; for I have watched their habits now for many weeks, indeed I am in almost daily contact with them; but I can safely say (and so you may tell the Doctor), that they evince not the slightest indications of a desire to eat fish.

Our cottage commands a close and clear view of the interior of the abode of a group or family of these strange creatures. Papa arranged it all on purpose. At first, I confess, I did not like being so near them, especially as they seemed to be actuated by a sort of stupid curiosity about us, and would put their great heavy-looking heads close to our windows and look at us by the hour, as if they had never seen a fish before! But I soon found that, in spite of their enormous size and strength, they are perfectly harmless; and no fear now prevents me from being heartily interested and amused by their peculiarities.

I will endeavour to describe some of them. First of all, they really are, as Dr. G. always told us—*bipeds*. Conceive a young willow-tree, such as those which you have about your place in such numbers, split up half-way from the ground, and the two lower portions fitted with joints, and endowed with the power of moving (*stump-*

ing, I should say) heavily and laboriously over the ground, and you have some idea of the figure and movements of a biped. There is, of course, none of the ease and grace, the smoothness and rapidity, of our movements. This arrangement of the lower parts of the body (putting me in mind of those frightful neighbours of yours, the rats, to whom, by the way, papa thinks they are allied) would seem at first sight to be confined to the males; but I feel quite sure it is not so. In the female this arrangement is indeed concealed by a singular exuberance of the epidermis, or outer skin—which hangs over it in a profusion of folds—about which I shall speak more at length presently; but that it does exist, I have no doubt.

As far then as I can gather from studying the habits of the male, these lower limbs, or *legs*, as papa calls them, seem to be of use only for motion; at other times they serve no purpose that I can discover, and the poor creature seems to find them sadly in the way, tucking them up, and then stretching them out, and doubling them up under him, while his body remains upright, as he reposes in the most grotesque way you can imagine.

And now for a most extraordinary fact, and one which you will find it difficult to believe; but I have ascertained it beyond a doubt. These creatures exist, live, and, in their strange way, enjoy life—*without water*.

To us, my dearest Fluminia, who cannot conceive the possibility of existing for a minute out of our dear native element, this is indeed marvellous. Papa says, that he believes they live in a fluid of their own, invisible to our eye, possibly that very fluid which used to disturb our peaceful waters by its sudden and violent passage through them in large bubbles. This may be so; and if so, their internal structure must of course be different from ours. The fact cannot be ascertained perfectly until the progress of science has enabled our anatomists to make a thorough investigation, with a view to throw light on this point. I can testify that they have no gills. In the younger males, indeed, I see what I may call an attempt of nature to throw out something of the sort; but, strangely enough, while these generally lie as ours do, in the case of some whose epidermis is black they invariably turn upward towards the eyes, serving no purpose but to embarrass the movements of the head. Sometimes, even in youth, and almost in every case in old age, they disappear altogether.

The habits of these bipeds in respect of food also greatly perplex me. I certainly have seen them occasionally eat and drink, but in such very small quantities, that I cannot believe that their huge bodies can be maintained on so little nourishment.

I must observe that the large *den*, of which we command a view, is only a part, and, I should conceive, a small part, of their dwelling. They can leave it by large holes left in the wall and closed by an ingenious contrivance, that forcibly reminds me of our old traditions about the beaver. I should pronounce them to be beavers, did I not know the beaver was not a biped, and, also, that

the genus is extremely rare, if not altogether extinct.

However, the fact of their having other chambers than that which our windows command gives me some sort of clue to their feeding habits. I think they are shy of eating in our presence, and having, probably by night, collected a store of provisions in some inner apartment, repair thither at stated times; and you know, my dear, other and higher classes of beings have their feeding places and feeding times, to satisfy the cravings of nature.

I am confirmed in this view from having continually observed, at certain stated hours of the day (not so punctual, by the way, as one could desire, to establish so interesting a theory; but, at all events, never less than three times a day), all the individuals of our collection assemble, and pass out of one of the side doors, with a certain eager expression of face which, to my thinking, denotes appetite.

Papa holds, on the other hand, that they subsist on the animalculæ with which the fluid in which they live is said to teem. For my part, I think they are far too solid to live on animalculæ.

Do they sleep? I believe they do—probably in the night, when they are shrouded from our view, partly by the darkness, and partly by a curious contrivance of these ingenious creatures, who place a sort of thick screen before our windows, evidently to guard themselves from our inspection.

Not that they sleep all the night; for long after they have thus closed themselves in, we hear them ceaselessly chattering in their strange fashion, and sometimes making rude attempts to imitate the singing of birds—at which times the sides of our cottage, well built as it is, literally vibrate with the sound.

But I feel sure they *do* sleep, for I once saw one of them (a male), in broad daylight, extend himself at full length, shut his eyes, and remain perfectly still for several minutes, except that he uttered at regular intervals a soft sound, something like the *snop* of dear old Admiral Chub, as he takes his after-dinner nap, with his head up-stream.

The mechanical ingenuity of these creatures is astonishing. The ground of their apartment is strewn with a soft substance, of close texture and many colours, really almost as soft and as pretty as a bed of anacharis, and the whole den is filled with ingenious contrivances to support their ungainly forms when they are at rest. I should be at a loss to guess how they could produce such things, had I not observed that they show some ingenuity in the use of a pair of large—I must not say *fins*, they are so heavy and clumsy, but flappers furnished with strong and flexible claws, such as the beaver is said to have had, and to have used with such dexterity.

But I cannot stay to describe the many wonderful results of the instinctive sagacity of these curious beings—their artificial light, their artificial music, &c. I am preparing a little set of papers for the "Trent and Humber Illustrated Minnows' Magazine," which will contain the result of all my observations. I will pass at once to the great Epidermis question, as I call it.

I mentioned above the fact that in the female of the "*bipes vorax*," the lower part of the body is shrouded by a remarkably luxuriant epidermis, or outer skin, which, indeed, extends over the whole form, except the head and the extremity of the flappers.

Now papa says this is not an epidermis at all, but an extraneous artificial covering, which their instinct teaches them to form out of the leaves of the trees or grass of the field, to protect themselves from the cold, to which they are liable in their fluid.

When I think of my own feelings on this subject,—of the simple, beautiful, and convenient covering with which nature has provided *me*; of the excusable pride I feel, as, in the height of the season and the prime of my youth, I display my spangling scales under the bright sunlight,—I confess I can hardly realise the possibility of any creature being taught by nature to cover itself up in so curious and cumbersome and grotesque a manner; and I cannot say I can trace the slightest resemblance to the simplicity of leaves or grasses, either in the colour or the form of these outer coverings of the female bipeds.

The male, too, who certainly has an outer coating, though of a very different form, shows no symptom of its being extraneous: he never changes it, as I can assert after the closest observation, and seems insensible and indifferent to it altogether. But to the female, this epidermis, whether natural or artificial, seems to possess the highest interest; in fact, it occupies her attention all day long. Her flappers are busy with little scraps and portions of it at all hours. The male, by the way, never seems to know what to do with *his* flappers.

Two or three of the females may be seen getting together in groups, hard at work, preparing, apparently, a new epidermis; turning it about; showing it to one another; trying it on themselves or each other, their eyes sparkling with animation, and an incessant chattering going on the whole time.

When I hear them thus (conversing, I have no doubt, in their way), I long to understand their language. The real lover of knowledge does not disdain to learn even from the lowest classes in the scale of creation, and I doubt not I should learn much from them at these times. I ought to say, in reference to this question, that the changes which take place in the epidermis of the female are quite extraordinary. New colours, new shapes, new ornaments from head to foot, every day, and sometimes two or three times a day. And the vain creatures evidently think that we are admiring them all the time.

My dearest Flumina, come to us soon: come and enjoy with us at once the delicious indulgences of our charming retreat, and the pleasures of scientific research, for which the remarkable creatures I have attempted to describe afford a seemingly inexhaustible subject.

I kiss your fin, and remain,

Dearest Flumina,

Your attached

AQUARIA.

THE LINDEN TREES.

(SUGGESTED BY SCHILLER'S "WALK UNDER THE LINDEN TREES.")

I.

NATURE hath endless aspects—to the young
 She doth her beauties and her glories all unfold,
 A magic light rests upon land and sea,
 And all her brooks are silver, all her sunshine gold.

II.

But to the old that light falls cold and dead,
 'Tis ever winter, and the wind blows cold and
 chill :
 For just as earth is coloured by the sky,
 So rests the colour of the mind on vale and hill.

III.

Behold those Linden Trees, wrapt in the glow
 Of crimsoned-burning fire, flooding the sunset sky ;
 From plain to zenith all is mantling gold,
 Reflected in the river, gliding, sliding by.

IV.

Thither, at eve, two youthful lovers came,
 To meet their loves, while overhead the murm'ring
 bees
 Drowned in soft music every loving word,
 And every uttered vow, beneath the Linden Trees.



V.

I only know they parted ; one pressing close
 The dearest treasure youth or age can ever know—
 Life's comforter ; the other, silent and alone,
 Took his sad weary way with faltering steps and
 slow.

VI.

And, ah ! in future years, when memory clings
 To by-gone summer hours, and in fond fancy sees
 That hour, that golden eve, that gliding stream,
 Those meetings underneath the scented Linden Trees,

VII.

For one, the scene will ever gilded be,
 Folded in sunset and the music of the bees,

And he will say, while pressing closer still,
 "Dear life, dear love, those happy, happy Linden
 Trees."

VIII.

The other, by his sad and lonely hearth,
 Will sigh, "Those dark funereal Linden Trees,
 The death of all my hopes, how dark and cold !
 I seem to see them tossing in the winter breeze."

IX.

And yet *they* change not ; summer comes and goes,
 And o'er the Linden Trees the sunset lingers still,
 Still lovers whisper in the leafy shade ;
 Nature is changeless—man alone is fickle still !

J. A.

BLIND.



"My dear mother, even the Prayer-Book says a woman may not marry her grandfather."

"Yes, my dear, also that a man may not marry his grandmother; but what has that to do with Mr. Lee?"

"Simply that he is old enough to be my grandfather nearly."

"There is a great difference certainly, but not quite sufficient for that, Katherine. Mr. Lee is four-and-thirty, and you nearly eighteen."

"My dear mother, I always thought him fifty when I rode his pony years ago."

"Very likely; children's ideas of age are not

very correct. They generally think their mother in her dotage at forty. Five years ago he was nine-and-twenty."

"Then such a name, my dear mother. Fancy Michael! It might almost as well be Zedekiah or Nebuchadnezzar at once. I remember your reading a novel with a Nathaniel for a hero; I do not think I could stand Michael for mine; and besides, he is half a widower."

"My dear Katherine, far be it from me to persuade you to marry Mr. Lee, or any one else, only do try and be serious; think quietly about it, and then give me your answer."

Whether it were possible for Katherine to think quietly on any subject whatever just then, I don't know; however, her answer was given, and Mrs. Parker told Mr. Lee her daughter could not make up her mind to say anything but "No." Shortly after Mr. Lee left Oldcourt and went abroad. The only one of the Parker family who bade him farewell was Katherine's little brother Harry, and he announced in the evening:

"I shall be up early to-morrow: I am going up to say good-bye to dear Mr. Lee. Will you come, Katie?"

"No, thank you, Harry," Katherine answered, with a look at her mother, "I am not fond of getting up early."

"What a shame! not for once even, and he was so kind to you always. I am so sorry he's going; I hope he won't be long away. I suppose you think yourself too big for his pony now, Katie, as you never ride it. I wonder if I shall be able to have it when he is away."

So early the next morning, a bright one in the middle of February, Harry was off along the lanes and across the fields to Oldcourt. There was a short cut through a wood, which skirted the Pool, to the house. The ground was crisp—just a tinge of white frost—every blade of grass sparkling in the bright sun. There is nothing so beautiful as a white frost, except the spring, when every bud is bursting, and every wood is getting full of wild flowers, and every bird is singing. They sing altogether, each its own song, yet none is out of tune, even when the rooks join in. How is it, I wonder?

A tall, dark man, with a calm, grave face was looking out on the park and woods at Oldcourt,—the park and woods that had been his and his fathers' for generations. He *did* look old for four-and-thirty. Many men look as young at forty. The Lees all turn grey soon—it seems to run in some families—and there were some white hairs already showing among the black. The face looked almost stern, till two little hands seized hold of one of his, then it looked down with a kindly smile on the early visitor.

"Ah, Harry, my boy, I thought I should not see you again!"

"My dear old Michael, did you think I would let you go without saying a regular good-bye? What a brute you must think me!"

"No, I do not, but it is early for you. You shall have some breakfast with me, for I had nearly forgotten it."

So they sat down, and Michael Lee told Harry he was to fish with his keeper, George Mitford, whenever he liked, and Frisky he was to consider his own whilst he was away; and at that up jumped Harry and threw his arms round his neck and kissed him.

"I can't think why you are going away," said the boy. "I know you're sorry. I saw your face as I came in. Why are you going?"

"Why? Everybody goes abroad sometimes, Harry. I shall be home again before Christmas, I dare say. What shall I bring you?—the falling Tower of Pisa, or Mont Blanc?"

"No, no; but I should like some red-hot lava from Mount Vesuvius, and a Mount St. Bernard

dog: only a puppy, Michael. Are there any puppies, I wonder: you only read of the big dogs, but I daresay there are some puppies sometimes; don't you think there must be?"

Michael Lee thought there certainly could not be always big dogs unless there were puppies occasionally.

"Can you bring some red-hot lava in your port-manteau, Michael? I want it the colour of that picture in your bedroom of Mount Vesuvius with the blue sky; will you take an empty jam-pot from Mrs. Wilkins and fill it full for me? It will burn your clothes if you have it loose, won't it?"

Michael Lee thought it very probably would, and then he had to explain it would puzzle Michael Scott himself to bring him red-hot lava the colour of Mount Vesuvius in the picture with the blue sky. Of course Harry asked who Michael Scott was? and his namesake had to explain how one word of his had cleft, not Mount Vesuvius, but the Eildon Hills in three, and how when his horse stamped his foot, the bells in Notre Dame rang; and how he had told the *Old Gentleman* to mind his own business and carry him across the sea;—and just then the dogcart came round to the door, and Michael Lee said:

"Here comes, not Diabolus, Harry, but Black Rover, and I must mount and fly, or I shall miss the train. Tell Mrs. Parker I was sorry not to see her to say good-bye, and I hope she will come and take any flowers she likes; see, here is a note I had written, and was going to send; you take it for me; don't lose it."

"Oh no, I won't lose it, and Michael, may Katie ride Frisky?"

"I do not think your sister cares for him now, Harry."

There was a change in the tone of voice; a thing children are very quick in noticing.

"Are you vexed with Katie?" said the boy. "She was very fond of Frisky. I can remember, a long, long time ago—I could only have been a little fellow quite, about five or something of that sort, for I had pinafores—when she used to ride Frisky, and she liked it so much; and she used to fish then, and row the boat across the pool. I can't think why she never does anything jolly now, can you, Michael?"

Michael swallowed his hot tea without answering; then the boy clung to him to say good-bye.

"I'll take you through the park, and drop you at the gate, Harry;" and the thought of that brought a smile instead of the salt tears that had begun to come.

"I won't cry, Michael; I shall be nine my next birthday."

(It wanted 345 days to his next birthday!) But when he was dropped at the gate, and he and old Sarah at the lodge had watched the dogcart disappear, and he saw her shake her head and wipe her eyes, and heard her say: "There goes a good gentleman, if ever there was one in this world, or the next!" he could not stand it; and, after a good cry, he told Sarah that he was to ride Frisky, and go fishing with George Mitford; but all the fish he caught he should keep for Mr. Lee; he would not let

Susan cook one, for he would much rather Mr. Lee had them all! which determination so comforted him, that he looked at Sarah's Polish hens, admired their topknots, and then went on his way home.

Mr. Parker had been Michael Lee's tutor. At his death his wife was left with one daughter of ten and a baby a few months old. Two boys and a girl had gone before him. I may as well say how they died. The fever was bad in the village. John Brown's wife died of it and her two children. William Hodge, the drunken blacksmith, got it next, and he died. Then three or four cottages down that narrow lane with the pigsties, and that pond which was always green and the water always black, *they* got it. Then Mr. Harvey, who came from Manchester, and bought a good deal of land in Leamington, and built a large house, and stables, and greenhouses, and hot-houses, and ice-houses, and all that (those cottages down the narrow lane belonged to him), 'his' little daughter took it. He never let her go out of his own grounds, and thought there was, what he called, "no chance" of her getting it; but she did; and there is a little tomb with a white cross on it in the church at Leamington: and the cottages are comfortable now, and the pigsties at the end of the garden (not up against the one bedroom on the ground-floor), and the pond has been drained, and Mr. Harvey is not what he was when the fever began, and he thanks God for it often, on his knees, though he is lonely, very lonely, never hearing her little feet pattering about now, except in his dreams. Many others had it, and Mrs. Parker was frightened. Four children under eight years old she had of her own, and she wished there were some Sisters of Mercy at Leamington, as there were at some places, who could take the good soup and wine to the poor sick ones, without the terrible fear pulling and gnawing at their hearts all the time that *she* had. That terrible fear! She had it—she could not help it, though her husband said:

"My dear, I change my coat, I wash my hands and face, and then I *trust*."

She tried to *trust*, too; but somehow the fear clung to her; and on Sunday night Arthur said:

"Mother, my throat is so sore." He was only three and a half, and she tried to hope he did not know where his throat was, and that he would put his hand to his back, or leg, or anywhere else, only not to his throat, and she said:

"Where, my darling; where is it sore?" And the child put up his hand, and said:

"I mean where my dinner goes down, mother." And then she knew her boy had got the fever; and the next day Mary said:

"Mother, just look what a lump there is under my ear, by my cheek, and it hurts me so when I swallow; I hope I am not going to be ill, like papa said poor little Mary Brown was." And she knew Mary had the fever, too.

Next Sunday, after the afternoon service, Arthur was buried. They had an old-fashioned way of ringing the bells at Leamington; they do not everywhere; but it was an old-fashioned place, and old fashions about church things are best. They rang the curfew at Leamington always from

Advent to Lent, and they tolled the bell, when there was to be a funeral, all day, until the mourners and the coffin could be seen coming near the church; and then they rang a joyful peal for a minute or so—not like a wedding, or any other peal; and it always sounded like a welcome—like the angels welcoming one more—one more who had passed through the waves of this troublesome world, and had reached the haven where we all would be. So, sitting by little Mary's bed, wetting her hot lips, the mother heard the joyful peal ring out for Arthur, and she knelt down by Mary, and kissed her hot cheek; and Mary heard the bells, too, and she opened her eyes, and said:

"Arthur will be with the daisies soon, mother, he was so fond of daisies, and those double red ones."

Mary died that evening—Sunday evening; and when all was over, and the little fair thing lay with the little hands crossed on her breast, the mother turned away to change her dress, and wash her face and hands, and to *trust*. Trust to Him who had only taken what He had given. She might go and look at her youngest now; she was no longer needed in the sick room—it was empty. The little merry laugh as she went along the passage! Baby should be asleep; but babies in summer, in the long days so light, do not always do what they ought to do about going to sleep, and baby was laughing as she reached the door! So strange it sounded to hear a laugh then, even from a baby. Sitting up in his little crib, was the two-year-old baby, hugging the kitten which had been beside little Mary, and fondled to the last. By the next Sunday, two more were with the daisies beside Arthur, and the eldest, Katherine, the only child, left them.

Harry was born a year after, and Mr. Parker died, and then the widow, with her two children, returned to the neighbourhood of her old home, where her husband had been curate, and afterwards tutor to Mr. Lee. Mr. Lee was one of the first to welcome Mrs. Parker; a sad welcome to the place where her early, happy days had been spent. Michael Lee was then a young man of six-and-twenty. He had had a sincere regard for his tutor, and every little attention in his power he bestowed on Mrs. Parker. There was the quiet old pony for Katherine to ride, his park was open to her and her mother; some of the choicest flowers were always on her table. It was no self-denial, he had plenty of everything; but he had a way of being kind—he always thought of others—and his way of being kind and thoughtful was never disagreeable; with some people it is. He and Katherine were soon great friends. As she grew older, and the old pony more stupid, a younger one took its place; the "Frisky" of which we have heard, and fishing and boating at Oldcourt were among her greatest pleasures. Then came the news of Mr. Lee's approaching marriage. It was quite true, he told Mrs. Parker of it himself, all joy and happiness; and two months after the bells at Oldcourt were tolling for her who was to have been mistress there so soon—tolling for the bride elect.

Katherine was sixteen then, and Mrs. Parker moved to London for a twelvemonth, to give her

the advantage of some better masters than Oldcourt afforded. At the end of that time she returned to her favourite cottage, and the pony, fishing, and boating were transferred to Harry, who was delighted with everything after the confinement of London. A grave, quiet man was Michael Lee now: it was strange a child like Harry should be so devoted to him, yet so it was. Harry was his constant companion through his woods, marking the trees, carrying his fishing basket, perfectly satisfied in his own mind he was of great use and assistance to Mr. Lee, whom he very soon learnt to call Michael; and the grave, quiet man grew very fond of the boy, partly on his own account, for all loved Harry, and partly, ere many months were over, for the sake of his sister: and so at last he spoke to Mrs. Parker. Katherine refused him, and he went abroad. Harry begged to write to him, and Michael Lee answered his letters, which contained a great deal of news of various kinds: such as the ewe with the black mark on her leg had three lambs again this year, and one was fed with a teapot. There was a blackbird's nest in one of the red rhododendrons. Frisky was in great beauty, but it was very difficult to catch him now, as he would not come for corn when there was so much grass: he found the best way was to blow a cow's-horn trumpet behind a bush, for Frisky came to see what the noise was, thinking the hounds were out, Harry believed, and then he was easily taken. A cornrake had her legs mown off, sitting on her nest, by Thomas Smith, when they were mowing the mill meadow, and Harry had taken some of the eggs to see if Katie's bantam would hatch them, &c., &c. Then came an account of a bad cold he had caught somehow, he could not tell how; boys never can: but he had not been allowed to go out fishing for some time, nor in the boat with George Mitford. George had had a bad finger, but it was better, and he had a new baby, and Venus had puppies. It (the baby) was christened last Sunday; it was a boy, which was much better than a girl, as it might be a keeper too some day. They were all beauties, especially one with a black nose; and had he been to Mount St. Bernard yet?

Harry's next letter was finished by Mrs. Parker, and she told Mr. Lee the cold had become a cough, and that Dr. Watson thought it would be more prudent for him to winter at the seaside. They were going to Beaumaris the end of September; and when Michael Lee received this letter he felt sure Harry was worse than his mother thought. During that winter at Beaumaris Harry had several letters from Mr. Lee. He thought his handwriting was changed, or that he was writing larger for him because he was a child; but he could always read Michael's writing, he said, and was rather affronted. Then he did not hear for a long time, and at last he received a few lines, telling him he had been ill, and that Harry must not think he had forgotten him if he did not hear, for the doctor forbade his writing; it hurt his eyes.

And then came several months, and Harry never heard, and he wanted to know so much how Michael was. His cough had never left him,

and they were still at Beaumaris. He used to sit on the beach for hours, or go in a boat when it was fine; sometimes row up past the Menai Bridge to the little fishing island, and land there to see all the sea wonders that are to be found on it; the sea anemones in countless numbers, of every colour, hanging on the rough walls under the long masses of seaweed; the scarlet starfish; the great purple one, and fish, especially the little whitebait, looking like a sheet of silver, as they glided along at low water in the weir. Sometimes they went in the other direction towards Puffin Island, but only on warm, dry days. Mrs. Parker's sweet face looked very anxious now, and Katherine was more gentle and loving to her little brother far than formerly.

One day, in the middle of September, Harry came sooner from the beach than usual, through the little garden, into the house, and hiding his face on his mother's knee, he sobbed out, "I've seen Michael, and he's quite blind."

By degrees he told his tale.

"I was on the beach, mother; I was at that shell-stall; I wanted a Venus's ear, when all of a sudden I saw Michael come out of the hotel. I was sure it was he, and Simpson—you remember Mr. Simpson, the butler,—with him; and Simpson helped him down the steps, and I could not believe it was Michael hardly, but I left the shells and went to meet him, and when I got nearer I saw it was Michael; so I ran up to him, and his eyes were open; but when I had got hold of his hand he did not look at me, only said, 'Oh, Harry, my boy, how are you—are you better?' And I said, 'My cough is not very bobbish; but oh, Michael, what is Simpson doing walking with you?' And then he smiled very quietly, and held my hands, and said, 'Simpson shall go now, and you will take care of a poor blind man.' And I said, 'Oh, Michael, you're not blind; your eyes are quite open, and you must wear spectacles; but I hope you won't look like old Matthew at home.' It was very foolish of me, but I did not like to believe it; and he shook his head, and drew my hand through his arm, and said, 'Now we can take a walk near the sea, and talk about it;' and so we walked a little, and he said he could not write, and he wanted to hear about me, and the doctor said the sea-side would do him good, and so he came here last night. He is at the hotel, the Bulkeley Arms, and he thought I was sure to come on the beach and would see him, and I saw him as he was coming down the steps, so I was not long about that. But he is blind, quite blind, mother, and I am to lead him about: he says he likes to have me better than Simpson, mother. I wanted him to come here now with me, but he did not like to come until I had told you, he said."

Katherine was sitting by the window. She was looking at the hills on the opposite shore, with all the lights and shadows fitting over them. How beautiful they are! She did not see them; and the sands stretching out so far, looking as if you might walk across into Carnarvonshire; and the green sparkling water so smooth and still. She saw nothing of all this now. She did not say a word whilst Harry was speaking, but she did

something else, very quietly, and thought no one saw her—she was mistaken.

Mr. Lee came with Harry in the afternoon; he was quieter and graver than before, and Harry was always with him whenever it was warm enough for him to be out of doors; and Michael Lee would come and sit with him when the weather prevented the boy leaving the house. Simpson brought him to the garden-gate, and then he was able to walk up the little garden by himself. Sometimes Mrs. Parker walked with him, and a few times Katherine had helped him, but her hand always trembled as it rested on his arm, and he would try and grope about by himself rather than ask her; and then Harry called her stupid for not offering.

It was the 25th of October, a very wild day. Harry was not so well, lying on the couch, looking out of the window, watching the thick muddy waves rolling in angrily one after the other. The ferry-boat was not crossing, it was so very rough. Something was coming, the boatmen said, as they smoked their pipes and looked out to sea. It was worse by the evening; how the wind howled; and the tide was in, every now and then dashing over the sea-wall into the road. Harry lay watching the angry waves: he had never seen the Straits so rough before. Michael could not see it, but he heard the roaring of the waters, and he hummed the line—

And the night-rack came rolling up, ragged and brown.

"It will be a terrible night, Harry, I fear," he said.

"It will indeed, Michael; I was thinking you would scarcely get back to the hotel."

Ay, a terrible night it was. One to be much remembered in Anglesea. As they spoke, the big iron ship was rolling about in the thick fog, hoping for a pilot, hoping to reach Liverpool that night; and before Michael Lee reached the Bulkeley Arms, the big iron ship was thumping against the iron coast only a few miles away. The iron coast was the harder. The great masts tottered and fell, shivered so, that Katherine's little fingers broke off pieces from them afterwards; and when all was over, when the big iron ship was broken to pieces—when "the storm had ceased, and the waves thereof were still," some bottles of champagne and pickles were found unbroken amidst the rocks, which were covered with big iron bolts wrenched out of the big iron ship that night of agony! Scarcely credible if read in a novel—and yet it is true. Verily, "truth is strange sometimes, stranger than fiction!"

So these two sat watching and listening to the storm that evening, and at last Harry said:

"Michael, I have been thinking of such a good plan."

And Michael said, "Have you, my boy, what about?"

And Harry said, "About you, Michael. I know you don't like having Simpson with you always; and, you see, I'm not strong enough to read a great deal, or go out when it's not fine: they think I'm made of sugar or salt, or something, and that I shall melt; and I've been thinking if you had a wife, it would be much better. I

thought Katie would do so nicely, and then, when you go back to Oldcourt, she or I would always be with you. If mother wanted her, you could fall back on me; and she reads ever so long without getting tired, and writes so fast, too. Do you think it a good plan, Michael?"

"My dear Harry," the quiet voice said, and then stopped.

"Oh, what a monster! It's bigger than any yet! There, it's broke over the pier, I declare; such a wave, Michael, you never saw. Well, but what do you think about Katie?"

"I think, Harry, for once you have forgotten I am blind," Michael Lee answered.

"No, I have not, Michael; that's the very thing made me think you ought to have a wife. If you weren't, there's no reason for it. You could fish and shoot, and ride, and read and write, and do everything yourself, and she might be in the way and want you for something just when you had got your gun, perhaps; I think you'd find her so useful now, that's what put it into my head."

"Harry, I thought of it a long time ago, when I was not blind, and she would not be my wife even then. I am glad of it now, Harry, for her sake." But the deep low voice had no gladness in it.

Up started the boy from the couch.

"Oh, Michael, you don't really mean you ever asked Katie to be your wife before?"

"Yes, Harry, I do mean even that."

"And Katie said she would not like to be, Michael?"

"Yes, Harry."

"What a shame! Oh, Michael, it makes me almost wish I'd been a girl myself. I'm sure I should have liked it very much." He threw himself back on the couch and coughed. Michael could not see how his colour went and came. So neither of them spoke, and when he had done coughing he rested a little; then he said, "I might have been strong enough for a girl, perhaps, there's not much in them ever, though Katie's much stronger than I am. She's a great deal older, that's one thing. I wonder if I shall ever be as old as Katie; she's nearly out of her teens now. Do you know, Michael, sometimes I think I never shall. You can't see me now, or you would know how thin I have grown—a regular scarecrow. I'm a great deal taller, but my hands are so thin, my fingers look so long, and they're so white compared to other boys' I see on the beach. Some of the boys from the grammar-school I often watch playing cricket by the castle, and such nice brown hands they've got, I'm quite ashamed of mine. It's not manly to have such white hands. Do you think I ever shall be a man, Michael?"

Michael felt for the boy's hand, and stroked it in his own. He knew it was very thin and soft, though he could not see how white it was. He stroked it a few moments, and then he said:

"Harry, my boy, if you never are, remember there is a better Land than this, where you will be strong, and I shall see again: we must both think of that, Harry, and be patient; it is hard work often, is it not?"

"Very; and sometimes I'm so cross when I can't sleep, Michael. I know what you mean.

You think I shall never get any better; you mean my cough will go on getting worse, and I shall get thinner and thinner, and weaker and weaker, and then I shall die. I hope I shall go to Heaven, Michael. I don't think I have done anything *very* wicked; you know I've not been at school much among other boys, so it's not been so difficult. I remember, though, I helped to drown some puppies once. I could not help watching Thomas do it, and then I remember I held one under the water, when I saw it put up its poor little head. I can't think what made me, and afterwards I remember poor old Flo came and smelt my hands and licked them, and I felt so sorry then. Well, Michael, I'll try and be patient, and not be cross any more, and if I die when I'm a boy, you'll be sure to know me when you come, Michael; and if I were to live to be a man, you might not, you know, Michael; I should have changed so, and it's eighteen months now since you saw me, Michael. But I want to ask you about Katie again. Did she mean she did not like you?"

"Not like me well enough, Harry, she meant."

"Pon my word, Michael, then I think she's changed her mind, and I'll tell you why. When I came back the first day I met you and told her and mother you were blind, she never spoke, certainly, but she cried; I saw her, and often I see her eyes full of tears after you've been here."

"Yes; she is sorry for me, Harry, that is all."

"I don't think it is all, Michael. Mother's *very* sorry for you, but *she* doesn't cry. Here come three more schooners going to anchor round the Point: there's a regular fleet of them."

The door opened; how the wind howled! It was Katherine, bringing Harry's medicine. She put it down on the little table by him, and smoothed his hair and kissed his forehead. "Such a storm, Harry, coming on!" Harry pulled her down close to him, and whispered something. Michael could not hear all; but his own name he heard several times. Then Katherine stood upright, and said:

"Hush, Harry; will you take your medicine?" And Michael heard her voice tremble.

"No, I won't take it, Katie, till you answer my question; and my cough's been very bad this evening, so I ought to have it at once. Michael says, you said you'd rather not be his wife, and I want to know if you'd rather not now, or if you've changed your mind about it."

"Harry, no more of this, or I shall go back to Oldcourt," said the quiet, calm voice, not quiet or calm now.

"He is too young to know all he is saying; forgive him," he added.

"Oh, Michael, don't be angry with me; but indeed she's quite crimson, and the tears in her eyes; and if you would only just ask her yourself, you would see. Dear Michael, you know I shall never live to be a man; and after I've got thinner and thinner, and weaker and weaker, you'll have no one to take any care of you, and I feel so sure Katie would like it now, though she didn't then."

"Harry, I told you your sister was very sorry for me, nothing more."

"Sorry! she was very sorry when the cat died. I don't mean that. I can see her face, and you can't. How stupid you are, Michael! Oh, Katie, you know he doesn't like asking you now he's blind; and, if I were you, I would just put my arms round his neck, and tell him I should like it so much, without his asking me."

"No, Harry, you could not, if you were me," said Katherine, and her voice was more than trembling now, it was sobbing.

She was a prisoner; Harry had tight hold of her hand; and when he talked of growing weaker and weaker, and thinner and thinner, she had knelt beside him, between his couch and Michael Lee; and the blind man knew by her voice she was kneeling down, and he stretched out his hand, and it rested on her small head and bright glossy hair. Katherine was not pretty; but she was tall and slight, with a small head set on her throat like a queen, and quantities of bright glossy hair twisted round and round. He, Michael Lee, put his hand on it, and said: "Katherine," and that was all: and she did not answer at first, only he felt her turn from Harry's couch more towards him, and then she said, softly:

"Can't you see me the least bit, Michael?"

And he said, "No, Katherine; I would give all I have in the world to look in your face now, darling."

And then Harry said: "I'll tell you, Michael, what she looks like, and don't give Oldcourt and Frisky and all away for nothing but that. She's not so red as she was, but she's crying. Oh, now she's hid her face, and I can't tell you what she's like."

She had hidden her face, but it was hidden on Michael Lee's other hand, and he felt her hot tears on it, and he said:

"Katherine, if you stay one moment longer, I shall believe what Harry told me."

She did not move. He stroked the bright, glossy hair, and then passed his arm round her and drew her closer to him, and said something in such a whisper that Harry could not hear: and Harry rubbed his hands and said:

"Hurrah! I suppose I'd better take my medicine now, for I believe Katie's quite forgotten it."

So she rose and gave it him with one hand, for Michael had the other; and Harry drank it, made a face, and said:

"I shan't be satisfied till you have put your arms round his neck and told him you are very sorry for ever having said you would not like it; it was such a shame!"

So she knelt down again, and did put her arms round his neck (not Harry's), and said something, too, which Harry could not hear; and Michael Leo stretched out one arm to Harry, and with the other gathered her up quite close to him, and said:

"I pray God you may never repent, my Katherine. And Harry, my boy, you can see her face, and I cannot, as you said just now; and if ever you see her cry, or look unhappy, I trust

to you to tell me and help me to find it out. Darling, if ever woman was loved, you are, my Katherine; for now, with this black sheet before me, which makes even your dear face as dark as night, I would not give you up, even to see the blessed light of Heaven and the green earth again. I would rather be blind with you than see without you, Katherine."

She did not answer, but she lifted up her face to his and kissed it; and Harry brought his white, thin face and rested it on Michael's shoulder, and said:

"Michael, I wish I could make my eyes over to you. There's the fishing at Oldcourt, splendid fishing, and you'll never be able to fish without them. I would, if I could, Michael, for all my happiest days you've given me. And as to Katie, I hope you'll like her much better than Simpson; and if she isn't happy, it's her own fault, that's certain. Fancy not being happy at Oldcourt! And I dare say you'll give her a bigger pony; she can't have a *better* than Frisky, but she's too tall for him, and you'll always let him run in the park, won't you, Michael, when he gets old? Never sell him for a donkey cart. It would break his heart, I know it would, Michael. He'd pull it; he'd pull anything; but I'm certain it would break his heart."

And Michael Lee promised Frisky should always be cared for as if he were the best hunter in the land; and the little white face looked up lovingly into the poor blind eyes, and then went on to say:

"I think it was so very *rum* of Katie ever thinking she would not like it! Don't you, Michael?"

And they both laughed and kissed him, and then the boy said he must go and tell his mother, for it was all his doing, every bit. And that evening, after tea, they all sat by Harry's couch, all the time the big iron ship was break, break, breaking, on those cold grey stones, just across the island.

M. E. G.

LAVINIA FENTON.

In his own day it was a constant accusation against William Hogarth, that he could not paint in "the historical manner"—that he could not rise out of "Low Art." The *cognoscenti* of the period delighted in a complicated jargon, which seemed to mean, so far as it had any meaning, that painting was a sort of dead language—of no use but to a refined and gifted few—an exotic which could never flourish in a cold climate—that it had nothing to do with Nature or reality, and that, when it ventured to be intelligible to ordinary comprehensions, it became necessarily degraded and base.

If Hogarth had listened to all this elegant idiocy! But he presumed to think for himself: he turned his back, sturdily, resolutely, upon foreign art; he refused to multiply specimens of fifth-rate Italian schools; to produce compositions out of which ceaseless repetition had fairly beaten all the religion that had been planned originally to be their chief characteristic; to squander his life amid the clouds of an inane mythology or a ridiculous alle-

gory. He set up his easel in the middle of the town to sketch the common life around him. He was nothing if not real and true. He comes down to us now a most trustworthy witness, whose evidence, touching the history of his own time, cannot be gainsaid. Once or twice—provoked by the carplings of his critics—worrying him while he painted, as small dogs might, snapping at his calves as he sat before his easel—he rose in his rage, determined to demonstrate that, an' he chose, he could paint in the manner they would have him, and paint, too, as well as the best of the masters they were for ever lauding. Of course, in his haste, his anger, and his vanity, he made a great mistake. It is not within our purpose here to dwell upon the matter. Still, if he represented Danae as "a mere nymph of Drury,"—and Mr. Horace Walpole accused him of so doing, with great show of reason, it must be allowed,—if he treated Sigismunda as "a maudlin vigo," there can be no fear that he would be liable to a converse error. He would leave it to others to convert the Kitty Fishers of the hour into Cleopatras; to invest the Nelly O'Briens with the loveliness of innocence, or to make a goddess of grace out of such materials as a Nancy Parsons could furnish. He was safe enough while he was upon the ground; it was an error in such a man to attempt to mount into the skies: that was all. He was like an astronaut who carries too much *earth* in his car—who may cut the tie-ropes one after another; but, for all that, his balloon will not soar into the empyrean.

Be sure, then, that we may place confidence in his portraits,—that we may accept these as unmistakably actual and life-like, needing no allowance to be made on the score of flattery; with no dimples to be deducted, no unlovely lines to be added; with no natural blemishes wilfully forgotten by the painter. And it is to the subject of one of his portraits we desire to bring the reader—a thoroughly English-looking girl, beautiful quite as much from her healthiness and freshness, and natural gifts of colour, as from the regularity of her features or the symmetry of her form. With frank, open grey eyes, delicately arched brows, well-shaped mouth, with luscious cherry-red lips and soft round chin; brown hair, gathered lightly—not brushed—back from her forehead, probably over a small pillow, surmounted by a dainty lace "mob" cap with many flaps, a string of pearls round her white neck; a dress of rich but sad-coloured silk, with broad ribbon and cord trimming *à la militaire* down the front; the dress high on the shoulders, low in the bosom, edged with a narrow frilling of lace, casting delicate reflections of light on the superbly-moulded bust. The dress very charming; but then it is, at all times, hard to say how much the prettiness of a costume may be attributable to the prettiness of the lady who wears it.

Such is the portrait, painted by Hogarth, of Lavinia Fenton, in the character of *Polly Peachum*, in the "Beggars' Opera,"—an actress, who, during a very brief career upon the stage, seems to have ruled the London playgoers as absolutely—to have created as great a "sensation" (applying the word in a sense she never heard it invested with)—as in later times, within modern knowledge,—a Mademoiselle Jenny Lind or a Made-

moiselle Adelina Patti has succeeded in doing. The audiences of more than a century ago were not less susceptible than are those of to-day to the charms of a reigning favourite, and the "Lavinia Fenton mania" of the past will stand a comparison with any more recent *furor* created by actresses or singers of the present.

We do not purpose to tell over again the story of the great success of the "Beggars' Opera." It is certain, however, that to the charm and cleverness of the original *Polly Peachum*, a great share of that success was due. Swift wrote from Dublin to Gay for "*Polly's* messo-tinto." The print-shops could barely keep pace with the demand for the engravings of her portrait; ladies of fashion wore her likeness as part of the decoration of their fans; a band of devoted admirers guarded her every night on her way home from the theatre after her performance; and, as the Notes to the "Dunciad" inform us, "her life was written, books of letters and verses to her published, and pamphlets made even of her sayings and jests."

The life of a lady but just twenty years of age, could in no case pretend to be a very voluminous work. "The Life of Lavinia Beswick, alias Fenton, alias Polly Peachum," is simply an octavo pamphlet numbering forty-eight pages. It is "Printed for A. Moore, near St. Paul's, and sold by the booksellers and pamphlet shops in London and Westminster, 1728, price one shilling." We are bound to say that the work is of a most catch-penny order—of very coarse execution—in literary worth little better than those productions of Mr. Catnach's press which follow the execution of a malefactor at Newgate. Among its contents it professes to give information touching the heroine's "birth and education;" "her first acquaintance with a certain Portuguese nobleman;" "on the Portuguese nobleman being confined in the Fleet, and the honourable method she took to gain him his liberty;" "a copy of verses which she composed on a fop, which conducted to her acquaintance with Mr. Huddy, for whose benefit at the New Theatre in the Haymarket she first appeared on the stage; a particular account of a benefit she shared with one Mr. Gilbert, a few weeks after Mr. Huddy's, at the same theatre; her first admittance into the Theatre Royal in Lincoln's Inn Fields; her weekly salary both now and then, and the time when, and the cause why, it was raised;" "her judgment in poetry and history painting, and the reasonable reason why so many great men have been her humble servants." "The whole interspersed with convincing proofs of her ingenuity, wit, and smart repartees, and concluding with some remarkable instances of her humanity to the distressed."

All this, with much other corresponding matter, is printed on the title-page, which in this instance resembles very much the platform outside a booth at a fair, on which are generally exhibited very much more interesting performances than are ever to be witnessed by paying the admission-fee and contemplating the stage inside. The book is by no means so full of entertainment as its title-page would seem to promise.

We gather, however, that the lady was born in

1708. Her father, whose name was Beswick, was a lieutenant of a man-of-war. Called away for professional duties before the birth of his child, he departed with a request that, in the event of the unborn proving to be a boy, the name of Porteus (probably his own name) should be bestowed upon him; but if a girl, that she should be called Lavinia. The little girl was so baptised; but the father does not appear again upon the scene, if indeed he ever came back from the voyage on which he had started. When the little girl was still quite an infant, her mother married one Fenton in the Old Bailey, and soon afterwards set up a coffee-house in the more fashionable neighbourhood of Charing Cross. The child was then called by the surname of her mother's husband, and "being," we are told, "of a vivacious, lively spirit, and a promising beauty," she became a favourite plaything and romp with the fops frequenting the coffee-house. Soon, it seems, while she was yet quite a child, the charm of her voice became a subject of remark, and not less so the extraordinary correctness of her ear for music. She caught at once the tunes the "humming beaux"—so the musical gentlemen were called,—or *habitués* of the coffee-house, brought from the playhouses, and repeated accurately every song she had once heard her mother sing: and her mother would seem to have had considerable ability in this respect. "A comedian belonging to the old house" took great delight in the exhibition of the child's cleverness, and was at some pains to teach her new songs, and to impart to her such instruction as he could command. She was then sent to a boarding-school, but was withdrawn when she was thirteen, and went to reside with her mother, who had, meanwhile, quitted Charing Cross and returned to the Old Bailey.

In the year 1726, when she was but eighteen years of age, we find the lady making her first appearance on the stage. A Mr. Huddy, who had been turned out of the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and had become the master of a strolling company, took a benefit at the New Theatre in the Haymarket, when was performed Otway's tragedy of "The Orphan; or, the Unhappy Marriage," in which the part of *Monimia* was sustained by Miss Fenton. She gained great applause; various presents were sent to her as pledges of public esteem, a customary mode at that day of paying tribute to the success of a performer; and she received many letters expressive of love and admiration on the part of certain members of the audience. In her Life is quoted at length a "billet," represented to proceed from an ensign, very much overcome with the charms of the lady. The letter is certainly amusing, but then it is very likely to be apocryphal. The gentleman woos rather in the King Cambyeses vein. Let the reader judge for himself:

"MADAM,

You may be a person of Honour, for aught I know to the contrary, and I hope you will be so honourable as not to let a Man of Honour die dishonourably at your feet. For, by Heavens! though I thought nothing so bright as my sword, yet I find your eyes are much brighter. My Dear, Dear Guardian Angel, could you conceive

the anxiety I suffer on your account, you would surely pity me; for there's never an officer of our Regiment but takes notice of my being changed (since I saw you upon the stage) from the most lively, brisk, fashionable, mannerly, genteel Beau in the whole Army, to the most dull, insipid, slovenly, out-o'-the-way-tempered Dunce in Christendom. D—n me, Madam, if I am not so overcharged with Love that my Heart, which is the Bullet in the Barrel of my Body, will certainly burst and blow me into atoms if I have not your help to discharge the Burthen. And then, Blood! Madam, I am guilty of so many Blunders and mistakes in the execution of my office that I am become quite a Laughing-stock to the whole Army. Yesterday I put my sword on the wrong side, and this morning I came into the Park with one of my stockings the wrong side outward, and instead of applying myself to the Colonel, in the usual terms of *Most Noble Sir*, I looked pale, and with an affected d—d cringe called him *Madam*. Thus, Madam, you see how far I am gone already. Then, to keep me from Bedlam, take me to your Arms, when I will lay down my arms and be your slave and vassal."

Five weeks after her performance for Mr. Huddy's benefit, she was allowed to share a benefit with one Mr. Gilbert at the same theatre, on which occasion she played the part of *Cherry*, the inn-keeper's daughter, in Farquhar's comedy of the "*Beaux Stratagem*." She was then engaged by a company of comedians who played twice a week during the summer season at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields. The management appears to have been conducted upon the principle of a commonwealth, and the actors shared in the profits of the performances.

Her success was remarkable. She became the talk of the coffee-houses—the most celebrated toast in town. Her face, her form, her grace, her voice, her archness, her simplicity, were lauded alike on all hands. Rich, the manager, was not slow to perceive the advantage that would accrue to him by securing the lady's services for his theatre during the winter season; forthwith he offered her an engagement, at the rate of fifteen shillings per week. The proposal was accepted; but after the extraordinary success of the "*Beggars' Opera*," Polly's salary was raised to thirty shillings per week.

On the 29th of January, 1728, Miss Fenton first appeared as *Polly Peachum*. "In his '*Beggars' Opera*,'" as Cibber was constrained to admit, "Gay has more skilfully gratified the public taste than all the brightest authors that ever writ before him." The theatre was crowded night after night. There was no change in the performance until the 9th of March. The play had had, up to that date, an uninterrupted run: such an event was without precedent, for it was much more the custom of the theatre at that time to present to its patrons as great a variety of performances as possible, than to go on repeating night after night the same entertainment. Lavinia Fenton's name was in every mouth: on all sides her praises were sounded. It is not to be supposed, however, that her singing

was the perfection of art, or that she was even an accomplished vocalist. Her musical education had been of an indifferent character enough. Italian singing was little cultivated at that time, and probably was far beyond the reach of her parents' means. But she had learnt, perhaps as much from intuition, as from other instruction, how to sing a simple English ballad in the most effective style. She had real feeling, and she had a lovely voice; she had, indeed, "tears in her voice," as was said of a more recent singer,—it was mellow, powerful, and very tender and plaintive. And when the appeal to *Mr. and Mrs. Peachum* to spare *Macheath*,—"O! ponder well: be not severe,"—rang through the house in tones of the deepest emotion, she fairly carried the whole audience away with her; and, as soon as their tears would permit them, they overwhelmed her with their plaudits.

Mr. Hogarth has painted the scene, as all the world knows. He has given us the only representation extant of the interior of the Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre, which stood in Portugal Row, was afterwards Spode and Copeland's china warehouse, and was pulled down in 1848 to enlarge the museum of the College of Surgeons. It was opened by Davenant in 1662: it ceased to be a theatre in 1737. It had witnessed the triumphs of Betterton and Mrs. Bracegirdle; the production of the plays of Dryden and Congreve; the introduction of Harlequin to an English audience; and the performance of the first English opera. Thanks to this last, Mr. Rich made money enough to move to larger premises—Covent Garden Theatre, which he opened in 1732—the Crown being then in treaty for the Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre, to use as an office for the Commissioners of the Stamp Duties.

The proscenium is supported by satyrs. Above, in the centre, the royal arms, with large flying garters, inscribed—according to custom—with the words "*Veluti in speculum*," and "*Utile Dulci*." (Does the reader bear in mind the burlesque sentences put into the mouth of democratic William Cobbett, by the ingenious authors of "*Rejected Addresses*," touching the reopening of Drury Lane Theatre in 1812? "And now, most thinking people, cast your eyes over my head, to what the builder—I beg his pardon—the architect calls the *proscenium*. No motto, no slang, no Popish Latin to keep the people in the dark. No *Veluti in speculum*. Nothing in the dead languages—properly so called—for they ought to die, ay, and be d—d, to boot;" and he goes on to congratulate the audience on the absence of the time-honoured inscriptions.) The side-boxes encroach on the stage;—they are filled by a select audience: His Grace the Duke of Bolton, a comely English gentleman with a star on his breast; Major Pounceford; Sir Robert Fagg, a baronet from Kent, famous for his horse-racing; Cock, the picture auctioneer, who whispers Mr. Rich, the manager, and Mr. Gay the poet, in the background. On the other side we find the Lady Jane Cook; with Anthony Henley, Lord Gage, Sir Conyers D'Arcy, and "long Sir Thomas Robinson," so called to distinguish him from a diplomatist of the same name known afterwards as Lord Grantham. On

the stage are to be seen Tom Walker, as *Mac-heath*; Hall, as *Lockit*; Hippeley, as *Peachum*; Clark, as *Filch*; Mrs. Egleton, as *Lucy*—her back is turned towards the spectator; and *Polly*, Miss Fenton. Mr. Ireland writes in reference to the picture:—"Polly's charms have fascinated the Duke of Bolton; his eye is fixed on her face, and his mind wholly engrossed by the contemplation of that beauty which he afterwards made his own." Certainly Polly's wail:

"When my hero in court appears,
And stands arraigned for his life,
Then think of poor Polly's tears,
For, oh! poor Polly's his wife."

seems addressed rather to the Duke than to *Peachum*.

In the "London Chronicle" of April 2nd, 1762, is contained a paragraph referring to this picture: "On Friday last, at the sale of the late Mr. Rich's pictures, jewels, &c., a clock by Graham was bought by the Right Honourable the Earl of Chesterfield for 42*l.*, and a scene in the "Beggars' Opera, where *Polly* and *Lucy* are pleading for *Maccheath's* life, painted by Hogarth, was sold for 32*l.* 14*s.*, to his Grace the Duke of Leeds." From this picture a fine print engraved by William Blake, with the permission of the Duke, was published by Messrs. Boydell, in 1790.

On the 14th March, 1728, Miss Fenton, on the occasion of Quin's benefit, appeared as *Alinda*, in Beaumont and Fletcher's comedy of "The Pilgrim," as altered for the stage by Sir John Vanbrugh; on the 18th, she played *Ophelia*, in "Hamlet;" on the 6th April, we find her in the character of *Leante*, in Farquhar's "Love and a Bottle," played for Tom Walker's benefit; on the 24th, she was playing *Marcella* in Tom Durfey's comedy of "Don Quixote;" and on the 29th she took her benefit, when she appeared as *Cherry*, in the "Beaux Stratagem." But it seems that she offended a great number of her patrons by laying pit and boxes together, and many of her tickets were returned to her by those who objected to pay box-prices for a seat in the pit. However, Mr. Rich, the manager, who had the reputation of being an enthusiastic admirer of "Pretty Polly," took the receipts of that night to himself, and on the following Saturday (May 4th) gave her a second benefit, when the "Beggars' Opera" was played for the forty-seventh time. On the 19th June, the opera was played for the last time that season, and Lavinia Fenton made her last appearance on the boards of a theatre. On the 6th July, Swift, writing to Gay, says:—"The Duke of Bolton has run away with Polly Peachum, having settled 400*l.* a year upon her during pleasure, and, upon disagreement, 200*l.* a year." This may have been near the truth, but the exact terms were never known; and a disagreement never ensued. Miss Fenton's theatrical career was over, having lasted but two years, during which she had assumed some half-dozen characters. But her success, her beauty, and her talents, made her live long in the memory of her admirers.

Charles, third Duke of Bolton, was born on the 3rd September, 1685. He had married, in 1713, the Lady Anne, daughter and sole heiress of Lord

Vaughan, and Earl of Carberry in Ireland, and Baron Emlyn in the county of Carnarvonshire. But the Duke and Duchess lived apart; and the marriage was without issue. On the breaking out of the rebellion in 1745, he raised for the King's service a regiment of foot, and was appointed to be Lieutenant-General of his Majesty's forces. Soon after the death of the Duchess, which happened on the 20th September, 1751, he married Lavinia Fenton. Of this marriage there was no lawful issue. The Duke died at Tunbridge Wells on the 26th August, 1754, aged sixty-nine. Lavinia Fenton survived him only six years, dying on the 24th January, 1760; her Grace was interred at Greenwich with all appropriate ceremony. "Though raised to so high honour," says a biographer, "she never once forgot what she owed to her benefactor and to fortune." Dr. Joseph Warton, in a note subjoined to one of Swift's letters to Gay, says of her: "She was a most accomplished and agreeable companion: had much wit, good strong sense, and a just taste in polite literature. Her person was agreeable and well made: though I think she could never be called a beauty." (On this question the Doctor was probably in a minority.) "I have had the pleasure of being at table with her, when her conversation was much admired by the first characters of the age, particularly old Lord Bathurst and Lord Graunville."

After this favourable opinion, it is, perhaps, hardly necessary to turn to the pages of our anonymous author of the shilling pamphlet for his views as to the subject of the biography. Not that these are by any means unfavourable. For instance: "Polly," he writes, "has so many smart as well as polite repartees, such a grace in the delivery, and, withal, so little of that affectation which frequently makes a witty woman's company intolerable, that the oftener any one hears her converse, the oftener he will desire it, and will improve himself by her profound skill in several faculties, as well as divert himself with her merry sayings and smart returns of gallantry. For it must be acknowledged that her beauty has not gained her so many admirers, as her sense and the good use she makes of it."

As to her accomplishments, the same authority informs us: "She is a good judge of poetry, and often exerts herself in the praise or dispraise of any performances that appear either beautiful or contemptible." "She is a good historian, and will frequently quote the authority of Plutarch to confirm her opinion of things. She will argue very profoundly both with regard to politics and plays, and will rally and criticise as finely as any of her sex in Christendom, and never leaves a company but she leaves them something to charge their memories withal." "She is such a judge of painting that the greatest of our modern artists in this profession are glad to have her opinion of a piece, before it is shown to the world, knowing that, if it escapes her censure, it will gain the approbation of the whole town." Further, our author tells us, by way of summing up his case:—"Notwithstanding her wit and skill, she is the most humble, the most affable, and the least conceited of any woman that is both wise and

beautiful in the King's dominions. Nor will she bear to hear encomiums of herself, it being a greater affront to praise her before her face, and she resents it more, than if she was to be publicly called jilt or "coquet," or even by coarser terms of abuse in vogue at our biographer's period.

We regret to have to state, however, that the proofs of Polly's "ingenuity, wit, and smart repartees" adduced in the biography are less convincing than the title-page had led us to believe they would be. The sayings attributed to her are not brilliant, nor are they refined, even after due allowance has been made for the freedom of her time. Her verses halt a good deal; and their intellectual qualities do not redeem their mechanical deficiencies. The "remarkable instances of her humanity to the distressed" are comprised in three items: she maintained, it seems, her reputed father, Fenton; she stood godmother to the daughter of a poor tailor's wife, the child being christened "Polly Peachum;" and in the third case a poor milk-woman married to a black husband, having given birth to twin tawny children, and being too poor to be "provided with gossips at their being baptised," Polly, who had heard of the business, despatched her maid "to stand godmother for her by proxy, and gave the woman half-a-guinea for an immediate supply, and after the ceremony herself relieved the woman and ordered her to send to her house for such necessaries as she should have occasion for."

But we stated at the outset that the book we have been quoting was not deserving of high praise; it is indeed more curious than commendable; by no means exhaustive, meriting admiration neither in regard to its conception nor its execution. It is remarkable only as a piece of evidence. That such a work could find a public, could result as the supply answering to a certain sort of demand, testifies curiously to the fact that the town has gone mad about a singer long before our own day, and that the state of feeling of an audience of a past generation assimilates very closely to the excitement of a present public upon a corresponding occasion.

One or two notes, however, we may be permitted to add relative to the play in which Miss Fenton won her fame.

The music of the "Beggars' Opera" was selected and arranged by John Christopher Pepusch, who was born at Berlin in 1667, the son of a dissenting minister. At the age of fourteen he had been employed to teach the harpsichord to the Prince of Prussia. He came to England soon after the Revolution, and was engaged in the band at Drury Lane Theatre, employing his leisure in pursuing his musical studies and in composing and arranging music for dramatic purposes. In 1713 he obtained the degree of Doctor of Music from the University of Oxford, and was appointed Chapel-master to the Duke of Chandos, at Canons. In 1722 he married an Italian actress, with a fortune of 10,000*l.*, but he still continued his professional occupations. With some other performers he assisted in the plan of the Academy of Ancient Music; and when, in 1724, Bishop Berkeley started the notion of a college at the Bermudas, Pepusch set sail as one of the Professors, but returned to

England in consequence of the vessel being wrecked. When public taste pronounced itself unmistakably in favour of what was then considered the "new style" of music of Handel and Bononcini, Pepusch, who had attached himself to more antiquated forms, relinquished composition. In 1737 he was appointed organist to the Charter House, and soon after was made a Fellow of the Royal Society, to whose Transactions he contributed an Account of the Ancient Genera of Music. He lost his wife in 1740, and died in 1752, leaving his manuscripts to the Academy of Ancient Music. He told Dr. Burney that when he was a young man he determined never to go to bed at night till he knew something he did not know in the morning. His most valuable publications were considered to be his edition of Corelli's sonatas and concertos in score, and a short treatise of his own on harmony, first published by the Earl of Abercorn, one of his pupils, in 1731.

During the season after Miss Fenton's retirement the "Beggars' Opera" was performed by a company of children, called the Lilliputians, when we read that, in order "that the childish exhibition might be supported in all its branches, the managers contrived to send a book of the songs across the stage by a flying Cupid to Frederick, Prince of Wales." The children gave their performance sixteen times; but, in addition, the regular comedians of the theatre seem to have represented the opera forty-three times, Miss Fenton's character being sustained now by a Miss Warren, now by a Miss Cantrell, neither of whom, however, gained any great fame by her assumption of *Polly*. For many years the play was repeated regularly, more or less often, according as performers were found competent to undertake the characters. In 1745, three performances of the "Beggars' Opera" were given by Rich at Covent Garden for the benefit of the soldiers engaged in the suppression of the rebellion. Every comedian gave his services *gratis*, and the tallow-chandlers presented the candles. Rich stated in the "General Advertiser" that he had paid into the fund of the Veteran Scheme at Guildhall the sum of 602*l.* 7*s.*, being the profits of the three nights. In 1759, when Mr. Beard played *Captain Macheath*, and Miss Brent, afterwards Mrs. Pinto, a pupil of Dr. Arne, played *Polly*, the opera was given for thirty-seven nights successively, and altogether fifty-two nights during the season. The profits were very large, and seriously affected the interests of the rival theatre. "In vain did Garrick," says Davies, his biographer, "oppose his *Ranger* and *Benedick*, his *Hamlet* and *Lear*, to *Polly Peachum*: the public was this season allured by nothing but the power of song and sing-song; Shakespeare and Garrick were obliged to quit the field to Beard and Brent." A Miss Vincent, two years later, pleased very highly in *Polly*. Churchill honours both ladies with favourable mention in the "Rosciad."

Lo! Vincent comes—with simple grace arrayed;
She laughs at paltry arts and scorns parade;
Nature through her is by reflection shown,
Whilst Gay, once more, knows Polly for his own.

Let Tommy Arne, with usual pomp of style,
Whose chief, whose only merit's to compile,

Who, meanly pilfering here and there a bit,
Dea's music out as Murphy deals out wit,
Publish proposals, laws for taste prescribe,
And chant the praise of an Italian tribe :
Let him reverse kind Nature's first decrees,
And teach e'en Brent a method not to please.

But the strangest treatment of all of the "Beggars' Opera," was reserved for the season of 1781, when Colman at the Haymarket produced the piece with all the men's characters sustained by women, and the women's by men. The oddity and grotesqueness of this entertainment attracted immense crowds, and the travestie was repeated several nights in succession. Eccentricities of this kind had been known before, but they had chiefly been confined to benefit nights, when the performers were often in the habit of doing strange things, or playing parts unsuited to them by way of amazing their friends and filling the theatre. The elegant actress, Mrs. Abington, played the low-comedy character of *Scrub* in the "Beaux Stratagem" on the occasion of her benefit in 1786; while during the same year, a very stout lady, Mrs. Webb, undertook the part of *Falstaff*, attracting an enormous crowd. Mrs. Cargill, who played *Macbeth*, we read, "though short and thick, appeared quite at ease and acted with spirit." Mrs. Webb appeared successfully as *Lockit*. "Edwin's droll looks and awkward management of his petticoats; his love, his anger, and his distress in *Lucy*, the odd effect which his appearance, voice, and manner gave the songs, was a combination of burlesque which can never be forgotten by those who witnessed it." "Any person," continues the same critic, "who can recollect old Bannister, though he never saw him in *Polly*, can easily imagine how his rough manly face must look in a female head-dress, and his tall, robust person in a woman's gown. His first appearance excited a tumultuous roar of laughter; and his fine low courtesies, with his grave, modest looks, conspired to keep it up for a considerable time. Though Bannister could take off Fenducci very exactly, and had performed Aronelli, both songs and dialogues, in falsetto, yet he did not disguise his natural voice either in speaking or singing when he acted *Polly*, nor excepting in holding up his train rather too high when he went off the stage sometimes, did he seem wilfully to burlesque the character. When he sang the songs, all was silent attention, and the travestie was forgotten; he sang them all in his finest style, and the serious ones in the most pathetic." But the honours of the evening appear to have been carried off by Mrs. Wilson, who sustained the rôle of *Filch*. The original *Filch* had been a man called Nat Clarke, very lean in figure, meagre in face, shambling in gait, whose frequent employment it had been to appear as under or double *Harlequin* to Rich, whom he much resembled in size and form. Mrs. Wilson was a pretty, slight, dapper, piquant little woman, who played with remarkable spirit, and "seemed to be in reality as complete a young pickpocket as could be found among the boys who lurk about the doors of a theatre, and sang her song as if she had always frequented such society. Gay himself could not have wished for a better *Filch*!"

One more note and we conclude. Miss Fenton has not been the only lady who has been led to the peerage by her performance of *Polly Peachum*. Other representatives of the character have been similarly honoured. Lord Thurlow, the son of the chancellor of that name, who succeeded to his father's title on the 12th September, 1806, was married to Miss Bolton, of Covent Garden Theatre, on the 13th November, 1813; and the famous Miss Stephens, of the same theatre, is now the Dowager Countess of Essex. Other ennobled actresses are chronicled in the following lines :

A Polly in a former age
Resigned the Captain and the stage,
To shine as Bolton's Duchess ;
Derby and Craven since have shown
That Virtue builds herself a throne,
Ennobling whom she touches.

The twelfth Earl of Derby married Miss Farren,
and the late Lord Craven married Miss Louisa
Brunton. DUTTON COOK.

BALLAD OF THE PAGE AND THE KING'S DAUGHTER.

(TRANSLATED FROM GIEBEL.)

PART I.

THE King rides forth to hunt to-day :
And midst the forest trees
The hunter's horn, the hounds' deep bay,
Are borne upon the breeze.

And when the noontide pours its rays
Through tangled bush and brake,
The King's fair daughter slowly strays,
Nor knows which path to take.

Softly she rides, and by her side
The Page with golden hair ;
And were she not a kingdom's pride
They were a lovely pair.

He looks on her, loud beats his heart,
Crimsoned are brow and cheeks ;
They've reached the beech trees' thickest part
When glowing red he speaks.

"To hide my grief, it is in vain,
Oh, Princess, kind and fair ;
My heart it breaks with love's sweet pain,
Ah, listen to my prayer.

"If on that rosy mouth I might
Impress one single kiss,
The worst of deaths would seem but light
For such unhop'd-for bliss."

She says not "Yes"—no answer makes,
But checks her palfrey's reins,
When from the saddle her he takes,
His hand her foot sustains.

Down to the woodland's deepest shade
They steal and tell their love ;
The nightingale sings in the glade,
Murmurs the turtle-dove.

The wild red roses bloom around
Beneath the leafy screen ;
The green fresh moss strews all the ground,
Meet bed for Love's soft Queen.

Upon the mossy bank they stay,
And let their horses rove,
Nor hear the nightingale's sweet lay,
Nor horn wound in the grove.

Oh, haste thee, King : the gold-haired Page
Is by thy daughter's side ;
She, in his arms, forgets thy rage,
The world, and all beside.

PART II.

Down by the castle of the King
Two ride along the shore ;
On high the winds their storm-notes sing,
The waves advancing roar.

Then to the Page in accents dread
These words the King thus speaks :
" Who gave thee, friend, that rose-bud red,
That rose thy hat safe keeps ? "

" My mother gave me this red rose
When she farewell did say ;
In water every night it blows,
To bloom afresh next day."

Further along the winding creek
Still ride they side by side ;
The sea-gulls flying wildly shriek,
Means the advancing tide.

When thus the King : " Boy, tell me true,
Whose is that lock of hair,
Which, as aside thy mantle flew,
Lay on thy bosom bare ? "

" That is my sister's light brown hair,
'Tis sweet as rose's scent,
With softest silk it might compare,
She wept as thence I went."

Up the steep rock their path now lay,
Where, carved in letters rude,
Are Runic rhymes of olden days.
When thus, in savage mood,

A third time spake the wrathful King :
" Rash boy, oh tell to me,
Who gave thee that bright golden ring
I on thy finger see ? "

" She who gave me this golden ring
Her heart likewise she gives ;
And she's the fairest maid, Sir King,
Who in thy kingdom lives."

Then, red with anger, cried the King,
His eyes with fury burn :

" That ring—it is my daughter's ring,
It's sparkle I discern.

" And if, indeed, with wanton love
Thou'st dared my child to woo,
Thy youthful life no plea shall prove,
In death thy crime thou'lt rue."

Then to his heart with weapon keen
He smote him—nought can save ;
His blood the Runic stones between
Flows downwards to the waves.

Into the sea he did him fling :
" And, since thou aim'st so high,
Go, seek the haunts where mermaids sing,
To win their queen, go try ! "

To the King's castle by the shore
One horseman rode alone,
Whilst out to sea a body bore
The waves with ceaseless moan.

PART III.

The Runic stones one summer night
Saw the mermaidens play :
Midst rippling waters, breezes light,
And moon in heaven which lay.

They laugh, they splash, their arms they lave
'Mongst water-lilies fair,
Their golden locks float on the wave,
Glisten their white limbs bare.

A sedgy bearded merman, through
A horn of mussel-shell
Blows blasts to call the giddy crew,
But nought their mirth can quell.

Then cried the youngest, laughing low,
" Ah, see what I have here !
A gleaming body white as snow,
Or silver shining clear.

" Upon a coral reef it lay,
I found it as I dived,
'Twas tangled in a branching spray:
Say, what can be contrived ! "

Around the body in a ring
They troop—their Queen thus spake :
" So fair and fine this new-found thing,
A harp of it we'll make.

" Come, old Sedge-Beard, my trusty friend,
Thou'rt wise in all things strange ;
A swordfish thee for horse I'll send,
So thou wilt work this change."

The merman comes, the body takes,
He labours sure and slow ;
The pegs he of the fingers makes,
Of the breast-bone the bow.

He takes the Queen's bright golden hair,
And with it makes the strings ;
And soon the summer night-winds bear
Strange sounds upon their wings.

The harp he strikes with chords so clear,
The waves forget to moan,
The breezes hold their breath to hear
That soft and wondrous tone.

The seamews settle on the strand,
The gold-fish swim around,
The winds and waters tranced stand,
All charmed by that sweet sound.

The merman sings and plays all night,
Fatigue he doth not feel ;
The mermaids dance, till morn's red light,
In many a graceful wheel.

PART IV.

The lamps flash in the King's high hall,
The flutes and viols play ;
The King's fair daughter leads the ball,
For 'tis her marriage day.

A myrtle wreath is on her head,
But ne'er a word she speaks ;
Upon her breast are roses red,
But white as death her cheeks.

All richly clad, with lordly air,
A Prince stands by her side ;
But, oh ! ten thousand times more fair
The Page who for her died.

To pass the wine, twelve maidens stand
Around the board of gold,
And Pages swarm on every hand,
Who wreaths and torches hold.

When suddenly the lights dim burn,
The viols cease to play,
And from his throne the King speaks stern,
" What means this silence ?—say."

"Before thy castle gates, Sir King,
We hear the merman's lay,
When to his harp we hear him sing
Our music we must stay."

And hark ! from out the sea there flow
Into the festal hall,
Through the clear night, sweet sounds and low
Which on their ears soft fall.



The sound into the bride's soul steals,
As if in that same hour
Her dead love's presence it reveals
By some strange magic power.

She knows not why, but from her eyes
Fast fall the tear-drops down ;
Upon her breast the rose-bud dies,
Low lies her myrtle crown.

To the King's proud soul it pierced through,
He cursed it in his heart ;
The Prince to seek his charger flew,
And hurried to depart.

With broken heart the Bride lies dead,
For Grief hath power to kill ;
And when the morning breaketh red,
The Merman's Harp is still.

E. C.

ELEANOR'S VICTORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AURORA FLOYD," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," &c.

CHAPTER XXV. ACCEPTED.

WHEN a man sets his happiness in the balance, he is apt to be contented with a very slight turning of the scale. He is not likely to be critical as to the wording of the verdict which gives him the prize he has asked for.

Mr. Gilbert Monckton had no contemptible opinion of his own judgment and deliberation, his perceptive faculties and powers of reasoning; but as blindly as *Macbeth* accepted the promises of the oracular voices in the witches' cave, so did this grave and eminent lawyer receive those few cold words in which Eleanor Vane consented to be his wife.

Not that he refrained from reflecting upon the girl's manner of accepting his offer. He did reflect upon it; and proved to himself, by unerring logic, that she could scarcely have spoken in any other way. There were a thousand reasons why she should have employed those very words, and pronounced them in that very tone. Maidenly modesty, innocent surprise, inexperience, girlish timidity:—he ran over a whole catalogue of causes, naming every possible cause, save one, and that one was the thing he had most dreaded—indifference, or even repugnance to himself. He looked into her face. His professional career had given him the faculty of putting together the evidences of smiles and frowns, involuntary contractions of the eyebrows, scarcely perceptible compressions of the lips, every tone and semi-tone in the facial diapason. He looked at Eleanor Vane's face, and said to himself:

"This girl *cannot* be mercenary. She is as pure as an angel; as unselfish as Jephtha's daughter; as brave as Judith, or Joan of Arc. She *cannot* be anything but a good wife. The man who wins her has reason to thank God for His bounty."

It was with such thoughts as these that the lawyer received the feminine decision which was to influence his future life. He bent over the girl's fair head—tall as she was, her face was only on a level with Gilbert Monckton's shoulder—and pressed his lips to her forehead, solemnly, almost as if setting a seal upon his own.

"My darling," he said, in a low voice, "my darling, you have made me very happy; I dare not tell you how much I love you. I struggled against my love, Eleanor. I once meant to have kept the secret till I went down to my grave. I think I could have kept silence so long as you remained within my reach, protected and sheltered by people whom I could trust, happy in the bright years of your innocent girlhood. But when you left Hazlewood, when you went out into the world, my courage failed. I wanted to give you my love as a shield and a defence. Better that I should be deceived, I thought; better that I should be miserable, than that she should be undefended."

Eleanor Vane listened to the lawyer's happy talk. He could have talked to her for ever, now that the ice was broken, and the important step

—so long considered, so long avoided—actually taken. It seemed as if his youth came back to him, bestowed by some miraculous power; invisible, but most palpably present in that shabby Bloomsbury dwelling. His youth came back: the intellectual cobwebs of twenty years were swept away by one stroke of some benevolent witch's broomstick. Cherished prejudices, fondly nursed doubts and suspicions, were blotted out of his mind, leaving the tablet fair and bright as it had been before the coming of that shadow which had darkened so much of this man's life. Sudden almost as the conversion of Saul, was this transformation of the misanthropical solicitor under the master influence of a true and pure affection.

For twenty years he had sneered at women, and at men's belief in them; and now, at the end of twenty years, he believed; and, escaping out of the prison which he had made for himself, he spread his recovered wings and was free.

A sigh escaped from Eleanor's lips as she listened to her lover. The time in which she could have hoped to pay him back all this great debt which he was heaping upon her, was past and gone. She felt a sense of oppression beneath the load of this obligation. She began to perceive—as yet only dimly, so intense was the egotism engendered out of the single purpose of her life—that she was binding herself to something that she might not be able to perform; she was taking upon herself a debt that she could scarcely hope to pay. For a moment she thought this, and was ready, under this new impulse, to draw back and say, "I cannot become your wife; I am too much tied and bound by the obligations of the past, to be able to fulfil the duties of the present. I am set apart from other women, and must stand alone until the task I have set myself is accomplished, or the hope of its fulfilment abandoned."

She thought this, and the words trembled on her lips; but in the next moment the image of her father arose angry and reproachful, as if to say to her, "Have you so little memory of my wrongs and my sorrows that you can shrink from any means of avenging me?"

This idea banished every other consideration.

"I will keep my promise first, and do my duty to Gilbert Monckton afterwards," thought Eleanor. "It will be easy to be a good wife to him. I used to like him very much."

She recalled the old days in which she had sat a little way apart from the lawyer and his ward, envying Laura Mason her apparent influence over Mr. Monckton; and for a moment a faint thrill of pleasure and triumph vibrated through her veins as she remembered that henceforth her claim upon him would be higher than that of any other living creature. He would be her own—her lover, her husband—adviser, friend, instructor; everything in the wide world to her.

"Oh, let me avenge my father's cruel death," she thought, "and then I may be a good and happy wife."

Mr. Monckton could have stood for ever by the side of his betrothed wife in the sunny window looking out upon the mews. The prospect of a few stable doors, lounging grooms smoking and drinking in the intervals of their labour, scantily draped women hanging out newly-washed linen, and making as it were triumphal arches of wet garments across the narrow thoroughfare, the children playing hopscotch, or called away from that absorbing diversion to fetch damp steaming quatern loaves and jugs of beer for their elders, —all these things were beautiful in the eyes of the owner of Tolldale Priory. An overplus of that sunshine which filled his breast glorified these common objects, and Mr. Monckton gazed upon the angular proportions of the bony Roman-nosed horses, the classic outlines of decrepit Hansom cabs, and all the other objects peculiar to the neighbourhood of the Pilasters, with such a radiance of contentment and delight upon his face as might have induced the observer, looking at his face and *not* at the prospect, to believe that the bay of Naples was spread out in purple splendour under the open window of Miss Vane's sitting-room.

Signora Picirillo returned from her day's labours, and found the lawyer thus absorbed; but he understood directly who she was, and greeted her with a cordiality that very much astonished the music mistress. Eleanor Vane slipped out of the room while Mr. Monckton was explaining himself to the Signora. She was only too glad to get away from the man to whom she had so rashly bound herself. She went to the glass to brush her hair away from her hot forehead, and then threw herself on the bed, prostrated by all the excitement she had undergone, powerless even to think.

"I almost wish I could lie here for ever," she thought; "it seems so like peace to lie still and leave off thinking." Her youth had held out bravely against the burdens she had put upon her strength and spirits, but the young energies had given way at last, and she fell into a heavy dreamless slumber; a blessed and renovating sleep from which nature takes compensation for the wrongs that have been done her.

Gilbert Monckton told his story very briefly and simply. He had no occasion to say much himself, for Eleanor had written a great deal about him in her letters to the Signora, and had often talked of him during her one holiday at the Pilasters.

Eliza Picirillo was too entirely unselfish to feel otherwise than pleased at the idea that Eleanor Vane had won the love of a good man whose position in life would remove her from every danger and from every trial; but, mingled with this unselfish delight, there was a painful recollection. The music mistress had fathomed her nephew's secret, and she felt that Eleanor's marriage would be a sad blow to Richard Thornton.

"I don't believe poor Dick ever hoped to win her love," Signora Picirillo thought; "but if he could have gone on loving her and admiring her, and associating with her, in a frank brotherly way, he might have been happy. Perhaps it's better as it is, though; perhaps that very uncertainty might have blighted his life and shut him out from some possible happiness."

"As my dear girl is an orphan," Gilbert Monckton said, "I feel that you, Madame Picirillo, are the only person I need consult. I have heard from Eleanor how much she owes you; and believe me that when I ask her to become my wife, I do not wish her to be less your adopted daughter. She has told me that in the greatest miseries of her life, you were as true a friend to her as her own mother could have been. She has never told me what those miseries were, but I trust her so fully that I do not care to torment her with questions about a past which she tells me was sorrowful."

Eliza Picirillo's eyelids fell under the earnest gaze of the lawyer; she remembered the deception that had been practised upon Mrs. Darrell in deference to the pride of Eleanor's half-sister.

"This Mr. Monckton must know Nelly's story before he marries her," thought the straightforward Signora. She explained this to Eleanor the next morning when the girl rose, invigorated by a long sleep, and inspired by a desperate hopefulness—the hope of avenging her father's wrongs speedily.

For some time Miss Vane passionately combated the Signora's arguments. Why should she tell Gilbert Monckton her real name? she demanded. She wished to keep it a secret from Mr. de Crespigny; from the people at Hazlewood. She must keep it a secret, she said.

But little by little Eliza Picirillo overcame this determination. She explained to the passionate girl that if her marriage was to be legally unassailable, she must be married in her true name. She explained this; and she said a great deal about the moral wrong which would be done if Eleanor persisted in deceiving her future husband.

The marriage was pushed on with terrible haste, as it seemed to Richard Thornton and the Signora; but even the brief delay that occurred between Gilbert Monckton's declaration of his love and the day fixed for the wedding was almost intolerable to Eleanor. The all-important step which was to make her the lawyer's wife seemed nothing to her. She ignored this great crisis of her life altogether, in her desire to return to Hazlewood, to discover and denounce Launcelot Darrell's treachery before Maurice de Crespigny's death.

There were preparations to be made, and a trousseau to be provided. It was a very simple trousseau, fitter for the bride of some young curate with seventy pounds a year, than for the lady who was to be mistress of Tolldale Priory. Eleanor took no interest in the pretty girlish dresses, pale and delicate in colour, simple and inexpensive in texture and fashion, which the Signora chose for her protégée. There was a settlement to be drawn up also; for Gilbert Monckton insisted upon treating his betrothed as generously as if she had been a woman of distinction, with an aristocratic father to bargain and diplomatise for her welfare; but Eleanor was as indifferent to the settlement as about the trousseau, and could scarcely be made to understand that, on and after her wedding-day, she would be the exclusive possessor of a small landed estate worth three hundred a year.

Once, and once only, she thanked Gilbert Monckton for his generosity; and this was when, for the first time, the thought flashed into her

mind, that this three hundred a year, to which she was so indifferent, would enable her to place Eliza Picirillo in a position of independence.

"Dear Signora," she cried, "you shall never work after I am married. How good it is of you to give me this money, Mr. Monckton," she added, her eyes filling with sudden tears; "I will try to deserve your goodness, I will, indeed."

It was upon the evening on which Eleanor spoke these few grateful and earnest words to her betrothed husband, that the revelation of her secret was made.

"I am going to Doctors' Commons to-morrow morning, Signora," the lawyer said, as he rose to leave the little sitting-room,—he had spent his evenings in the Pilasters during his brief courtship, perfectly at home, and unspeakably happy in that shabby and Bohemian colony. "Eleanor and I have determined that our marriage is to take place at St. George's, Bloomsbury. A very quiet wedding. My two partners, yourself, and Mr. Thornton, are to be the only witnesses. The Berkshire people will be surprised when I take my young wife back to Tolldale."

He was going away, when the Signora laid her hand on Eleanor's shoulder.

"You must tell him to-night, Nelly," she whispered; "he must not be allowed to take out the licence in a false name."

The girl bent her head.

"I will do as you wish, Signora," she said.

Five minutes afterwards, when Gilbert Monckton gave Eleanor his hand, she said, quietly:

"Do not say good night yet. I will come downstairs with you, I have something to say to you."

She went down the narrow staircase, and out into the colonnade with Mr. Monckton. It was ten o'clock; the shops were closed, and the public-house was quiet. Under the August moonlight the shabby tenements looked less commonplace, the dilapidated wooden colonnade was almost picturesque. Miss Vane stood with her face turned frankly towards her lover, her figure resting slightly against one of the slender pillars before the shoemaker's emporium.

"What is it that you want to tell me, Eleanor dearest?" Mr. Monckton asked, as she paused, looking half-doubtfully in his face, as if uncertain what she should say to him.

"I want to tell you that I have done very wrong—I have deceived you."

"Deceived me! Eleanor! Eleanor!"

She saw the lawyer's face turn pale under the moonlight. That word deception had such a terrible meaning to him.

"Yes, I have deceived you. I have kept a secret from you, and I can only tell it to you now upon one condition."

"Upon what condition?"

"That you do not tell it to Mr. de Crespigny, or to Mrs. Darrell, until you have my permission to do so."

Gilbert Monckton smiled. His sudden fears fled away before the truthfulness of the girl's voice, the earnestness of her manner.

"Not tell Mr. de Crespigny, or Mrs. Darrell?" he said, "of course not, my dear. Why should I

tell them anything which concerns you, and that you wish me to keep from them?"

"You promise, then?"

"Most certainly."

"You give me your solemn promise that you will not tell Mr. de Crespigny, or any member of his family, the secret which I am going to confide to you; under no circumstances whatever, will you be tempted to break that promise?"

"Why, Nelly," cried Mr. Monckton, "you are as serious as if you were administering some terrible oath to the neophyte in a political society. I shall not break my promise, my dear, believe me. My profession has accustomed me to keeping secrets. What is it, Eleanor; what is this tremendous mystery?"

Miss Vane lifted her eyes, and looked full in her lover's face, upon the watch for any change of expression that might indicate displeasure or contempt. She was very fearful of losing the lawyer's confidence and esteem.

"When I went to Hazlewood," she said, "I went in a false name, not at my own wish, but to please my sister, who did not want Mrs. Darrell to know that any member of her family could be in a dependent position. My name is not Vincent. I am Eleanor Vane, the daughter of Mr. de Crespigny's old friend."

Gilbert Monckton's astonishment was unbounded. He had heard George Vane's history from Mrs. Darrell, but he had never heard of the birth of the old man's youngest daughter.

"Eleanor Vane," he said; "then Mrs. Bannister is your sister."

"She is my half-sister, and it was at her wish that I went to Hazlewood under a false name. You are not angry with me for having done so, are you?"

"Angry with you? No, my dear, the deception was harmless enough; though it was a piece of foolish pride upon your sister's part. My Eleanor was in no way degraded by having to turn her accomplishments to use and profit. My poor self-reliant girl," he added, tenderly, "going out into the world with a secret to keep. But why do you wish this secret to be still preserved, Eleanor; you are not ashamed of your father's name?"

"Ashamed of his name? Oh, no, no!"

"Why keep your real name a secret, then?"

"I can't tell you why. But you'll keep your promise. You are too honourable to break your promise."

Mr. Monckton looked wonderingly at the girl's earnest face.

"No, my dear, I won't break my promise," he said. "But I can't understand your anxiety for this concealment. However, we will say nothing more about it, Nelly," he added, as if in reply to an appealing look from Miss Vane; "your name will be Monckton when you go back to Berkshire; and nobody will dare to question your right to that name."

The lawyer put his lips to the girl's forehead, and bade her good night upon the threshold of the shoemaker's door.

"God bless you, my own darling!" he, said in a very low voice, "and preserve our faith in each

other. There must be no secrets between you and me, Nelly."

CHAPTER XXVI. AN INSIDIOUS DEMON.

On a bright September morning a hired carriage took Miss Vane and her friends to the quiet old church in Hart Street, Bloomsbury. There was a little crowd assembled about the door of the shoemaker's dwelling, and sympathetic spectators were scattered here and there in the mews, for a marriage is one of those things which the cleverest people can never contrive to keep a secret.

Miss Eleanor Vane's pale fawn-coloured silk dress, black mantle, and simple white bonnet did not form the established costume of a bride, but the young lady looked so very beautiful in her girlish dress and virginal innocence, that more than one of the lounging grooms who came out of the stables to see her go by to her hired carriage, confidentially remarked to an acquaintance that he only wished he could get such a young woman for *his* missus. Richard Thornton was not in attendance upon the fair young bride. There was a scene to be painted for Spavin and Cromshaw upon that particular day which was more important than any scene Dick had ever painted before. So the young man set out early upon that September bridal morning, after saluting Eleanor Vane in the most tender and brotherly fashion: but I am sorry to say that instead of going straight to the Royal Phoenix Theatre, Mr. Thornton walked with a slow and listless gait across Westminster Bridge, then plunged with a sudden and almost ferocious impetus into the remotest intricacies of Lambeth, scowling darkly at the street boys who came in his way, skirting the Archbishop's palace, glowering at the desolation of Vauxhall, and hurrying far away into the solitudes of Battersea-fields, where he spent the better part of the afternoon in the dreary parlour of an obscure public-house, drinking adulterated beer and smoking bad tobacco.

The Signora wore a rustling black silk dress—Eleanor's present of the previous Christmas—in honour of her protégé's wedding; but Eliza Piccirillo's heart was badly divided upon this quiet bridal day, half rejoicing in Miss Vane's fortune and advancement, half sorrowful for poor desolate Dick wandering away amongst the swamps by the waterside.

Mr. Monckton and his two partners were waiting for the bride in the portico of the church. The senior partner, an old man with white hair, was to give Eleanor away, and paid her many appropriate though rather obsolete compliments upon the occasion. Perhaps it was now for the first time that Miss Vane began to regard the step she was about to take as one of a somewhat serious and indeed awful nature; perhaps it was now for the first time that she began to think she had committed a sin in accepting Gilbert Monckton's love so lightly.

"If he knew that I did not promise to marry him because I loved him, but because I wanted to get back to Hazlewood," she thought.

But presently the grave shadows passed away from her face and a faint blush rose to her cheek and brow.

"I will love him by-and-bye, when I have avenged my father's death," she thought.

Some such thought as this was in her mind when she took her place beside Gilbert Monckton at the altar.

The autumn sunshine streamed in upon them through the great windows of the church, and wrapped them in yellow light, like the figures of Joseph and Mary in an old picture. The bride and bridegroom looked very handsome standing side by side in this yellow sunshine. Gilbert Monckton's twenty years' seniority only dignified and exalted him, investing the holy marriage promise of love and protection with a greater solemnity than it could have had when spoken by a stripling of one or two and twenty.

Everything seemed auspicious upon this wedding morning. The lawyer's partners were in the highest spirits, the beadle and pew-opener were elevated by the idea of prospective donations. The Signora wept quietly while the marriage service was being read, picturing to herself her nephew Richard, smoking and drinking desperately in his desolate painting-room: but when the ceremony was over the good music mistress dried her tears, banishing all traces of sorrow before she kissed and complimented the bride.

"You are to come and see us at the Priory, dear Signora," Eleanor said, as she clung about her friend before leaving the vestry; "Gilbert says so, you know."

Her voice faltered a little, and she glanced shyly at her husband as she spoke of him by his christian name. It seemed as if she had no right to allude so familiarly to Mr. Monckton, of Tolldale Priory. And presently Eliza Piccirillo stood alone—or attended only by the beadle, obsequiously attentive in proportion to the liberality of the donation he had just received—under the portico of the Bloomsbury church, watching the lawyer's carriage drive away towards the Great Northern railway station. Mr. Monckton, in the absence of any preference upon Eleanor's part, had chosen a quiet Yorkshire watering-place as the scene of his honeymoon.

Signora Piccirillo sighed as she went down the steps before the church, and took her seat in the hired vehicle that was to take her back to the Pilasters.

"So Bloomsbury has seen the last of Eleanor," she thought, sadly; "we may go down to see her, perhaps, in her grand new house, but she will never come back to us. She will never wash the tea-things and make tea and toast again for a tired-out old music mistress."

The low gleams of red and orange in the last sunset of September sank behind the grey line of the German Ocean, after the closing day of Gilbert Monckton's honeymoon. Upon the first of October the lawyer was to take his young wife to Tolldale Priory. Mr. and Mrs. Monckton walked upon the broad sands as that low orange light faded out of the western sky. The lawyer was grave and silent, and every now and then cast a furtive glance at his companion's face. Sometimes that glance was succeeded by a sigh.

Eleanor was paler and more careworn than she

had looked since the day after her visit to the shipbroker's office. The quiet and seclusion of the place to which Gilbert Monckton had brought his bride had given her ample opportunity of brooding on the one idea of her life. Had he plunged her into a vortex of gaiety, it is possible that she might have been true to that deep-rooted purpose which she had so long nursed in her breast; but, on the other hand, there would have been some hope that the delights of change and novelty, delights to which youth cannot be indifferent—might have beguiled the bride from that for-ever-recurring train of thought which separated her from her husband as effectually as if an ocean had rolled between them.

Yes, Gilbert Monckton had discovered the fatal truth that marriage is not always union, and that the holiest words that were ever spoken cannot weave the mystic web which makes two souls indissolubly one, if there be one inharmonious thread in the magical fabric. Gilbert Monckton felt this, and knew that there was some dissonant note in the chord which should have been such a melodious unison.

Again and again, while talking to his wife, carried away, perhaps, by the theme of which he was speaking, counting on her sympathy as a certainty, he had looked into Eleanor's face, and seen that her thoughts had wandered far away from him and his conversation, into some unknown region. He had no clue by which he could follow those wanderings; no chance word ever fell from his wife's lips which might serve as the traitor silk that guided ruthless Eleanor to Rosamond's hiding-place. So thus, before the honeymoon was over, Gilbert Monckton began to be jealous of his bride, thereby fostering for himself a nest of scorpions, or a very quarry of young vultures, which were henceforth to make their meals off his entrails.

But it was not the ferocious or Othello-like jealousy. The green-eyed monster did not appear under his more rugged and uncivilised form, finding a vent for his passions in pillows, poison, and poniards. The monster disguised himself as a smooth and philosophical demon. He hid his diabolical attributes under the gravity and wisdom of a friendly sage. In other words, Gilbert Monckton, feeling disappointed at the result of his marriage, set himself to reason upon the fact, and was for ever torturing himself with silent arguments and mute conjectures as to the cause of that indescribable something in his young wife's manner which told him there was no perfect union between them. The lawyer reproached himself for his weak folly in having built a fairy palace of hope upon the barren fact of Eleanor's acceptance of his hand. Did not girls, situated as George Vane's daughter had been situated, marry for money, again and again, in these mercenary days? Who should know this better than Gilbert Monckton the solicitor, who had drawn up so many marriage settlements, been concerned in so many divorces, and assisted at so many matrimonial bargains, whose sordid motives were as undisguised as in any sale of cattle transacted in the purlieus of Smithfield? Who should know better than he, that beautiful and innocent girls every

day bartered their beauty and innocence for certain considerations set down by grave lawyers, and engrossed upon sheets of parchment at so much per sheet?

He did know this, and in his mad arrogance he had said to himself, "I—amongst all other men—will be an exception to the common rule. The girl I marry is poor; but she will give herself to me for no meaner consideration than my love and my truth and my devotion; and those shall be hers until my dying day."

Gilbert Monckton had said this; and already a mocking demon had made a permanent perch for himself upon this wretched man's shoulders, for ever whispering insidious doubts into his ear, for ever instilling shadowy fears into his mind.

Eleanor had not seemed happy during those few honeymoon weeks. She had grown weary of the broad sands stretching far away, flat and desolate under the September sky, and weary of the everlasting and unbroken line that bounded that wide gray sea. This weariness she had displayed frankly enough; but she had not revealed its hidden source, which lay in her feverish impatience to go back to the neighbourhood of Hazlewood, and to make the discovery she wished to make before Maurice de Crespigny's death.

She had sounded her husband upon the subject of the old man's health.

"Do you think Mr. de Crespigny will live long?" she asked, one day.

"Heaven knows, my dear," the lawyer answered, carelessly. "He has been an invalid for nearly twenty years now, and he may go on being an invalid for twenty years more, perhaps. I fancy that his death will be very sudden whenever it does happen."

"And do you think that he will leave his money to Launcelot Darrell?"

Eleanor's face grew a little paler as she mentioned the young man's name. The invisible familiar perched upon Mr. Monckton's shoulder directed the lawyer's attention to that fact.

"I don't know. Why should you be interested in Mr. Darrell's welfare?"

"I am not interested in his welfare, I only asked you a question, Gilbert."

Even the malice of the familiar could take no objection to the tone in which Eleanor said this: and Mr. Monckton was ashamed of the passing twinge which Launcelot Darrell's name had caused him.

"I dare say De Crespigny will leave his money to young Darrell, my dear," he said, in a more cordial voice; "and though I have no very high opinion of the young man's character, I think he ought to have the fortune. The maiden ladies should have annuities, of course. Goodness knows they have fought hard enough for the prize."

"How can people act so contemptibly for the sake of money!" cried Eleanor, with sudden indignation.

The lawyer looked admiringly at her glowing face, which had crimsoned with the intensity of her feeling. She was thinking of her father's death, and of that hundred pounds which had been won from him on the night of his suicide.

"No," thought Mr. Monckton, "she cannot

be mercenary. That bright, impulsive creature could never be guilty of any deliberate meanness,—and what could be a worse meanness than that of the woman who could marry a man out of sordid and mercenary motives, beguiling him by a simulated affection, and thereby compassing her own advancement?

"If I have won her heart, in its untainted freshness," thought Gilbert Monckton, "I must be content, though that girlish heart may seem cold. She will love me better by-and-by. She will learn to confide in me; she will learn to sympathise with me."

By such arguments as these Mr. Monckton endeavoured to satisfy himself, and sometimes, indeed, succeeded in doing so,—that his young wife's absent and thoughtful manner was a matter of course; the thoughtfulness of a girl unused to her new position, and perhaps a little bewildered by its strangeness. But on the morning of the 1st of October, Gilbert Monckton perceived a change in Eleanor's manner, and on that morning the demon familiar took up a permanent station upon the lawyer's shoulder.

Mrs. Monckton was no longer grave and listless. A feverish impatience, a sudden flow of high spirits, seemed to have taken possession of her.

"You observe," whispered the familiar spirit, as Mr. Monckton sat opposite his wife in a compartment of the express train that was to take them to London, *en route* for Berkshire, "you observe the glow in her cheeks, the brightness of her eyes. You saw her turn pale the other day when she mentioned Launcelot Darrell's name. You know what the young man's mother told you. You can do the commonest sum in logical arithmetic, I suppose. You can put two and two together. Your wife has been wearied to death of the North, and the sea, and the sands, and *you*. She is in high spirits to-day, and it is very easy to account for the change in her manner. She is glad to go back to Berkshire—she is glad to go back there, because *she will see Launcelot Darrell*."

Mr. Monckton, with a cambric handkerchief thrown over his face, kept a covert watch upon his wife from between its artfully-adjusted folds, and enjoyed such converse as this with the spirit he had chosen for his companion.

(To be continued.)

A DAY WITH THE CORONER.

THE life of a coroner in a mighty metropolis like London must be an odd one. His grim duty leads him day by day into palace and cottages, back-slums and noble mansions. In a certain sense he is a modern Charon, whose pass is required ere a company of corpses, some days more, some days less, can find quiet burial. They say ghosts listen for the sound of the crowing cock before they retreat to their narrow beds, so mortals, suddenly deprived of life, must have the permit of twelve good men and true, and the coroner's signature, ere the sexton will lift a shovel in their behalf. Being desirous of having one day's experience of the accidents and offences which pick out, as it were,—we will not say by accident, for there is a natural law in these cases as in

all others—the lives of a certain per-centage of our population, I asked permission to accompany my friend, the able medical coroner for the central district. Permission being obtained, I was ready at the office at the appointed hour. "Now you must be prepared," said my friend, "for a good hard day's work. Here are nine cases," said he, consulting an official paper as a gourmand would a bill of fare, "I don't know what they are, or how they will turn out." In short, it was a kind of invitation to take pot-luck. Our first visit was to Middlesex Hospital, and our first duty to visit the dead-house. Even to those accustomed to the presence of death there is something very startling in the sudden transition from the life and noise of a great metropolitan thoroughfare to the dead-house of a large hospital, tenanted by silent inmates such as these, who but a few days since moved in health and spirits amid the hubbub, dreaming not that they were on the edge of that bourne from which no traveller returns. Three blackened deal coffins, placed side by side, with their lids removed, revealed the subjects of the impending inquiry, after a glance at which the coroner returned to the inquest-room.

The importance of being able thoroughly to identify the features of the dead is of the last consequence. It will be remembered that in the Sadler case, the very fact of the death was disputed, and it was asserted that the body found on Hampstead Heath was not that of the delinquent M.P. Indeed, to this moment it is believed by the Irish that he is still alive. Fortunately, the late Mr. Wakley was able to put the matter beyond dispute, as he knew the deceased, and recognised him when the inquest was held.

Conditions, however, are always arising under which it is exceedingly difficult to identify a body in consequence of the progress which decomposition has made. Such a case has just arisen. It will be remembered that a body was found floating in the Thames, which the police suggested might be the body of the supposed murderer of the poor girl who was stabbed in George Street. It was of great consequence, therefore, that the corpse should be identified. The features, however, from long immersion in the water, were so swollen and disfigured, as to be absolutely unrecognisable. At this juncture, however, Dr. Richardson suggested that science was able to restore the face of the corpse; and he succeeded in his efforts. Having reduced the face to its original size by the action of a principle known by the scientific terms of "exosmosis" and "endosmosis," and its blackened colour having been bleached by the action of chlorine gas, so much of the face of the dead was made out as to prove that it belonged to a youth of twenty—a fact quite sufficient to prove it was not that of the murderer. Thus science once more has come to the aid of justice. But I must return to the story of my day's doings.

The jury having assembled, the process of swearing them in commenced. It may be as well to observe that, in ordinary cases, the run of the jurors called by the coroner's beadle seem to consist of the small householders and shopkeepers of the parish—certainly a very unlikely-looking lot to investigate any knotty case,—indeed, my experience

gathered during the day was, that the chief labour of investigating the facts falls upon the coroner, and that scarcely one of the jurors sworn in seemed capable of drawing up a verdict. In important cases the better class tradesmen or the gentry are generally summoned, and a far higher amount of intelligence is thus at the service of the Coroner.

The first case gone into was rather complex. Alexander —, a greengrocer, coming home drunk, fell down the stairs and broke his leg. He had been an habitual drunkard, so much so as to compel his wife, a poor crushed creature, to live apart from him, because "he was too poor to keep me," said the poor woman, crying. "I suppose, if the truth were known," said the coroner, "it was because he beat and otherwise ill-used you," — a correction of her own statement to which she gave a tacit consent, but which the poor battered piece of humanity, bundled up in rags, would never have volunteered. The ultimate cause of death in this case was singular. The man being a toper, the shock of the accident, a fracture of the femur, brought on delirium tremens: to subdue this, opium was given by the hospital surgeon by what is termed subcutaneous incision; that is, a puncture was made in the skin, and a small quantity of the drug was injected beneath it, from the effects of which he died narcotized—a diseased kidney perhaps helped this unlooked-for termination of the case, but it nevertheless was an extraordinary example of peculiar idiosyncrasy in the man's constitution, which could not stand an opiate which would scarcely have injured a healthy child. The primary cause of the death, be it remembered, was drunkenness.

Case No. 2 was that of Henry —, a carman. Having been drinking freely, he managed, whilst walking beside his horse, to get his foot under the animal's hoof; he was thrown, and the wheel of his car passing over his ribs fractured them, and he died from inflammation of the lungs. The verdict here was inflammation of the lungs brought on by an accident whilst in a state of intoxication.

Case No. 3 was that of William —, a tailor. In reeling out of the doorway of the Red Lion, where he had been drinking, he slipped, and twisted and broke his leg. A "compound comminuted fracture of the tibia and fibula," said the youthful house-surgeon, with strict professional accuracy. Amputation was performed, and the man died of delirium tremens. A verdict was drawn up to that effect, and the poor widow, bursting out into tears, sobbed out that she was left perfectly destitute. When death comes to members of the comfortable classes it is bitter enough;—to lose a loved husband, what in the whole world is apparently so overwhelming? Yet what is such a blow to that which falls upon the poor. A working man by some accident is hurried out of life, and the poor widow loses not only the companion of her life, but the bread of herself and helpless little ones. The reader will realise the horrible position of the poor widow; and yet the coroner sees such cases every day, and the poor creatures are left to sink back into that maelstrom of human suffering styled "the world," and the sun shines day by day as though life was a bright festival.

St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, was our next destination. The hospitals generally furnish those cases for inquest which result from accidental death. In many institutions of this nature an inquest-room is provided in the building itself: but the authorities of St. Mary's have not done so, and after visiting the dead-house, and inspecting the deceased, a woman and a boy, both evidently Irish by their physiognomy, the coroner and his beadle adjourned to a public-house, where a fresh jury had to be sworn in. After contemplating the face of the dead, it gives the mind a slight shock to have to wend one's way through the crowd of a tap-room, and to have to sit in an apartment smelling of stale tobacco, and presenting all the disorder of the last night's debauch. "We shall probably have some trouble here," said the coroner to me, *sotto voce*, "as I see the witnesses are mostly Irish." The deceased, Anne Gardner, was a charwoman, and had died in the hospital from exhaustion following an amputation of the foot. The first witness called was her sister, a gaunt Irishwoman with a face through which the skull seemed to protrude, if we may so speak. The poor woman kept a crooning noise, until called upon to give her evidence as to the cause of accident, which was confused enough to justify the coroner's anticipations. In answer to the query, if the deceased had told her when in the hospital how the accident happened, she replied, "Her sister had told her that she 'knocked at the door and it was not opened,'"—that "the blood was all up the stairs, just as though a bullock had been killed."

The woman knew no more than this, and she kept repeating her tale as though she were throwing valuable light on the matter. The next witness, a short, fat, red-faced, and determined-looking Englishwoman, told her story in a very different manner. She had gone out on Saturday night to buy provisions for the family, leaving deceased, who lodged with her, at home; the deceased having apprised her that she also was going out to get a bottle of gin. When she returned at 12 o'clock at night, having forgotten her key, she was obliged to ring her husband up, and on opening the door he remarked that the stairs were very wet; on getting a light she perceived that they were wet—but with blood, which was traced up to the woman's room. On knocking, the deceased answered that she knew all about it, and would clean it up before her landlord was down in the morning. With this reply, singularly enough, the woman was satisfied, and went to bed. Having some misgivings, however, she demanded admittance to the room early in the morning, and the woman, apparently from the sound, shuffled to the door on her hands and knees, and opened it. "There was not a thing in the room," said the witness, "but that was covered with blood." The bones of her leg, near the ankle-joint, were broken, and through the night she had been bleeding most profusely. As the poor creature was too exhausted by the hæmorrhage to give an account of the accident she had met with, it could only be inferred from the appearances in the house. The door not being opened to her, and fearing to let her landlord know that she was out so late, and, but too

probably, being drunk at the same time, she had attempted to step from the doorway across a low parapet wall on to the parlour window sill, a stride of four feet and a-half; in doing so, she fell into the area, for the blood was first observable at the kitchen door, through which she obtained admission. From this point traces of blood were observable up the kitchen stairs to the front door, which, it is inferred, she opened, to take in the gin bottle and a small basket which she had deposited there previously to attempting to get in at the window; from thence the life-blood of the poor creature doubled back through the passage, and was traceable up to her bed-room. It is not to be wondered at that the poor woman never rallied from the operation of amputating her foot, as, indeed, nearly every drop of blood was previously drained from her body. Since it was pretty evident that the poor creature never would have made an attempt to enter the house in the manner she did unless she had been intoxicated, and as, moreover, her landlady was obliged to confess that she was given to drink, the coroner suggested to the foreman of the jury that they should state in their verdict that the accident was the result of her intoxicated condition at the time; but the jury refused to accede to his wish; and he afterwards informed me, that when he held inquests at public-houses, he always found a disinclination on the part of the jury to notice the fact of intoxication playing any part in the death, even when the fact was but too evident! Having no teetotal tendencies, and believing that to take a pledge of total abstinence from alcohol is simply a piece of puritanical absurdity, which, if carried out in all cases where temptation presents itself, would result in an abnegation of the will itself, I, nevertheless, could not help being struck with the astounding fact, that in the first four inquests held promiscuously in one day, every case of death was clearly caused, either directly or indirectly, by the vice of intoxication. Mr. Gough might have lectured upon the subject for years, yet I will venture to say that he never would have made such an impression on me as did the faces of those four poor creatures, staring up at me from their coffins—not emaciated by disease and long-suffering, but perishing in the prime of life, and leaving behind them long trains of suffering children and helpless widows. There are many sayings that we use glibly enough, and none among them further from the truth than one we often hear, "Providence takes charge of drunkards and little children."

The next case was that of a little Irish boy who had been killed by a cab running over him. The lad had been following an Irish funeral,—one of those noisy demonstrative affairs which are pretty sure to gather up all the loose Milesian element that lies in the line of procession. The lad was riding behind one of the mourning cabs, and falling off, the next cab in the line ran over him. The cab—according to the only intelligible witness who saw the accident take place—was loaded with six persons inside and six on the roof; it was not wonderful that the wheel passing over his body ruptured the liver, and killed him within two hours. He was the last of three children whom his mother, a poor widow, mourned.

The duties of a metropolitan coroner extend over a very wide district; from Paddington, accordingly, we had to hurry away to Islington, where a new beadle was awaiting his superior, with a fresh jury ready to be sworn in. Coroners' beadles are characters in their way, and they have all their peculiarities in getting up their cases; but they all agree in one particular—a desire to make as much of each inquest as possible, not from any pecuniary advantage derivable therefrom, as they are paid only 7s. 6d. for each case, but simply for parade sake; thus they invariably put forward their weakest witnesses first, and in this manner often waste the time of the court in parading testimony of no importance whatever, whilst the only material witness is kept until the last. Unless the coroner is up to this little weakness, his time is often taken up in a very unnecessary manner.

The three following inquests were on children, two of which were illegitimate. The first, Ernest H—, an infant of two years old, "out quite beautiful with measles," as his mother said, was seized with a fit, in which it died. As no medical man was present, and no medical certificate of cause of death could be given, the registrar refused a burial order, and hence the inquest. Coroners in the metropolitan district are more than usually critical in cases of illegitimate children, in consequence of the fearful amount of infanticide prevalent in such cases. I remember the late coroner giving it as his opinion that a fearful amount of children were cunningly got rid of at the moment of birth, by simply allowing the new-born babe to fall into a tub of water. The medical test of a child having been born alive is the inflation of the lungs: where this has not taken place, it is held to have been still-born, a fact taken advantage of by some mothers in the way we have mentioned. In the case of this poor child, however, there appeared to have been no foul play. In a second case, a child of two years of age—"a little come-by-chance," as one of the witnesses phrased it—was allowed to run out into the road uncared-for; and, a cart coming by, ran over and killed it. The verdict might, with justice, have been "Went by chance," for the little care that was taken of it.

Still another child called for the verdict of the twelve good men and true. It was a sad sight to see the little face placid as though it slept in its mimic coffin of blue, and still sadder to hear the young mother's agonised recital of its death. It was alive and in her arms at three o'clock in the morning, when she gave it the breast, then she went to sleep with the child "on her arm." When she awoke she kissed it, "as was her custom," when she found it was cold. The child evidently had been either overlaid, or smothered with the bed-clothes. Scarcely a week elapsed, the coroner informed me, without his having to hold an inquest on a poor infant, put out of life, in some cases, perhaps, purposely; but in the great majority of instances by the over-fondness of the mother in covering the little one's face up for warmth sake. The majority of women treat their tender little ones just as if they were so many hot rolls, smothering them in blankets, for-

getting that the breath of life in their fragile frames is but too easily extinguished, and that they have not the power to struggle as older children would against the covering that is poisoning them with their own foul breath.

Our hard day's work terminated with the case of an old sailor, who, after braving all the terrors of the ocean, came off a long voyage to die of diseased heart in his own bed. The body lay in a small dark room, next to the common living room, and the stench of decomposition was so great that the jury started back in dismay when it was opened for the purpose of his being identified. The practice adopted in this country, and in this country only, we believe, of allowing the dead to remain in the very apartments of the living, is certainly most revolting, and we hope the time is not far distant when the public will seek for the establishment of perfectly ventilated reception rooms for the dead, previous to interment. Those who have witnessed the arrangements in Munich, Frankfort, and other places abroad, for separating the lifeless clay from the living for the short time previous to burial, must see how we are sinning against the commonest hygienic rules, as well as against decency itself, in tolerating our national habit of hugging the dead until we are compelled to relinquish them by their very offensiveness.

Walking home, I wondered how the coroner lived, moved, and had his being without being terrified lest at every turn some little unforeseen occurrence might not bring a brother coroner to sit upon himself. Having seen how lightly accidents occurred, it was days before I could get the thought out of my mind, that we were continually within an ace of our life. In all probability, however, the coroner is the last person in existence to feel these foolish fancies, as death in his experience comes from so many and from such conflicting causes, that the one balances the other, and thus keeps his fears in a happy equilibrium. We are not all coroners, however, and I must confess that for days afterwards I looked much shyer at a crowded crossing than was my wont, and took especial good care to walk outside of ladders. If, however, accidents take place according to a regular law, and we all go out in the morning with a hundred thousandth chance of breaking our legs, a five hundred thousandth chance of being drowned, or say a sixty thousandth expectation of stepping upon a piece of orange-peel and fracturing our skull, we may at least be less nervous about these matters, for, do what we will, the statistician in estimating the number of annual accidents and offences, claims a certain right in us which we cannot avoid or dispute.

A. W.

AN AUSTRALIAN EXPLORER.

It cannot be doubted that, on the first publication of the strangely adventurous narratives of those hardy seamen who, in the last century, explored the mystery of the southern seas, lifted the veil which had till then obscured the "gateways of the day," and thereby contributed so largely to the national glory, that portion of our

teeming population which had scant sustenance and elbow-room at home, must have heard with delight of the existence of

Sunnier isles of Eden lying in dark purple spheres of sea—

wherein abundance and an independence hitherto unknown, awaited all who had the courage requisite to expatriation : and it seems somewhat unaccountable that so many years should have elapsed ere the tide of emigration set toward the new Utopia; and, yet more so, that, while hastening to plant her flag on the great southern continent, England's first step toward colonisation should have been to convert the fair land into a sewer for the reception and utilisation of the garbage which tainted her social atmosphere.

For a quarter of a century after the establishment of this penal settlement, the colonists were content with the narrow region enclosed between the ocean and the mountain chain parallel to the eastern coast; the vast interior was absolutely unknown; and though the outlines of the continent had been defined by Flinders, as no outlet of any size had been discovered by him—openings in a low sandy coast, so narrow as are generally those whereby the Australian rivers reach the sea, easily escaping observation—it was too hastily assumed that only trivial streams existed, and that the interior was an arid desert. The successful introduction of the merino sheep led to the general adoption of pastoral pursuits by the colonists, and in time the increase of their flocks, and the limited area available for pasturage, incited them to earnest exploration of the surrounding countries. One result of these expeditions was the discovery beyond the Blue Mountains of fertile and well-wooded plains traversed by frequent westward-flowing rivers; and as these ordinarily ran into, and were presumed to be lost in inaccessible morasses, a theory arose that they were eventually drained into a great central sea. The mind is so eager to arrive at definite conclusions, and so prone to generalise alike its knowledge and its ignorance, that in default of proof it is content with theory, and twists what fragmentary facts it may possess into harmony therewith; and a theory tends to discourage those researches which might prove its erroneousness.

In 1831, Captain Sturt, the most distinguished of Australian explorers, crossing the Blue Mountains and embarking on the Murrumbidgee, one of these westward-flowing streams, descended to its junction with one yet larger—the Murray, and this, after flowing west for many hundred miles, was deflected almost at right angles to the south; and, instead of falling directly into the ocean, as Sturt anticipated, expanded into a large, but shallow lake, separated from the sea by a low sandy neck of land, and apparently communicating with it only by a shallow and impracticable channel. This discovery was fatal to the popular theory of an inland sea.

Subsequent examination of the region between the Lower Murray and the Gulf of St. Vincent, led to the foundation of the colony of South Australia, and from consideration of the remarkable facilities for internal trade afforded by the Murray,

far-sighted men speculated on the probability of the commerce of New South Wales being at some future time entirely diverted into that channel, to the special advantage of the younger colony. It will be evident on glancing at the map that, as all the streams westward of the mountain chain are affluents of the Murray, the natural outlet for the produce of nine-tenths of the colony of New South Wales is that seaport of South Australia nearest to its mouth. Now, as the value of produce to the producer depends on the cost of transportation to a market, the agriculturist or grazier of that section of New South Wales west of the mountain range, though 1200 or 1400 miles by water from South Australia, is practically much nearer to the markets of that colony than to Sydney, which is but 300 or 400 miles distant; and were Sydney the only market open to him, the value of his produce would decrease with increase of the distance, till it would be unremunerative to send it there at all.

In 1840, it was ascertained that the mouth of the Murray was not, as at first supposed, absolutely inaccessible, but local conditions seemed unfavourable to any hopes of its ever being commercially useful. The channel connecting the lake whereinto the river expands, with the sea, is choked up by a bar; and this is impassable by other than boats, except when the depth of water is increased by the coincidence of a flood-tide with a flooded condition of the river, and then a very dangerous surf arises from the contest between the tide and the rapid current. The entrance of the river is rendered yet more difficult by the swell ordinarily setting into Encounter Bay, the waves rising all along the coast to the height of fifteen and eighteen feet before breaking; and this turmoil of the ocean only ceases in summer, when a north wind has prevailed for several days. These seemingly insuperable obstacles discouraged attempts to open the navigation of the river for some years after its importance had been recognised; but in 1850, Sir H. Young, the Governor of South Australia, conceived the idea of evading the difficulty arising from the bar by connecting the lake with the sea by canal or railway; so that the produce of the interior, coming down the river, might be conveyed overland from Goolwa, the lake terminus of the channel, to Port Elliott in Encounter Bay for shipment; the distance between the two points being only seven miles. Feasible as this scheme was, it was not favourably received by the citizens of Adelaide; who, finding their private advantage in the existing state of things, and apprehending that their city would suffer were the agricultural produce of the vast region drained by the Murray to find its outlet at Port Elliott instead of by a long and costly land carriage at Adelaide, obstinately opposed the Governor's plan. Assured of the necessity of providing a direct outlet for the trade of the valley of the Murray, Sir H. Young did not, however, lose sight of the subject; and, at his instance, the Colonial Legislature in 1851 voted large rewards for the navigation of the River Murray under certain conditions; and these were subsequently modified so as to favour colonial enterprise as follows: 500*l.* to the first steam-vessel crossing

the bar; 1000*l.* additional provided the Darling was attained; and 1000*l.* additional for the completion of six voyages between fixed points within a year. The solution of the problem could not be longer deferred, and one came forward to solve it who, though a stranger, was by the bent of his genius specially interested in this as a geographical question, and was by mental character and professional pursuits peculiarly qualified to determine it.

Francis Cadell, the descendant of a good Scottish family, was born in February, 1822, at Cockenzie, near Preston Pans, a place of historical note. He was educated in Edinburgh and Germany, but, as is usually the case with those fitted rather for active pursuits than indolent contemplation, his scholastic career was brief; and it may be inferred that a taste for perilous enterprises was fostered in him, as in other boys who take to water as naturally as a duckling, by those narratives of maritime adventure that delighted our own childhood; for when but fourteen years of age he adopted the profession for which his bold and energetic character adapted him, and made his first voyage as a midly in an East Indiaman. This vessel being subsequently chartered by Government as a transport, the lad took an active part in the first Chinese war, being present at the siege of Canton, the capture of Amoy, Ningpo, &c., and winning honour as well as prize-money. When only twenty-two he attained the command of a ship, but he did not intermit his exertions; and, far from being content with the moderate acquirements that masters of merchant vessels are ordinarily satisfied with, he devoted the intervals between his voyages to attaining a practical knowledge of shipbuilding and of the construction of the marine steam-engine in the ship-yards of the Tyne and the workshops of the Clyde. His professional pursuits and his intellectual tastes specially interesting him in geographical questions, he was, when at Para, so impressed by the majesty and mystery of the Amazon, as to be led to speculate on the means of developing the resources of the vast region that it drains; and his vague ideas assumed the form of a scheme for descending the river from its sources amid the Andes, which from lack of encouragement he did not carry into execution.

Arriving in Australia in 1848, and his attention being directed to the navigation of the Murray, then uppermost in the Colonial mind, he carefully examined its mouth and satisfied himself of its practicability. In consequence of this he returned to Australia in 1850 in a ship of his own, and being encouraged thereto by Sir H. Young, immediately set about determining this important question, looking rather to the honour than to any pecuniary reward that might accrue to him; for the sum offered by the Legislature was not only very incommensurate to the service required, but was contingent on success: all the risk and outlay, contrary to the ordinary procedure of Government in such cases, being in case of failure thrown upon the spirited adventurer. After again examining the ever-shifting bar, and when so employed he nearly lost his life by the capsizing of his whale-boat (in making a similar attempt in 1839, Captain Blenkinsop and Sir John Jeffries both met

with a watery grave), Captain Cadell proceeded to Melbourne, and thence crossed to Swan Hill, on the upper Murray, and accompanied by four adventurous miners, commenced from that point the descent of the stream in a boat of an original and rough construction,—a wooden frame 21·8 feet long, covered with canvas, his launching forth in which sufficiently indicated the dauntless perseverance of the man. In this frail craft significantly yclept the *Forerunner*, carefully sounding as he proceeded, Captain Cadell accomplished the voyage of 1300 miles to Lake Victoria in twenty-two days under the most unfavourable conditions, the weather being stormy, and the greatest caution being enjoined by the frailty of his bark; her leakiness requiring constant caulking with fat from the frying-pan; but an accidental rent from a snag having been readily repaired with a thread and needle, proved that there may be compensations in the most unfavourable circumstances.

Assured by the result of this trip, Captain Cadell, on August 17, 1853, successfully crossed the dreaded bar and entered the lake in the steamer *Lady Augusta*, of 90 tons burthen and 40 horsepower, which he had built at Sydney. On the 25th August the *Lady Augusta*, with a tender of 87 tons burthen lashed to her, pursued her journey up the Murray,—Sir H. Young and several other gentlemen interested in the enterprise being on board,—reached Swan Hill on the 17th September, and after proceeding alone a couple of hundred miles yet higher, retraced her way with her consort, heavily freighted with local produce, and arrived safely at Goolwa on October 14, having run over 3000 miles within 50 days. The breadth of the Murray between the lake and Swan Hill averaged 200 yards, and its depth 3 fathoms; above the Wakool the bends were sharper and more frequent, the breadth less, but not the depth, though there were many snags. Further acquaintance with the periodical changes whereto it is subject was needed to determine whether the Murray was thus easily navigable at all seasons, but this expedition proved that it was open to steamers for many months in ordinary years. The importance of this discovery could scarcely be exaggerated; the establishment of steam communication on the Murray practically quadrupled the value to the colonists on its upper waters of their wool and other produce, the transportation of which to Melbourne by ox-teams previously took from three to six months, according to the season and condition of the river crossings. The inhabitants of the three colonies testified their sense of his services by presenting Captain Cadell with a gold candelabrum, and the Legislature presented him with a gold medal commemorative of the auspicious event.

Captain Cadell continued for some time to run his vessel regularly on the Murray, a higher point being attained at each successive trip; but she was quite inadequate to the greatness of the traffic that was being developed; and conceiving that there was a fair field for commercial enterprise, Captain Cadell took a prominent share in the formation of a Company for navigating the River Murray; for which two steamers, the *Albany* and *Gundagai*, were built in Glasgow, sent out in pieces to Port Elliott in the first vessel which had ever arrived at

that place from Europe, and being carried across to Goolwa were there set up and launched on the lake. In one of these, Captain Cadell, in October, 1855, reached Albany on the upper Murray, a point 1740 miles from Goolwa, whereto the river is navigable during half the year. In 1856 he explored the Edward River, which, branching out of the Murray, rejoins it lower down after a course of 600 miles. In 1858 he succeeded in reaching in his steamer *Gundagai* on the Murrumbidgee, 2000 miles from the sea, and in the very heart of New South Wales, after a month's voyage. In 1859 he proceeded up the Darling beyond Mount Murchison.

As if these toilsome explorations were insufficient fully to engage his thoughts, this indefatigable man was at the same time pondering various schemes; for inland navigation in other parts of the Australian Colonies, for irrigating the Billibong district by a canal from the Murrumbidgee; for the canalisation of the Darling; and lastly, for rendering navigable the River Latrobe and the lakes wherewith it is connected in Gipp's Land.

Largely as Captain Cadell's labours contributed to the development of the resources and to the prosperity of Australia, and loud as were the acknowledgments of the people he had benefited, he himself derived very little substantial rewards from them. The sums granted in aid of his explorations by the local legislature were utterly inadequate to cover the expenses they involved, and in his eagerness to serve the public, his attention was distracted from those commercial pursuits which might have been combined with and would have amply rewarded his exploratory labours; but, perchance, the mental habit which is required for the accumulation of wealth is rarely associated with real genius, which is in its essence noble and disinterested. His has been the fate of most pioneers in all ages; others having watched the results of his discoveries and the development of his plans, reaped the fruits of his adventurous explorations in an easy manner. It is not creditable to the Australians that, after wearing out the best years of his life in their service, and expending his means in enterprises whereby they have so greatly benefited, this remarkable man should have been enforced to retreat into the wilds, and begin life again as a settler, near Mount Murchison. The least they could have done would have been to bestow on Captain Cadell a present of land on one of the great rivers wherewith his name will ever be associated. Such is the gratitude and justice of the world; *probitas laudatur et alget*. While Drake, the object of whose piratical expeditions was his personal enrichment, remains a national hero; Cadell, who has conferred an inestimable benefit on a great Continent, is left to begin the world in a new sphere. We believe, however, that a memorial is now under the consideration of the Legislative bodies of South Australia, Victoria, and New South Wales for a grant of land commensurate with his merits, near the scenes of his labours; and we hope that, for the credit of those three great colonies, this suggestion may soon be carried into effect, Captain Cadell being now a much poorer man than he was thirteen years ago, when he first devoted his time

and attention to exploits which have proved of inestimable benefit to an immense continent, but have brought himself only an empty fame.

GLEANINGS FROM SPAIN.

PART I.

RAILWAYS are fast invading the old haunts of ignorance, superstition, and prejudice. Even Spain, that stronghold of intolerance and conceit, is having civilisation thrust upon her. Relentlessly the iron roads eat their way into the heart of the country, remorselessly the telegraph stalks round and round the land, encircling it by sea as well, and as if by a galvanic shock awakening the slumbering nation. If anyone wishes to see the land of Cervantes ere it has become stale, flat, and prosaic, haste, haste—let them fly, for day by day Progress marks her triumphs, and soon the Spain of chivalry, the Spain of our romantic imagination, the Spain of the Inquisition, will be no longer recognisable, tricked out in nineteenth-century ways, manners and opinions, which it has acquired second-hand with the gloss off. Madrid is already shamming to be Paris, widening its streets, building monotonous, glaring houses, without balconies, dooming its picturesque water-carriers to extinction by the introduction of modern water-pipes, and actually waging war on time-honoured dust by perpetual watering of the streets. The nobles are beginning to be startled by the ominous sound of "*nouveaux riches*," and see encroaching on their prerogatives men who own to no blue blood in their veins, and who yet surpass them in wealth, magnificence, and dignity. Spain has awoke at last, after many fevered dreams, many oppressive nightmares; the day is before her, and she will be as the giant refreshed, strong to toil and to take her place among the other nations of Europe. It matters comparatively little who are her rulers; the people are now aroused, and this is no age of dynasties, but of nations.

There are two lines of rails by which the Peninsula is now traversed: to reach the one, you enter by the Basses Pyrenees via Bayonne; by the other, after passing a night at Perpignan—which must be the model of the little fortified town described in "Somebody's Luggage," so sleepy and strongly fortified is it—you ascend the not very frowning barrier of mountains which separates you from Spain. A zig-zag road ascends the French side of the Pyrenees, smooth and well kept, with strongly built walls on the side of the precipices, and at every kilometre tall white posts, bearing inscribed the distance to the frontier and to Perpignan. The frontiers of France and Spain, guarded by wild douaniers, present a singular fact to the mind. As you approach you see two white pillars on either side of the road; mark well! that is the outward and visible boundary between the two countries, but how comes it that the dwellers on one side of the Pillars, not a hundred paces from the inhabitants of the village on the other side, are as different as though a wide sea rolled between them? On one side are tight dapper little men,—women in mob caps of spotless purity, who speak not one word nor understand one syllable of Spanish; while on the other side there is the Spanish

costume, Spanish language; the very air is Spanish, being redolent of mules and garlic, and French is as unintelligible as Arabic. At the very next stage the horses put into the diligence are of a new race—bony, skinny, ill-used creatures, galled and chafed by the ill-contrived harness, and bruised by the stones thrown at them by the driver from time to time to urge them on their way; decidedly inferior animals to the close-shaven mules, their companions, whose multifarious tinkling bells remind one at each moment one is in Spain. The scenery, though less wildly picturesque than that of the other passes into Spain, is pleasantly diversified, the road winding in and out narrow defiles, once robber-haunted. To the right is the splendid peaked outline of the Pyrenees, and an occasional glimpse of the blue Mediterranean is caught at the left. On almost every eminence may be seen ruins of some old keep or tower, around which many a tale of horror still lingers. The road traverses several beds of mountain streams, that are occasionally swollen by autumn and winter rains so as to be impassable.

The little villages, exposed for so many centuries to perpetual invasion, would have had, under any other circumstances, a ruinous and desolate appearance, but the newly gathered maize hanging in golden festoons from window to window, and filling the very balconies to overflowing, together with the bunches of crimson capiscums also hung out to dry, lent them a gala-like appearance. It was high holiday, All Hallows Eve; all the inhabitants of the hamlet seemed wending their way to Gerona in festive attire. There were waggons drawn by patient oxen, with their heads cruelly fastened together, and under the waggon cover might be seen a cluster of merry faces all bent on holiday-making. Troops of mules jingled along, each bearing two or more riders, and we passed hardy pedestrians swinging the staff characteristic of the district, and shouting out wild national airs in chorus. The hills were clothed with olives and cork trees, whose cinnamon-coloured trunks lent a singular and pleasing effect to the landscape.

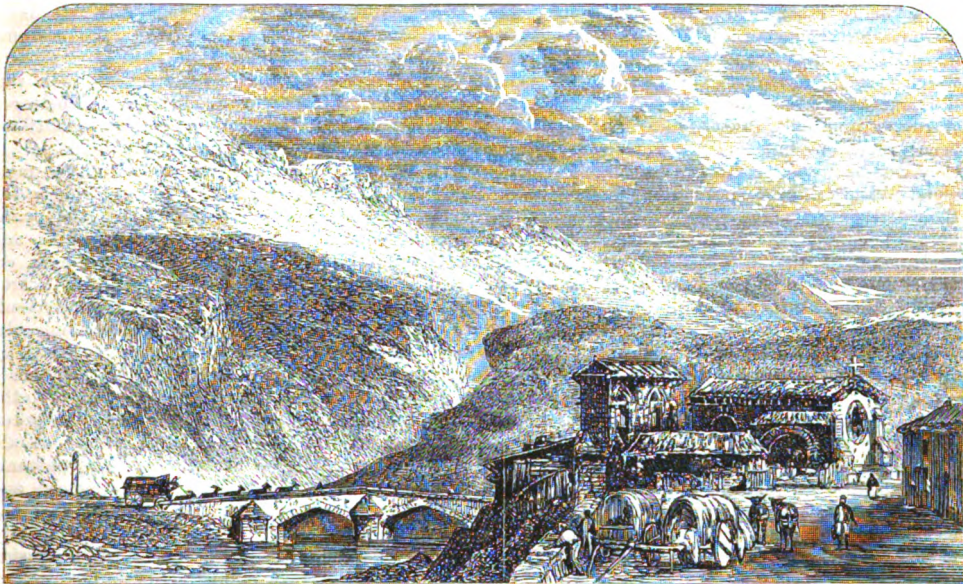
At last we reached Gerona, and the diligence rumbled through the narrow streets, so narrow that it seemed at first sight impossible for so lumbering and bulky a vehicle to pass, without damaging the bales of goods exposed at the doors of the open shops. The *Fonda di Diligencies* was by no means inviting; the dark, sloppy, mule-smelling covered courtyard, was full of the quaintest vehicles, and treading on it was much like walking over a Scotch "sappy midden." Up the dark staircase we wandered, the host being far too much occupied to pay us any attention; and discovered, to our horror, that the inn was full to overflowing—as all the world and his wife had come to Gerona for the fair. We next applied for admittance at the *Fontana di Oro*. The entrance was as filthy as that of the other, but the rooms over it had that peculiarly clean bare look incident to red tile floors and spotless white curtains. Here, again, the same difficulty; the inn was crowded, only one room remained. The hostess—a pretty, bustling little body—was loud in her astonishment that we were not contented. What could people want

more? *Madre di Dios!* were there not curtains? to say nothing of the magnificent Virgin dressed in white satin, under a glass case! To the amazement of the Señora, we were not convinced, and the gentlemen of the party insisted on permission to bivouack in the "Comedor," or large draughty *salle à manger*.

"But the beautiful curtains," she still rejoined. Leaving her to cogitate over the unreasonableness of the stranger, we sallied forth to see the quaint old town. The streets were all silent and deserted, and many of the houses crumbling into ruins: it looked as if the town had just been evacuated by an enemy. A narrow winding lane led us to the summit of the hill, graced by the glorious cathedral. It is approached by a flight of eighty-six steps, broad and easy of ascent. Service was over, but a faint smell of incense still lingered—that odour of sanctity which in Spain,

above all other countries, the priests did well to adopt. A side door leads to the grand deserted old cloisters, built round a garden, which no doubt was once adorned by choice blossoms, under the care of the departed monks. The abandoned monasteries all through Spain are sad to see: though no country has gained more by the secularisation of monks, still the antiquarian mourns over the grand old buildings given up as habitations for the bats and the owls, and gradually sinking into decay.

Imagination peoples the cloisters again with solemn slow-pacing forms. Under their sober garbs what restless hearts must have beaten, chafing against the solemn sham of their lives. How often must the novice, who had been at first carried away by enthusiasm and excitement, have felt crushed by the daily monotony of his life, and have pined for the joys and pleasures of common



Spanish Frontier.

humanity; the heavy masonry, shutting him out from the busy stir of life, must have grown hateful to his eyes, and suggested to him the thought that his was a death in life—that he was entombed. Others, doubtless, rejoiced in the barriers which shut out from eye and ear the successes of rivals, and the favours of fortune lavished on their foes: like the ostrich, who buries her head in the sands, that she may not see the approach of her enemies, they found peace and tranquillity in forgetting that such things as ambition and worldly success were, but belonged not to them. Others, again, of elevated intellect, of peculiarly ecstatic and devout natures, attained to a spiritual communion so complete and perfect that they detested the body for imprisoning the soul, and dwelling with passion on the thought of death. Such lines as the following were penned by the "Comendador Escrivá," or Warden of one of these religious houses.

Come, Death, ere step or sound I hear,
Unknown the hour, unfelt the pain,
Lest the wild joy to feel thee near
Should thrill me back to life again.
Come sudden, as the lightning ray,
When skies are calm and air is still,
E'en from the silence of its way
More sure to strike where'er it will.

Leaving the cloisters' shades, we emerged into the quiet streets, down which peasant girls were bringing home flocks of goats from the hillside, where they had browsed all day: each goat seemed to know its own habitation, and quietly walked in at the open door of its master's house. We now bent our way to the market-place, the focus of animation: all the people of the town were there—laughing and shrieking at the top of their voice with true Spanish shrillness.

As in most of the Spanish towns, the principal square had arcades all round, in which were the

shops; the numerous tents and booths were pitched in the centre of the place. The women looked picturesque in their white lace mantillas, which, however, were by no means so becoming to them as their black ones. The men seemed all to have put on their new winter caps, so brilliant were their hues—brightest crimson, purple, and brown. The proper adjusting of the said caps, which in shape resembled that of an old-fashioned nightcap, seemed of the highest importance. We saw a group surrounding a handsome lad of sixteen, arranging his brilliant carmine cap in half a dozen different fashions ere they were satisfied with the general effect. Some wear the cap with the long end, hanging on one side of their faces, others let it fall at the back, or turn the end over their heads, so that the general effect resembles the head-gear of an Italian peasant woman. There were cakes and fritters of all sorts frizzling over charcoal fires, ears of maize being roasted in queer black pots, and innumerable vendors of iced drinks and lemonades, all praising their wares with discordant cries, which speedily drove us from the scene.

The Catalans are not handsome: they are a sturdy, strong-built, robust race. They have ever been a rebellious, independent people: at one time they were almost a province of brigands and smugglers. Within the last few months they have shown their determination and power of will, by sending up a strong deputation to Madrid, to obtain the repeal of an Act they considered injurious to their trade, and, in spite of court and cabinet ministers, gaining their point.

On our return to the Fonda, we found the Señora, undeterred by our arguments, and determined to have her way, busily occupied in arranging two extra beds in the small sleeping-room. We momentarily acquiesced, and proceeded to partake of a most homely dinner—*puchero*, or bread floating in greasy soup, with fish stuffed with garlic, consumptive fowls, and omelettes full of saffron. Having concluded this elegant repast, we resolved to test the merits of the Opera, which we saw advertised all over the town. Considering the size and small importance of Gerona, we expected to find a booth and a performance much on a par with what is to be met with at a Sunday fête at St. Cloud. What was our surprise to find a really pretty and tasteful little theatre, got up with the minimum of expense and the maximum of taste. The decorations were of the simplest nature, mere tastefully painted boards, panelled with a simple beading, which was gilt. The merit consisted in the general fresh and gay appearance. The boxes contained but straw chairs, and the seats in the centre of the building were of rough, unplanned wood, more like perches than seats.

A well-painted drop-scene hid the stage from view. While the impromptu orchestra was trying our nerves to the utmost with its twanging and squeaking, we had time to look at the audience. All round the house was one tier of boxes, if they could be so named, as the divisions were low enough to admit of talking to neighbours on either side. In the centre, facing the stage, was a gorgeously decorated box, with the royal arms painted

over it, and, by a pleasing fiction, reserved for majesty. Pretty faces adorned the balcony, and the dresses were so clean and fresh they would not have disgraced any Madrilénian belle. But the most attractive part of the audience were seated in the pit. Peasant women in all their finery—beads encircling their necks, heavy gold drops in their ears, and their thick glossy black hair coiled round and round at the back of their heads, and ornamented with silver filagree pins enriched with bottle-glass, or emeralds, as they call them. The men, with their gay Phrygian caps, further enlivened the scene. They took their places with the greatest order and decorum, and waited with exemplary patience for the rising of the curtain. It was indeed a pleasant sight to see the joyful, expectant faces all around, and to reflect on the quiet, harmless nature of their amusements, so different from the uproarious diversions of a Dutch kermis and the coarse brutality of an English fair. It is a great advantage to peasants where the costume is retained, as their good plain clothes give them an air of respectability which the poor in this country never have; tawdry bonnets and battered hats stand out ill in comparison with mantillas, clean bright handkerchiefs, and sombreros.

The "*Ballo in Maschera*" was given most creditably. The tenor had a rich oily voice; the bass was not very base; and though the prima donna shrieked at the top of a cracked voice, and behaved throughout more like a galvanised eel than a woman, still the little page had a true clear pipe like a throstle, and the general result was most creditable. The dresses were admirable, and the acting, if occasionally grotesque, was by so much the more amusing. Between every act a general rush out of the theatre took place to the neighbouring café, and great was the pains taken by the attending José that his Dulcinea should have her own place on her return. The peasants thoroughly enjoyed the whole performance, and encored rapturously, frowning indignantly at the strangers who allowed any occasional incongruity to betray them into laughter. The conclusion came all too soon, to judge by their faces. But the fun of the fair was not over. All night through, parties paraded the streets, singing ballads and love ditties with a vigour which did more credit to their lungs than their ears, and which elicited many an anathema from the gentlemen who, in spite of the landlady, had taken possession of the draughty "*comedor*" for the night.

Early the next morning we bade farewell to the grand old cathedral, where a priest was droning through matins. Crowds of working men, and women with picturesque white serge hoods on, were kneeling on the pavement, commencing the day with thanksgiving. From the top of the high steps was a splendid view of the Pyrenees, their grey peaks contrasting with the crimson streaks of early dawn. The prayers seemed soon ended, and men and women, as they ran down the long flight of stairs, exchanged friendly greetings. On their homeward way the women stopped at the baker's and slung on to their arms one or more large bracelets of loaves, which is the shape in which the staff of life is there manufactured.

THE CRY IN THE DARK



It was on Windermere, one sunny evening last autumn but one, that the following adventure was told me by a kindly middle-aged gentleman, whose pleasant acquaintance I had made at the hotel where I was staying. We had come out with the intention of fishing, and were anchored about twenty yards off shore on the farther side of the lake; but finding the perch in no humour to bite while the sun was so high, we sat chatting and smoking, and watching the purple shadows steal slowly up the sides of the great hills that guard the head of the lake, biding our time patiently till the fish should be hungry enough to be tempted by our bait. I had been taking a walking tour through Lakeland, and my companion had made

the ascent of Fairfield on the previous day; so that our conversation, working gradually round from divergent points, at length fell naturally on pedestrianism, and the amount of health and pleasure to be derived from travelling through a country on foot; and it was upon this hint that my companion spake as follows:

When I was a young fellow (said he), that is to say, more than thirty summers ago, I was as fond of walking tours as anybody. The first I ever took was through Cornwall, when I was but a lad of seventeen; on which occasion I met with a little adventure which, with your good pleasure, I will relate to you as soon as I have lighted another cigar.

With a six weeks' holiday in view before returning to the drudgery of my father's office, and with a purse not badly supplied, I set out on my tour, determined to enjoy myself after my own free and independent fashion; and to thoroughly explore the romantic country I had chosen as the scene of my wanderings, which was at that time little better than a *terra incognita* to the ordinary run of tourists, who firmly believed they had seen everything that was worth seeing after staying for a few hours in each of the principal towns, and viewing the intermediate country from the top of a coach, or the windows of a post-chaise. For my part, I disdained all guide-books and road maps; and never knew, when I set out in a morning, what spot would be my resting-place at night. I delighted in cross-roads, and country lanes, and sheep tracks among the hills; any footpath or bye-way that led from the dusty prosaic high-road had allurements for me that I could rarely resist. I had been leading this pleasant sort of life for about a fortnight, gradually working my way south-westward towards the sea, when late one afternoon—a gloomy overcast afternoon, as I well remember—I overtook a pedlar among the hills, a German-Jew fellow, with a box hanging from a strap over his shoulder; and as the road was very lonely, and we both happened to be going the same way, we naturally fell into conversation; for in those days I was always ready to make the acquaintance of anybody. The road we were travelling was little more than a bridle path among the hills which I had taken by chance, neither knowing nor caring whither it might lead me; and it was to such effect that I answered my companion, when he asked me for what place I was bound. He greeted my answer with a smile, and a little shrug of the shoulders, which might either be one of pity at the idea of any rational being finding pleasure or profit in such aimless wanderings, or one of disbelief at what he perhaps considered a too transparent attempt to impose upon his credulity. After trudging along in silence for a short time, he remarked that he was bound for a certain town which he named, some dozen miles away; that he had taken the road through the hills, hoping to find it a near cut; that he had never been that way before; and that he had heard there was a roadside inn some mile or two further on, where we could probably obtain accommodation for the night, as it would be dark in less than an hour, and to attempt to find one's way across the moors after dark would be the height of folly. He concluded by asking me whether I did not want a splendid gold watch, or a chain, or a ring, or a breastpin, or a set of studs—any or all of which he would let me have at a ridiculously low figure. Finding all his attempts to trade of no avail, he shrugged his shoulders again, pulled up his box a little higher on his back, and, becoming *bon camarade* on the instant, offered me his box full of choice foreign tobacco, and suggested a friendly pipe as the best alleviation of the toils of the way; a proposition to which I readily agreed, for, young as I was, I had learnt the art of smoking. And so, walking, smoking, and chatting pleasantly together, an hour or more sped quickly away; and I hardly knew how nearly dark it was till my com-

panion pointed to a faint light shining in the distance, and declared that it must proceed from the inn of which we were in quest. I have said nothing hitherto as to the personal appearance of my pedlar friend. In person he was thin and wiry, with keen mobile features, sharpened and intensified by the close bargaining of many years. In age he might be fifty, or rather more; and his hair and beard, both of them long and tangled, and once black, were now fast becoming grey. He wore small gold circlets through his ears. He spoke good English, but with a slight foreign accent; and, finally, I gathered from his brass-lettered box that his name was Max Jacoby.

Toiling slowly upward, we at length reached the summit of the hill, and found ourselves close to the inn of which we were in search. The light we had seen so far away proceeded from a lantern suspended from the roof of a rude shed close to the inn, where a tall brawny young savage, of most forbidding aspect, was effecting some rude repairs to a rickety tumble-down cart. There was a light, too, in at least one room of the inn, as we saw through a chink in the wooden shutter with which the window was jealously guarded: otherwise the place seemed dark, silent, and tenantless. On inquiring of the young savage whether we could be accommodated for the night, he replied that he did not know, but that we had better knock at the door and ask the master. Not being in the habit of knocking at the doors of country inns, I lifted the latch, intending to walk in without ceremony; but finding the door would not yield to my efforts, I was obliged, after all, to accept the suggestion offered me, and knock. A delay of half a minute or so, and then the door was opened as far as the chain within would allow, and the landlord stood before us and inquired what we wanted. Could he accommodate us for the night? we asked. He rubbed his hand slowly over his chin, mused a moment, and then replied that he thought he could perhaps do so, unfastening the chain at the same time to admit us.

We found ourselves in a room of considerable size, poorly furnished with a few chairs, and two tables of the commonest kind, but looking cheerful just then in the light of the large fire burning in a grate at one end of the room. Jacoby drew a chair up to the fire with an air of enjoyment, and relieved himself of his box, placing it close by his side where he could keep a half-eye constantly upon it, requesting me at the same time to order what I pleased for supper. The landlord had disappeared into an inner room or kitchen, from which there now issued, in answer to my summons, a tall big-boned mulatto woman, attired in a check cotton gown, and having a red kerchief bound round her head. This apparition was so unexpected, and seemed to me so ludicrous and out of place in a lonely Cornish inn, that I could not help bursting into an irrepressible fit of laughter as the woman stepped forward into the room; but the dark scowl that chased away the good-natured grin with which she had just greeted me, warned me not to carry my amusement too far. On strict inquiry, the capabilities of the house resolved themselves into an unlimited supply of eggs and bacon; so we were fain to give our

orders accordingly. After the remnants of the meal had been cleared away, the landlord himself entered the room to ask what we would like to drink. Certainly a very low, smooth, insinuating voice, very different from that of a rude country landlord. He was a large-built fleshy man, with a red, fresh-coloured, whiskerless face, which gave you at the first glance the idea of great good-nature, combined with an equal amount of stolid indolence; but when those heavy overhanging lids were fairly raised, and you caught a full glance from the grey restless eyes beneath them—restless and treacherous as those of a tiger—then you felt that there was something more than somnolent good nature about this man,—that there was an iron will to do and to dare beneath that impassive exterior.

Jacoby chose some whisky on the landlord's recommendation, and I ordered a tumbler of the same, more for "the good of the house," as the saying is, than because I cared to drink it. On Jacoby's invitation the landlord came and joined us; for the pedlar was fond of society, and probably thought he saw some chance of driving a bargain; at all events, after imbibing a glass or two of whisky, he grew more talkative than ever, and at last lifted his box on to his knees, opened it, and spread out on the table a quantity of cheap jewellery, which looked very bright and glittering by candlelight, but was, in reality, of very small intrinsic value; and endeavoured, by a voluble and energetic harangue, to tempt the landlord into becoming a purchaser. That calm and sententious individual examined the baubles one by one, replaced them carefully on the table, and ended by expressing his opinion of them by a little silent laugh, and two or three extra puffs from his pipe; thereby intimating, as plainly as though he had said so in as many words, "Rubbish, every bit of it: don't attempt to deceive me!"

Jacoby, with a shrug, put away his wares, closed his box, and resumed his pipe. A grateful space of silence intervened. The pedlar was drinking heavily, and the landlord took care to keep his glass constantly replenished. Before long the effects of the fiery liquor began to make themselves visible in his flushed face, and thick unsteady tones; that mixture of shrewdness and caution which, so far as I could judge, characterised his dealings with every one, seemed suddenly to desert him; he became at once noisy, boastful, and confiding.

"I've something here, now, that it will do your eyes good to look at," he exclaimed, drawing a small leather bag from some hidden pocket. "Gems of the first water. See here, and here! What do you say to these?" and he poured into his hand a number of small brilliants, all of them unset, which, even in that wretched light, shone and scintillated like star dust, or chippings from the great belt of Orion. "Oh, my darlings, how I love you!" said Jacoby, fondly. "You're easier to carry than silver or gold, and far prettier to look at. A ragged coat is not always the sign of a poor man, master landlord."

He shook his head with drunken gravity; gave another fond look at his treasures; then deposited

them in the bag; and by a sleight-of-hand movement disposed of the bag and its contents about his person. The landlord's heavy eyelids were lifted with surprise as the pedlar held out the brilliants in his palm; and he greeted them with a long stealthy glance from the corners of his greedy, treacherous eyes, then let his eyelids fall again, and went on with his smoking as though there were no such things as diamonds in the world.

"You do not drink, young gentleman," said the landlord to me after a while. "I am afraid the whisky is not to your taste."

"The whisky is very excellent, I have no doubt," I replied; "but I rarely drink spirits of any kind, more especially when I have a long day's walk before me on the morrow."

"Then perhaps you will allow me to brew you a cup of *café-au-lait*. I learnt the art when I was a young fellow knocking about Paris, and I flatter myself that I can do it tolerably well. And you too, Mr. Pedlar, would be none the worse for a drop of coffee. What say you?"

"Just as you like, *mein Knabe*; just as you like. This drink which I have here is very good, but I suppose I've had enough of it."

The landlord set to work with alacrity, and in a few minutes produced an excellent cup of coffee, such, certainly, as I had never tasted before. Immediately after the coffee was ready, the little clock in the corner struck ten, and on hearing it, both Jacoby and I arose, and asked to be shown to our rooms, for we had the prospect of a long tramp before us next day. The mulatto woman and the young savage had retired some time before; so the landlord in person lighted our candles, and ushered us up the rickety stairs, on the top of which we found ourselves in a gloomy corridor lighted from the roof, having doors opening out of it on either side. My room was at one end of this passage, and Jacoby's at the other. The landlord having seen each of us into his room, bade us a cheerful good-night; and next moment I heard the creaking of the stairs as he went down into the lower parts of the house. I was about to close my door, when Jacoby called to me from his room, "Good-night, ole fellow! Don't oversleep y'self in th' morning." I responded to his greeting, and then closed and locked the door. The bedroom, like every other part of the house I had seen, was poorly and scantily furnished, and was of an old-fashioned, tumble-down appearance. Across the whole length of the low ceiling ran a thick heavy beam, from the middle of which stood out conspicuously a small strong hook, which at once connected itself in my mind with the idea of some antecedent suicide; the floor in many places was rough and uneven; the window consisted of small diamond panes set in lead, and barred with iron; the door was of old black oak; and there was a descent of two steps into the room.

I had sat down to note these things, and was partly undressed, when I suddenly stumbled forward, and found that I had unconsciously gone to sleep while sitting in the chair. A deadly stupor and lethargy, such as I had never experienced before, seemed suddenly to weigh down both my

body and brain. I got up, but could scarcely stand; and when I attempted to walk, I reeled forward towards the bed like a drunken man; and sank with my head on the pillow, weighed down by a heaviness unspeakable; and knew nothing more. The coffee had undoubtedly been drugged.

How long I had slept I cannot tell—whether hours, or minutes only—when I suddenly found myself sitting up in bed, trembling with horror, and with a wild cry of agony ringing shrilly through my brain.

“Murder!”

The sharp intense cry of one in dire extremity. Whose voice it was that gave utterance to it, and from what part of the house it proceeded, I could not tell; I only knew that without any preliminary waking, as it seemed to me, I found myself sitting up in bed, staring, with wildly-beating heart, into the intense darkness around me, not remembering for the moment where I was, my brain still ringing with that terrible cry. But I had scarcely time to gather my scattered wits together, when, following quickly on the cry, came the sound of a pistol-shot, evidently close at hand; then a heavy fall on the floor; and then all was still.

I had called to mind by this time where I was, and all the occurrences of the evening; and on hearing the shot I leaped out of bed, and made for the door, and after groping about for a moment or two found it. I had locked the door before getting into bed, and now unfastened it; but on attempting to open it, found that I could not do so. It was evidently fastened outside; but for what purpose? Had it been done to prevent me from going to the assistance of the pedlar? That cry, that pistol-shot—poor Jacoby must have been murdered in his bed, and it would doubtless be my turn next! Dead men tell no tales.

I was without arms, except a small clasp knife; a knife which I had had when a school-lad, and still carried from long habit. This would probably be of little or no service in any coming encounter, but I got it ready nevertheless, tying my handkerchief round the haft so as to obtain a firmer grip. Nothing in the room that I could have piled against the door could have opposed for one moment the entrance of anyone determined on coming in. I examined the window again, hoping to find sufficient space between the bars to allow of my creeping through and dropping to the ground; but the hope proved futile. I groped my way back to the bed, and sat down on the edge of it. I trembled no longer. The first surprise was over, and although the suspense was terrible, I prepared like a man to meet the worst that could happen to me. I felt very cold, chilled to the marrow, so I laid down my knife for a moment, and wrapped my travelling plaid carefully round me. My thoughts wandered away to my mother. How she would wonder what had become of her boy, and sit at home with sad patience, month after month, waiting to greet him who would never cross the threshold more; but a little sob that burst irrepressibly from my heart warned me not to give way, and recalled my thoughts to the imminent danger before me. Yes, I would sell my life dearly, if they did not

shoot me down before I had time to make one effort for my deliverance. But why did they not come? A deathlike silence reigned through the house; not a whisper, not a footfall; a silence and darkness as of the grave, intense and horrible, not long to be borne without madness. Was my bedroom door really fast? Had I, in my nervous haste, examined it sufficiently to be sure of the fact? I rose, and groped my way to the door, and examined it carefully again, assuring myself this time that it must really be secured on the other side. As I said before, there was a descent of two steps into the room; and as I moved my bare feet along these steps in my efforts to open the door, I slid one of them into a cold liquid pool of something which was trickling slowly into the room. I fell back as though I had been shot. I was but a boy, remember, and scarcely recovered from a long illness brought on by over-study: my nerves were still weak, and this last horror was more than I could bear. A sickness, as of death, crept over me; my senses left me; and I fell to the ground.

When I regained my consciousness the room was still quite dark; but the outline of the window stood out, a faint gray square, from the surrounding blackness, and I knew that the blessed daylight was at hand. With a shudder I drew myself farther away from the door, away into the farthest corner of the room, and there crouched up against the wall, sat, expecting I knew not what.

The terrible stillness which had oppressed me so heavily before, still reigned through the house. Not the faintest murmur of a voice, not the lightest footfall on the floor, anywhere to be heard. Why had I been fastened up in that gloomy room? Did they intend to leave me there to starve? But for what purpose? What was to be gained by such a step? What had become of Jacoby? Was it he who had given utterance to that cry of agony in the dark? I exhausted a thousand conjectures as I crouched in my corner watching the dawn slowly brighten, and still keeping my eyes fixed on the door, under which I knew a thin red stream was slowly oozing. I could see it at last, a shining patch on the dark oak step, where it had fallen drop by drop during the long night hours. I could not take my eyes off it, they seemed wedded to it by a terrible fascination. I watched it while the day broadened by imperceptible degrees. I got up after a time and went slowly towards it. I must try the door again. Perhaps with daylight to assist me, I might discover some mode of escape. Ah, what a great dark patch still creeping slowly under the door! Slowly I approached it. Nearer and nearer.

Thank Heaven! not blood, but water!

In the revulsion of feeling caused by this discovery, I sank on my knees by the side of the bed, and burst into a passion of sobs and tears; and became thereby stronger and calmer, and again felt the sweet hopes of life nestle warmly round my heart.

On again trying the door, which was strong and heavy, and made of dark old oak, I ascertained for a fact that it was fastened outside; the

keyhole I found to be covered by a plate on the other side. I carefully examined the window once more, but the iron bars were too close and strong to afford me the slightest chance of escape that way. The chimney, too, after a glance, was abandoned as hopeless. That unaccountable stillness still continued, although it was now broad day. I would break it at any risk, happen what might. I went back to the door and shook it, and hallooed with all my strength, calling Jacoby and the landlord by name; but there came no response save a few dull echoes, and when they died away, silence fell on the place once more.

There was a small semicircular opening near the top of the door, probably intended originally as a means of ventilation to the room, and while casting about for some way of escape, the thought struck me that by getting on a chair and looking through the opening, I might ascertain something that would be of service to me. Next moment I had placed one of the two rickety chairs close to the door, and mounting it with caution, found that my eyes were exactly on a level with the opening. On looking through, my glance traversed, first, the floor of the passage, following the thread of water, and tracing it back by degrees to the door of Jacoby's room, which, as stated before, was opposite mine, at the other end of the passage, and which, I now saw, as I followed the stream with my eyes, was standing wide open. Having traced the thread of water till it was lost behind the angle of the entrance to the pedlar's room, my glance fell on a small dressing-table standing in the room exactly opposite the door; and from the dressing-table went up to an oval looking-glass placed thereon, and then stopped, suddenly transfixed with horror at seeing the reflection of a ghastly face staring intently at me from the glass.

It was the face of Jacoby without doubt, so much I could clearly distinguish; but although the eyes were wide open, and staring with grim fixity of purpose; and although the half-open lips seemed grinning at me in bitter derision; it was none the less the face of a dead man.

That my poor friend had been foully murdered I could no longer doubt; but how did it happen that I had escaped a similar fate? There was the white face, changeless and speechless; but beyond that all was conjecture and vague surmise. I got down gently from my post of observation, feeling very sick at heart, and more overcome just then, I think, with pity for the sad fate of my friend, than with apprehension for what might happen to myself. Still that same deathlike and oppressive silence, so that the buzzing of a fly on the window sounded in the stillness unnaturally loud and intrusive.

More impressed than ever with the necessity for immediate action, I began, as soon as I had in some measure recovered from the effect of seeing the face in the glass, to cast about in my mind again for some means of effecting my escape. Picking up my knife from the floor where it had lain neglected for some hours past, I at once set to work to try to cut away one of the panels of the stout old door; but I broke my knife before I had been at work five minutes, and then gave up the attempt in despair. There was a dreadful

fascination about that face in the glass which I found it impossible to resist, and standing on the chair, I again looked through the opening in the door, and turned my eyes slowly towards it, half expecting to find that it had disappeared. But it was still there, as grim, ghastly, and immovable as before. The pallid lips seemed to stir with inaudible words as I looked; but the wide-open eyes stared steadfastly into mine with a glassy changelessness of expression that chilled my blood to look upon.

Gathering heart somewhat after a time, I again went to work on the door with my broken knife; labouring on, hour after hour, with wearying persistency, but making such small progress that had I not felt that my life depended on the success of my efforts, I should have given up the task a hundred times in despair.

Noon came and went. A dull gnawing pain began to make itself felt, which I knew proceeded from the want of food, though hunger in the ordinary sense of the word I did not feel; I began to get weaker, too, as the afternoon advanced, and to labour like a man in a dream. I think that after a time I must have fallen into a kind of stupor, induced by weariness and exhaustion, as I sat before the door with my head resting in my hands. When I came to myself again, I found that the wind had risen, and that the first shades of evening were beginning to creep into the room. I stood up, weary, sick, and faint at heart, and asked myself how it would be possible to live through another night all alone in that terrible house. I calculated that even with daylight and my full strength, it would have been a work of several hours to cut my way out; and now both daylight and strength were failing me rapidly.

A dull lowering evening, with rain and heavy wind. Hark! what a blast was that! it seemed to shake the rickety old house to its foundations, making the floors creak, and the windows rattle, and the whole tumble-down edifice to shiver and groan in the grasp of its invisible arms. Suddenly I was startled by the clashing of some distant door; then there was a faint rustle and whisper up the stairs and along the passage, as though the ghost of the murdered man were coming back to revisit its tenement; then the strong gust outside swept swiftly away down the valley inland; and a brief lull followed. It was needful that I should look once more on the face in the glass while there was still sufficient daylight left to see it by. I felt drawn to do this by some inward necessity, some occult magnetism working against my better nature. What, then, was my surprise and horror when, on looking once more through the opening in the door, and staring steadfastly into the glass, I saw that it was blank—that the face was no longer there!

I looked, and looked again, but with the same result; the face had certainly disappeared; the glass reflected nothing but the opposite wall of the room, and part of the furniture of a bed. The blood round my heart grew cold as I looked; I got off the chair, and went and sat down in the corner of the room farthest from the door, and peered fearfully into the gathering gloom; struggling hard to crush down the dim ghostly fancies,

and vague hauntings of terror, which began to troop wildly around me, and claim me for their own. Whither had that white face vanished? I kept on asking myself the question again and again. In the first strangeness of the discovery I had flung aside my broken knife, and I now felt an utter and invincible disinclination to rise from that far corner, search for it on the floor, and resume my labours on the door. How suddenly the evening had darkened! Was that a hand which touched my cheek in the dusk? Whose hand? And hush! was not that a whisper—a rustle close beside me? Would the floor creak so loudly unless some one whom I could not see were walking across it?

Above the loud howling of the wind, I heard wild shrieks of demoniac laughter. There were creatures abroad that night, such as the daylight never looked upon. They called me by name—they shouted to me to join them; and far away, along the flinty high-road, I heard more of them coming with a quick tramp. They were mounted on their demon steeds, and they would carry me away with them out of that terrible house, and we should gallop all night with the storm.

Be still ye throbbing pulses! Grant me a moment's respite—give me time for one last prayer, ere sense and reason desert me altogether!

Louder and louder came the tramp of the horses: no demon steeds those, but veritable animals of flesh and blood. A minute of terrible suspense, and then I heard a loud knocking at the front door, and the confused sound of several voices all talking at once. The first knock dissipated all those weird cobweb fancies of an over-wrought brain, which had held me powerless but a moment before. I sprang to the window, flung open the casement, and cried aloud for help. I know not what I said, but next moment, as it seemed to me, I saw myself surrounded by half-a-dozen kindly faces, and felt that I was safe.

My rescuers proved to be a party of jovial farmers, returning from a distant fair. In a few brief sentences, I gave them an outline of my story—a story which received a ghastly confirmation when they entered the pedlar's room. Both Jacoby and the treacherous landlord lay dead—the latter in a corner of the room, close to an overturned water-jug, with a bullet through his brain; holding in one hand a long, sharp bowie-knife, and a dark lantern in the other. Jacoby was in the bed, in a half-sitting posture, stabbed to the heart; holding, firmly clenched in one hand, the pistol with which, in the one last moment granted him on earth, he had wrought such swift vengeance on his murderer. When we entered the room the face of Jacoby was invisible—hidden from us by the loose, dimity curtain, which hung from the head of the bed; and which the wind, when it burst open the badly-secured casement, and rushed into the room, had lifted up, and flung tenderly over the dead man's face, as if in reverent pity at so sad a spectacle. The bed stood just behind the angle of the entrance into the room; and from the position of the body, the face, when uncovered, was fully reflected in the oval glass, which stood on the dressing-table, nearly opposite the foot of the bed. A further

examination revealed that both the pedlar's box and pockets had been rifled of their contents. This, evidently, could not have been the work of the landlord; his career had been cut short too soon for that, whatever his ultimate intentions might have been. The robbery was, therefore, set down as the work of the mulatto woman and the young savage, and steps were at once taken to procure their arrest; which desirable consummation was effected some three weeks later at Liverpool, as they were about to embark for Australia. Some of the property of the murdered man was found in their possession. The woman's version of the affair was as follows:

She stated, that she was awakened sometime in the night by a loud cry of "Murder!" quickly followed by a pistol-shot, and a heavy fall. That being too frightened to get out of bed, she lay trembling and listening for more than an hour, after which she summoned sufficient courage to creep stealthily out of the house, and make her way to the loft over the stable, where the young savage slept; that together they had, after a time, ventured up-stairs, where they found both Jacoby and the landlord dead. This must have occurred while I lay insensible in the room. That, thereupon, they had loaded themselves with the property of the dead man, and absconded together. As there was no evidence to prove any complicity on their part in the murder, their version of the affair was taken as the correct one, and punishment meted out to them accordingly.

I may just say, in conclusion, that it was afterwards discovered by the police that the landlord of the lonely inn was a notorious forger of whom they had long been in search—a man originally of some education and breeding, but whose numerous misdeeds had at length made his ordinary haunts so hot for him, that he found it advisable to withdraw himself for a year or two from public notice, and bury his talents in the distant wilds of Cornwall. T. S.

FISH GROWTH.

THE old adage, which holds good under so many varied circumstances, of truth being stranger than fiction, was never better exemplified than in the numerous controversies that have arisen about the growth of fish, and which have been carried on with great vigour by the learned in such matters. The wars of the naturalists have been as bitter and prolonged as those other wars promoted by kings for the purpose of conquest or the acquisition of territory; and great or small as uninterested people may deem these intellectual battles, some of them are of more than common interest—particularly those fought under the sign of Pisces. There have been the parr, the grise, and the salmon growth controversies in connection with the *Salmonidae*; and there has been a fierce sprat and herring controversy, as well as a hot contest about the transformation of crabs, the natural history of eels, the food of salmon; while the loves of the *Gadida* have also afforded matter for disputation. There is so little known concerning the natural history of fish and crustacea,

our naturalists (from want of opportunity, we presume) have told us so little about these inhabitants of the great world of water—especially as regards the question of growth—that we must cease to wonder at the learned wrangling which has taken place, the ignorance of the subject betrayed by people of considerable learning, or the length of time many of the controversies have lasted.

The disputes connected with the fishes of the salmon family have, for instance, been raging for about a century and a half. Parr, smelt, grilse, and salmon have each in turn supplied a theme for discussion, and as *Salmo Salar* is the acknowledged King of Fishes—the venison of the waters, as the great stag is the monarch of the British forests—it will be only a grateful concession to the throne to consider first what has been said about his birth, breeding, and growth, as his biography is far from being uneventful.

Between its cradle and its grave, a period averaging four years, the salmon undergoes no end of adventure. It is usually born in the rippling waters of some tributary to a large river. The parent fish in the early winter-time plough up the gravel with their snouts and tails till a suitable trench for the deposition of their spawn is formed. The eggs, being duly deposited by the female fish and fructified by the milt, are left to their fate; and whether the river foam in flood, or be frozen over, or dried up at its source, the eggs remain. But they are not hatched in forty-eight hours, as was once asserted by a wise salesman of Billingsgate! nor even in twice forty-eight days are they certain to be in life. The sharp winds of February must toss about the water, and the suns of March and April require to light up the river, before the eggs come to maturity, and the young fish bursts from its fragile prison. A very small number of salmon eggs are hatched, so that the quantity deposited is usually out of all proportion to the fish which are born; the percentage of loss being enormous. It was long a disputed point with naturalists how fish eggs were rendered fruitful; and notwithstanding what has been so well demonstrated at the Stormontfield breeding-ponds, some folks will not believe that the fructification of salmon or other ova is a purely external act.

One of the most prolonged controversies about fish-growth, has been in connection with the infant salmon: it is known as the parr controversy, and has been carried on for a great number of years by a succession of clever disputants. The young of *Salmo Salar* are best known as parr, although on some rivers they are called samlets, salmon-fry, branlin, fingerling, &c. The dispute regarding the parr arose from its being set down by naturalists as a distinct animal, perfect and complete in itself, and not the young of any other fish. This delusion lasted for a century, till at last there arose infidels and heretics, observing men, looking and thinking for themselves, who came to the conclusion that parr were salmon in their most infantile stage. This was at once set down by the naturalists of the old school as "flat blasphemy;" but the idea moved for all that, as did the earth in the time of Galileo. Proof was

demand, and in good time proof was forthcoming—and, strange to say, Mr. Robert Buist, the conservator of the river Tay, and the moving spirit of the Stormontfield salmon-breeding experiments, who has recently witnessed over and over again the transformation of the parr into salmon, was the Pope of the old school, whose one fixed idea was that parr were parr, and parr only. He was encountered in those days by the Ettrick Shepherd, one of the very earliest to doubt "the distinct fish" theory. Hogg, while wandering about in the quiet pastoral districts of the South of Scotland, saw, as he tells us in one of his egotistical essays, "the bits o' things changing their skin before his ain twa e'en;" he saw the finger'd bars of the parr melt away only to reveal the silver scales of the smelt; and seeing this year after year, he became perfectly certain that parr were young salmon. How to convince the old sceptics of this fact was the great difficulty with Hogg. However, as he used to say, "necessity is the mother of invention;" and from necessity he invented a plan of marking the fish, and in the country smithies he advertised his plan, described his marks, and offered handsome rewards, in the shape of gills of whisky, to all who would bring him the fish he had marked in their next stage of growth. By this plan he procured abundant proof of the correctness of his theory; but the naturalists were still sceptical. "No doubt," said they, "this smelt is the young of the salmon, but then it is the young salmon you have marked, and not the true parr." Hogg was quite convinced himself of the thoroughness of his experiments, but as for "they asses of naturalists," as he called the savans who took part with him in the dispute, "there is no convincing them except by mathematics, an' ye canna mak' diagrams and figures out o' the parr question."

Although the Shepherd of Ettrick died without making a great many converts to what was called by scientific people his "mad theory," yet he left a disciple who carried out his ideas and proved his case. Mr. Shaw, forester to the Duke of Buccleuch at Drumlanrig, the re-discoverer of pisciculture, was determined to have the question set at rest; and in order that there might be no doubt about his facts, he commenced by gathering the eggs of the salmon from the spawning beds and placing them in water where they could be hatched under his own eye. These eggs in due season quickened into life, and as duly in process of time they became salmon, changing from the parr to the smelt state, and in Mr. Shaw's opinion his experiment was triumphant. "Oh dear, no," said the old theorists, "you have proved nothing; the whole process is a mistake; you have not obtained the eggs of the real parr at all; it is salmon eggs you have taken, and there is no merit in growing salmon from their own eggs."

Mr. Shaw's enthusiasm was a little cooled, no doubt, by this attempt to put him down; but, by and by, he returned to his experiments with renewed vigour, and speedily carried out a plan which was destined to settle peremptorily one phase of the parr question. He caught the male and female fish, and depriving them of their

spawn, placed it in his pond to hatch. Again he was successful. The eggs at the proper time disclosed their fish; these in a short time were seen to be unmistakeable parr: after a period becoming smelts, and so growing through all the grilse stages into undoubted salmon. Curiously enough, another practical man had engaged in similar experiments, almost simultaneously with Mr. Shaw. Mr. Young, of Inverahin, manager of fisheries to the Duke of Sutherland, by a similar process had also convinced himself that the parr was the young of the salmon. The experiments of these gentlemen, however, originated a new branch of controversy. Granting that the parr had been proved to be the young of *Salmo Salar*, the question now was—At what time did it become a smelt? In one year, said Mr. Shaw. "Nay," said Mr. Young, "it is two years before the change takes place." Both gentlemen have been found, by means of the experiments at Stormontfield, to be right. One-half of the parr of any year's hatching undergo their metamorphosis into smelts and depart for the sea at the end of twelve months from the date of their being hatched; the other moiety does not depart for the sea till a space of two years has elapsed!

This curious anomaly in the growth of the salmon has never been explained. Up till the experiments of Shaw and Young, the smelt was always considered to be the fry of the salmon in its most infantile stage—in fact, the fishmonger who asserted that the spawn of that valuable fish was hatched in forty-eight hours, was not worse informed than the men who supposed that the fish within a few days of its breaking the shell grew to be a smelt six or seven inches long and of corresponding girth. It is impossible to account for the young fish being thus divided—one half changing the one year, and the other half in the year following. Before these various experiments were made, no one, of course, had noticed this remarkable circumstance in the history of the salmon. The parr being thought a distinct fish, attention was centred in the smelt, and, as has been stated, it was thought to be the young salmon grown magically large within a few weeks of its birth. The little fry, the parr, are on most salmon rivers captured in thousands. At some places they used to be advertised, just like white-bait, as a rare fish delicacy, nobody taking into account that in every female parr which they placed in their fryingpan they were killing a countless number of future salmon. As a matter of course, a considerable percentage of fish are still spared (out of the large number of eggs which are annually hatched) to become smelts; these, again, have their own particular enemies. On their way to the sea they become the prey of innumerable anglers, and on their arrival at the salt water they are waited upon by a horde of sea cannibals, who straightway begin to feast upon them, decimating the arriving shoals with the greatest possible industry. A twenty-pound female salmon will yield twenty thousand eggs, but about half of that number only will come to life; as many of them will waste for want of fructification; others will be devoured by the yellow trout or other fishes, and many more by the wild fowl. Again,

a few thousands of the parr will be lost long before they become smelts; and these latter will, from various causes, be reduced in the river and sea to about a third of their original number; these again changed into grilse, will gradually be seized upon by fishermen and anglers, till only a very few of the original fish are left to become salmon and perpetuate their kind.

Before discussing one or two other interesting features of salmon-growth, it may be as well to allude to a dispute which is yet going on, very similar to the parr controversy. It has already been shaped into a pertinent question, and "What is a sprat?" is ever and anon being asked by both the ignorant and the learned. Well, as in the case of the parr, and the two cases are very similar, there are people who believe a sprat to be just a sprat, and nothing more. But there are others, equally learned, who say that a sprat is a young herring. There has been some fighting over these two propositions—the sprat-and-nothing-but-a-sprat men assert that their fish is a totally distinct individual, and neither the son nor the daughter of old *Clupea harengus*. "The sprat has a different shape." "The sprat has a serrated abdomen." "The sprat has a larger number of vertebrata." "The sprat is very oily." "The sprat has its fins differently placed from the herring." "The sprat is—in fact, the sprat is a distinct fish, and that's all about it," say the "old fogies." "All the differences you mention," reply the other side, "are of no consequence, the serrated belly is a mere provision for growth; the oiliness of the sprat cannot be greater than that of the pilchard; the fins will be adjusted as the animal grows, and so will the shape; depend upon it we are correct, and that sprats are young herring."

So the dispute stands for the present, and there is no pond for breeding herring where the question might be solved. Some of the objectors to the young of the herring being thought sprats, say that they have specimens with spawn in them, and that were they not a separate fish it could not be charged with spawn. But this argument must fail, because plenty of young parr have been taken in the Tay and elsewhere with spawn. Indeed, at the Stormontfield ponds the milt from a male parr was used to impregnate the ova of a full-grown female salmon! It is certain, too, that as a general rule the sprat is not found with either roe or milt developed in it; it is likewise certain that sprats and young herring are found in the same shoals, they are sold indiscriminately as sprats, and millions of them are annually consumed in London and elsewhere. After the dogmatic way in which the parr question was argued, it would be unsafe to assert that the sprat may not some day be proved to be the young of the herring (*Clupea harengus*), or of the pilchard (*Clupea pilchardus*). The French, we believe, are taking steps to solve the question by means of their large salt-water aquarium. M. Coste, who is great in all questions connected with pisciculture, will add another laurel to his brows if he succeed in determining the question of What is a sprat?

A case in point as regards fish-growth, although the crustaceans are not exactly fish, has been

much disputed in reference to the natural history of the crab. The young crab in its earlier stages was gravely described by various naturalists as a distinct animal. Naturalists are so ignorant of how the work of growth is carried on in the fish world—in fact, it is so difficult to investigate points of natural history in the depths of the sea—that we cannot wonder at less being known about marine animals than about any other class of living things. Pisciculture has settled the parr controversy, and to the system of artificial cultivation we must look ultimately for the solution of others of our fish mysteries. As to the crab dispute, it is only of late years that the various metamorphoses undergone by that popular crustacean have come to be understood. The crab yields a great number of eggs, and these, when hatched, yield an animal not in the remotest degree like the parent; hence the mistakes which have been so frequently made about the time necessary to mature a crab for table purposes. It was Slabber, a Dutch naturalist, who first started the idea of this crustacean metamorphosis; and, as in the case of Shaw and the parr, he was taunted with having made a blunder. He kept a zoea in water, in order that it might grow into one of the higher crustacea under his own eye; and so it was said that "Slabber lost his zoea in changing the sea water, and that another animal came with the added portion." It was thought by all scientific men to be a wonderful discovery when Mr. Vaughan Thompson announced, in corroboration of Slabber, the remarkable fact of the genus zoea, founded by Box, being nothing else but the higher crustacea, in an early stage of their development. We know the kind of worms that our butterflies grow from, and most people are convinced that these crawling animals do get themselves changed into winged insects, and flutter out a brief life in the sunbeams; but the rule of belief in the changes of marine animals seems to be different, and so we have still people who cannot believe that a parr will some day become a salmon, or that the zoea will assuredly change into the highest order of crustacean life.

Perhaps, as we are now on the subject of crustacea, we may just remind the reader of the wonderful conditions of growth which are common to the greater number of our shell fish. Lobsters, crabs, shrimps, prawns, crayfish,—in fact, the crustaceans generally, have to change their shelly covering in order that they may increase in size. During the first year of their age the crab and lobster must change their suit of clothes more than once, they grow with such rapidity; but, as a rule, they have a new suit once a-year, and a wonderful power has been given them to throw off their old covering at the time of moulting. Crabs and lobsters have also the privilege of growing a new limb, whenever it is necessary for them to dispense with an old one, which they sometimes do in cases of fright or from accident. When from either cause a limb is destroyed, nature supplies a new one with great rapidity, either at once, or on the first occasion of exuviation.

Returning to the *Salmonidae*, there are several interesting points in the biography of *Salmo Salar*

that deserve mention, because every phase in the life of that king of fishes has been productive of controversy. Where does the salmon go to when it reaches the salt water? What is the cause of its going to the sea at all? What does it find to feed upon, and how quick does it grow? are slight samples of the questions which have been asked in reference to salmon growth. At one time wise people abounded who could answer these and similar queries off-hand, as it were; and one of the gravest assertions of the old writers about the salmon was, that the smelt, on arriving at the salt water, went off direct, and at lightning speed to the North Pole; a place where the common herring was also supposed to be a constant visitor. The real truth, however, is, that no one knows where the salmon goes to when it reaches the sea;—whether it proceeds to a great distance, or finds a luxuriant feeding-ground in the nearest deep water, has never been properly ascertained, but that it grows rapidly under the influence of the brine is certain. The curious instinct which leads the salmon, at certain seasons, to seek the salt water, and then to return to its native stream in order to perpetuate its kind, is another of the mysteries of salmon growth upon which different ideas prevail. It is said, that while in the salt water the salmon becomes infested with parasites of the crustacean kind, which it cannot get quit of till it reaches its native streams, or at least the fresh-water. Then, again, a kind of fresh-water louse fastens upon the animal in the river that is supposed to force it seaward; doubtless, however, these are but weak inventions of man to account for phases of life which are the nature of the animal, and which it was created to undergo. The sea seems to provide a rich feeding-ground for the salmon, for it returns home improved in condition and increased in size. Many of the smelts liberated from the breeding-ponds at Stormontfield were marked, in order to ascertain how long they would be absent, and at what rate they increased in size. These points have been from time to time pretty satisfactorily detailed. It will be found, for instance, that a moiety of the salmon born in March of the present year (1863) will go off to sea as smelts in the months of April and May, 1864; and that in the autumn of that year they will come back as pretty sizeable grilse, whilst the half of their brothers and sisters will be still in the breeding-ponds as parr! Smelts a few ounces in weight, when liberated, or marked in April (we speak now of the river Shin experiments), have been recaptured in the month of July, after having attained a weight of from four to seven pounds. It was thought at one time that grilse never became salmon; indeed, the assertion was very recently reiterated; but the point was firmly settled years ago by the Duke of Athole marking a great number of fish while in their grilse stage; and as salmon almost invariably return to their parent stream, it became an easy matter to note the capture of the marked animals, and observe the rate of growth, which was in every case found to be remarkable. A specimen marked on February 18th of a particular year, and then weighing

four pounds, was recaptured on June 28th, when it had increased in weight as much as five pounds, its total weight being, when recaptured, nine pounds. Another specimen increased eight pounds in a period of five months and a half. Whilst the salmon grows rapidly enough in its earlier stages, it is not thought that that fish grows now to the same size as in former years; a consequence, no doubt, of the increasing demand which has told so severely on some of our English streams as totally to impoverish them. Salmon of eighty pounds weight were known to exist fifty years ago, and salmon of fifty pounds were not at all rare, while fish of forty pounds were quite common; but now the usual run of salmon weigh from twelve to twenty-five pounds; and there are fishermen who assert, that the system of over-fishing, so long persevered in, is deteriorating the quality as well as diminishing the weight of the fish.

The salmon is not the only fish which migrates. The eel is also a great traveller, but in a way quite opposite to the salmon—that is to say, the eel spawns in the sea; and, at the proper season, the young fish ascend to the river, where they remain till they in turn are seized with the instinct to visit the salt water. The land crabs do the same, they proceed annually to the sea-shore in a great procession, travelling in a body from the far interior; they remain at the edge of the water for a few days, during which time they deposit their spawn, and then they return home to undergo their annual moult.

The migration of the common herring is an old story now, but is still occasionally revived by ignorant writers; and it is curious as showing the growth of knowledge in matters relating to the natural history of fish. The supposition was, that the herring was a native of the Polar regions, and that it annually came to the British coasts in a vast horde, in order to spawn, the young departing for the same icy region as soon as ever they were able to swim so far. It is a pity that this fine old myth has been submitted to the laws of logic: it was so imaginative, so poetic. The grand shoal, moved by certain weather influences, was depicted as setting out for Britain at an early period of the year. The body of fish was so immense as to defy enumeration. A space equal to all the parks of London, covered with herrings as close as they could lie together, and at least half a mile in depth, would not be anything like equal to a tenth part of this great herring "heer!" which annually came to us from the high latitudes of the north. This gigantic host of fish came in one great body as far as Iceland, where it was broken into two divisions, each of which took, by a marvellous instinct, its own proper route. The great army destined by its invasion to give wealth to the people of Britain, subdivided itself at the Shetland Islands, and with the precision of regularly disciplined soldiers, brigades departed to all the points of the compass; these again broke up into other squads, each finding out the particular bay or frith in which it was destined to pass the summer months, and perpetuate its kind, and at the same time yield food and wealth to thousands of the population. At the proper season, instinct

taught the various divisions of the herring army to unite for the homeward passage; and it is needless to state that the parties who invented the story took care that each division should join at the precise spot where it had separated, so that the body might reach its Polar home in the exact order of its departure. The young fish, after luxuriating for a time in the shallow waters, where they had come to life, gradually followed the example of their parents, and left for the far north, there to feed on the thousands of minute crustaceans which are known to inhabit those icy regions.

As regards the sprat, an ingenious "old voyager," who takes an interest in such questions, has informed the world, through a local newspaper, that it also is a migratory fish, but that its habits are in every respect the opposite of the herring; in other words, the sprat, he says, goes to the North Pole to spawn, and the young fish kindly come here in the winter months—to afford employment to the costermongers perhaps, and a dish for the Lord Mayor's feast. Of course, this idea is sheer nonsense, and is only worthy of citation, as showing the absurdities which people invent, in order to have a royal road to learning.

The sprat and the herring are as local to Britain and some other countries, as the whale is to Greenland. They breed and grow all along our coasts, all the year round, as do most kinds of British fish and crustacea. We have seen the herring in all its stages of growth, from the minute ova to the sizeable summer fish. A jar with herrings newly hatched was lately in our possession, the young fish swimming about like bits of feather or cotton thread, but it is impossible to keep them alive for any length of time, they are so fragile. It would be interesting, however, if herrings could be grown from the egg in presence of our naturalists, as indeed it would be in the case of all other kinds of fish; and there need be no despair on the subject, after what has been achieved in the case of the salmon at Stormontfield, and after what has been done in constructing oyster-beds in the seas, and breeding fresh-water fishes in the rivers of France. Although we are yet but groping, as it were, in the rudiments of sea-science, a time is rapidly approaching when we may hope to have the wonders of the deep revealed to us, of which we are now ignorant, so that we may know much more accurately than we do now the conditions which regulate the vast stores of food-wealth that lie at our command when we choose to do business in the great deep.

MORE RECOLLECTIONS OF A RETIRED BUTLER.

HAVING heard my former communication* very highly spoken of by many impartial judges, I have consented, at the earnest request of my young friend the barrister's clerk, to contribute my recollections of a dinner for eight, consisting of soup, &c., &c., &c., and when the principal guests were a company of actors playing in the neighbourhood. My master, Sir T— Z— was a great patron of the stage, and always took benefit

* See page 179.

tickets of the actors when they came into our neighbourhood, and was also in the habit of asking some of the best to dinner, and insisting on our servants treating them with the same respect and attention as the highest family in the neighbourhood. For my own part, my master's dining-table was my Board of Green Cloth, and any one sitting thereat had passed the rubicon for me, and was respected and waited on accordingly.

At the request of my young friend the B. C., I will begin at *medias res* (I don't know what it means), and not dwell upon the bill of fare or the cellar-book.

"You were an old friend of poor Buskin,* who died lately, were you not?" said Sir Thomas, addressing Mr. Spangles.

"Yes, Sir Thomas; I knew him from the time he made his first appearance. He had the making of a good actor, but was painfully sensitive—he cared too much for his audience. I remember one night he was playing *Hamlet* for his benefit. I was the *Ghost*—being a benefit night I played anything. Buskin had his own conception of the Royal Dane, and one of his points was this. When the *Ghost* had beckoned him to 'more removed ground,' *Hamlet* began a sort of telegraphic communication with 'his father's spirit,' now leaning on his sword, now waving his hand to the paternal shade, and then wiping the sweat drops from his brow. All this occupied some minutes, and the effect was far from bad, I assure you; but on this night, when poor Buskin was more anxious than usual to distinguish himself, a blackguard Irishman in the gallery bawled out, 'Make haste, Mr. Buskin, or you'll lose him.' Exit *Hamlet*, of course, uttering anything but the text of the divine William."

We all laughed (me behind my screen) at this story, and Mr. Buffboot remembered an incident connected with Buskin's early career, which he told as follows:

"Buskin really made a very favourable impression when he came out, and was (to use a theatrical phrase) very 'coally' upon himself. The leading lady of the company was a remarkably handsome person, remarkably so." Mr. Buffboot sighed, I remember, and then said, "Well! no matter! She loved 'not wisely, but too well,' and married a lawyer's clerk. When the company to which she and Buskin were attached concluded their season at B——, they had to proceed to the next town on their circuit, some twenty miles distant. The majority of the people went by coach or waggon—there was no railroad at that time—but Buskin and Miss Bugles were allowed by the manager to have a post-chaise, and to travel in state. I remember Adeline—I mean Miss Bugles, said (for it was she told me the story, and I 'with greedy ear did devour up her discourse') that they were surprised at the interest their departure occasioned in the gathered crowd, and the cheers which greeted them as they drove out of the inn-yard at the back of the theatre. As they passed through the town people ran to their doors and smiled them a good-bye, whilst troops of merry boys succeeded each other until the post-chaise had left

the town far behind them. They were surprised somewhat at their own popularity, for, to tell the truth, neither Buskin's nor Bugles' benefits had been over-productive; but now, every one upon the road paused to gaze at the passing carriage, smile, and wave them a farewell." Mr. Buffboot here flourished his napkin in a very graceful way, I recollect. "Onward sped the happy pair until they came to a small village about five miles from the town they had left, and to the great surprise of both, the same ovation awaited them. Boys still escorted them. Everyone still smiled upon them, and cheered with lusty shouts, until Buskin could not help remarking, 'I had no idea that we could have been so recognised. These people must have come frequently to the theatre, regardless of the distance.' "And we really must have made a strong impression upon their rude minds," replied Miss Bugles; "the fact promises well for the next season." On, on! still on! as the novelists say, and still the same pleasant greeting everywhere, and never did a happier couple pull up at the Red Lion to change horses than Harry Buskin and Adeline Bugles. They had brought a crowd with them to the inn door, and the waiter smiled so pleasantly when he invited them to alight, that it would have been churlish to have refused him. With the grace of a Charles Kemble, Buskin handed Bugles into the Red Lion, and having partaken of a little refreshment, re-conducted her to the post-chaise. 'Horror on horror's head accumulate!' What did they see! With a glance their Aladdin's palace vanished." (I think he said Aladdin's palace.) "The secret of their great popularity was disclosed! The 'property man' of the theatre had tied behind their post-chaise, with its four legs sticking out, the wicker-work elephant used in the comic pantomime of Blue Beard!"

I am sorry to say that I was guilty of a great rudeness at this point of the story, but being in the act of satisfying myself that the port was in proper condition, a gulp went the wrong way and I nearly coughed myself into an apoplexy.

"I remember the circumstance very well," said Mr. Spangles.—"The story got into a local paper, and poor Buskin was so ashamed of it that he threw up his engagement, although I have known some of those newspaper paragraphs produce very satisfactory results."

"I should like to hear of an instance," said Sir Thomas, "if it would not be troubling you."

"Not in the least. I shall not mention the name of the actor to whom I refer, for he subsequently obtained a very high position in his profession, and the story is really a true one. I heard him tell it, and will give it you as nearly as I can in his own words."

After my first appearance in London I accepted a provincial engagement down in the North. I had been favourably received in the Metropolis, but had done nothing to justify me in supposing I should meet with more than respectful attention and fair appreciation. I was destined to be agreeably surprised. As soon as I appeared upon the stage the house rose and received me with such demonstrations of favour and applause that I was

* All the names are supplied by my talented young friend the B. C.

perfectly staggered. I bowed and bowed and placed my hand upon my heart to express my gratitude, but some minutes elapsed before I could begin my part. I need hardly say, that after such a reception all my points told, and every exit and entrance was marked by the most demonstrative approval. When the curtain fell, I had to appear and again bow my acknowledgments and gesticulate my gratitude.

The manager was delighted, and seemed anxious to accompany me to my lodgings, but as I was greatly fatigued by acting and the excitement of the evening, I begged that I might see him in the morning.

What a happy night I passed! It was evident that I had made a greater success in London than I had thought for, and that my fame had travelled to this distant land before me.

I had finished breakfast when my friend the manager was announced. He entered smiling confidently, and holding out his hand in rather a professional manner, shook mine with a vigour that was far from agreeable. "Well, sir," he said, "I hope you were satisfied with last night's success."

"Satisfied!" I exclaimed, "I never can forget the generous enthusiasm—the gratifying appreciation of that distinguished audience!"

"I am glad to hear this," said the manager, "since it was partly my doings."

"Your doings? I don't understand you."

"Yes! that was *mine* in our paper—you saw it, didn't you?" asked the fellow with something of a smile.

"No, sir," I said; "I saw nothing but the advertisement of the theatre."

"Then I've the pleasure of reading you myself a paragraph which has exceeded my expectation." He then read, smirking as he did so, a paragraph which became afterwards so fixed in my memory that I can now repeat it word for word. It ran thus:—

About three years ago, the little town of B— was visited by a very alarming fire. It broke out at a tallow-chandler's, and the inflammable nature of the stock-in-trade soon gave the devouring element the mastery over the fire-engines. At the moment that the flames were at their utmost fury, the figure of a child was seen at one of the third-floor windows. Shrieks and cries from the multitude rent the air, but none offered to rescue the innocent victim. A ladder was at length procured, but such was the power of the flames that all hesitated to ascend and risk what seemed to be certain death. Fearful pause! When all hope appeared to be lost, a young man rushed from the crowd, removed his coat, which he threw to a bystander, and, with the agility of a bricklayer's labourer, ascended the ladder. In another minute he was descending with the rescued child, which he placed safely in the arms of its distracted mother. When she turned to thank the deliverer of her offspring he had disappeared. Who was he? Who was this gallant deliverer of infantine helplessness? None knew—until one, more knowing than the rest, looked at the lining of the coat the noble fellow had abandoned, and there read the name of ———, the now eminent actor! Inhabitants of ———! on Monday next he makes his first appearance amongst you. Rush to give him the ovation he deserves. Let not one seat remain unoccupied! Honour to the brave!

When the manager had finished reading, I seized him by the collar, and so far forgot myself as to shake him. Need I say that the paragraph contained no word of truth so far as I was concerned, and that my *amour propre* was seriously wounded by the discovery?

"I guess at the actor," said Buffboot, "and the manager I can swear to. He was a great oddity. He had his theatre newly painted once upon a time, and was particularly careful to keep it in good order. He was playing *Hamlet*, and had come to the soliloquy, when he saw a boy in the gallery hanging his dirty arms over the front, and playing with the gold mouldings. His respect for his new gilding was greater than his reverence for the text of the bard, and so *Hamlet* spoke thus:

'To be or not to be, that is the question.'

(Take your hands off that moulding there, you boy in the gallery.)

'Whether 'tis better in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows'—

(Officer, turn that boy out immediately, he's picking the gold off.)

'Of outrageous fortune,'

and so on."

"Oh, I knew him well," said Spangles; "he once served me a pretty trick when I was very young. I had to play a part in a melodrama, and there were no buff boots in the wardrobe which would fit me. I appealed to the manager, is he had engaged to find me all my dresses. He promised I should have a pair at night, and I went away contented. He was as good as his word, and a pair of clean buff boots awaited me. The piece began and I was called.

Enter ROLANDO, — *perceiving* JUSTINE, *exclaims*,
'Ha! what do I see?' [*Starts.*]

I followed my stage directions—I did start, and in doing so necessarily stamped violently with my right foot, when, to my horror, all the yellow ochre with which my boot had been daubed fell off in flakes, and left me with one black boot and a buff one! The audience saw my embarrassment and was kind enough to laugh very heartily."

"He nearly ruined me in *Virginus*," said Spangles. "When *Virginia* gives me her drawing of her lover, *Ilcius*, I have to say,

'Who's face is this you have given to Achilles?
Tut! I know it as well as I know my own face.'

I looked at the 'property,' and found it was a portrait of Tim Bobbin. Nor was that all, for when they uncovered the urn supposed to contain the ashes of *Virginia*, it was a tea-urn with the tap running."

There were many more of these stories, but I must beg respectfully to conclude, as I've got the cramp in my fore-finger, which makes my spelling worse than ordinary.

A VISIT TO MAUNA LOA.

THERE are few volcanic mountains that present a grander spectacle than this, upon the island of Hawaii, in the Sandwich group. Viewed from the sea it is majestic in the extreme, rising to the height of nearly 14,000 feet in one huge mass. The summit, not less remarkable for its height than for its peculiar dome-like form, is visible for an immense distance, but it scarcely conveys the idea of a volcano. Nevertheless, there is upon the top a crater of enormous size, said to be not less than six miles in circumference, and upwards of 800 feet deep in its shallowest part, vast abysses sinking down from that into unfathomable depths below. Other craters, more active but of smaller extent, exist upon the sides of the mountain, and frequently become the cause of alarm to the inhabitants of the island. The chief of these is on the eastern side, known as Kilanea, and has an elevation of little more than 4000 feet. From them eruptions are of frequent occurrence. As many as nine have been recorded during the last seventy years, but none have been more remarkable than one which occurred in 1859, although it scarcely exceeded in violence another that took place only four years previously. The crater of Kilanea was accurately described by Count Strzelecki, who visited it as long ago as 1838. This observer has remarked in reference to it that "Nowhere does the solution of the great problem of volcanic fires by Sir Humphry Davy receive a more palpable illustration than here. The access of water to the ignited masses of minerals, of alkaline and earthy bases, by which that great philosopher explained the convulsions of volcanic fires, is displayed here in most portentous, most awful, effects. It is only to those millions of vents all round the crater through which the superabundance of steam escapes—to the millions of fissures through which the sulphurous and sulphuric acids liberate themselves, that the preservation of Hawaii from utter destruction by the expansive force of steam and gases can be ascribed." The terrible description of Kilanea also by Strzelecki will long give it an attraction to the voyager in the Pacific, and certainly a visit will at all times be well repaid.

The eruption of 1859 broke out first on the afternoon of the 23rd of January, and came chiefly from an opening in the northern side of the mountain, at an elevation of about 8000 feet; but the crater at the summit was also not inactive. The first indication of any convulsion of the kind was given by the formation of a dense, dark cloud which hung above the highest elevation, and became denser and more black, swelling in size, until towards evening a dull, lurid glare shot forth, and two bright streams of lava descended in different directions down the sides of the mountain. The news of the eruption travelled fast, and with a few companions I lost no time in finding my way to the scene of action.

At a distance of five-and-twenty miles, as nearly as we could judge, the prospect was exceedingly grand. A vast column of deep black smoke was being shot upwards to a height equal, as it appeared, to two-thirds that of the entire moun-

tain, while a volume of liquid fire rushed from the crater in one deep red mass, and seemed to fall back in beautiful sheets of flame over the rocky crags beneath. Lurid streaks of light marked the course of molten lava down the sides of the mountain, and even from the distance at which we now observed it we thought we distinctly heard the crashing sound of rocks as they fell from precipice to precipice, and the crackling of vegetation as it withered and disappeared before the all-devouring fire. The sight served only to arouse our curiosity still more, and before morning we had with some difficulty got within ten miles of the most active crater. For some time previously we had lost sight of the chief part of the eruption behind a projecting spur of the mountain, and as we came somewhat suddenly upon the scene at last, the whole party stood in silent amazement and admiration at the gorgeous spectacle that was presented to them.

It was now the 3rd of February. For ten days had the eruption lasted, and its violence and terrific grandeur still increased. None who witnessed its effect can ever forget the impression then made upon the mind, nor can words describe the wondrous magnificence of the sight. From one opening of perhaps 1000 feet in circumference rushed forth a volume of fire not less than from 400 to 500 feet in height, carrying with it huge masses of red-hot rock, which, shooting upwards, descended again with a fearful crash, and, hurtling down the rugged mountain steeps, came at length to a rest which no earthly power can disturb. On the sides of Mauna Loa are now, cold and motionless, many monster witnesses to Nature's powers which, upon the occasion of this great convulsion, took up a station that must continue there till all shall pass away.

For miles around, the rocks were spouting steam, hissing and roaring, and filling the whole air with pent-up gases from the great laboratory beneath; while burning streams of red-hot lava came rolling onward in stern, irresistible waves, now plunging in majestic grandeur over a deep precipice, or sweeping away the vegetation of the earth and shrivelling up huge forest trees in its relentless, solemn fury.

Our intention at first was to approach the mountain as nearly as would have been consistent with personal safety, and there to encamp until an opportunity should offer of ascending and examining more carefully the immediate locality of the eruption. But, learning that the lava stream had reached the sea at a distance of about forty miles from where we were then located, and recollecting the accounts that some of us had heard of a similar phenomenon that occurred in 1840, we determined to set out at once for the place indicated by our informants. This was a small village called Wainanali, whose inhabitants subsisted chiefly by fishing about the beautiful little bay that fronted their habitations. We took with us some native guides and a week's provisions, and after a rough and tiring journey reached our destination on the morning of the third day. The prospect was grand but fearful. Wainanali had disappeared, smothered and swallowed up in an overwhelming flood of molten rock, that must have been in some

Places a mile in width. The fatal stream had occupied eight days in passing from the mountain to the sea, yet still it rolled on, hot to redness, and irresistible in power. The first intimation that the unfortunate inhabitants had received was about midnight, when the tumultuous roaring of the fire first warned them of their fate. Many were surrounded, and perished in the liquid rocks, before they had time to escape, and all who survived saw not only their habitations but their means of living taken from them. The burning stream came steadily on. The village disappeared. The largest trees fell prostrate, and were lost before the all-devouring torrent, till at last, plunging forward with terrible force, it leaped over the last precipice, the very rocks melting before it, and rolled into the sea. The waters yielded, clouds of spray shot up, and steam and vapour filled the atmosphere, myriads of explosions shook the earth, and, with the hissing and struggling of the waters, made known the furious contest between these two opposing elements. Soon the little bay, that had been so short a time before a scene of industry and profit to many, became one sea of liquid lava. The ocean delivered up vast numbers of fish that had perished in the boiling surge, and even for many weeks afterwards, as we heard, the waters remained in a state of insufferable heat. The scene was grand, but most fearful. The complete, the utter desolation; the warring struggle between fire and water, the thundering tumult; the murky, deathly atmosphere,—all combined to produce an effect which only those who have witnessed such a spectacle can contemplate.

We remained in the neighbourhood of Wainanali only one day, and then returned to the mountain. By the 8th of February the eruption had become less formidable, and, with a strong party of natives, we prepared to ascend to the crater. This destination we reached on the second day, the first part of our journey having been rendered tedious by a want of water. Early on the morning of the 10th we found ourselves in close proximity to the active craters, and from our station, somewhat above them, had a fine view of the locality. The fount of fiery lava had now ceased; but, with a crashing, surging noise, vast volumes of ashes, stones, and solid rock were being hurled from the interior of the volcano in a cloud of smoke and steam. Pouring from the lips of the craters were streams of red-hot molten lava, which waved and rolled and leaped with fiery spray down the mountain sides; and only half a mile away, vast fields of ice and snow contrasted strangely with the burning sea beneath. We noticed three craters, two of considerable extent, and one smaller, besides numberless holes through which steam and sulphureous gases were violently spouting forth, deadening all other sounds, and poisoning the atmosphere around. In various places, too, were pools of liquid silver, bubbling and foaming with a dull jingling sound, as though slowly and sullenly coming to repose after the mighty conflict.

We descended, following, as nearly as our safety would allow, the course of one of the principal streams of lava. At first it was bright white, flowing as water, and passing down with immense

velocity, bounding over the rocks and lashing against opposing obstacles like the waves of the sea, now thundering on with unimpeded violence, now mounting up in molten spray, to fall in fiery showers into the stream again. As we got lower down the mountain, it lost much of its fluidity. Instead of a gleaming white, it now assumed a rosy tint, soon to pass on into a brilliant crimson. A thin flaky solidity now appeared upon the surface, and as this became thicker the current seemed stayed; but if the crust were broken the delusion disappeared, and through the aperture was seen the molten torrent hurrying onward with unaltered progress.

We now hastened downwards, and returned home on the day after our descent, with feelings very different to any we had before experienced, and which, if any would properly appreciate, they must pay a visit in the wild island of the Pacific—to the truly magnificent Mauna Loa.

L. E. E.

THE SISTERS.

I.

IN Logan Braes, by shores of Dee,
There lived three sisters fair to see :—
The first had locks of raven hair,
And smile to make a seraph swear !
The next had eyes of bonny blue,
Like thinks to let the sunlight through ;—
But oh, the third,—the third was such,
I thrilled and throbbed beneath her touch !

II.

The first was false for golden shame,
She married a miser old and lame ;
The second she sinned with Lord Clanrone,
And now she lieth in churchyard lone ;
The other lives on, but better, 'tis said,
For the weal of her soul if she were dead.

III.

O Kate, my hinny, how fares't wi' thee ?
Are thy children bonny and blythe to see ?
Ah well, good lack ! no child, I ween,
In this lone house has e'er been seen.

IV.

And thou, poor Marion, foolish lass,
How fares't with thee in the churchyard grass ?
Is this thy dwelling, so cold and dim ?
'Tis Death has taken thee home with him !
Ah, many a cottager's hut, I wis,
Were a happier home for thee than this.

V.

Think of it, lord ! and rend thy hair ;
Thy crime has wrought this child's despair
Had'st thou been true to love's dear debt,
This grass—this grave were empty yet !

VI.

Of three fair sisters, two survive ;
Yet both, God wot, have sins to shrieve :
The one has bartered her peace for self,
The other for shame has sold herself.

Of all the three it were better to be
The corpse beneath the Churchyard Tree !

GEORGE ERIC MACKAY.

ELEANOR'S VICTORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AURORA FLOYD," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," &c.



CHAPTER XXVII. SLOW FIRES.

THE new life which began for Eleanor Monckton at Tolldale Priory seemed very strange to her. The prim respectability of the old mansion weighed heavily upon her spirits. The best part of her existence had been spent in a very free-and-easy and Bohemian manner; and her improved position was at first more strange than pleasant to her. The well-trained servants who waited upon her in respectful silence, acknowledging her as their mistress, and obsequiously eager to give her pleasure, were very different people to the familiar landladies of those lodgings in which she had lived

with her father, or the good-natured shoemaker-landlord at the Pilasters.

At Hazlewood she had been only a dependant; and those who served her had given her their service out of love for her brightness and beauty; rendering her little benefits with frank smiles and familiar greetings. But the mistress of Tolldale had a certain dignity to support; and new duties to learn in her new position.

At first those duties seemed very hard to the impulsive girl, who had a sort of instinctive contempt for all ceremonial, usages and stereotyped observances. They seemed more especially hard,

perhaps, because Gilbert Monckton expected his young wife to assume her new position as a thing of course, and was inclined to be very jealous of any omission that derogated from her dignity.

He was inclined to be jealous of her girlish inconstancy of thought and action, seeing in all this an evidence that she regretted the freedom of her girlhood. He was inclined to be jealous. That one sentence reveals the secret of a great deal of misery which this gentleman made for himself. He was inclined to be jealous of anything and everything, where his young wife was concerned.

It was thus that Gilbert Monckton began his married life. It was thus that, of his own doing, he set a breach between himself and the woman he idolised. And when the breach was made, and the dreary gulf of distrust and misapprehension stretched black and impassable between this weak man and that which he loved dearest in all the world, he could only cast himself down beside the yawning ravine and bemoan his desolation.

I have called Gilbert Monckton a weak man advisedly. In all the ordinary business of life, and in all the extraordinary businesses that fell in his professional pathway, the lawyer's clearness of perception and power of intellect were unsurpassed by any of his compeers. Strong; stern; decided and unyielding, where his judgment was once formed; he was trusted as an oracle by those who had dealings with him. But in his love for his wife he was weaker and more irresolute than any desponding swain of five-and-twenty.

He had been deceived once by a woman whom he had loved as he now loved Eleanor; and he could not forget that early deception. The shadow that had fallen upon his life was not to be lifted off by any sunshine of trust and love. He had been deceived once, and he might be deceived again.

The wrong which a woman's falsehood does to the man whom she betrays is a lasting and sometimes irrecoverable wrong. The wound festers, deep down below the outer scar; and while sympathetic friends are rejoicing in the slow obliteration of that surface evidence of the past, the poison's corroding power still endures, gaining force by time.

The secret sorrow of Gilbert Monckton's youth had made him suspicious of all womanly truth and purity. He watched his wife, as it had been his habit to watch his ward, doubtfully and fearfully: even when he most admired her, regarding her in some wise as a capricious and irresponsible being, who might at any moment turn upon him and betray him.

He had fought against his love for his ward's beautiful companion. He had tried to shut his mind against all consciousness of her fascinations; he had endeavoured not to believe in her. If she had stayed at Hazlewood, that silent struggle might have gone on in the lawyer's breast for years; but her sudden departure had taken the grave man of forty off his guard: hurried away by an impulse, he had revealed the secret that had been so skilfully repressed, and, for the second time in his life, perilled his happiness upon the hazard of a woman's truth.

"What do I know of her more than I knew of

Margaret Ravenshaw?" he thought, sometimes; "can I trust her because she looks full in my face, with eyes that are as clear as the sky above my head? There is generally some landmark by which a man's character can be understood, however practised he may be in hypocrisy; but a woman—Bah! a woman's beauty defies a physiognomist. We trust and believe because we admire. 'She can't be wicked with such a Grecian nose,' we say. 'Those exquisitely-moulded lips cannot speak anything but the truth!'"

If Gilbert Monckton's young wife had seemed happy in her new home, he would have accepted the fair omen, and would have sunned himself in the brightness of her gaiety. But she was not happy; he could clearly see that; and day and night he tormented himself with vain endeavours to find out the cause of her uncertain spirits, her fits of abstraction, her long pauses of thoughtful silence.

And while Mrs. Monckton's husband was nursing all these tortures, and every day widening the gulf of his own making, his wife, absorbed by her own secret purpose, was almost unconscious of all else in the world. If she saw the lawyer's face thoughtful or gloomy, she concluded that his moodiness arose from business anxieties with which she had no concern. If he sighed, she set down his melancholy to the same professional causes. A tiresome will-case, a troublesome chancery suit—something in those dusty offices had annoyed him; and that professional something had of course no concern for her.

Eleanor Monckton had taken upon herself an unnatural office; she had assumed an abnormal duty; and her whole life fashioned itself to fit that unwomanly purpose. She abnegated the privileges, and left unperformed the duties, of a wife—true to nothing except to that fatal promise made in the first madness of her grief for George Vane's death.

She had been more than a week at Tolldale Priory, and she had not advanced one step upon the road which she had so desperately determined to pursue. She had not yet seen Launcelot Darrell.

Gilbert Monckton had spent the day after his return to Berkshire in riding about the neighbourhood, calling upon those few people with whom he kept up any acquaintance, and informing them of his marriage with the young lady who, a few weeks before, had been the companion of his ward. Of course he received friendly congratulations and good wishes from every one to whom he imparted this intelligence; and of course when his back was turned, the same people who had tendered those good wishes set to work to wonder at his folly, and to prognosticate all manner of evil from his absurd and imprudent marriage.

His longest visit was paid to Hazlewood, and here his tidings afforded real and unmixed satisfaction. Launcelot Darrell was at work in his painting-room, and was therefore out of the way of hearing the news. The widow was pleased to think that Eleanor's marriage would secure her son against the immediate danger of taking a penniless wife; and Laura was sincerely rejoiced at the idea of seeing her friend again.

"I may come to Tolldale soon, mayn't I, Mr. Monckton?" she asked. "Dear Nelly, I do so long to see her! But to think of her being married to you! I never was so surprised in my life. Why you must be old enough to be her father. It does seem so funny!"

Gilbert Monckton did not feel particularly grateful to his ward for the extreme candour of these remarks, but he invited the young lady to spend the following day with Eleanor.

"I shall be in town to-morrow," he said, "and I dare say Mrs. Monckton will find the Priory dull."

"Mrs. Monckton!" cried Laura; "oh, to be sure; why, that's Nelly, of course! Find the Priory dull? Yes, I should think she would indeed! Poor Eleanor, in those damp, overgrown gardens, with the high walls all round, and the tops of the trees above the walls. How lonely she'll be."

"Lonely! I shall come home to dinner every day."

"Yes, at seven o'clock; and from breakfast-time till seven poor Nell must amuse herself in the best way she can. But I'm not going to grumble; I'm only too happy to think she will be near me."

Mr. Monckton stood by the garden-gate—that gate near which he had so often loitered with Eleanor—listening with no very great satisfaction to his ward's frivolous prattle. His young wife would feel unhappy in the dulness of her new life, perhaps. If that were to be so, it would be proof positive that she did not love him. He could never have felt dull or lonely in her society, though Tolldale had been some grim and isolated habitation in the middle of an African desert.

"So you think she will be dull, Laura?" he said, rather despondently.

"Why of course she will," answered the young lady; "but now don't think me inquisitive, please," she added, in a very insinuating tone, "but I do so much want you to tell me something."

"You want me to tell you what?" asked the lawyer, rather sharply.

Laura linked her hand through his arm, and raising herself on tip-toe, so as to bring her rosy lips within easier reach of his ear, whispered archly,

"Does she *really* love you? Was it *really* a love-match?"

Gilbert Monckton started as violently as if that infantine whisper had been the envenomed hiss of a snake.

"What do you mean, child?" he said, turning sharply upon his ward; "of course Eleanor and I married because we loved each other? Why else should we have married?"

"No, to be sure. Girls marry for money sometimes. I heard Mrs. Darrell say that one of the Penwoods, of Windsor, married a horrid, old, rich city man for the sake of his money. But I don't think Eleanor would do that sort of thing. Only it seems so funny that she should have been in love with you all the time."

"All what time?"

"Why all the time she and I were together. How could she help talking of you, I wonder?"

The lawyer bit his lip.

"She never talked of me, then?" he said, with a feeble attempt to make his tone careless.

"Oh, yes, she spoke of you sometimes, of course; but not in that way."

"Not in what way? When will you learn to express yourself clearly, Miss Mason? Are you going to be a child all your life?"

Gilbert Monckton's ward looked up at him with a half comic look of terror. He was not accustomed to speak so sharply to her.

"Don't be angry, please," she said, "I know I don't always express myself clearly. I dare say it's because I used to get other girls to do my themes—they call exercises in composition themes, you know—when I was at school. I mean that Eleanor didn't talk of you as if she was in love with you—not as I talk—not as I *should* talk of any one if I were in love with them," added the young lady, blushing very much as she corrected herself.

Miss Mason had only one idea of the outer evidences of the master-passion. A secret or unrequited affection which did not make itself known by copious quotations of Percy Shelley and Letitia Landon, was in her mind a very common-place affair.

Mr. Monckton shrugged his shoulders.

"Who set you up as a judge of how a woman should speak of a man she loves?" he said, sharply. "My wife has too much modesty to advertise her affection for any man. By-the-bye, Miss Mason, would you like to come and live at Tolldale?"

Laura looked at her guardian with unmitigated surprise.

"Come and live at Tolldale!" she said; "I thought you didn't like me; I thought you despised me because I'm so frivolous and childish."

"Despise you, Laura," cried Gilbert Monckton, "not like you! My poor dear child, what a brute I must have been if I ever have given you such an impression as that. I am very fond of you, my dear," he added, gravely, laying his hand upon the girl's head as he spoke, and looking down at her with sorrowful tenderness. "I am very much attached to you, my poor dear child. If I ever seem vexed with your girlish frivolity, it is only because I am anxious about your future. I am very, very anxious about your future."

"But why are you so anxious?"

"Because your mother was childish and light-hearted like you, Laura, and her life was not a happy one."

"My poor mother. Ah, how I wish you would tell me about her."

Laura Mason looked very serious as she said this. Her hands were folded round the lawyer's arm, her bright blue eyes seemed to grow of a more sombre colour as she looked earnestly upward to his grave face.

"Not now, my dear; some day, some day, perhaps, we'll talk about all that. But not now. You haven't answered my question, Laura. Would you like to live at Tolldale?"

The young lady blushed crimson and dropped her eyelids.

"I should dearly like to live with Eleanor," she said. "But—"

"But what?"

"I don't think it would be quite right to leave Mrs. Darrell, would it? The money you pay her is of great use to her, you know; I have heard her say she could scarcely get on without it, especially now that Launcelot—now that Mr. Darrell has come home."

The blushes deepened as Laura Mason said this.

The lawyer watched those deepening blushes with considerable uneasiness. "She is in love with this dark-eyed young Apollo," he thought.

"You are very scrupulous about Mrs. Darrell and her convenience, Laura," he said. "I should have fancied you would have been delighted to live with your old friend and companion. You'll come to-morrow to spend the day with Eleanor, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes; if you please."

"I'll send the carriage for you, after it has taken me to Slough. Good-bye."

Mr. Monckton rode slowly homewards. His interview with Laura had not been altogether agreeable to him. The girl's surprise at his marriage with Eleanor had irritated and disturbed him. It seemed like a protest against the twenty years that divided his age from that of his young wife. There was something abnormal and exceptional in the marriage, it seemed, then; and the people who had congratulated him and wished him well, were so many bland and conventional hypocrites, who no doubt laughed in their sleeves at his folly.

The lawyer rode back to Tolldale Priory with a moody and overclouded brow.

"That girl is in love with Launcelot Darrell," he thought. "She betrayed her secret in her childish transparency. The young man must be wonderfully attractive, since people fall in love with him in this manner. I don't like him; I don't believe in him; I should not like Laura to be his wife."

Yet in the next moment Mr. Monckton reflected that, after all, a marriage between his ward and Launcelot might not be altogether unadvisable. The young man was clever and gentlemanly. He came of a good stock, and had at least brilliant expectations. He might marry Laura and go to Italy, where he could devote a few years to the cultivation of his art.

"If the poor child is really very much in love with him, and he returns her affection, it would be cruel to come between them with any prudential tyranny," thought Mr. Monckton. "The young man seems really anxious to achieve success as an artist, and if he is to do so he ought certainly to study abroad."

The lawyer's mind dwelt upon this latter point throughout the remainder of his ride, and when he crossed the stone-paved hall where the cavalier's boots and saddles hung in the mysterious coloured light that stole through the emblazoned windows, he had almost come to the determination that Laura Mason and Launcelot Darrell ought to be married forthwith. He found his wife sitting in one of the windows of the library, with her hands lying idle in her lap, and her eyes fixed upon the garden before her. She started as he

entered the room, and looked up at him with a bright eagerness in her face.

"You have been to Hazlewood?" she said.

"Yes, I have just come from there."

"And you have seen—?"

She stopped suddenly. Launcelot Darrell's name had risen to her lips, but she checked herself before uttering it, lest she should betray her eager interest in him. She had no fear of that interest being misconstrued; no idea of such a possibility had ever entered her head. She only feared that some chance look or word might betray her vengeful hatred of the young man.

"You saw Laura—and—and Mrs. Darrell, I suppose?" she said.

"Yes, I saw Laura and Mrs. Darrell," answered Gilbert Monckton, watching his wife's face. He had perceived the hesitation with which she had asked this question. He saw now that she was disappointed in his reply.

Eleanor was incapable of dissimulation, and her disappointment betrayed itself in her face. She had expected to hear something of Launcelot Darrell, something which would have at least given her an excuse for questioning her husband about him.

"You did not see Mr. Darrell, then?" she said, after a pause, during which Mr. Monckton had placed himself opposite to her in the open window. The afternoon sunshine fell full upon Eleanor's face; lighting up every change of expression; revealing every varying shade of thought that betrayed itself unconsciously in a countenance whose mobility was one of its greatest charms.

"No, Mr. Darrell was in his painting-room; I did not see him."

There was a pause. Eleanor was silent, scarcely knowing how to fashion any question that might lead to her gaining some information about the man whose secrets she had set herself to unravel.

"Do you know, Eleanor," said the lawyer after this pause, during which he had kept close watch upon his wife's face, "I think I have discovered a secret that concerns Launcelot Darrell."

"A secret?"

Sudden blushes lit up Eleanor Monckton's cheeks like a flaming fire.

"A secret!" she repeated. "You have found out a secret!"

"Yes, I believe that my ward, Laura Mason, has fallen in love with the young man."

Eleanor's face changed. Her feverish eagerness gave place to a look of indifference.

"Is that all?" she said.

She had no very great belief in the intensity of Miss Mason's feelings. The girl's sentimental talk and demonstrative admiration had to her mind something spurious in their nature; Mrs. Monckton was ready to love Laura very dearly when the business of her life should be done, and she could have time to love anybody, but in the meantime she gave herself no uneasiness about Miss Mason's romantic passion for the young painter.

"Laura is as inconstant as the wind," she thought. "She will hate Launcelot Darrell when I tell her how base he is."

But what was Eleanor's surprise when Mr. Monckton said, very quietly.

"If the girl is really attached to this young man, and he returns her affection—she is so pretty and fascinating, that I should think he could scarcely help being in love with her—I don't see why the match should not take place."

Eleanor looked up suddenly.

"Oh, no, no, no," she cried; "you would never let Laura marry Launcelot Darrell."

"And why not, Mrs. Monckton?"

The insidious imp which the lawyer had made his bosom companion of late, at this moment transformed itself into a raging demon, and gnawed ravenously at the vitals of its master.

"Why shouldn't Laura marry Launcelot Darrell?"

"Because you have a bad opinion of him. What did you say to me by the garden-gate at Hazlewood, when Mr. Darrell first came home? You said he was selfish, shallow, frivolous; false, perhaps. You said there was a secret in his life."

"I thought so then."

"And have you ceased to think so now?"

"I don't know. I may have been prejudiced against the young man," answered Mr. Monckton, doubtfully.

"I don't think you were," Eleanor said; "I don't think he is a good man. Pray, pray don't let Laura marry him."

She clasped her hands in her eagerness, as she looked up in her husband's face.

Gilbert Monckton's brow darkened.

"What does it matter to you?" he asked.

Eleanor looked surprised at the almost angry abruptness of her husband's manner.

"It matters a great deal to me," she said; "I should be very sorry if Laura were to make an unhappy marriage."

"But must her marriage with Launcelot Darrell be necessarily unhappy?"

"Yes; because he is a bad man."

"What right have you to say that, unless you have some special reason for thinking it?"

"I have a special reason."

"What reason?"

"I cannot tell you—now."

The ravenous demon's tooth grew sharper than usual when Eleanor said this.

"Mrs. Monckton," the lawyer said, sternly, "I am afraid that there can be very little happiness in store for you and me if you begin your married life by keeping secrets from your husband."

Gilbert Monckton was too proud to say more than this. A dull despair was creeping into his breast, a sick loathing of himself and of his folly. Every one of those twenty years which made him his young wife's senior rose up against him, and gibed and twitted him.

What right had he to marry a young wife, and believe that she could love him? What justification could he find for his own folly in taking this girl from poverty and obscurity, and then expecting that she should feel any warmer sentiment than some feeble gratitude to him for having given her an advantageous bargain? He had given her a handsome house and attentive servants, carriages and horses, prosperity and independence,

in exchange for her bright youth and beauty, and he was angry with her because she did not love him.

Looking back at that interview in the Pilasters—every circumstance of which was very clear to him now, by the aid of a pair of spectacles lent him by the jealous demon his familiar—Mr. Monckton remembered that no confession of love had dropped from Eleanor's lips. She had consented to become his wife, nothing more. She had, no doubt—in those moments of maidenly hesitation, during which he had waited so breathlessly—deliberately weighed and carefully balanced the advantages that were to be won from the sacrifice demanded of her.

Of course the perpetual brooding upon such fancies as these very much tended to make Gilbert Monckton an agreeable and lively companion for an impulsive girl. There is something remarkable in the persistency with which the sufferer from that terrible disease called jealousy strives to aggravate the causes of his torture.

CHAPTER XXVIII. BY THE SUNDIAL.

LAURA MASON came to live at Tolldale. Gilbert Monckton argued with himself that his most reasonable motive for marrying Eleanor Vane had lain in his desire to provide a secure home and suitable companionship for his ward. The girl was very glad to be with Eleanor; but a little sorry to leave Hazlewood, now that Mr. Launcelot Darrell's presence gave a new charm to the place.

"Not that he is very lively, you know, Nelly," Miss Mason remarked to her guardian's wife in the course of a long discussion of Mr. Darrell's merits. "He never seems happy. He's always roaming about the place, looking as if he had something upon his mind. It makes him look very handsome, though, you know; I don't think he'd look half so handsome if he hadn't anything on his mind. He was awfully dull and gloomy after you went away, Nell; I'm sure he must have been in love with you. Mrs. Darrell says he wasn't; and that he admires another person; quite a different person. Do you think I'm the person, Eleanor dear?" asked the young lady, blushing and smiling, as she looked shyly up at her companion's grave face.

"I don't know, Laura; but I almost hope not, for I should be very sorry if you were to marry Launcelot Darrell," Eleanor said.

"But why should you be sorry, Nelly?"

"Because I don't think he's a good man."

Miss Mason pouted her under lip and shrugged her shoulders, with the prettiest air of impatience.

"It's very unkind of you to say so, Nell," she exclaimed. "I'm sure he's good! Or if he isn't good, I like him all the better for it," she added, with charming inconsistency. "I don't want to marry a good man, like my guardian, or Mr. Neate, the curate of Hazlewood parish. The Corsair wasn't good; but see how fond Gulnare and Medora were of him. I don't suppose it was good of the Giaour to kill Hassan; but who could have had the heart to refuse to marry the Giaour?"

Mrs. Monckton did not attempt to argue with a young lady who expressed such opinions as these.

Laura's romantic infatuation only made Eleanor more impatient for the coming of that hour in which she should be able to denounce Launcelot Darrell as a cheat and a traitor.

"He shall be disinherited, and through me," she thought. "He shall be cast off by the woman who has loved him, and through me. And when he suffers most, I will be as pitiless to his sufferings, as he was pitiless to the old man whom he cheated and abandoned to despair."

A fortnight passed after Eleanor's arrival at the Priory before she had any opportunity of seeing Launcelot Darrell. She had proposed going to Hazlewood several times, but upon each occasion Mr. Monckton had contrived to interpose some objection to her visit. She began to despair of entering upon the silent struggle with her father's destroyer. It seemed as if she had come to Tolldale for no purpose. In her impatience she dreaded that Maurice de Crespigny would die, leaving his fortune to his nephew. She knew that the old man's life hung by a slender thread, which at any moment might be severed.

But at last the opportunity she had so anxiously awaited arrived unexpectedly, not brought about by any scheming or foresight upon her part. Laura had been a few days at the Priory, and the two girls were walking in one of the sheltered pathways of the old-fashioned garden, waiting for Gilbert Monckton's arrival, and the clanging summons of the great dinner-bell.

The October sunshine was bright and pleasant, the autumn flowers enlivened the dark luxuriance of the garden with their gaudy splendour. The tall hollyhocks waved in the breeze.

The two girls had walked up and down the smooth gravel path for some time in silence. Eleanor was absorbed in her own thoughts, and even Laura could not talk for ever without encouragement.

But presently this latter young lady stopped with a blush and a start, clasping her hand tightly about her companion's wrist. At the other end of the sheltered walk, amongst the flickering patches of sunshine that trembled on the filbert-trees, she had perceived Launcelot Darrell advancing towards them.

Eleanor looked up.

"What is the matter, Laura?" she asked.

In the next moment she recognised Mr. Darrell. The chance had come at last.

The young man advanced to meet Mrs. Monckton and her companion. He was pale, and had a certain gravity in his face expressive of some hidden sorrow. He had been in love with Eleanor Vane, after his own fashion, and was very much disposed to resent her desertion of him. His mother had told him the reason of that desertion very frankly, after Eleanor's marriage.

"I come to offer you my congratulations, Mrs. Monckton," he said, in a tone which was intended to wound the young wife to the quick, but which, like everything else about this young man, had a certain spuriousness, a tone of melodrama that robbed it of all force. "I should have accompanied my mother when she called on you the other day—but—"

He paused abruptly, looking at Laura with an air of ill-concealed vexation.

"Can I speak to you alone, Mrs. Monckton?" he asked; "I have something particular to say to you."

"But you can say it before Laura, I suppose?"

"No, not before Laura, or before any one. I must speak to you alone."

Miss Mason looked at the object of her admiration with a piteous expression in her childish face.

"How cruel he is to me," she thought; "I do believe he is in love with Eleanor. How wicked of him to be in love with my guardian's wife."

Mrs. Monckton did not attempt to refuse the privilege which the young man demanded of her.

"I am quite willing to hear anything you may have to say to me," she said.

"Oh, very well!" cried Laura. "I'm sure I'll go away if you want to talk about secrets that I musn't hear. Only I don't see how you can have any secrets. You haven't known Mr. Darrell a day longer than I have, Eleanor, and I can't imagine what he can have to say to you."

After this protest Miss Mason turned her back upon her companions, and ran away towards the house. She shed a few silent tears behind the shelter of a great clump of chrysanthemums.

"He doesn't care for me a bit," she muttered, as she dried her eyes; "Mrs. Darrell is a wicked old storyteller. I feel just as poor Guinevere must have felt when the Corsair was so rude to her, after she'd committed a murder for his sake."

Eleanor and Launcelot left the sheltered pathway, and walked slowly across the broad lawn towards an old sundial, quaint in shape, and covered with the moss that had slowly crept over the gray stonework. Here the young man stopped, lounging against the mossgrown pedestal and resting his elbow upon the broken dial.

"I have come here to-day to tell you that you have treated me very ill, Eleanor Monckton," he said.

The young wife drew herself up proudly.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"I mean that you jilted me."

"Jilted you!"

"Yes. You played fast and loose with me. You listened to my declaration of love. You suffered me to believe that you loved me."

"Mr. Darrell!"

"You did more, Eleanor," cried the young man, passionately; "you *did* love me. This marriage with Gilbert Monckton, a man twenty years your senior, is a marriage prompted by base and mercenary motives. You loved me, Eleanor; your silence admitted it that day, if your words did not. You had no right to be cajoled by my mother; you had no right to leave Hazlewood without a word of explanation to me. You are falsehearted and mercenary, Mrs. Monckton; and you have married this man here because he is the owner of a fine house, and can give you money to spend upon your womanly caprices—your selfish vanities."

He pointed scornfully to her silk dress as he spoke, and to the golden trinkets that glittered at her waist.

She looked at him with a strange expression in her face.

"Think of me as you please," she said; "think that I was in love with you, if you like."

It was as if she had said to him, "Fall into a trap of your own setting, if you please. I am not base enough to lay such a snare for you."

"Yes, Eleanor, you were false and mercenary. You were foolish, perhaps, as well; for I may be a rich man before very long. I may be master of the Woodlands property."

"I don't think you ever will inherit that fortune," Eleanor said, slowly. "You talk of my being base and mercenary; you are at liberty to think so if you please. But have you never done base things for the sake of money, Launcelot Darrell?"

The young man's face darkened.

"Nobody is immaculate, I dare say," he answered. "I have been very poor, and have been obliged to do what the rest of the world does when its purse is empty."

As Eleanor watched his moody face she suddenly remembered that this was not the way her cards must be played. The task which she had set herself to perform was not to be accomplished by candour and openness. This man had betrayed her father, and she must betray him.

She held out her hand to Launcelot Darrell.

"Let us be friends," she said; "I wish to be friends with you."

There were two witnesses looking on at this gesture. Laura Mason was standing by her guardian, watching the group beside the sundial. Gilbert Monckton had returned from town, and had come into the garden in search of his wife.

"They sent me away from them," Laura said, as her guardian looked at Launcelot and Eleanor. "He had something particular to say to her; so I wasn't to hear it, and they sent me away. You'll ask him to dinner, I suppose?"

"No," answered the lawyer, sharply.

Launcelot Darrell held Eleanor's hand some moments before he released it.

"I wish to be friends with you, Mr. Darrell," she said; "I'll come to Hazlewood to-morrow to see your pictures, if you please. I want to see how the Rosalind and Celia goes on."

She hated herself for her hypocrisy. Every generous impulse of her soul revolted against her falsehood. But these things were only a natural part of the unnatural task which she had set herself to perform.

THE OLD SECRET OUT AT LAST.

THESE Whitsuntide holidays, and the news which has distinguished them, have brought to my mind the changes which have occurred since the short holidays—Easter and Whitsuntide—of my school days. In the early years of the century these were the seasons for enjoying favourite books; and in households where there was a bookish boy, he might be seen (unless he vanished to an attic, or into the orchard) lying on his stomach on a sofa, or on three chairs, devouring volume after volume, at a rate never attained in after life. In poetry the book was probably

"Thalaba,"—the natural introduction then to the poetry reading of one's life. If not poetry, it was pretty sure to be Mungo Park's Travels. Most old people say that they have known nothing since comparable to the interest of that man's life and exploits; and there can never again be the same kind of interest felt and recorded; for there is not left on our globe any vast region overhung with mystery, like the Africa of half a century ago. When the reading boy could rouse himself to get upon his feet, and fetch the atlas, to see where Park went, he found in the map of Africa only a great blank in the middle, with river mouths, and names of tribes and settlements round the coasts,—except when, here and there, dotted lines, very straight and unnatural-looking, showed where the great rivers were conjectured to tend. Our fathers' map-sellers did not, like the ancient geographers, adorn these blank spaces with pictures of wild beasts and men, or horrible monsters; but there was not the less guesswork. DESERT, in large letters, covered a good deal of paper: and on the strength of that insertion, our parents taught us that the interior of Africa was a place of hot sand and burning rocks, where only lions and their prey could live. But there was the rumour of the great city of Timbuctoo; and this roused an insatiable curiosity. Boys went back to Park's Travels again and again, in a sort of hope of making out something more,—only to find that the point he reached was like the end of the world, where a wall of thick darkness rose to the very sky. Then ensued that state of mind which caused so much trouble to so many parents,—the longing of boys to go to sea. If some little lads hoped to be cast away on a desert island, to play Robinson Crusoe, others thought they could make their way to the Niger, if they once got away from England. The little girls were not far behind in enthusiasm. They all knew the story of the little moss on the stone which gave such comfort to Park; and they felt that of all mankind they should admire most the man who should learn Park's fate and carry out his work.

The change since that time is prodigious; but it has been gradual. Schoolboys learned to attack the same mystery from another side, and experienced another set of feelings when they came to read about the conferences that Herodotus held with the old Egyptian priests about the Nile inundations, and the source of that most mysterious of rivers. They have taken for granted that a mighty range of Mountains of the Moon stretches across the continent somewhere not far from the equator; and this has stimulated further their longing to know what lies between Park's furthest and those mountains.

Every few years some explorer went to try after the solution of the mystery and successive discoveries only revived the old feelings, if I may judge by myself. When each one was, sooner or later, compelled to turn back, the yearning was renewed. When a traveller, setting out from the north, made straight for Timbuctoo, the reader followed him from well to well in the desert, from village to village among the oases; and when it was impossible for the traveller to

proceed, how thrilling was the last thing he saw! A mountain peak rose at an immense distance dim on the horizon. So it was not a blank which was left behind! What was that mountain? What might not have been known if he could only have reached it! Could he not have done just that much more? But in time that part of the scene was laid open: now a great lake, now a great river, which turned out to be the Niger, flowing quite differently from what had been supposed; and half a score great kingdoms, full of people and rich in produce, where lions had been imagined lords of the desert. At last, Dr. Barth got to Timbuctoo, and lived there, and brought us drawings of the place and the people, and full accounts of the road to it, and the kingdoms and populations between it and Lake Tchad.

At about the same distance south of the equator, Dr. Livingstone crossed the whole continent, and annihilated the blanks on the map in those latitudes; but there remained above twenty degrees still bare of names and signs between the Adamawi and Dr. Livingstone's track; and old Nile was as mysterious as ever.

Among the great changes of the time, one of the most deeply felt is that of the accessibility of the Nile to so many of us. We can now know for ourselves, in faint reflection, the feelings of the explorers in gaining point after point, and having at last to turn back. These are sensations which cannot be communicated; and it is a privilege of the time, that so many can experience them. Passengers to India know nothing of them. There is a sort of emotion, no doubt, in first meeting the Nile at the junction with the canal from Alexandria: and there comes a deeper sense of its glory and venerableness when its course is traced upwards and downwards from the caves above Siout. Then the crocodiles begin to appear, and Coptic convents are left behind. Then the desert, with its rocks, closes in upon it; and vast quarries, even more than old temples, suggest the associations of the ancient world. Then comes Thebes, and the spectacle of the seated colossi, the eternal sentinels which create an awe like that of an admission to the presence of the ancient gods. It is the same set of associations which renders the approach to Philæ so magical an experience. To reach it in the failing evening light, to moor the boat beneath its temple walls in the moonlight, to look out in the night with the ancient oath sounding in one's ear, "By Him who sleeps in Philæ," and to spend days in the temples, following out on the pictured walls the apotheosis of Osiris, and the traditions of Isis, is worth any amount of travel to achieve. But all this is only connected with the Nile, and not the essential interest of the mysterious river itself.

That interest receives a sudden increase when the First Cataract and the sites of the civilisation of old Egypt are left behind. The river itself is the god of one's imagination when one has left Osiris behind, buried and glorified. And it is time, when one gets to Nubia, to be profoundly impressed by the majestic primitive character of the mighty stream. The people grow wilder (while simpler and more engaging), the desert

grows wilder, if possible; and the architectural remains grow more uncouth, more strange and solemn, till Abou-Simbel carries up the tension to the highest point. That reach of the stream being passed, the Nile remains the sole engrossing interest. Here, after so many weeks of voyaging, its current is strong and full as below, and not more, for not a single tributary has fed its waters. Here it is, as it was six weeks back,—brown in the morning light, white in the noonday glare, and and lilac and pale green under the sunset sky,—always abundant and rapid, and always profoundly mysterious, sweeping past all who go so far to question it, without any chance token, for these many thousand years, which may afford even a guess of whence it comes, and why its annual overflow takes place. There are local incidents which deepen the sense of mystery. It is not (or was not lately) set down for us that hurricanes are to be looked for there: but each traveller finds himself the sport of the winds in that region within the tropic. They come pouncing down on his boat from between the hills, and sweeping across the desert, laying his vessel almost flat on the water, and whistling among the coarse grass and the lupins on the banks, and making the palms clatter like mills. Then, next day after reaching the eddies of the Second Cataract, comes the hour, the pain of which can hardly be anticipated. Then the primitive interest of the Nile is found to be stronger than all that arises from any settlements, in all ages, on its banks. The hour comes for turning back.

After a ride through a reach of hot desert, amidst whitened bones of perished camels, and a peeping jerboa here and there, or a brood of partridges fitting between the sandhills, with nothing green but the thick, fleshy leaves of the colocynth plant, the goal is reached,—the rock of Abouair. From its summit—a precipice two hundred feet directly above the Nile—the last view southwards is obtained,—the last for any but adventurous traders and explorers. Nothing can well be wilder than the scene, all made up of white sands and an infinity of black rocks, with the river swirling among them, and no living thing visible but the travellers' asses at the foot of the rock, and the swarm of blue pigeons, scared from their holes by the tread of man. This is the immediate scene. Far away there may be a sail or two on the river which has been left behind; and eastward there are the remote Arabian hills: but all the interest lies in the South. There an immeasurable expanse of black, broken rocks spreads out, without any relief except two or three sparkles of the river, where its full current makes a bend among the clustering islets. But there is something beyond. Two mountain summits just appear on the horizon,—reminding one of the two peaks from which the explorer from Tripoli was obliged to turn away. If it was affecting to read of that view southward, it is more so to make the farewell in one's own person here. By reaching those peaks, one would be far on one's way to Dongola; and there, one might look forward to Korlofau, and feel as if one was drawing near to the source of the Nile. "The source of the Nile;"—that is indeed the interest here. As the traveller seats

himself in his boat, and after he has sighed over the change in its appearance, trimmed in his absence for the return voyage, he dwells upon the old, old question,—“What, then, is this river Nile? Whence does it come? How can such a channel be filled? And why does it overflow every year with such punctuality that its half-dozen failures since human history began are among the marvels of human calamity?”

These are the very same questions that were ancient to the Egyptian priests, when they talked the matter over with Herodotus, four centuries and a-half before our era. Among the old Greeks, who were upstarts in the eyes of the Egyptians, this was one of the first speculations in the course of their studies of Nature, by travel and research. No doubt Moses heard it treated when he was acquiring the learning of the Egyptians in his youth: and in Abraham's time the subject must have been just as interesting as it could ever be afterwards. Up to this very year, there never was any proposal of a solution which the cultivated reason of society could receive. After leaving behind poetical notions of gods pouring out waters from urns, or creating inexhaustible springs for the occasion; and of mighty mountains, scaling heaven with their snowy peaks at the equator; and of the miraculous drop which yearly came down from heaven upon some place in Abyssinia;—after leaving this region of fable, there was nothing else to consider and judge of,—no theory, no hypothesis, which could be advanced a hair's-breadth by study or reasoning, because there were no materials to proceed upon. Of old, the Egyptians pitied the Greeks on account of their liability to famine, because their crops depended on such an uncertainty as water from the fickle clouds: and the Greeks at the same time pitied the Egyptians on account of their liability to famine, because their crops depended on such an uncertainty as the mysterious overflow of a mysterious stream, of the origin of which nothing was known. Modern men have trusted, more wisely and humbly, to the action of natural laws: but, this being settled, they had nothing to say about the Nile. They could only encourage something being *done*. A good deal has been done accordingly in the way of exploration, further and further south, within the last forty years; but still the secret was not discovered by that course.

The first question was a very old one,—viz., which of three streams which meet at and below Khartoum afforded the best chance of turning out to be the true Nile? Ptolemy preferred the west; and most moderns have been of his mind. This was the stream explored by Linant Bey in 1827, as far as 132 geographical miles south of Khartoum (and nearly due east, we may observe, of the northern shore of Lake Tchad in the interior). Several expeditions, sent from Cairo, under the command of European scientific explorers, pursued the same track, advancing a little further and a little further: and of these Dr. Knoblecher, head of a Catholic mission at Khartoum, seems to have seen most. He penetrated to within five degrees of the equator, and saw mountains; whereas the earlier explorers saw no appearance of high

grounds. Dr. Krapf, who explored from the east, twelve years ago, heard from the natives an account which appears very striking now;—that a river (which he supposed to be the Nile) issued from a large lake at the foot of mountains, and flowed through another lake lying to the north, the body of water being altogether enormous. But there was no knowing how much to believe of this.

On the whole, men's imagination had descended from the regions of fable, chiefly through the cultivation of geological and other science. It was a memorable day when Sir Roderick Murchison made known his opinion (prior to the recent explorations from the north), that the interior of Africa was not a parched desert of sand and rocks, but a great basin of habitable, and probably fertile land, watered by large rivers and lakes, and containing diversities of level, short of miraculous snowy mountains, in contrast with barren sands. If some of the awe about the infant Nile began to dissolve, the interest was stimulated by a fresh curiosity: and on Dr. Livingstone's return, we all learned very quickly to picture the interior of Africa to ourselves as crowded with tropical vegetation, gleaming with waters, and all alive with men and animals, instead of dreaming of burning red granite mountains, or black basalt, or glaring white rocks and yellow sands, like those of Arabia.

There was some interest for us in the travels in Abyssinia of late years; but it was not of the same kind. Old Christian traditions hang about that region; and some modern missions have attracted attention towards it. There are some good commercial chances in that country; and a political interest is involved in the anxiety of the French to establish themselves in Abyssinia, so as to have a command of the Red Sea; but if we wanted discovery about the Nile, there seemed to be more promise in an expedition entering by way of Zanzibar.

Here we were, indeed, on the threshold of the discovery which all civilised races have longed for from time immemorial. The book by Captain Burton, which laid open to us the country from the coast to the great Lake Tanganyika, was as little attractive as such a book could be. Captain Burton has done great things, but he does not write pleasant books. His intrepid act of going through the pilgrimage to Mecca and Medina as a Mohammedan has dispersed the mystery of these very exclusive sanctuaries; and his exploration towards Lake Tanganyika, and survey of a part of it, afford valuable additions to our knowledge of Africa. But his health suffered, as that of African explorers always does; and his temper seems to have suffered in consequence. It is impossible to overlook this fact, because his feelings vented themselves chiefly upon the man whom we are now all delighting to honour. Captain Speke was Burton's comrade on that expedition which was Speke's first stage in a journey which will be immortal. They parted at Kazeh, whence Speke went northward to see about the great lake reported to be there, and with a strong hope of standing at the source of the Nile, unconscious of any liberties that might be taken

with his name. He need not care for them now. His achievement is an all-sufficient answer to any question of his qualifications from any quarter; and perhaps it is not too much to hope that Captain Burton himself, as he sits in his verandah at Fernando Po, and reads the next batch of English newspapers that reaches him, will feel more pleasure than pain, like a generous man, at the account of what Speke has done. He will see how the case stands; and if sorry that he did not appreciate his comrade better, he will rejoice that the mistake has done no lasting harm. The feat is achieved; the man is justified; and there should be no exception to the world's rejoicing.

Captain Speke had a comrade in his turn—Captain Grant,—also an Indian officer: and while they were making for the equator from the south, a brave and accomplished party were hoping to meet them there from the north. Mr. and Mrs. Petherick had gone up the White Nile, past the limit of vision; and they were bent on achieving the great discovery before they reappeared. We all talked bravely about them, as we always do when bold explorers go forth; and we could truthfully say that they had far better chances of safety and success than any of their predecessors had had, from Mr. Petherick's previous residence at Khartoum, his habit of intercourse with the natives, and the exploratory journeys he had already made: yet we could not be surprised when the news came that the party had been robbed, and Mr. and Mrs. Petherick drowned in the Nile. Their relatives were mourning for them: and it is probable that we all felt very nearly hopeless about Speke and Grant, who had the dangers of the Pethericks to go through, besides all those that lay behind.

They were coming on, however. In a few months, or less, we shall hear the whole story, in full detail, from themselves; so I need say but little of it here, beyond stating the great fact that Captains Speke and Grant have followed the whole course of the White (the real) Nile from the lake it issues from, except that, in one case where it makes a great loop, they went straight across the land it encloses. There is no uncertainty arising out of this. They learned from the natives the story of its course between the two points at which they stood; and the discovery is complete. This does not mean that they saw or calculated all the contributions to the great stream which was flowing on from their feet to the Mediterranean. A future time will show how many rivers flow out of the two great lakes, and as many others as there may be. It is enough for the present that we know how the Nile is what it is. There are mountains—a group, not a range—to collect tropical rains. There are lakes, long and broad, but apparently shallow, which receive the waters, but cannot contain them, after the rainy season, and which must therefore overflow; and that overflow makes the Nile, with its punctual inundation.

The imagery of the scene is unlike what the imagination of men has conceived for all the past ages during which the human mind has been bent in that direction. Two degrees south of the equator, from the middle of the northern

shore of a vast lake issues the stream, about 150 yards wide, first leaping down a fall of twelve feet, and then off and away for Egypt,—making further falls, or courses of rapids (a descent of 1000 feet, in the circuit which the travellers did not follow), and then on and on, through fertile plains, where the cattle are as innumerable as on the Pampas of South America; and through rank vegetation, where the elephants make paths for themselves to drink of old Nile. Instead of a group of old gods on a mountain, sitting by a spring-head, and blessing it as they send it forth on its course of 2000 miles, the travellers found tribes of men, more astonished at the sight of white faces than the white-faced men were with anything they found at the source of the mystery they were solving. Some of the black nations about those lakes were found more intelligent, and some less. We shall hear all about them by and by.

Meantime, few of us, I believe, will have much sympathy with writers or speakers whose first inquiry was about the use of this discovery. It may or may not be true that there is a prospect of a considerable trade all the way up the river to the equator, and beyond it. That may be all very well when we have become accustomed to the thought that the last great secret of our planet (of its surface at least) is told to our generation. For nearly two centuries it has seemed strange and unnatural that we should have learned so many secrets of the heavens,—should have actually ascertained how the solar system is what it is, and does what it does, and that there should be anything on the earth's surface hidden from us that we desire to know. That anomaly is at an end: and we do not want to think of commercial or other advantages on the same day with such a fact.

Next comes the human interest of the story. Can anything be conceived more exhilarating than the meeting at Gondokoro, which will stand in English, and in other than English history? The Pethericks were not drowned in the Nile, but ready on its banks to meet the countrymen who were descending in their glory from the high regions of the equator. Another fine fellow was there too,—another generous rival in the work of discovery, Mr. Baker—Samuel Baker, whose name already stands high, and is likely to stand higher, among African explorers.

Speke might well say that he was never so happy in his life. Mr. Petherick handed him a letter from his London patrons, announcing praise and reward for former feats: and Mr. Baker supplied him and Captain Grant with stores and money, to set them well forward on their way home. From that meeting, high up in the tropics, our minds glance into the English homes of these brave men and women, at the moment when Captain Speke's father, down in Somersetshire, heard of his safety, and his certainty of renown; and when the Pethericks' relatives threw off their mourning; and Mr. Baker's friends were told of what he had done, and what thanks the Geographical Society at once voted him. But we have no business on that private ground.

The Indian Government is as sympathetic as

could be desired. It grants further leave of absence to both its great geographical captains to July, 1864, with pay: and thus we shall have their books prepared under the most advantageous conditions. The Pasha of Egypt sent up a steam-boat to bring down the men he delighted to honour; and we have heard of them, not only by Speke's letter to Murchison, but from gazers who saw them at Assouan, at Thebes, at Cairo. I am writing of them as still in Africa; but before what I write is published, they will doubtless be in London, being expected there for the meeting of the Geographical Society on the 8th of June.

One speculation on such occasions is whether men who have done such a deed can ever relish ordinary life like other people. Captain Speke is, we are told, about forty years of age, of great stature and strength. It does not seem probable that he will settle down into ordinary military life, any more than Park could settle down into his old practice as a country surgeon. Perhaps our heroes may find new fields of exploration. Meantime, they have enough to do for many months to come in bringing us up to the knowledge which the Pharaohs and the Greeks longed for in vain.

Together with news of commercial profits of ten per cent. per month at Khartoum, we hear promises of a telegraph wire above Khartoum, and rails up to nobody knows where, and across to the Red Sea. If such things are possible to the great power of the Pasha, we may learn more than we ever hoped of the inhabitants of the regions where the old gods are certainly not living at this day. But those of us who are neither statesmen nor commercial speculators are in no hurry for more than we have got. Sufficient for our day is it that somebody has stood at the source of the Nile.

FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

PERUVIAN BARK AND THE TREES WHICH YIELD IT.

On the slopes and in the ravines of the Andes, in the more northern parts of South America, within the tropics, but at elevations where the climate is temperate, in scattered groups amidst dense forests, or, higher on the mountains, singly and in clusters on the ridges where the guanaco and vicugna feed, grow the trees of the genus *Cinchona*, natives of no other part of the world, but yielding a medicine of inestimable value, and with which, as a remedy for the intermittent fevers of warm and moist countries, no other febrifuge is worthy to be compared. For these trees, and these alone, produce the long celebrated Peruvian bark, and Peruvian bark is the only source of quinine.

We are apt to wonder that a boon so precious should have been bestowed in this way, instead of being lavished at once on the inhabitants of all quarters of the globe. But a little reflection shows that this is at least no exceptional instance of its kind, but accordant with a great general law of creation and providence. When we inquire into the distribution of the different kinds of plants and animals existing in the world, we find that most of them are natives only of certain countries; and even those which, because of their

long-proved value, have been most widely diffused through the care and agency of man, appear to have been at first limited to some of the early seats of civilisation. And thus scope has been afforded for the cultivation of man's own faculties, and for the beneficial exertion of all human energies.

It seems probable that the medicinal properties of the bark of the cinchonas were known to the Indians before the Spanish conquest, although a long time elapsed ere they communicated their knowledge to their conquerors. The Jesuit missionaries on the upper tributaries of the Amazon were perhaps the first Europeans who became acquainted with the nature of this bark, and towards the end of the seventeenth century they began to send parcels of it to Rome. Hence it received the name of Jesuits' Bark. Cardinal Juan de Lugo distinguished himself by his endeavours to promote its use; and the name Cardinal's Bark was therefore often given to it. It was also called Countess's Bark, from the Countess of Cinchon, or Chincon, wife of the Viceroy of Peru, by whom it was brought to Spain as early as 1640, although it did not then get into extensive reputation or use. She had been cured by it, two years before, when she lay ill of a severe intermittent fever at Lima: and to her physician its value had been made known by the Corregidor of Loxa, who himself, in similar distress, had received information of it from an Indian.

Whilst this medicine was still scarcely known in Europe, except among the Jesuits of Spain and Italy, an Englishman, Sir Robert Talbot, or Talbot, having become acquainted with it, acquired a great reputation for his wonderful success in the cure of intermittents. Louis XIV. of France purchased the secret from him for two thousand louis d'ors, a large pension, and a title, and immediately made it public. The price was at first enormous, one hundred louis d'ors a pound. But the fame of Peruvian Bark was now established, and it soon became an important article of commerce. Some, indeed, of the physicians of the time derided it, and repelled the innovation, as in more recent times a few have been found to oppose the introduction of chloroform. But all controversy on this subject ceased at an early date in the eighteenth century; and so great was the demand for Peruvian Bark, that even in 1735 apprehensions were entertained of the probable extirpation of the trees producing it in the forests of Loxa, where alone they were then known to exist. The first botanical description of a Peruvian Bark tree was published shortly afterwards by the French botanist De la Condamine, and the name *Cinchona* was given to the genus by Linnaeus, in commemoration of the Countess of Cinchon.

The Spanish Government, towards the end of last century, sent botanical expeditions to explore the forests of different parts of South America, in order to the discovery of bark trees; but through the influence of parties interested in maintaining a commercial monopoly, the value of some of the new species discovered was concealed, and large quantities of bark which had been collected were destroyed; and thus, through a vile cupidity and a mistaken political economy, one of the most

useful of medicines was kept at a price which placed it beyond the reach of multitudes to whom it would have proved a blessing.

The discovery of quinine or quinia, one of the alkaloids to which Peruvian Bark owes almost all its medicinal value, and by far the most important of them, took place in the beginning of the present century. The name of quinine is now familiar to every one, and its value not only in the cure of intermittents, but as a tonic medicine, is universally recognised. Great quantities of Peruvian Bark are now consumed in the preparation of quinine, and the question of an abundant supply becomes every day more urgent; for hitherto the demand has increased far more than the supply. What the value of Peruvian Bark is, was proved in the unfortunate Walcheren expedition, in the saving of many lives by the opportune arrival of an American ship with a large quantity of it. Poor sufferers, emaciated with fever and shaking with ague, were speedily restored to health. The introduction of quinine into the military hospitals of India was immediately followed by a great diminution of the mortality from fevers. The quinine used in the hospitals now costs the Government of India many thousands of pounds sterling annually. In the Confederate States of North America, after the beginning of the present war, quinine was eagerly purchased for its weight in gold: and the smuggling of this medicine across the frontier, or by ships which run the blockade, has been as much watched against by the Federalists as the importation of any of the munitions of war. For the exclusive possession of quinine, if it were possible for them, would give great advantage to one of the contending parties, in a country where intermittent fever is often more formidable to an army than the weapons of the enemy.

The abundant supply of Peruvian Bark is, therefore, a question of deep interest to mankind. Every species of cinchona of which the bark is really valuable, is now eagerly sought after, wherever it grows; but the districts once most productive of bark now produce comparatively little; all the regulations by which the South American Governments have from time to time attempted to prevent the destruction of the trees, have been nearly ineffectual; and in all South America no attempt has ever been made for their cultivation. The collecting of the bark is the occupation of persons called *cascailleros*. The word is a diminutive of the Spanish *casaca*, bark; and Peruvian Bark itself is in Peru commonly called *casquilla*. These *cascailleros* are trained to this occupation from their childhood. Their life is a hard one; they suffer great privations and expose themselves to great dangers, proceeding in quest of bark trees over high mountain passes, to regions far from the habitations of men. The life of the *cascaillero*, if less exciting, is not less perilous than that of the chamois-hunter of the Alps; and the scenes amidst which it is spent, are more varied, and at least as grand and awful. Before reaching the region where they propose to search for bark trees, the *cascailleros* often pass over the highest ridges of the Andes. Their ordinary practice, when they

have reached a suitable locality, is to ascend to an elevated pinnacle of the mountains, or to climb one of the highest trees of the forest, in order to obtain an extensive view. They readily recognise the cinchonas by their foliage, even from a great distance, and with wonderful accuracy proceed to the spot where they grow.

But of course no *cascaillero* feels an interest in preserving the trees for future years. His present interest is to procure as much bark as he can from that wild forest or high mountain ridge, for the merchant who employs him, and to whose warehouse, in some seaport of the western coast, he must carry it over passes where, although within the tropics, he confronts the dangers of snowstorm and avalanche, and where the thin air is scarcely sufficient for his unaccustomed lungs, travelling on the verge of precipices where a false step would make him food for the condor. Sometimes, too, the *cascaillero* wanders in the forest, and some subsequent traveller may find his bones and his bundles of bark, where, hungry and exhausted, he renounced all hope, and laid himself down to die. No wonder, therefore, that the government regulations for the preservation of the trees receive little attention, and that, although these trees grow readily again from their stools, the men who find them in the lonely wilderness take all that they can, destroying the stools, and barking the very roots for present gain.

That no plantation of cinchonas has yet been attempted in South America is a sad sign of the state of the countries which yet regard these trees as an important part of their national wealth, and exhibit a ridiculous eagerness to prevent any exportation of plants or seeds of them. It is not wonderful that the introduction of them into countries suitable for their cultivation should have been attempted: it is rather wonderful that the attempt should not have been earnestly made long ago. The botanist De la Condamine, indeed, endeavoured to carry plants of a species of cinchona, the first of which the medicinal value was known, from Loxa to the Jardin des Plantes at Paris in 1743, or 1744; but after he had conveyed them, with much trouble, down the Amazon, a wave washed over his little vessel near Para, and carried off the box in which he had preserved them for more than eight months, and in which he had brought them more than two thousand miles. It does not appear that any earnest effort was ever made to procure plants or seeds of these valuable trees with a view to their cultivation in any part of the world, till the Dutch government sent a botanist named Hasskarl to Peru in 1852, to procure them for Java. It had for at least thirty years been urged on the Dutch government by men of science that an endeavour of this kind should be made, the mountains of Java being regarded as very suitable for the cinchonas. Similar recommendations were addressed to the government of British India, particularly by the late eminent Dr. Royle; and these were at last acted upon after Dr. Royle's death, a commission being given to Mr. Markham in 1859, to procure plants and seeds of cinchonas, and to convey them to India. How well this commission was executed, and amidst what difficulties, may

be learned from the volume of travels recently published by Mr. Markham,* and still more unquestionably from the success of the cinchona cultivation begun in India. The Neilgherry Hills were chosen as the place to which the greater part of the cinchona plants and seeds should be sent. Some were, however, also sent to the mountains of Ceylon, and to Darjeeling, in the Sikkim Himalaya. And already there are thousands of plants of the best species of cinchona in India; plants are freely sold from the government nurseries to those who are willing to undertake the cultivation of them; and amongst the many joint-stock schemes which have recently been presented to the capitalists of Britain, one not undeserving of favourable regard is for the cultivation of cinchonas on the Neilgherry Hills.

The Dutch have been less successful in Java; principally, it would seem, because the plants and seeds which they obtained were mostly those of a worthless species of cinchona. They did, however, introduce into Java two valuable species, of which the Indian cultivators have been glad to obtain plants in exchange. And cinchonas of the most valuable kinds, and suited to different climates, may now be regarded as fully introduced into India, Ceylon, and Java. The fact is equally delightful, when viewed from the positions of the political economist and of the philanthropist. It is to be regretted that, although the Indian government, with praiseworthy liberality, sent a portion of the plants and seeds, collected at its expense, to Jamaica, little attention has been paid to them in that island, the mountains of which seem a most likely place for their profitable cultivation. We may feel sure that the introduction of these trees into other countries will prove beneficial to South America itself. The present monopoly enriches only a few capitalists. Driven to compete with the rest of the world, in the supply of an article, the demand for which will rapidly increase with the reduction of the price, South Americans may also seek to render it more abundant by the cultivation of the trees in their native regions, with the happy results of employment and remuneration to great numbers of people, and an increase of national prosperity and human happiness.

It only remains for us to say a few words concerning the Peruvian Bark trees, and the alkaloids which they produce. The Peruvian name of these trees is Quina, or Quinquina, a modification of which, China, was long in general use among apothecaries and others, and is still in general use in some countries of Europe. Of the genus *Cinchona*, as established by Linnæus, nearly one hundred species are known, natives of various tropical countries, although abounding chiefly in the tropical parts of America. It has been divided, however, into a number of genera, and although the botanical characters by which some of them are distinguished very nearly approach those of the group for which alone the name *Cinchona* is now retained, it is an interesting fact

that beyond the limits of that group no trace has been found of the peculiar alkaloids which give medicinal value to Peruvian Bark, whilst all the species of that group produce them in greater or less abundance. Apparently trivial distinctions, therefore, acquire importance from their observed relation to most valuable products and properties. Curly hairs on the margin of the segments of the corolla are one distinction of the true cinchonas; whilst another is the splitting of the ripe seed-vessels from the base upwards, and not from the apex downwards. And by these characters they may be at once discriminated from many trees very nearly resembling them. Of the genus, as thus restricted, about twenty species are known, all of them found in the Andes, between the nineteenth degree of South latitude and the tenth degree of North latitude; whilst it is further remarkable that the particular species have very limited latitudinal and altitudinal zones, within which alone they occur. The cinchonas of New Granada are not only different from those of the south of Peru and Bolivia, but even from those of intermediate latitudes; and in like manner the traveller, in ascending or descending the mountains, finds one species to appear, and another to disappear, as he passes a certain altitudinal line. None of the cinchonas are found at an elevation of less than 2500 feet above the sea, and some extend as far up the mountains as 9000 or 10,000 feet. Of this adaptation of different species to climates considerably different advantage is likely to be taken in order to their cultivation in different parts of the world. Even the south of Europe might probably be suitable for some.

These valuable trees are also trees of great beauty. Some of them grow to a considerable height, and are fine umbrageous trees; and others grow up as straight and leafless as palms; while some are mere shrubs, scattered over grassy slopes and plains at great elevations among the mountains. They have evergreen, laurel-like leaves; their flowers have a general resemblance to those of lilac, which, however, they excel in beauty, and diffuse around the trees a delicious fragrance. If South America had a native poetry, these trees could not but have a poetical celebrity.

Peruvian Bark yields to the chemist not fewer than five alkaloids, of which no other source is known, not even in trees of the genera most nearly allied to the true cinchonas. These alkaloids are Quinine, Cinchonine, Quinidine, Cinchonidine, and Arcine. The proportion in which they exist in different kinds of bark, produced by different species of cinchona, or under different circumstances, is very various. Of the alkaloids themselves, Quinine is the most valuable, and Cinchonidine, much more recently discovered, is said to be next to it.

TIDINGS.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF GRÜN.)

FROM jousting homeward rides the Earl;
To meet him comes his trusty churl.

"Halt! halt there! Wherefore run'st thou? Say!
O whither wends my churl his way?"

* "Travels in Peru and India, while Superintending the Collection of Cinchona Plants and Seeds in South America, and their Introduction into India." By Clements R. Markham, F.S.A., F.R.G.S., &c. London. 1862.

"I stray in quest of roof and bed,
I seek for where to lay my head."

"Of roof and bed! Speak out and tell,
Hath aught at home befall'n not well?"

"Not aught of weight. Thy wee white hound
Lies deadly hurt upon the ground."

"My true dog dead upon the ground!
Now, tell me, what hath harmed the hound?"

"Thy charger sprang on him in fear;—
Then dashed into the drowning weir."

"My goodly horse! my stable's pride!
What terror drove him to the tide?"



"Methinks in fright I saw him run
As from the window fell thy son."

"My son! He hath not lost his life!
Who guards then now mine own true wife?"

"When dead before her feet she spied
The little Lord, she swooned and died."

"If woe on woe so quickly fall,
Why stay'st thou not to watch the Hall?"

"The Hall! Alas! what hall? Thine own
In dust and ashes down is thrown."

"Thy dead wife sleeps upon her bier;
The fire hath caught her robe and hair;

"The flames flare up from tower and stall;
Thy men are burned within thy hall:

"Fate me alone hath spared to tell,
In gentle words, how all befel."

B. J.

OUT OF THE BODY.



In a room in the Great Quadrangle of the College of Holy Bottle some dozen of us sat. It was after "hall" (that is to say dinner), and we were "wining" (another uncouth University expression), with my friend Allen. Undergraduates all of us, and all members of the aforesaid college, which I have chosen to call (stealing from "Rabelais") by the name "Holy Bottle." I am not going to describe a wine-party, or to indulge in boyish slang. In the first place, we were not freshmen; and that queer verb "to wine" expresses, when the agents have overpassed the freshman-stage, no extraordinary or unreasonable process: port, and sherry and claret, with a few dry biscuits—a jar of tobacco and a box of tolerable cigars—only these

and nothing more. When the delights of too much wine and a surfeit of sweets have been proved to be no longer surreptitious, they soon lose their attractions. In the second place, I write from memory of a distant period; and if slang was talked on that evening, it would be slang which has now ceased to be current. How soon those choice flowers of speech die away! The very titles of the utterers of those flash notes change every few years—Maccaronies, bloods, bucks, dandies, fast men. I do not remember what women were the toasts, or what horses were the favourites, or where the hounds used to meet; or, if I do, all is changed since then. The women are no longer fair; the horses, if any survive, are

perhaps cab-horses; and the hunting, I hear, is by no means what it was. The Dean, whom we then execrated is dead; the tutors have disappeared into the seclusion of fat country livings; the Master—well, everybody who knows Holy Bottle knows that the Master of Holy Bottle is unassailable by time as by all other ills of life. He still rules supreme in his ancient seat, and if need be, can vouch for and confirm the truth of my story.

My readers will perceive that the conversation which follows was not taken down verbatim—is, in fact, a mere generalisation from memory. I may have put speeches into wrong mouths, or into the mouths of interlocutors not present or non-existent. But the bearing and tone of the conversation is given truly. I have cause to remember that evening, and the talk in which I joined in Allen's rooms was preparative to—nay, the cause which led to the experiences which follow.

It was a Saturday in the October Term, and evening was already settling down. A dull heavy mist filled the quadrangle and quite hid its opposite side. We were gathered round the blazing fire, which gave forth that throbbing vital kind of light which contrasts so forcibly and pleasantly with the deadness of winter twilight. Other light there was none, save such as twinkled from red cigar ends, or glowing pipe-bowls. Smoke within and mist without. The party of ten or a dozen young men felt, I have no doubt, that sense of snug isolation from outer discomforts which the limited radius of fire-light, especially when bounded by smoke wreaths, is apt to impress on us. Vexatious for those who would have to turn out into the cold, raw, damp night for "evening chapel."

"A strange fellow," said Hawkins. "He never does anything. He never boats, nor rides, nor walks—or if he does walk, it is at night. I met him the other night at twelve o'clock coming round the corner of Aureole Street, and he gave me much the same sort of impression that I fancy a ghost would do, though I never tried it. How he manages to come over the Dons I cannot think. He cuts lectures and chapels from week's end to week's end, and seems to be out of college at all hours of the night."

"He is a queer fellow," said Graham. "Why the deuce doesn't he have his hair cut? I never saw a more barbarous figure in my life."

"Does anybody know anybody that knows him?" asked Allen. "I never saw him speak to a soul yet. I pity the poor devil. He seems quite friendless and alone."

"You are talking of Mauleverer, I suppose," I said. "Yes, I may say that I know him. A neighbour of mine in the country asked me to look him up, and I did so on his first arrival."

"Did you find him in?"

"Yes, and stayed chatting with him for some time. He is by no means a fool—though strange, as you say. He seemed to me to be a little wrong in the head. And from what I remember of my friend's letter, there was some hint of the kind dropped in it. He spoke of Mauleverer being eccentric, having had a long illness and so forth, and said it would be a kindness to do what I could for him."

"A little cracked, you think?" said Hawkins.

"Can he talk? I bid him good night at the corner of Aureole Street when I met him, as I told you, and he did not answer a word."

"Oh yes, he can talk, though he is a little shy and absent. He reads hard, I should think from his books. He has a very extensive library. He seems foggy, as hard readers always do. The chief thing about him that struck me, I think, was the shaking hands with him. I never felt such a cold damp hand in my life. It gives one quite a shock."

"A fishy kind of hand," said some one.

"The very same thing struck me," said Wyatt, the only freshman of our company. "Mauleverer is a friend of mine. We are on quite intimate terms."

"By Jove!" cried one.

"What sort of a fellow is he?" asked another.

"The way I became acquainted with him was this. I was up the river the other day, and, not being a swell at pulling, I managed to get an upset. This was not far from the 'Harrow.' I went in there to dry myself, and to get some egg-flip, which seemed necessary under the circumstances. There was a crowd in the left-hand room, and upon inquiry I found that a University man had been taken suddenly ill. I went into the left-hand room. The sick man was Mauleverer. He was in a fit—a strange kind of fit. He was perfectly stiff—he had been struck standing, they said—and was propped, not sitting, against the bench and against the wall. One arm, from the elbow, was stretched out horizontally. He was bluish-white in the face, his eyes open and glazed. You were never at the Morgue on Mount St. Bernard, were you? Well, he was very much like one of the figures there. I took hold of his outstretched hand—why, I don't know—and the freezing stiff fingers closed upon mine. By Jove! I didn't get over it for days. My hand became quite dead, white in the flesh and purple in the nails, and all the sensation I had in it for a week was that of what they call pins and needles. I have seen men in fits before, but never a fit like that. He looked exactly like a corpse."

"Catalepsy?" said Allen.

"Oh, bless you, he's quite used to it," said Wyatt. "I know how to manage him now, though I did not then. He came round after a time, and I saw him back to his rooms. There happened to be a dog-cart at the 'Harrow,' and the men who had come in it gave it up to us, and went back in my boat. Anybody else would have done as much, of course; but you can't think how grateful the poor fellow was to me. We struck up a friendship there and then, and since that I see him almost every day."

"He is subject to fits then?" I asked.

"Yes. Has been subject to them, he says, ever since a severe fall which he got out hunting. His spine was injured, and he lay for weeks insensible. He has had fits from that time. Cataleptic, I suppose they are—no convulsions—only a sudden swooning and stiffening of the whole body. But the strangest thing is, that he can bring on these fits whenever he pleases."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, he himself makes a distinction. He

says that the fits, which come upon him against his will, are ordinary cataleptic fits; but, over and above this affliction, he lays claim to a power of putting himself into a trance whenever he pleases. For myself, I don't see much difference between the two. He declares that the trances into which he throws himself are absolutely a separating of the soul from the body. He talks in the most mysterious manner about this power that he possesses. He asserts most solemnly that when he uses this power he is consciously out of and separate from his body, which is to all intents and purposes dead. I can't express myself clearly—but you understand what I mean."

There were exclamations of surprise.

"He only fancies this, I suppose," said Allen; "it is a hallucination. He cannot really bring on these fits when he likes, can he?"

"He certainly can, though."

"Have you ever seen him do it?"

"Yes; once only. That was enough for me."

"By Jove! tell us about it," cried a chorus of voices.

"There is not much to tell. He had been talking about these trances of his, and I was curious, and not a little sceptical. I challenged him to do it, and, by Heaven, in five minutes he lay before me seemingly quite dead. I don't like to talk of it!"

Wyatt shuddered.

"You don't mean to say that he really did go off in this way, of his own will and act?"

"Not a doubt of it."

"And how did he do it?"—

"How long did he remain so?"—

"Did he come to again, all right?"—

There was a shower of questions.

"He seemed to me to remain in the trance a long time, but, I confess, I was desperately frightened, and the time would seem long. He says himself that he cannot continue so for more than two or three minutes—that it is great labour to keep body and soul apart. He describes the connection between them as something like an elastic string at full stretch. If the tension is relaxed, they fly together again."

"And how did he go off? Tell us about it?"

"He cautioned me at first not to speak, and on no account to touch him. Then he fixed his eyes, and seemed to hold his breath. After a few moments he began to grow pale. This pallor increased rapidly till he was quite white. Then there was a bubbling sound in his throat, and he gave a long expiration. The breath came out of his mouth like a bluish stream. Then all was over—he lay quite dead. It was perfectly awful. The first sign of his coming to was a rush of colour into his face: from white it became crimson. He awoke up as from a dream, seeming a little bewildered at first, and much exhausted. He says it is very hard work. He describes the soul—or the life-principle, or the breath, or whatever it is—as first collecting in the heart, and then passing from that up the spine, and so out from the body at the top of the head. He says an aperture is formed in the head, through which the soul goes out, and that it is very difficult to keep this aperture open while the soul is absent.

I suppose if it closed he would never revive. He assured me that he was perfectly conscious of existing apart from his body, and of the presence of the body as a thing separate and distinct from himself. I asked whether his soul went far away from the body, and he said, 'No; that the separation was not absolutely complete; that there was some link of connection,' which he likened to an elastic string, as I said before. He distinguishes between his fits and the voluntary exercise of this power. He did not possess the power previous to his fall. Thus he allows it to be in some way connected with the fits, though he says that the symptoms of the two are quite different."

"I never heard such an extraordinary story in my life!" said Allen.

I confess that I (the writer) had listened to Wyatt with an absorbing interest. Unhappily the case of Mauleverer aroused in me an unquenchable curiosity. I resolved on the instant to use my slight acquaintance with him to put this strange preternatural power of his to the test.

I had some dim remembrance of having read of cases of the kind before. Marvellous instances of cataleptic trances were on record. I mingled remembrances of accounts of such physical wonders with remembrances of more mysterious legends of ancient philosophers and mystics. All my notions on the subject were vague, and for that reason, probably, my curiosity was the stronger. One point, however, in Wyatt's account seemed familiar to me. Of the aperture in the head, through which the vital principle issued from the body, I had certainly heard before. Where, I could not tell; but this one point coming clearly before me as a fact known before, impressed me forcibly.

"Is Mauleverer ashamed of exhibiting this power which he possesses?" I asked. "I suppose he does not wish it to be known or talked of."

"On the contrary," said Wyatt, "I think he is rather proud of it. He is fond of obtruding the subject, and has several times, since that first, proposed to exhibit, as you call it, before me. That one exhibition, however, was quite enough. I never will submit to another. It must be awfully dangerous to himself; and the sight of it is not entertaining. It is a kind of thing that one dreams about afterwards."

"I should very much like to see the performance, nevertheless," I said. "As to danger, I should think there could be little, if it is a habitual thing with him."

"Nothing easier than to see it, if you are so inclined. You know him. Call on him, and just introduce the subject, and I bet that he will at once offer to gratify your curiosity. He has a morbid kind of pride in the possession of this gift."

"Will you go with me?"

"Yes, any day you please."

I looked at my watch.

"Why not at once?" I said. "Are you going to chapel? There will just be time before it begins."

Wyatt gave a glance towards the darkening windows, and shrugged his shoulders.

"I will go with you," he said, "on condition that I am not to stay for the performance. I will introduce the subject and put matters in proper train, and then you shall have your *stunce* to yourself."

"Don't go to-night," said Allen; "it only wants half-an-hour of chapel time. I know you will not give up the anthem for Mauleverer."

However, I was determined to satisfy my curiosity at once. Even the anthem (a nuisance to most men, from the fact of its lengthening the service), to which I always looked forward as a pleasure, became of secondary importance to the gratification of my sudden whim.

Wyatt swung his surplice across his shoulders, and we descended from Allen's rooms.

Mauleverer "kept" (another University word) on the opposite side of the court, between the great gateway which opened on Holy Bottle Street and the chapel.

As we crossed the court the moon was struggling through the thick damp mists. The fountain in the centre of the open space, the lantern of the Hall and the tower of the chapel loomed large and vague through the white fog.

"It is a hundred to one if his oak is not sported," said Wyatt, "and then you will be disappointed. I half hope you will. You will never wish to repeat the experiment."

When we had ascended the stairs, however, Mauleverer had just opened his door, and was standing in the gap.

Of course we entered. The cold dampness of Mauleverer's hand again struck me with a kind of shock. He seemed shy and absent, as I had found him on my first visit; but he evidently made exertions to talk and to receive us in a friendly manner. We all lighted cigars, as a necessary preliminary.

There was no lamp in the room on our entrance, but light streamed through a doorway in one corner.

"Grinding, as usual, I suppose," said Wyatt; and he followed Mauleverer towards the light.

The door led into a small circular closet, groined, after a fashion, in the roof. This roof and the walls bore fading traces of colour. Opposite to and just above the table on which stood the lamp, was painted a ghastly, pain-tortured face. This fixed my attention on entering.

"You have never seen my little snugery before?" said Mauleverer to me. "Some former tenant of these rooms, they tell me, was a Roman Catholic, and he fitted up this closet as an oratory."

As he spoke, he traced with his finger about and beneath the ghastly face the faint outlines of a crucifix.

"This little room," he continued, "is in one of the small towers that flank the gateway."

We went back through the doorway, Mauleverer bringing the lamp.

The room, as I had before observed, was lined with books. This was the only point remarkable in it. There were no pictures, no whips, or fishing-tackle, or gun-cases, or fencing foils—the

ordinary furniture of a young man's sanctum—books, and books only.

"You are a great reader?" I asked. "Classics or mathematics—which do you take to?"

"To neither," he answered, laughing. "I read only for my own amusement. I have read a great deal more astrology than mathematics proper; and I understand mediæval Latin much better than classical."

I gave a glance round his book-shelves. Of the names ranged there I then knew nothing—a strange collection of folios, big and little, in decayed bindings, and with a decidedly musty odour.

Wyatt, apropos of the turn of conversation, cleverly managed to lead up to the subject of my curiosity.

Mauleverer was silent and grave at first. He blushed, and appeared uneasy. I feared that the subject was painful to him, and that he would shrink from discussing it.

"I am afraid you must think me a very strange sort of fellow?" he at length said to me, in a tone that was apologetic. "But I expect, if the truth were known, other people could do just the same as—as—as this that I can do, if they were to try. I daresay it appears to you a very *erie* proceeding, but really there is not much in it. It is no more unnatural after the first time or two than simply going to sleep."

His uneasiness seemed to be caused only by fear lest I should look upon his peculiarity with horror and disgust.

"My dear Mauleverer," I said, "I take the greatest interest in the matter. I heard for the first time, half an hour ago, that you had this power. I hope you will forgive my feeling what I suppose I can call by no better name than an intense curiosity. If to talk of the subject is disagreeable to you, pray let us drop it at once; but if it is not so, I shall be very much obliged to you to satisfy the interest which I feel."

"Oh no, it is not disagreeable to me. I am so used to it, that I suppose I look upon it in a different light to what other people do."

The chapel bell had been ringing for some minutes. Wyatt put on his surplice and left us. Mauleverer, who seemed a little flushed and excited, walked to one of the windows, and, throwing it open, sat down on the window-seat. I leaned against the shutter-case, and listened as he spoke.

Through the window the court, full of mist, rendered semi-transparent by faint moonlight, lay before us. I can see the scene at this moment. The men were pouring into chapel, rushing along from all directions, their wide white surplices floating behind them as they ran. Now a flock came together, now a single figure; and as the time for closing the chapel gates drew nigh, the whole quadrangle became alive with the fluttering white draperies. Through the moonlit mist these figures assumed an indefiniteness mysterious and solemn. Light slanted down through the long array of chapel windows, showing the wavering movement of the vapour; and the music of the organ was audible, now reaching us in a gush of

tumultuous sounds, now dying away till only the tremor of it was felt rather than heard.

Mauleverer began to describe, nervously and incoherently at first, afterwards with much animation, the symptoms which I was so eagerly desirous to witness.

I will say here, once for all, that I do not attempt to defend my conduct. It was reckless, cruel, unnatural,—I agree to all that my readers can think about it. My curiosity overmastered all other feelings. I was terribly punished, as will be seen in the end.

Mauleverer's account agreed with the outline which Wyatt had given us in Allen's rooms. It was a perfectly voluntary act. Body and soul did become actually separated from each other, though some kind of connection was retained. The thing being willed to be done, the first sensation was of a collecting of all the vital forces about the region of the heart. From the heart these forces passed off into the spinal column, and, streaming upwards, exhaled from the body through an aperture which apparently opened in the cerebellum. To cause this aperture to form, and afterwards to retain it unclosed, required a strong effort, painful through the fatigue it occasioned.

I mentioned that this particular of the aperture in the head seemed familiar to me.

"It is one of the symptoms related by Cardan," said Mauleverer. "He—if he is to be believed—could exercise precisely the same power that I can. By his own confession, he was neither an honest nor a trustworthy man; but he certainly speaks truth in this account of his own experience. His diagnosis is singularly correct and complete. No one, however learned in physiology, could have hit precisely on these symptoms. Cardan's case is a noted one, and probably you have seen it referred to in some book. Such cases, however, are not so rare as is generally supposed. That they are rare at all is, I believe, simply owing to people's ignorance of the extent of the natural powers they possess. I am quite sure that this gift is not preternatural, but natural, possessed dormantly by everybody, and capable of being used by everybody, if they knew of it, and were disposed to use it. Sleep is a much more incomprehensible affair. Sleep is clearly a disease of tired nature, while this species of trance, or semi-separation of soul and body, is a legitimate exertion of the forces of nature in their highest strength. If it is half-way on the road to death, it nevertheless puts death in a new light, taking away from it all that mystery which ordinarily surrounds it. All that is required is an exercise of the *will*—a powerful exercise; but not more powerful than is used daily by many men upon trivial matters."

"And you really think that anybody—that I, for instance,—could do the same if I chose to do it?"

"I feel certain of it. As I said before, instances are not so rare as they are supposed to be. From the very earliest times, and in all nations, cases are handed down to us. If you look into Montfaucon and Denon, you will find this power represented as clearly as it can be in the Egyptian hieroglyphics. The figure on the couch with the attendant priests and the symbol of the soul

hovering above—this most common of their pictures—what else does it mean? Then, among the Greeks, the mysteries of the oracles, the sacred sleeps,—a thousand matters point the same way. The philosophers often, when they are interpreted as speaking metaphorically of abstract contemplation, are referring literally to this physical power; and from whence do they derive their analogy, when they are speaking metaphorically, unless from this well-known fact? The very teaching of the antagonism of soul and senses comes from this. The legends of Pythagoras, of Hermotimus, and of many more of the early philosophers, claim for them the power of leaving the body and returning to it. And when we come down to Alexandria and the Neo-Platonists, the exercise of the power is ordinary and common. The sages of that city, heathen or Christian, possessed it alike. The religious books of the Jews, again, teem with allusions and more certain illustrations; and we Christians have surely instances enough in our own writings."

"But," I objected, "these old stories are so vague (are they not? I speak ignorantly), and so mixed up with manifest superstitions and lies, as to afford little acceptable evidence. Besides, in almost all cases these stories claim to be miraculous and supernatural."

"Any power," he answered, smiling, "not yet accepted as natural and ordinary, is sure to be looked on as a miracle, and to be surrounded by superstitious additions and interpretations. All that I argue for is for the existence of some natural cause lying beneath. Although we have ceased to believe that thunder is a divine voice, yet none the less do we believe in the thunder. The books of the middle ages are full of instances. Cardan, as you know, affirms that he himself possessed the gift, and his account has in it the surest evidences of truth. The mediæval saints afford cases as numerous as the Alexandrian mystics. Whole communities of nuns and monks knew and practised the secret, and often turned it artfully as an instrument to their own ends."

"Surely," I said, "those middle-age legends were cases of disease or of imposture."

"Hardly of disease," he said; "though of course unhealthy people might discover this latent power as well as healthy. Because whole communities exhibited the same symptoms it is said that it was an epidemic. The simpler explanation is that one learned of the latent power from another. Of imposture, no doubt. They deceived others, and often deceived themselves, mixing the physical fact with a thousand superstitious fancies and lies."

"They described the most wonderful visions as having occurred in these trances, did they not? I have some dim general notion of that class of stories. But, if I remember right, their trances were often of long continuance—many days. You said just now that you could not continue yours for more than two or three minutes. Tell me, too, pray, about these visions. Do you experience anything of the kind? What difference is there between your ordinary consciousness and your consciousness while in that state of trance?"

Mauleverer paused.

"As to time," he said, "we must allow for exaggeration in those old stories. But the possible duration would depend, no doubt, on the strength of the person, and the degree to which he had used the power. Myself, I am as yet still recovering from a severe illness—a person in perfect health would probably find no difficulty in remaining in that state of trance on first trial for double the time that I can last out now. I have discovered this power only of late, and was on first discovery afraid to use it. I have had little practice. But already the duration which I can bear is rapidly increasing. It was only for a few moments at first. This morning I extended the period to five minutes, timing myself by my watch."

"And your consciousness while in that state?"

He paused again.

"I cannot speak on that point," he said at last.

"I can tell you that I do not experience the impossible visions that stand recorded in saintly legends; but as to the kind or degree of my consciousness, I have arrived at no accurate knowledge on that point myself. The duration of the separation is so very short. Consciousness wholly distinct from the senses is such a strange process. It is only after many months that infants learn to use their senses—to think and feel through them. And I suffer the reverse process,—and only for a few moments at a time. I could not say that I heard or saw in that state, and yet I am *conscious*. It is impossible to explain. I myself have as great a curiosity and eagerness to learn more as you can have."

We were both silent.

Then Mauleverer continued.

"You disbelieve those old stories that come down to us, intermixed with superstitious additions. But there are plenty of later stories, of cases here in England, well-attested, and without a shadow of imposture or superstition in them. Take, for example, the case of Colonel Townshend."

He got up, went to a book-case, and taking down a book, searched through the leaves for a moment or two, and at length handed it open to me.

I glanced through it. The case was related by a physician, and other physicians attested it. The details were told at length, and with perfect clearness. No explanation, physical or other, was attempted. Colonel Townshend died, and returned to life—could do so habitually. There it was under the hands of the doctors.

"But," I said, after consideration of the case, "Colonel Townshend was at this time in ill health—a 'nephritic complaint,' as the book says—was, in fact, in the last stage of a long-continuing disease. This was surely some pre-monitor of death, no normal power of healthful nature."

Mauleverer's face darkened—it became very sad and weary.

I do not think at that time I at all took in the drift of his argument. Thinking over it many, many times afterwards, I can see plainly now that, feeling the awful separation between himself and his fellow-men, he was eager to prove himself not different from, but like them. "All others have

this awful power that I possess; the only difference is, that they have not discovered that they possess it. It is simply a natural gift, little used." That was his argument. A victim to catalepsy, he found—he made up his mind to find—in this strange accompaniment of the disease (undoubtedly one of its symptoms) a new tie between himself and the ordinary people of the world—a discovery made by him, the weak, which the strong had failed to make. He triumphed in this awful force of diseased nature with an altogether morbid pride. I learned afterwards that before his fall in hunting he had been another man to what he became subsequently to it. A revulsion had taken place in his character. Previously devoted to active exercises, he had become during his long illness a student. The ambition which had before been directed to bodily superiority was of necessity turned into another channel. The terrible burden and disgrace of his involuntary cataleptic fits, he managed by an insane self-deception to counteract by pride in that cataleptic trance which he could bring on at will.

My observation on the story of Colonel Townshend was unwittingly cruel. Far more cruel, however, my persistence in my original curiosity.

What I write here as our conversation is derived from memory at the distance of a long period. It is of little consequence if I pass on abruptly to its conclusion.

Mauleverer had resumed his place in the window-seat. The chapel service was not yet over. During his previous monologue, the antiphonic chants of the psalms, the silences of the spoken portion of the service, the momentary but long-drawn sounds of the choral *Amens* had accompanied his animated utterance. It was about this time that the anthem began—an anthem of Beethoven's, which under influence of (what I believe they call) the *tremulato* stop of the organ quivered down the long chapel, and out into the air, in measured waves of distinct and separated sound. An echo in the opposite corner of the quadrangle gave back these musical waves vaguely and faintly, as the reflection of a rainbow repeats dimly the colours of its original.

"Of course," said Mauleverer, "you have never tried to exercise this power? Will you try tonight for the first time? I am most anxious to attempt experiments in this way, and it is impossible for one person alone to do much. I will show you first how it is done, then, if you have no objection, you shall try."

"I will," I said.

"Then," he said, stretching his legs on the window-seat, his back and head being propped against the shutter, "then in the first place you must be silent; stand by me without making any noise; even hold your breath if you can; I am peculiarly sensitive to noise. In the next place, do not on any account touch me; I have always a fear of some fate like that of *Hermotimus*." He paused and then added, "It is fair to tell you. Take care of your thoughts. You asked me about my *consciousness*. In the trance I fancy I do become conscious of the thoughts of those who are present."

The light from the lamp fell upon his face, and,

Although the misty moonlight somewhat mingled with and confused it, was sufficient for me to watch the changes that came quickly one on the other.

He fixed his eyes upon the opposite shutter. They soon lost intelligence and became filmy. A shade, as it seemed to me, rather than a paleness, came over his face. A slight wind through the open window moved a lock of his long hair to and fro, and gave a flickering movement to the light. He had said that noise disturbed him. I suppose he meant noises close at hand. The organ, arrived at the conclusion of the anthem, was pouring forth tempests of sound. The air throbbed to the deep tumultuous notes. Of this he was quite unconscious.

That which had seemed to me a shadow upon his face whitened, not gradually, but by distinct changes, degree upon degree. Perhaps it was the flickering light and the measured notes of music which caused this appearance of regular and successive gradations in the changes. My own heart was beating in time to these outward pulses. I have seen twilight in summer deepen in very much the same way, veil after veil seeming to be dropped suddenly between the sunset and the earth, the exact moment when each fell being apparent. To me it seemed as if each increase of pallor marked a fresh movement of the will—as if by successive impulses it were driving the life out of the body.

The face had become intensely white; the eyes were fixed; the eyelids dropped slowly over them. There was a subsidence of the whole body; the head slowly declined over the right shoulder towards the window.

Suddenly the tumults of the organ ceased, and with the silence came a spasm at my heart. The regular beating died into a convulsion or a paralysis, I scarcely know which. I stooped over the body, there was a bubbling in the throat; then (whether it was imagination or fact I cannot say), I saw a bluish-white vapour issue from the mouth. That was all. I was in the presence of a corpse. The man, who a few minutes before had been talking with me, lay dead in my sight.

Appalled as I was I took out my watch. Five minutes was to be the greatest duration. By Heaven, how slowly the minutes crept by!

The five minutes were up. I fancied I saw a change in the body, the air of distress and pain and effort had left the face and given place to a perfect quietude; the contour of the limbs had subsided yet more.

The minute hand of my watch was creeping past the five minutes, and into the next five. A terror seized me.

It is impossible for me to describe what I felt; the horror of what was, the dread of what might be; the impression of a great crime upon my conscience, and the first overshadowing of an awful remorse. I cannot realise that scene again, save in a bewilderment of grief and terror; description of it is impossible.

Ten minutes had passed, it might have been years; there was no difference in the body, save that, as I fancied, it settled down yet more and more into the quietness and vacancy of death.

I fell upon my knees beside it, I tried to pray.

Heaven knows what I did or how I got through the time.

While I was still on my knees, still counting the tardy minutes on my watch, I became conscious of a darkening of the room. I turned round. The lamp was becoming dimmer. Soon the sound at intervals of the suction of the last drops of oil impressed upon me that the lamp was going out. This measured sound, and the accompanying flash of the expiring flame throbbed through me. In many ways on that night my attention had been drawn by the pulsing of exterior things. The musical waves of the organ, this noise from the lamp recurring at regular intervals, the ticking of my watch, all connected themselves with the measured and successive shades of change which had passed over the face of the corpse. Any audible throbbing to this day brings at once before me that scene.

The light grew dimmer and dimmer. The figures on my watch became invisible. More than a quarter of an hour had passed when I ceased to be able to watch the movement of the hands further. The face of the corpse, no longer illumined by the red lamplight, looked yet more ghastly in the wan glimmer of the moon.

An uncontrollable panic took possession of me. I started to my feet and rushed out of the room. I shut to the outer door as I came out. Every barrier that I placed between me and that fearful thing in the window-seat seemed a relief.

My sudden panic has often reminded me of an adventure that Rousseau relates of himself somewhere in his Confessions. A friend with whom he had for long been travelling, being seized with a fit in the market-place of some foreign town through which they were passing, Rousseau, on the instant, deserted him and hastened away, never seeing him again. There was no cause for the desertion; reason had no influence in it; it was merely an impulse of blind terror.

It was an impulse of blind terror in my case. Anything to get clear of the horror which had gradually accumulated in that room.

Instead of at once giving the alarm and calling in medical aid, I never spoke to a soul. For the life of me I could not have spoken on the subject. I hastened from the college, through the streets to the outskirts of the town. When I began to get among the hedges, I, in part, recovered my power of reasoning. I acknowledged that I ought to have given the alarm. It came home to me that I was little less than the murderer of Mauleverer. Still I kept moving away from, not on my return to the town. It was too late now. With that thought I comforted myself—yes, comforted myself, for it was a relief to me to dismiss, or determine to dismiss, the whole matter from my thoughts in any possible manner.

I remained wandering about the outskirts of the town for the greater part of the night, and returned to my rooms at length (I was in lodgings) utterly worn out.

I went to bed, not to sleep, however. I will not attempt to give a notion of the agonies of that night. I was haunted by the idea of Mauleverer's soul pursuing me. Strange to say, not the face of the corpse upon the

window-seat, but the pain-tortured head painted upon the wall of the circular closet was the visible image which would not loose itself from my memory. The idea of Mauleverer's soul joined itself in some inexplicable way with the remembrance of that face. In a waking nightmare the hours passed by. As morning dawned a hope dawned, too, in my mind. Mauleverer might have recovered. Oh! please Heaven it might be so!—that all this fearful agony might turn out to be as causeless and unreal as a dream! Against myself the hope grew. I remembered how I had left Mauleverer, seated in the window-seat with his face turned towards the open window. I could see at once from the court if he were still there. I would get up. I sprang out of bed, and dressed with trembling hands. Even with my mind full of the figure on the window-seat, and of the face turned towards the window, I could not realise that face. No image, no remembrance of it, would come to me, try to reach it as I would. Instead of that face came the other. *Why this was I cannot tell; but at other times in my life I have been unable to recall a countenance which should, according to ordinary judgment, have stamped itself indelibly in my mind. I have heard other people remark upon the same marvel.*

I hastened to the college. As I turned into the court through the great gateway, I saw obliquely that the window of Mauleverer's rooms was still open. Going forward I soon got within sight of that which I had come to see. Good God! there was the dead face turned towards me!

* * * * *

There was an inquest on Mauleverer, and there were medical examinations. They decided that he died in one of his customary fits.

I will tell the truth, here, as to my conduct then.

I denied all knowledge of his death. Wyatt, of course, affirmed that he had left me in Mauleverer's rooms at chapel-time. This I could not deny; but I did deny that I was with Mauleverer when he died, and that I had any knowledge of his death.

I have never confessed the truth to a soul till now. After this I had a terrible fever. My cousin, who helped to nurse me through it, told me of my ravings about this dreadful story. She, who knew nothing of Mauleverer or of his death, attributed them wholly to fever delusions. I did not betray myself.

If my cousin (now my wife) were to see these pages, I believe she would still think the story a fever-delusion, and nothing more. People say that a fever always leaves some searing mark upon the mind which it has once held in torment. . . . I wish it might be only this. J. A.

SPECTRAL ANALYSIS:

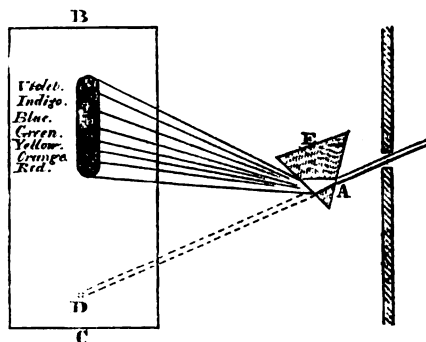
A MESSAGE FROM THE SUN.

"If man has ever been permitted to see otherwise than by the eye, it is when the clairvoyance of reason, piercing through screens of epidermis and walls of bone, grasps, amid the abstractions of number and of quantity, those sublime realities which have eluded the keenest touch and evaded the sharpest eye."

SINCE the discovery of the planet Neptune—that glorious achievement of the human intellect

that called forth this panegyric—there has been no subject of scientific investigation more interesting in its nature, or fruitful in result, than the researches that have recently been made into the physical constitution of the sun by Messrs. Kirchoff and Bunsen, based upon the opto-chemical analysis of the solar spectrum. Apart from the scientific value of these researches, they are so novel and beautiful that a short account of them can scarcely fail to interest the most unscientific reader.

The experiments with which we have to deal are founded upon the phenomena of the dispersion or decomposition of light. With the *effects* of this we are all so well acquainted—perhaps, in its most familiar form, by the resplendent but never-varying tints of the rainbow, or by the ever-varying forms of the same tints that play about the glass prisms, or drops of a chandelier—that a few words on its *causes* may not inappropriately preface the subject matter of this paper.

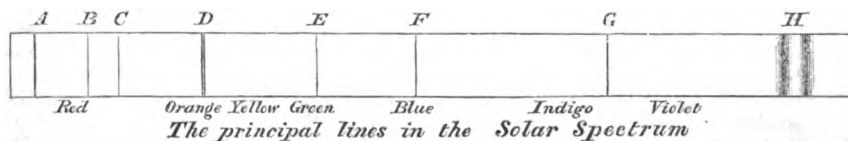


If a ray of sunlight be made to pass through a small hole (A) in a window-shutter, and a screen (B C) be placed at a short distance beyond it; there will be formed upon that screen a small spot of light (D), of the same size and shape as the hole, and in a perfectly straight line with it and the sun; but if the course of the ray of light be intercepted by a prism (E), placed as represented in the diagram, it will no longer pass in a straight line, but will, by refraction through the prism, be thrown upwards upon the screen, and instead of being an image of the hole, it will become considerably elongated in a direction at right angles to the lower edge of the prism; and this elongated band will be painted with all the colours of the rainbow, ranged in the same order, and with the same degrees of relative intensity. This is the solar spectrum, first observed by Newton, for mere amusement, with a prism which he bought at Stourbridge fair. "It was," he says, "a very pleasing divertisement to view the vivid and intense colours produced thereby:" destined, however, to fill a place in the annals of scientific research, not less significant than that other divertisement of his majestic mind which led to the discovery of the universal law "that governs alike the fall of the apple and the precession of the equinoxes." But this philosophy in sport was to Newton's mind science in earnest; and after various theories had failed to explain the production of the brilliant spectrum, he was led to account for it on the supposition that a

ray of solar light is composed of seven coloured rays, each possessing a different degree of refrangibility or susceptibility of being turned from its natural course in a straight line by the interposition of a refracting medium. Thus the red ray, being the least refrangible, is found nearest the normal course of the pencil of light, or lowest on the screen, while the violet ray, being most refrangible, is thrown farthest from the normal course, or highest up on the screen; the intermediate colours, in order of increasing refrangibility, being the orange, yellow, green, blue, and indigo. Since this discovery by Newton, it has been contended that instead of seven colours, there are but three—red, yellow, and blue, each extending with varying intensity throughout the whole length of the spectrum, and each displaying its greatest brilliancy at that point where

its colour is least confused with its neighbour's: these have therefore been denominated the primary colours, the secondary tints being produced by the blending together of less intense portions of the primaries.

Each of these rays has its own distinct and peculiar properties, and each exercises its individual function of the solar influence. The red ray, called the calorific, is that through which we receive heat. Its superiority in this respect over the other rays was proved by the experiments of Herschel, who placed delicate thermometers in all parts of the spectrum, and found that during ten minutes that placed in the red ray rose 5° above that in the violet ray; but, what will seem more curious, the highest temperature was found to exist at a short distance beyond the red ray, and out of the visible range of the spectrum.



Spectrum of Sodium



Spectrum of Potassium



Spectrum of Lithium



Spectrum of Betelgeux



Spectrum of Sirius

The yellow is called the luminous or light-giving ray. It is the most intensely brilliant of the whole spectrum, and hence has the power of exciting the optic nerves to a greater degree than its companions; but, so far as is known at present, it has no invisible property.

The extraordinary influence exerted by the blue ray on all objects of the light-receiving world, and its power of acting upon certain chemical preparations—from which the art of photography took its rise—have earned for it the title of the actinic or chemical ray. It is the most subtle, but most potent of them all, for to its pervading influence we owe most of the benefits and enjoyments we receive, directly or indirectly, from the solar light: the verdure of spring and the serenity of autumn, the odour of the violet, the blush on the rose, the golden glory of the ripening corn, and the

copious juices of the luscious fruit, are all developed by its latent power: it is its silent and unseen agency that vivifies the vegetable, and invigorates the animal world; that flushes with the bloom of health the cheek of beauty, and swarths the sweating brow of the toiling husbandman. Light we can produce, and heat we can generate by artificial means, but we cannot counterfeit that "kindest ray" under whose benign aspect

"Reviving sickness lifts her languid head;
Life flows afresh; and young-eyed health exalts
The whole creation round."

To return to our spectrum projected on the screen. We left it a gorgeously-coloured band of light, as Newton found it; in this state it remained without further investigation as to its nature for 130 years, or until Wollaston, in the year 1801, during some experiments on the dis-

persive powers of different media, which necessitated a close examination of the spectrum, discovered that it was divided into several portions by extremely fine black lines, crossing it at right angles to its length, or apparently separating certain colours; little notice seems to have been taken of this beyond recording the observation, and designating the fine lines, five in number, by the letters A, B, C, D, and E. Fourteen years after, the German optician, Fraunhofer, put forth his observations—made independently and in ignorance of Wollaston's discovery—and published a diagram of the spectrum, on which he had mapped down the positions and relative intensities of 354 lines; this number has since been multiplied tenfold by recent observers, using more delicate and powerful instruments; but they still do honour to their secondary discoverer by the name they bear, as "Fraunhofer's lines." Eight of these, more remarkable for their intensity, and consequent facility of observation, were called by Fraunhofer A, B, C, D, E, F, G, and H; they have since been used as points of reference by later observers, and are shown in their proper positions in our diagram. In the rough experiment we made with the hole in the shutter, the lines could not be seen; but they might be rendered visible by refining the experiment. To do this it would be necessary to limit the aperture through which the light falls upon the prism to an extremely narrow slit, and to view the spectrum with a telescope of small magnifying power; the lines would then make their appearance, and look like the finest spider-threads stretched across the spectrum. The number of lines seen would depend upon the angle and dispersive power of the prism. Messrs. Kirchhoff and Bunsen used four prisms, in order to gain as much dispersion, and, consequently, as long a spectrum as possible. In the plates which accompany their memoir, the parts of the spectrum are represented on a scale which would give from sixteen to eighteen feet for its entire length, while the infinite variety of intensity of the lines, and the delicacy required to faithfully reproduce them, necessitated the employment of six different stones and as many shades of ink in the process of lithographing the drawing.

The remarkable feature in these lines is their immutability: they are always seen in the same positions under the same circumstances. Messrs. Brewster and Gladstone, and M. Janseen, have observed certain of them undergo a slight change according to the elevation of the sun; but, as a rule, they may be considered, as they are denominated, "fixed" lines.

The question naturally arises: What do these lines consist of, and how are they produced? To answer this we must leave them for a while, to seek materials for a reply from the labours of Messrs. Kirchhoff and Bunsen. It has long been known to the chemist and the pyrotechnist, that the salts of certain metals and alkaline earths possess the property of imparting colours to the flames in which they may be consumed; for instance, if a piece of common salt (chloride of sodium) be held in the flame of a candle, it will cause it to emit a yellow light; if a salt of stron-

tium be used, the colour will be red; and if barium, a green flame will be produced. Now the spectrum formed by the light of a candle, an oil-lamp, or a gas flame, is uniform and continuous, exhibiting the colours of the solar spectrum, but no traces of the dark lines; while the spectra formed by the light emanating from metals and alkaline earths in combustion are strikingly characteristic and peculiar, for instead of being uniform and continuous, they consist of a greater or less number of isolated coloured bands, each occupying a place in the spectrum coincident with the ray of the same colour in the continuous spectrum, by virtue of Newton's law, which fixes the position of each coloured ray by its refrangibility. Every metal yields its own spectrum, completely different from all others, and, however it may be combined or confused with other matters, its presence can be infallibly detected by analysis of the light emitted during its combustion; this peculiar property of the prism, of sifting out a particular element, has led to the discovery of two new metals by Bunsen, who, while engaged in an analysis of the contents of the mineral waters of Baden and Durkheim, detected one by two bright blue lines unknown in any other spectrum, and the other by two equally strange red lines; the first of these he called cesium, the second rubidium, by virtue of the coloured rays they emitted; a third member of the same family, discovered by Crookes, and yielding a green ray, has been christened thallium.

We have now paved the way for an experiment which may be regarded as a key to the researches of the German philosophers. If we take the prism and telescope used for observing Fraunhofer's lines, and substitute for the beam of sunlight the light of a candle or gas-jet, we shall obtain a perfectly uniform or homogeneous spectrum. Now, if we introduce a bead of sodium or a portion of common salt into the flame, we shall perceive two very fine brilliant yellow lines, as it were laid close together upon the gas-flame spectrum; if a colourless flame be employed, such as that obtainable from a Bunsen's gas burner, the yellow lines will be seen without the illuminated background; in this state they will appear as represented in the diagram; and now comes the most interesting and most important feature in the experiment. If a glass tube, containing the heated vapour given off from the volatilisation of a sodium salt be held in front of the incandescent sodium, the brilliant yellow lines will be found to disappear entirely, and, if the luminous spectrum has been used for a background, *their places will be exactly filled by two black lines*; if, instead of sodium, a salt of lithium be employed, two bright red bands will appear in the places shown in the diagram, which will also be replaced by black ones when the vapour of lithium is interposed between the burning metal and the prisms; if an iron salt be substituted, upwards of sixty bright lines will be seen scattered about the spectrum, all of which will be similarly transmuted when the light is passed through iron vapour: and the same results will be obtained whatever metal be used in the experiment. From observation of these facts, Kirchhoff arrived at the important discovery, that

the vapour of every substance has the power of absorbing just those rays that its light emits.

Following the course of the German philosophers, we will now revert to the solar spectrum, and see how it can be connected with the above experiment, with the view of tracing the origin of Fraunhofer's lines. By a slight modification of the instrument used in the preceding observations, amounting to the use of the same prism for a double purpose, the solar spectrum may be reduced to half its breadth, and so fill only one half of the field of view of the telescope, leaving the other half to be occupied by the spectrum from any independent source of light; this is done by merely covering half the slit through which the sunlight passes with a small prism or reflector, so placed as to conduct the beam of light under analysis through the apparatus unconfused with the solar beam. Now, with the solar spectrum occupying its half of the field, if we place a gas or other hydrocarbon flame in front of the little prism, we shall see its spectrum in juxtaposition to that of the sunlight, and they will appear as one spectrum, half of which contains the dark lines, the other half being homogeneous; now, if we introduce sodium in any form into the gas-flame, we shall see our yellow line as before produced, and its position will exactly correspond with one of the most prominent of Fraunhofer's lines, namely, that called D; following up our previous experiment, if we interpose the sodium vapour between the burning sodium and the little prism, our bright line will become reversed, and *a fine and continuous black line will stretch across both spectra*. The relation between the two sections of this line in the different spectra is absolutely identical; the higher the power employed to observe them, the more perfect is their coincidence. If potassium, with its absorbing vapour, be substituted for the sodium, we shall obtain a dark line, corresponding exactly with Fraunhofer's line A; while, if iron with its vapour be employed, about sixty lines will be seen, all in perfect coincidence with some of the more or less distinct of the solar lines.

In this way Kirchhoff and Bunsen have compared the spectra of nearly the whole of the known metals and earths with that of the sun, and have thence discovered that its spectrum contains lines identical with those of iron, magnesium, sodium, potassium, calcium, chromium, nickel, and possibly with those of barium, copper, manganese and zinc, while, to the present time, they have discovered no identity between the solar lines and those of gold, silver, lead, tin, antimony, arsenic, mercury, lithium, or strontium.

We are thus put in possession of the facts necessary to answer the question relative to the nature of these fixed lines, and with it to partially solve the problem of the physical constitution of the sun; we cannot do this otherwise so well as by quoting the words of Kirchhoff himself: "The sun consists of a glowing gaseous atmosphere surrounding a solid nucleus possessing a still higher temperature. If we could see the spectrum of the solar atmosphere without that of the solid nucleus, we should observe in it the bright lines which are characteristic of the metals it contains. The more

intense luminosity of the internal nucleus does not, however, permit the spectrum of the solar atmosphere to become apparent; it is reversed (as in our experiment we reversed the soda line), so that instead of the *bright* lines which the luminous atmosphere itself would have shown, *dark ones* appear. We do not see the spectrum of the solar atmosphere, but a negative image of it. This can, however, with an equal degree of certainty, serve to detect the metals present in the sun's atmosphere; all that we require for the purpose is a very accurate knowledge of the solar spectrum, and the spectra of the individual metals."

Thus have the solar rays revealed the history of their birth, and thus has the minute sunbeam admitted through the chink in the window-shutter, borne on its silent course and in occult language telegraphed its secret message: by successive steps the philosopher, first creating an alphabet, next a lexicon, then a grammar of the mystic language, has at last deciphered the cunning telegram by which the solar beam betrays the secrets of its prison-house.

Much as we have already seen accomplished, the work is yet far from complete; for a vast number of solar lines remain unmatched and unclaimed by terrestrial partners. For a time, however, we must rest content, at least so far as the German philosophers are concerned; for Kirchhoff tells us his eyes have become so weakened by continual observation, that he is compelled to suspend his labours till they shall have repaired their exhausted power. Meanwhile, stimulated by the results of these researches, astronomers are actively engaged in mapping the spectra of the heavenly bodies. Fraunhofer, in his time, observed the lines given by the planets and a few of the fixed stars: in our time, Donati (of comet celebrity) and Padre Secchi, of Rome, have each observed and published a few stellar spectra, while the magnificent equatorial of our national Observatory, equipped with a spectrometric apparatus, has already furnished accurate micrometric comparisons between the solar spectrum and the spectra of about forty stars.

The spectra of the moon and planets show lines coinciding with those of the sun. This, though curious, is only natural, when we consider that these bodies are merely reflectors, giving off the light they, in common with the earth, receive from the sun. The spectra of stars, however, differ widely, not only from the sun, but from each other. In our diagram we have shown two of quite different characters, the first of Betelgeux, the bright star in Orion, the second of Sirius, or the Dog star. In the spectrum of Betelgeux, the most remarkable coincidence is that of a line with the sodium line D of the solar spectrum, and it is curious that several other stars show this line. This is *prima facie* evidence of the existence of sodium in the atmosphere of these stars. But the most remarkable circumstance is connected with the solar line F, for out of forty stars, twenty-eight exhibit a line perfectly coincident with it: Sirius is one of them. This line has not yet been found to correspond with any metallic line, but the group of which it forms the nucleus contains several strongly-marked iron lines. At first sight,

therefore, it would seem probable that the stellar line owes its source to the presence of iron in those stars that show it; but, with our present knowledge it would be premature to adopt this supposition without more conclusive evidence. Although twenty-eight stars possess this line in common, their other lines are not coincident, for out of the twelve not more than two or three give spectra whose lines all agree. This proves that the source of the F line is independent of that of the other lines, and hence that, although these bodies possess one common component, they are

not all of exactly similar nature. Our present ignorance as to the nature of this and the less diffused components of the stellar suns detracts nothing from the importance and little from the interest of these investigations; for in these days of insatiable research, to establish the existence of one element in one star—as has been done in the case of sodium in Betelgeux—is to tread the lowest step of a ladder whose topmost round will not be left unattained till the constitution of every spectrum-yielding star is more or less certainly known.

JAMES CARPENTER.

GIFTS.



I.

I GAVE my love a bracelet on her natal day—
The light was dancing on the lea—
Its sparkling gems shook lustre when 'twas worn,
From beds of filagree;
And seem'd to laugh and speak, upon her arm,
Like children on their pillows white and warm.
"This for thy hand," I said; "soon mine"—
With that she 'gan the amulet untwine;
And cried, "Thou buyest me, like a slave!"—
Then stopping, red, a look of love she gave.

II.

In the sweet haying-time, I made a crown of flowers—
The light was dancing on the lea—
I stole bright blossoms from the butterfly
And honey-seeking bee.
Holding my wreath above her shining head,
"Soon thou art mine;—why art thou sad?" I said.

"The Past was happy," she replied;
"The Future is a dangerous path, untried;"—
Then leant her brow upon my breast,
And if she fear'd, soon charm'd her fear to rest.

III.

Next morn, when village bells were pealing forth
our joy—
The light was dancing on the lea—
We fled the rustic mirth of happy friends,
For happier secrecy;
And neath the shadows of a summer wood
We sipped the cup of Earth's beatitude.
"This ring is all my gift to-day."
She, sitting closer, whispered, "Nay, love,
nay,
Thou givest *thyself*—a gift divine.
This day I feel thy heart, thought, life, are
mine!"—
BERN.

ELEANOR'S VICTORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AURORA FLOYD," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," &c.

CHAPTER XXIX. KEEPING WATCH.

Two pair of jealous eyes kept constant watch upon Eleanor Monckton, for some time after that October afternoon on which the lawyer and Miss Mason had stood side by side, looking at the two figures by the sun-dial.

Gilbert Monckton was too proud to complain. He laid down the fair hopes of his manhood in the grave that already held the broken dreams of his youth. He bowed his head, and resigned himself to his fate.

"I was mistaken," he thought; "it was too preposterous to suppose that at forty I could win the love of a girl of eighteen. My wife is good and true, but—"

But what? Could this girl be good and true? Had she not deceived her lover most cruelly, most deliberately, in her declaration of utter indifference towards Launcelot Darrell?

Mr. Monckton remembered her very words, her sudden look of astonishment, her almost shuddering gesture of surprise, as he asked the important question—

"And you do not love Launcelot Darrell?"

"Love him! oh, no, no, no!"

And in spite of this emphatic denial, Mrs. Monckton had, ever since her arrival at Tolldale Priory, betrayed an intense, an almost feverish interest in the young scapegrace artist.

"If she is capable of falsehood," thought the lawyer, "there must surely be no truth upon this earth. Shall I trust her, and wait patiently for the solution of the mystery? No; between man and wife there should be no mystery! She has no right to keep any secret from me."

So Mr. Monckton hardened his heart against his beautiful young wife, and set himself sternly and indefatigably to watch her every look, to listen to every intonation of her voice, to keep a rigorous guard over his own honour and dignity.

Poor Eleanor was too innocent to read all these signs aright; she only thought that her husband was changed; that this stern and gloomy companion was not the same Gilbert Monckton whom she had known at Hazlewood; not the patient "guide, philosopher, and friend," whose subdued bass voice, eloquent in the dusky evenings, long ago—a year is very long to a girl of eighteen—in Mrs. Darrell's simple drawing-room, had seemed a kind of intellectual music to her.

Had she not been absorbed always by that one thought, whose intensity had reduced the compass of her mind to a monotone, the young wife would have very bitterly felt this change in her husband. As it was, she looked upon her disappointment as something very far away from her; something to be considered and regretted by-and-by; by-and-by, when the grand business of her life was done.

But while the gulf between the young wife and her husband every day grew wider, this grand business made no progress. Day after day, week after week, passed by, and Eleanor Monckton found herself no nearer the end.

She had paid several visits to Hazlewood; she had acted her part to the best of her abilities, which were very mediocre in all matters where deception is necessary; she had watched and questioned Launcelot Darrell; but she had obtained no vestige of proof which she might set before Maurice de Crespigny when she denounced his niece's son.

No: whatever secrets were hidden in the young man's breast, he was so guarded as to baffle Eleanor Monckton at every point. He was so thoroughly self-possessed as to avoid betraying himself by so much as a look or a tone.

He was, however, thrown a good deal in Eleanor's society; for Mr. Monckton, with a strange persistence, encouraged the penniless artist's attentions to Laura Mason: while Launcelot Darrell, too shallow to hold long to any infatuation, influenced upon one side by his mother, and flattered upon the other by Laura's unconcealed admiration, was content, by-and-by, to lay down his allegiance at this new shrine, and to forgive Mrs. Monckton for her desertion.

"Eleanor and my mother were both right, I dare say," the young man reflected, contemplating his fate with a feeling of despondent languor. "They were wiser than me, I dare say. I ought to marry a rich woman. I could never drag out an existence of poverty. Bachelor poverty is bad enough, but, at least, there's something artistic and Bohemian about that. Chambertin one day, and vin ordinaire the next; Veuve Cliquot at the Trois Frères or the Café de Paris to-night, and small beer in a garret to-morrow morning. But married poverty, squalid desolation, instead of reckless gaiety; a sick wife and lean hungry children, and the husband carrying wet canvasses to the pawnbroker! Bah! Eleanor was right; she has done a good thing for herself; and I'd better go in and win the heiress, and make myself secure against any caprice of my worthy great-uncle."

It was thus that Launcelot Darrell became a frequent visitor at Tolldale Priory, and as, at about this time, Mr. Monckton's business became so unimportant as to be easily flung entirely into the hands of the two junior partners, the lawyer was almost always at home to receive his guest.

Nothing could have been more antagonistic than the characters of the two men. There was no possibility of sympathy or assimilation between them. The weakness of one was rendered more evident by the strength of the other. The decided character of the lawyer seemed harsh and rigid when contrasted with the easy-going, languid good-nature of the artist.

Eleanor Monckton, perceiving this wide difference between the two men, admired her husband as much as she despised Launcelot Darrell.

If the lawyer could have known this,—if he could have known that when his wife's earnest eyes followed every change of expression in the young man's face, when she listened most intently to his careless and rambling, yet sometimes almost

brilliant talk, she read his shallow nature and its worthlessness better than that nature had ever yet been read by the closest observer,—if Gilbert Monckton could have understood these things, what wasted agonies, what futile tortures, might have been spared him!

"What would have become of me if I had loved this man?" Eleanor thought, as day by day, with an intellect rendered preternaturally clear by the intensity of her one desire, she grew more familiar with Launcelot Darrell's character.

In the meanwhile, Laura Mason walked along a pathway of roses, whose only thorns were those jealous twinges which the young lady experienced on account of Eleanor Monckton.

"He loved her first," the heiress thought, despondently, "I know he did, and he made her an offer upon the day the dressmaker brought home my blue silk, and it was so short-waisted I was obliged to make her take it back for alteration. And that was why she—I mean Eleanor, not the dressmaker—left Hazlewood. And it's not pleasant to think that the man one idolises has idolised somebody else not three months before he proposes to one; and I don't think it was right of Eleanor to lead him on."

It was by this latter very vague phrase that Miss Mason was in the habit of excusing her lover's delinquency. Eleanor had led him on; and he was thereby in a manner justified for that brief infatuation which had beguiled him from poor Laura. In what this "leading on" had consisted the young lady did not seek to understand. She wanted to forgive her lover, and she wanted reasons for her forgiveness; as weak women do when they deliver themselves up to the bondage of a sentimental affection for a handsome face. But although Launcelot Darrell had made his peace with Mr. Monckton's ward, wooing her with a great many tender words and pretty stereotyped phrases under the gloomy shadow of the yew trees in the old-fashioned priory garden, and although he had formally demanded her hand, and had been accepted by her guardian and herself, Laura was not yet quite satisfied. Some lingering sentiment of distrust still held its place in her breast, and the jealous twinges, which, as I have said, constituted the thorns upon her rose-beset path-way, were very sharp and numerous.

Nor was Mr. Monckton wholly free from anxiety on his ward's account. He had consented to her engagement with Launcelot Darrell. He had done even more; he had encouraged the young man's suit, and now that it was too late to undo his work, he began to argue with himself as to the wisdom of his conduct.

He tried to palter with his conscience; but he could not disguise from himself that the leading motive which had induced him to consent to his ward's engagement was his desire to remove Launcelot Darrell out of the society of his wife. He could not be so blind to his own weakness as to be unaware of the secret pleasure he felt in being able to demonstrate to Eleanor the worthlessness of an affection which could be so easily transferred from one object to another.

Apart from this, Gilbert Monckton tried to believe that he had taken the best course within

his power of choice, for the frivolous girl whom it was his duty to protect. To have opposed Laura's attachment would have been to cause her great unhappiness. The young man was clever and agreeable. He was the descendant of a race which was almost noble by right of its origin. His character would grow stronger with time, and it would be the guardian's duty to foster all that was good in the nature of his ward's husband; and to put him in a fair way of occupying an honourable position.

"I will try and develop his talent—his genius, perhaps," Gilbert Monckton thought; "he shall go to Italy, and study the old masters."

So it was settled that the marriage should take place early in the spring, and that Launcelot and his wife should start immediately afterwards upon a tour through the great art cities of the continent. It was arranged that they should remain away for at least a twelvemonth, and that they should spend the winter in Rome.

Eleanor Monckton grew deathly pale when her husband announced to her the probable date of the marriage.

"So soon!" she said, in a low, half-stifled voice. "So soon! why December has already begun—the spring will be here directly."

Gilbert Monckton watched her face with a thoughtful frown.

"What is there to wait for?" he said.

Eleanor was silent for a few moments. What could she say? Could she suffer this engagement to continue? Could she allow Launcelot Darrell to hold his place amongst these people who so ignorantly trusted in him? She would have spoken, perhaps, and confided at least some part of her secret to her husband, but she refrained from doing so: for might not he too laugh at her, as Richard Thornton had done? Might not he, who had grown lately cold and reserved in his manner towards her, sometimes even sarcastic and severe—might not he sternly reprobate her mad desire for vengeance, and in some manner or other frustrate the great purpose of her life?

She had trusted Richard Thornton, and had implored his help. No good had ever come of that confidence: nothing but remonstrances, reproaches, entreaties; even ridicule. Why, then, should she trust any one else? No, she was resolved henceforward to hold her secret in her own keeping, and to look to herself alone for victory.

"Why should the marriage be delayed?" Mr. Monckton demanded, rather sharply, for the second time, "is there any reason for delay?"

"No," Eleanor faltered, "not if you think Mr. Darrell worthy of Laura's confidence; not if you think him a good man?"

"Have you any reason to think otherwise of him?"

Mrs. Monckton evaded a direct answer to this question.

"It was you who first taught me to doubt him," she said.

"Indeed!" answered her husband, "I had quite forgotten that. I wonder, Eleanor, that you should appear so much interested in this young man, since you have so bad an opinion of him."

Mr. Monckton left the room after launching

this dart at the breast which he believed was guilty of hiding from him a secret regard for another.

"God help her, poor child!" thought the lawyer, "she married me for my position; and perhaps thought that it would be an easy thing to conquer some slight sentimental predilection for Launcelot Darrell. She tries to do her duty, I believe; and when this young man is safely out of the way she may learn to love me, perhaps."

Such reflections as these were generally followed by a change in the lawyer's manner, and Eleanor's failing spirits revived in the new sunshine of his affection. George Vane's daughter had already learned to love her husband. No difficult task lay before her; there was no sentiment of repulsion or dislike to be overcome. She had respected and admired Gilbert Monckton from the hour of her meeting with him at the Great Western Terminus; and she was ready to love him truly and cordially whenever she could succeed in her great purpose, and disengage her mind from its one absorbing idea.

CHAPTER XXX. AN OLD MAN'S FANCY.

ALTHOUGH Eleanor Monckton's utmost watchfulness revealed to her nothing that could be twisted into a proof of Launcelot Darrell's identity with the man who had been the indirect cause of her father's death, she made some progress in another quarter, very much to the annoyance of several people, amongst whom must be included the young painter.

Maurice de Crespigny, who for some years past had not been known to take an interest in anything, exhibited a very great interest in Gilbert Monckton's young wife.

The old man had never forgotten the day upon which he had been suddenly carried back to the past, by the apparition of a fair-haired girl who seemed to him the living image of his lost friend. He had never forgotten this; and, when, a few days after Eleanor's arrival at Toldale, he happened to encounter her in one of his airings, he had insisted on stopping to talk to her, much to the aggravation of his two maiden warders.

Eleanor caught eagerly at any chance of becoming familiar with her father's friend. It was to him she looked for her promised vengeance. The law could give her no redress; but Maurice de Crespigny held in his hand the disposition of that wealth for which his young kinsman hoped, and thus possessed power to punish the cheat and traitor who had robbed a helpless old man.

Even if this motive had not existed, Eleanor's love for her dead father would have been sufficient to inspire her with every tender feeling towards the owner of Woodlands. Her manner, modified by this tenderness, acted almost like a spell upon Maurice de Crespigny. He insisted upon coming, in the course of his daily airing, to that part of the grounds where the two estates were only divided by a slender wire fence, and where he might hope to meet Eleanor. By-and-by he extorted from her the promise to meet him on every fine day at a particular hour, and it was in vain that the maiden sisters endeavoured by every stratagem they could devise, to detain him

in-doors at this appointed time. They were fain to pray for perpetual wet weather, for storms and fogs, whirlwinds, and other caprices of nature, which might keep the invalid a prisoner to the house.

But at last even rain and tempest ceased to be of any avail to these distressed and expectant spinsters, for Maurice de Crespigny insisted upon inviting Mr. and Mrs. Monckton to Woodlands. They were to come whenever they could, every day if they could, the old man wrote, with a tremulous hand that was apt to go a little astray over the paper; but which was yet strong enough and firm enough to inscribe a decent signature at the foot of a Will.

The two sisters never saw him write without thinking of this document. Was it made, and made in their favour? Was it yet to make? or was it never to be made? and was Launcelot Darrell to succeed to that coveted fortune, as heir-at-law?

Lavinia and Sarah de Crespigny were agonised by the mere thought of this latter possibility. It was not the money alone that they thought of, the lands and tenements alone that they considered. There was the familiar house in which they had lived so long, the household treasures which their own careful hands had dusted, as things too sacred to be approached by meaner fingers.

There were the old silver salvers, the antique tea and coffee services, the great dragon-china jars on the staircase, the inlaid card-tables in the green parlour,—would the ruthless heir-at-law come into possession, and seize even upon those particular household gods which were most sacred to the maiden sisters?

They knew that they had no claim to any great mercy from Launcelot Darrell. Had they not urged his Indian voyage, and for ever offended him by so doing? It would have been better perhaps to have been friendly towards him, and to have suffered him to remain in England, and to be as much at Woodlands as he pleased, thereby affording him ample opportunity for giving offence to his great-uncle.

"Who can count upon an old man's caprices," thought the maiden sisters, "perhaps because our uncle has seen very little of Launcelot, he may be all the more kindly disposed towards him."

On the other hand there was now the more imminent danger of this sudden fancy with which Eleanor Monckton had inspired the invalid; and the sisters grew paler and more lugubrious every day as they watched the progress of this eccentric friendship.

Gilbert Monckton placed no obstacle in the way of his wife's visits to Woodlands. He knew how sternly the doors of Mr. de Crespigny's house were guarded against his widowed niece and her son; and he knew that there at least Eleanor was not likely to meet Launcelot Darrell.

Mrs. Monckton was therefore free to visit her dead father's friend when she pleased; and she was not slow to avail herself of this privilege. It was of vital importance to her to be on familiar terms with Maurice de Crespigny, to be able to enter his house when and how she would. She saw enough in the old man's face, in the fearful uncertainty of his health—which one day suffered him

to be bright and cheerful, and on the next laid him prostrate and helpless upon a sick bed—to convince her that his state was terribly precarious. He might linger for years. He might die suddenly. He might die leaving his fortune to fall into the hands of Launcelot Darrell.

The sisters watched, with ever-increasing alarm, the progress that Mrs. Monckton was making in their uncle's favour. The old man seemed to brighten under the influence of Eleanor's society. He had no glimmering idea of the truth; he fully believed that the likeness which the lawyer's young wife bore to George Vane was one of those accidental resemblances so common to the experience of every one. He believed this; and yet in spite of this he felt as if Eleanor's presence brought back something of his lost youth. Even his memory was revived by the companionship of his dead friend's daughter; and he would sit for hours together, talking, as his nieces had not heard him talk in many monotonous years; telling familiar stories of that past in which George Vane had figured so prominently.

To Eleanor these old memories were never wearisome; and Maurice de Crespigny felt the delight of talking to a listener who was really interested. He was accustomed to the polite attention of his nieces, whose suppressed yawns sometimes broke in unpleasantly at the very climax of a story, and whose wooden-faced stolidity had at best something unpleasantly suggestive of being listened to and stared at by two Dutch clocks. But he was not accustomed to see a beautiful and earnest face turned towards him as he spoke; a pair of bright grey eyes lighting up with new radiance at every crisis in the narrative; and lovely lips half parted through intensity of interest.

These things the old man was not accustomed to, and he became entirely Eleanor's slave and adorer. Indeed, the elderly damsels congratulated themselves upon Miss Vincent's marriage with Gilbert Monckton; otherwise, Maurice de Crespigny being besotted and infatuated, and the young woman mercenary, there might have been a new mistress brought home to Woodlands instead of to Tolldale Priory.

Happily for Eleanor, the anxious minds of the maiden sisters were set in some degree at rest by a few words which Maurice de Crespigny let drop in a conversation with Mrs. Monckton. Amongst the treasures possessed by the old man—the relics of a past life, whose chief value lay in association—there was one object that was peculiarly precious to Eleanor. This was a miniature portrait of George Vane, in the cap and gown which he had worn sixty years before, at Magdalen College, Oxford.

This picture was very dear to Eleanor Monckton. It was no very wonderful work of art, perhaps, but a laborious and patient performance, whose production had cost more time and money than the photographic representations of half the members of the Lower House would cost to day. It showed Eleanor a fair-haired stripling with bright hopeful blue eyes. It was the shadow of her dead father's youth.

Her eyes filled with tears as she looked at the

little ivory portrait in its oval case of slippery red morocco.

"Crocodile!" thought one of the maiden sisters.

"Sycophant!" muttered the other.

But this very miniature gave rise to that speech which had so much effect in calming the terrors of the two ladies.

"Yes, my dear," Maurice de Crespigny said; "that portrait was painted sixty years ago. George Vane would have been close upon eighty if he had lived. Yes, close upon eighty, my love. You don't see your own likeness to that picture, perhaps; people seldom do see resemblances of that kind. But the lad's face is like yours, my dear, and you bring back the memory of my youth, just as the scent of some old-fashioned flower, that our advanced horticulture has banished to a cottager's garden, brings back the grass-plot upon which I played at my mother's knees. Do you know what I mean to do, Mrs. Monckton?"

Eleanor lifted her eyebrows with an arch smile, as who should say, "Your caprices are quite beyond my power of divination."

"I mean to leave that miniature to you in my Will, my dear."

The maiden sisters started simultaneously, agitated by the same emotion, and their eyes met.

The old man had made a Will, or meant to make a Will, then. That admission, at least, was something. They had suffered so much from the apprehension that their uncle would die without a Will, and that Launcelot Darrell would inherit the estate.

"Yes, my dear," Maurice de Crespigny repeated, "I shall leave that miniature to you when I die. It's not worth anything intrinsically; but I don't want you to be reminded of me, when I'm dead and gone, except through your own tender feelings. You've been interested in my stories of George Vane—who, with all his faults, and I'm not slow to acknowledge them, was a brighter and a better man than me—and it may please you sometimes to look at that picture. You've brought a ray of sunlight across a very dismal pathway, my love," added the invalid, quite indifferent to the fact that this remark was by no means complimentary to his devoted nurses and guardians, "and I am very grateful to you. If you were poor, I should leave you money. But you are the wife of a rich man; and, beyond that, my fortune is already disposed of. I am not free to leave it as I might wish; I have a duty to perform, my dear; a duty which I consider sacred and imperative; and I shall fulfil that duty."

The old man had never before spoken so freely of his intentions with regard to his money. The sisters sat staring blankly at each other, with quickened breaths and pale faces.

What could this speech mean? Why, clearly that the money must be left to them. What other duty could Maurice de Crespigny owe to any one? Had they not kept guard over him for years, shutting him in, and separating him from every living creature? What right had he to be grateful to any one but them, inasmuch as they had taken good care that no one else should ever do him a service?

But to the ears of Eleanor Monckton, the old

man's speech had another signification; the blood mounted to her face, and her heart beat violently. "He is thinking of Launcelot Darrell," she thought; "he will leave his fortune to Launcelot Darrell. He will die before he learns the secret of my father's wrongs. His Will is already made, no doubt, and he will die before I can dare to say to him, 'Your niece's son is a trickster and a villain!'"

This was the only occasion upon which Maurice de Crespigny ever spoke of his intentions with regard to the fortune that he must leave behind him. He said, plainly enough, that Eleanor was to have none of his money; and the sisters, who had until now kept a jealous watch upon the old man and his favourite, were henceforward content to let Mrs. Monckton come and go as she pleased. But for all this Eleanor was no nearer the accomplishment of her great purpose.

Launcelot Darrell came to Tolldale, and in a certain easy and somewhat indifferent manner paid his homage to his affianced wife. Laura was happy by fits and starts; and by fits and starts utterly miserable, when the horrible pangs of jealousy—jealousy of Eleanor, and jealous doubts of her lover's truth—tortured her breast. Gilbert Monckton sat day after day in the library or the drawing-room, or Eleanor's morning-room, as the case might be, keeping watch over his wife and the lovers.

But though the days and weeks went by with an unnatural rapidity, as it seemed to Mrs. Monckton, with a wearisome slowness in the opinion of her husband—the progress of time brought George Vane's daughter no further onward, by so much as one step, upon the pathway which she had chosen for herself.

Christmas came; and the girl whose youth had been spent in the shabby lodgings in which her father had hidden the poverty of his decline, the patient young housekeeper who had been used to eke out ounces of tea, and to entreat for brief respite and grace from aggrieved chandlers, was called upon to play my Lady Bountiful at Tolldale Priory, and to dole out beef and bread, blankets and brandy, coals and fannels, to a host of hungry and shivering claimants.

Christmas passed, and the new year struggled into life under every disadvantage of bad weather; while the spring, the dreaded early spring, which was to witness Laura's marriage, approached with a stealthy footfall, creeping day by day nearer and nearer.

Eleanor, in very despair, appealed to Richard Thornton.

She appealed to him from the force of habit, perhaps: as a fretful child complains to its mother, rather than from any hope that he could aid her in her great scheme.

"Oh, Richard," she wrote, despairingly, "help me, help me, help me! I thought all would be so easy if I could once come to this place. But I am here, and I see Launcelot Darrell every day, and yet I am no nearer the end. What am I to do? January is nearly over; and in March, Laura Mason is to marry that man. Mr. de Crespigny is very ill, and may die at any moment, leaving his money to his niece's son. Is this man, who

caused my father's death, to have all the brightest and best things this world can give? Is he to have a noble fortune and an amiable wife? and am I to stand by and permit him to be happy; remembering what happened upon that dreadful night in Paris—remembering that my father lies in his unconsecrated grave, and that his blood is upon this man's head? Help me, Richard. Come to me; help me to find proof positive of Launcelot Darrell's guilt. You can help me, if you please. Your brain is clearer, your perception quicker, than mine. I am carried away by my own passion—blinded by my indignation. You were right when you said I should never succeed in this work. I look to you to avenge my father's death."

(To be continued.)

LA BELLE DANGEROUSE.

In the time of Hugh, thirty-seventh Bishop of Mons (for such is the species of date which is given to the tale), Dangerose, a lady so fair that she was commonly styled "La Belle Fille," or "La Belle Nymphe," resided at the Castle of Chemiré le Gaudin, in Maine, a building which to this day has retained the name of "Le Château de Belle Fille." The lady was courted by Damase, lord of Anieres, but as he was too near of kin to obtain her hand in marriage, the lady's delicacy yielded to her attachment. The pious bishop, after in vain attempting to dissolve the union, launched the bolts of excommunication in the most awful manner, with bell, book, and candle, against the seducer. But Damase, who seems to have been much too powerful a baron to care for the terrors of religion, ridiculed the good prelate's menaces, and answered vauntingly, that "fire and water would stand him in stead as much as ever, in spite of the bishop." The prelate in his turn replied, that "fire and water would avenge the cause of Heaven on the haughty lord within six months, unless he repented." The baron continued obstinate; but one day as he was hawking, a violent storm came on, and he found himself obliged to betake himself, with his falconer, to a little boat, and to seek shelter across the river. A flash of lightning, however, struck him and his vessel, and killed him and his companion, before he had passed the stream. Though the falconer's body was soon found, that of Damase could never be heard of. The fair Dangerose, terrified at the fate of her paramour, straightway threw herself at the feet of Bishop Hugh, lamented her sin, and withdrew to a remote part of her estates where she spent the rest of her long life in unceasing penitence. After this alarming interposition of Providence, the example of Dangerose's misfortune was in everyone's mouth, and those who are acquainted with French will know that "Ceci sent la Dangerose" is a natural expression to persons who wish to allude briefly to something involving great peril. The expression no doubt was not long in extending itself to the English provinces in the vicinity of Maine, and hence, probably, are derived the French "dangeroux," and the English "dangerous." Let Dr. Johnson's history of the word "danger" be examined before

this etymology be condemned. "Danger, n. f. (*danger*, Fr.) of uncertain derivation. Skinner derives it from *damnum*; Menage from *angaria*; Minshew, *δᾶνος* (*δᾶματος*) death, to which Junius seems inclined." Let the impartial reader judge between the great critic and the simple solution afforded by the story which I tell as it was told to me.

THE LASS OF ABEN-HALL.

God save the lass of Aben-Hall !
She hath my bleeding heart in thrall ;
For one glance of her eyes so blue,
Some deed of danger I would do ;
For one kiss of her lips so fine,
I'd shed my blood like German wine !

She hath no castles by the sea,
Or belted knights on bended knee ;
She hath no gems or jewels rare,
Or any gold except her hair ;
But she shall be a minstrel's bride,
And tune his harp at evening-tide !

The high-born dames, in silk and fur,
Shall turn their heads to look at her ;
The proudest maidens of them all
Shall praise the lass of Aben-Hall ;
The king, upon his golden throne,
Shall sigh to call the maid his own !

And he shall send her jewels rare,
To have a ringlet of her hair ;
And make her Lady of the Land,
To kiss her white and bonnie hand ;
But she shall be a minstrel's bride,
And tune his harp at evening-tide !
GEORGE ERIC MACKAY.

CRICKET, AS IT WAS AND IS.

ONCE upon a time—that magic period of our childish romances and fairy tales—gentlemen attired in knee-breeches and cocked-hats, and ornamented about the head with pigtails, might have been seen dotting the surface of a village-green or heath, on which were placed two little skeleton hurdles of two feet wide and a foot high, at a distance of two-and-twenty yards asunder. The materials which were provided for their amusement were the skeleton hurdles aforesaid, two rude clubs of about the size and weight of the levers with which artillerymen work the heavy guns, and a small hard ball of a size and weight now unknown. This was the cricket of our forefathers about 120 years ago, and from this rude beginning of a sport which much depended on gambling for excitement, and which was by no means unmixt with quarrelling, our great national game has sprung up, and acquired not only a firm growth in every part of England, but has overrun our English possessions in all parts of the world.

When our troops were at Scutari, *en route* for the Crimea, we read with much amusement the remarks of the solemn Turks who, for the first time, witnessed an English cricket match. Of course they thought we were a nation of maniacs ; but that impression is common amongst people who do not understand us. The wonder of the

first batch of Russian prisoners, as we heard, was no less great at beholding two Elevens quietly playing a match in the English lines whilst the guns were booming in Sebastopol, though probably they are more accustomed to the sight now, as the English Cricket Club at St. Petersburg is under the especial patronage of the Grand Duke, and very popular with the Russian aristocracy.

Reverting to the cricketers of old, our attention has been called to cricket past and present by the publication of the first three volumes of Lillywhite's "Cricket Scores and Biographies," which contain the history of cricket and cricketers from the early days of Lord Sackville, Lord Tankerville, the Duke of Dorset, Sir Horace Mann, and many others of those brave men who lived before the Agamemnons of our times, down to 1848, when Pilch, and the Mynns, and old Lillywhite, Hillyer, Box, Guy, Mr. Felix, Mr. Taylor Wisden, J. Lillywhite, Hinkly, Dorrington, Hawkins, Box, and the many other cricketers of that period, were in their prime, and the game was brought to a perfection which, in the opinion of many good judges, has never been excelled in quality, though it is an undoubted fact that we can count our good cricketers now by hundreds, instead of by the score.*

It is pleasant, in turning over the pages of Mr. Lillywhite's book, to know that the first materials were collected by old Lillywhite, the celebrated bowler, who first brought round arm-bowling to perfection, and who, with the enthusiasm of a thorough cricketer, determined to bequeath a legacy to his successors, which would perpetuate the history of the game. Most worthily has the author of the book laboured to carry out his late father's ideas. Mr. F. Lillywhite, in conjunction with his brothers,—all of whom gain their living in the cricket-field—appears to have ransacked all the reliable authorities, and to have received the assistance of all the best men in England in compiling the present work. The subject of cricket is so large, that anything like a critical review of the book would occupy far too great a space for this periodical, so we must content ourselves with harmlessly *pirating* a sketch of the game, *principally* from Mr. Lillywhite's work.

As regards the origin of the game, there appear to be as many opinions as there are antiquarians ; but the most generally received idea is, that the game of "tip-cat," which children play in the streets of our towns, was the origin of cricket. Mr. Bolland, in his "Cricket Notes," urges this theory with great zeal. He traces the game of "tip-cat" to a double game of "cat" played by eleven of a side and a notcher ; and he argues that in the same way as the old puritanical sign of "God encompasseth us" has grown into the "Goat and compasses," the "Bacchanals" into the "Bag o' nails," and the like, so the game of cross-wicket has grown into cricket.

So little was the game understood in the year 1743, that we find an article in the "Gentleman's Magazine" (quoted by Mr. Lillywhite) abusing the game, as then played, on the ground of its taking

* Frederick Lillywhite's "Cricket Scores and Biographies," published by the author, at Kennington Oval, Surrey, S.

men of low degree out of their regular calling to mix with people of quality, and making a business of the sport; drawing crowds together of people who could not afford the time; and denouncing the game as a notorious breach of the laws, as it openly encouraged gaming.

It is somewhat strange that a sport which was based on gaming should have acquired its present growth, on being divested of the gambling element; and so strong does the "anti-gambling feeling" now prevail, that the real supporters of the game of the present day, look with horror and dismay on the occasional single wicket matches which are got up by the betting Ring, for large wagers, between great players, and prophesy the fall of cricket unless these matches are stopped.

The first recorded score is of a match played on the Artillery Ground, Bunhill-fields, in the year 1746, between Kent and All England, Lord John Sackville being the challenger on the part of Kent; the result of which was that England *lost* by one wicket on that occasion; and, strange to say, they *won* by one wicket exactly a century later, in 1846, at Lord's.

A good oil-painting of this match is to be seen at the Pavilion at Lord's, in which three players are represented in pigtailed and knee-breeches. The club-shaped bats which were used in that match are also preserved by the Marylebone Club.

From the date of this match there is a *hiatus valitè defendus* till the year 1771, though before this date the celebrated Hambledon Club had sprung up. The little village of Hambledon, between Fareham and Southampton, was the nursery of cricket. The great supporters of cricket were Lord Tankerville, the Duke of Dorset, and Sir Horace Mann, and under their patronage the game made rapid strides in Middlesex, Kent, Surrey, and Hampshire. Matches were played for 500*l.* a side in those days, and from old ballads of the period we glean the fact that a good deal of betting used to take place as well.

John Nyren, the son of the celebrated Richard Nyren, who kept the house where the old Hambledon players first met, thus speaks of the old club (of which in his day he was a member), in his well-known little work of "Cricketers of My Time:—"

There was great feasting held on Broadhalfpenny during the solemnity of one of our grand matches. * * Half the county would be present, and all their hearts with us. Little Hambledon pitted against All England was a proud thought for the Hampshire men. Defeat was glory in such a struggle. Victory, indeed, made us only a little lower than the angels.

Nyren speaks, too, of the drinks in which the spectators indulged:

What stuff they had to drink, too!—Punch—not your new *Ponche à la Romaine*, or, *Ponche à la Groseille*, or your modern catnap milk Punch—Punch be-devilled, but good unsophisticated John Bull stuff—stark—that would stand on end—Punch that would make a cat speak—sixpence a bottle. * * * The ale, too—not the beastliness of these days, which will make a fellow's inside like a shaking bog, and as rotten: but barleycorn, such as would put the souls of three butchers into one weaver. Ale that would flare like turpentine—genuine Boniface. This immortal

viand—for it was more than liquor—was vended at twopence per pint. * * How strongly are all these scenes of fifty years ago painted in my memory! and the smell of that ale comes upon me as freshly as the new May flowers!

The Hambledon Club by no means confined themselves to Hampshire men; several of them came from Surrey, and a few from Sussex; and it appears to have been the custom for the noble patrons of cricket to transplant good players from one part of England to another, and to make them dependents or retainers on their estates; and the players seem to have had the same position amongst the noblemen on whose estates they lived, as jockeys and trainers have amongst the leaders of the racing world in these days.

In 1774, cricket made a great start. Sir Horace Mann, who had promoted cricket in Kent, and the Duke of Dorset and Lord Tankerville, who seem to have been the leaders of the Surrey and Hants Eleven, conjointly with other noblemen and gentlemen, formed a committee under the presidency of Sir William Draper. They met at the Star and Garter, in Pall-mall, and laid down the first rules of cricket, which very rules form the basis of the laws of cricket of this day. The old skeleton hurdle was abolished, and wickets (two in number) 22 inches high and 6 inches wide, were substituted; the weight of the ball was determined to be (as now) five ounces and a-half to five ounces and three-quarters. In the following year, 1775, a middle stump was added, and although the height and width of the wickets were twice increased subsequently, until they attained their present size, still, in all essential points—even allowing for the difference of cricket grounds, the comparatively rough materials for the game, and the changes in style—a cricket match in 1775 must have much resembled a cricket match in 1863. The next great step in cricket was the establishment of the White Conduit Club, in the year 1799; and amongst its members, in addition to the before-named patrons of the game, we find the names of Lord Winchelsea, Lord Strathavon, and Sir P. Burrell. Their place of meeting was still the Star and Garter, and their ground was in White Conduit-fields. One of the attendants on this club, by the name of Lord, was persuaded to take a ground, which he did; and under the patronage of the old White Conduit Club, a new club, called the Marylebone Club, was formed at Lord's ground, which was then situate on the site of the present Dorset-square. It would be superfluous to say anything about the Marylebone Club, as the fact is notorious that the rules of the Marylebone Club are the only rules recognised as authentic throughout the world, wherever cricket is played, and that the very mention of the name of the club in connection with any thing said or done in the cricketing world, is sufficient to stamp it as *the* right thing to say or do.

As to all the sayings and doings of cricketers, the songs they sang, and the tales they told, from the year 1746 till 1848 (to which date Mr. Lilly-white's record at present extends), the reader must go to the text. There he will find the scores in full, and at the end of each match a faithful biography of the principal performers;

and if in these days any old gentleman who played in a county match half a century ago, has been drawing the *long bow* about his score, he is safe to be *caught out* now, for *there* is the accurate record of his doings in black and white. Mr. Lillywhite tells us that he was fortunate enough to see in the flesh one of the *crack* players of the old Hambledon Club, William Beldham, whose first recorded match was a match played between All England and the White Conduit Club, in the year 1787. When Mr. Lillywhite paid Beldham a visit in April 1858, he found the old man, then in his ninety-second year, at work in his garden before eight o'clock in the morning. Beldham died at the beginning of the year 1862, in his ninety-seventh year, having laid aside his bat for forty-one years, at the termination of a career of *thirty five years* as a public player, his last recorded match being in 1821. In 1852, Beldham, then in his eighty-seventh year, walked seven miles to Godalming to see the All England Eleven play, and the old man's intellect and memory were so unimpaired, that he could accurately remember any incident connected with cricket from the time when he was ten years old; and this power of memory continued up to the time of his death.

We cannot do better than conclude this article after old Beldham's long innings. Perhaps at some future period, when Mr. Lillywhite's four volumes are published, we may attempt to classify the players of the different periods of cricket.

From the rise of the Marylebone Club to the present date, Cricket has no particular history of its own which would interest the general reader who is not a cricketer. If he is a cricketer, Mr. Lillywhite has supplied him with a cricketing banquet, to which he can help himself at his leisure, and of which he will never tire.

Before leaving the subject of cricket for the present, we must not omit a few words about the "*Cricketo-machia*" (to coin a word) which will make the year 1863 celebrated in the annals of the game. For many years past, cricketers—although not exactly iron-plated—have been padded and guarded by numerous ingenious devices, in a manner which provided for safety of knuckles and shins, but of late years the bowling became dangerous to nose and eyes, owing to the windmill style of overhead bowling, which appeared much more like reckless throwing than fair bowling. All this wild artillery was in direct contravention of Law X. of the Marylebone Club, and a decision has been come to by the Marylebone Club that the unfair system of bowling shall be put down with a strong hand. This was not done without much opposition, as young England is very intrepid, but the fiat is against them, and the rising generation must be content to do as their former generation did, and bowl fair or not at all.

But the Marylebone Club, in a hurry to do too much, for once have overstepped their jurisdiction, and repealed a law of the game (Law XXIV.), in defiance of one of their standing orders. "*Bell's Life*" was filled with correspondence on the advisability of making the law of "*leg before wicket*" more stringent, and more in favour of the bowler, and the Marylebone Club

caught up the cry and amended the law as it formerly existed without notice to the members, and enacted that if any portion of the batsman's person was in a straight line between the wickets, and the ball struck him, he should be given out.

The opposition party, however, demanded a re-hearing of the case on a technical ground, and carried the day, and the law was declared to remain as it was.

We all make mistakes sometimes, and the Marylebone Club are not infallible. They have done great things for our noblest national sport, so we may conclude this article by wishing them and all cricket-clubs an uninterrupted career of success in promoting a sport which is dear to rich and poor.

F. G.

GLEANINGS FROM SPAIN.

PART II.

FROM Gerona to Barcelona, the line of rail passes through a prosperous and well-cultivated plain, well-wooded, and watered by rapid mountain streams, whose banks are fringed with gigantic reeds, which supply thatch to the cottages and fences for the fields. It then coasts along the shores of the Mediterranean, so close that the tide washes at times over the lines. Precipitous rocks, on the other hand, rise so near to the sea, that there is scarce room for the road, and the single line of houses, which, extending miles along the shore, forms one never-ending street. The numerous stations involve a perpetual trial of patience to the traveller, as the villages are painfully like one another, and offer nothing of interest. At times the cliffs recede, and, embosomed among orange-groves and olive-yards, you see the summer retreat of some wealthy citizen of Barcelona. But beautiful as is the scenery, and grand as must be the views commanded by some of these villas, they have not the fascinating beauty of our English homes. The dryness of the air and soil is prejudicial to grass and verdure, irrigation is immensely expensive, and even then nothing like turf can be made to grow. The bare earth under the olives is parched and tawny, and beautiful as are the orange-trees, they look stiff and formal. Barcelona has an opulent appearance: it manufactures largely, and its port is crowded with shipping. Were it not for the sight of a villager here and there, wrapped in his "*manta*," one might fancy one's self at Marseilles. The Rambla, or long promenade bordered by trees, on either side, was filled with a gay multitude: it was All Saints' day, a universal holiday; booths were erected in double file under the trees, and a brisk trade was going on in splendid bouquets and white lilies, fit for the hand of some glorified martyr. This wealth of flowers was destined, according to the custom of the district, to adorn the tombs of the departed.

The Fonda del Oriente was the focus of an excited crowd: the large court-yard of the building was covered in like a tent. In the centre stood a large table, laden with provisions of all kinds, fowls, hams, pies, custards, cakes all glistening with sugar devices, and turreted castles, carefully concocted with the seed of the stone

pine, and surrounded with a moat of red jelly. To obtain admission to this scene of enchantment, the gaping crowd had only to purchase a lottery-ticket to the value of a few pence, which entitled them to draw for prizes. It was amusing to watch the excitement with which a small boy struggled off, laden with the gifts of fortune, in the shape of a ham, fowls, and a bottle of wine, while a stalwart labourer slunk off disappointed with a paper of comfits in his hand. Spaniards are positively infatuated about lotteries. However small the village, at some window is a board with the sign "Hay Billetes." They are under government direction, and I believe government does not lose in the transaction. It is a most demoralising influence in social life, keeping up perpetual excitement among the poor, leading them to trust in fate and the Virgin, and to neglect the most ordinary precautions of economy and foresight. They dream of lucky numbers, and pray for success with the greatest fervour.

Barcelona has of course a "plaza di toros," or circus for bull-fights; it seemed in a most neglected state, and I was glad to hear from a shareholder that it had never paid a dividend. It looks as if, in the busy stir of commercial life, such savage amusements were disregarded. The excellent picture by Leech of a bull-fight with the tinsel off, which came out in "PUNCH," is but too true and real. Even poetised by the pencil of Goya, it is a most disgusting performance.

Barcelona boasts of one of the most splendid cathedrals in Spain; its internal beauties one can merely guess at, so dim is the religious light which pervades it. The style is pure Gothic; the cloisters are quite perfect, and have curious little chapels, whose painted altar-pieces are fast crumbling away. The stillness, vastness, and darkness of these grand old buildings, impress one with a feeling of awe and reverence. On the uneducated, accustomed to noise and stir, this must make a powerful impression, and the mysterious influence of the place must have much aided scheming confessors who wished by all means to exercise control over the minds of their fellow-creatures. Only one faint light glimmered through the darkness; it proceeded from a side chapel, where a sacristan held a long waxen taper, by whose light an old priest was writing a baptismal certificate. His white robes and benevolent countenance stood out in relief on the dark background of groined arches with Rembrandtesque effect. Bending over his shoulder, and watching the writing, stood the father, and in the shade could be just faintly traced the outlines of a smart peasant nurse, and the small white bundle which had just been admitted into the communion of the Holy Catholic Church, by the disgusting process of having salt and oil put in its mouth, and its eyes, ears, and mouth, spat upon.

A diligence goes from Barcelona to Valencia in forty-eight hours, and, in an evil hour, we preferred it to going by rail to Madrid. Who, that has not endured the same, can picture to himself the fustiness when the windows are shut, the draughts when they are open, the jumbling, the jolting, the rumbling, and the din of perpetual tinkling. It takes sixteen or twenty mules to

drag one of these lumbering machines, and to manage them is required a post-boy, a conducteur, and a nondescript, who sometimes runs alongside to keep the poor cattle from the precipices, sometimes shies stones at the lazy ones from the box.

The Catalan villages through which we passed were gay and cheerful, and spoke well for the industry of the province. As the cottages seemed all alike, one description will suffice for all, taken from the works of Fernando Caballero, the only Spanish lady who has ventured on a literary career. She says:—"The interior is one long narrow chamber; in the foreground as you enter is the hearth, where over crackling logs is cooked the simple dinner of the peasant: this is both kitchen and living room; on either side of the fire-place are alcoves, which serve as sleeping places. Beyond are stalls for the patient mules and oxen, and perches for the fowls; also piles of fresh straw and hay for the animals, who are the constant benefactors of ungrateful man."

All go in at one door—men, women, mules, oxen, pigs, and fowls; therefore the peasant's wife deserves no small credit for the cleanly appearance the cottage presents. Blessed with a charming climate, they really hardly use their houses for anything but shelter at night, and from the rain. They have no windows, so all the needful household work is carried on out of doors. On the stone benches outside we observed the young and bright-eyed damsels, working at the pillow lace, so well known as Barcelona blonde; the mothers stitching diligently at clothing for the numerous mischievous elves, sporting about; and the old women busily engaged in husking the maize, keeping carefully the broad crackling leaf to stuff mattresses with, and hanging up the ears in garlands to ripen. Old crones, who might have sat as models for the Fates, were spinning diligently with the distaff. In a black pot, half full of charcoal, frizzled a huge pumpkin, destined for the family dinner. The little gardens, carefully cultivated and irrigated, were divided from each other by hedges of aloes and prickly pears.

Past the eccentric, jagged peaks of Montserrat, over mountains redolent of lavender, wild rosemary, and thyme, along the shores of the sparkling blue Mediterranean, on we went, sometimes too weary of the jolting and jumbling to be able to admire the wild mountain passes and pine-clad ravines. Except to change horses and mules every three or four hours, the diligence stopped but once in the twelve hours to let the weary travellers eat. In haste the various occupants deserted the rumbling coach. Down from the banquette scrambled the third-class passengers, and all together, generally in a loft, partook of homely fare, cooked according to national ideas. The conductor, in a green baize surtout, gobbled with surprising voracity, urging the passengers to haste, and rejoicing at seeing them tumbling into their places, when he roared out "à coche." Then to add to our miseries of fatigue and myriads of flies, to say nothing of the fleas left as a legacy by previous occupants, it came on to rain. The roads, which look beautiful in fine weather, became like the Slough of Despond. Bump, bump; roll, roll; on we went; heavy

clouds hiding the mountain tops, and the rich Valencian plains wearying the eye with their endless monotony of olive-yards and orange-groves. Every now and then we passed peasants enveloped in their huge cloaks, jogging along on their patient mules, and presenting the most ludicrous appearance, as the ample cloak, flowing over the mule's back, concealed his tail, so that his hind legs appeared as part of the figure of the peasant. Night was the time of the greatest misery; cramp beset the legs, and any attempt at dozing was cut short by unceremoniously bumping up against an equally miserable neighbour.

At last Valencia was reached. The Fonda, arranged entirely for coolness, was repulsively cold and unattractive; the blue and white tiled floors struck a chill to the soul; the balconies were mere receptacles of rain; drip, drip it fell from the moist matting blind, on to the balustrades, and trickled slowly off, to be succeeded by endless drops. A poor sleepy little boy disturbed our grumblings by walking into the room.

"What do you want?"

"I am the postilion who came from Barcelona, and beg the Señor for a few maravedis."

"Do you mean to say you rode all the way?"

"Yes, Señor."

"Why, how old are you, child?"

"Twelve years old, to please God and your worship."

"And have you long been a post-boy?"

"Three years. I go twice a week between here and Barcelona."

"Do you never sleep on horseback?"

"Oh, yes, Señor; a little at a time, when there are no precipices."

We offered him wine, which he rejected with contempt, saying he only wanted sleep, and would sleep twenty-four hours "right away."

A few silver pieces amply satisfied him, and he staggered off to bed, leaving us in amazement at such unnecessary fatigue being imposed on so young a child, but supposing it to be one of the *Cosas d'Espana*, which "no fellow could be expected to understand."

The rain, much as we abused it, gave us a good opportunity for seeing the gay mantas worn by the Valencians. It is a brighter and more picturesque covering than a Scotch plaid; one end, sewn up so as to form a pocket, is adorned with variegated tassels. It is worn in every conceivable way, and has a most picturesque effect, as the bright colours are artistically combined in stripes on a white ground.

Profiting by the first glimpse of blue sky, we set off in the carriage peculiar to Valencia, called a *tartana*. It is like a long market cart, covered with an arched black tarpaulin, and lined inside with chintz. It has no windows, save at each end, one over the door, and the other at the horses' heels. It has no driving box, the coachman sitting on a pad which is attached to the right hand shaft. Strong cobby horses drag these clumsy vehicles at a slow pace; if you insist on going quick, the shaking is torture, as springs are a luxury unknown.

The smoothly paved streets are beautifully clean, but very narrow and winding. The houses

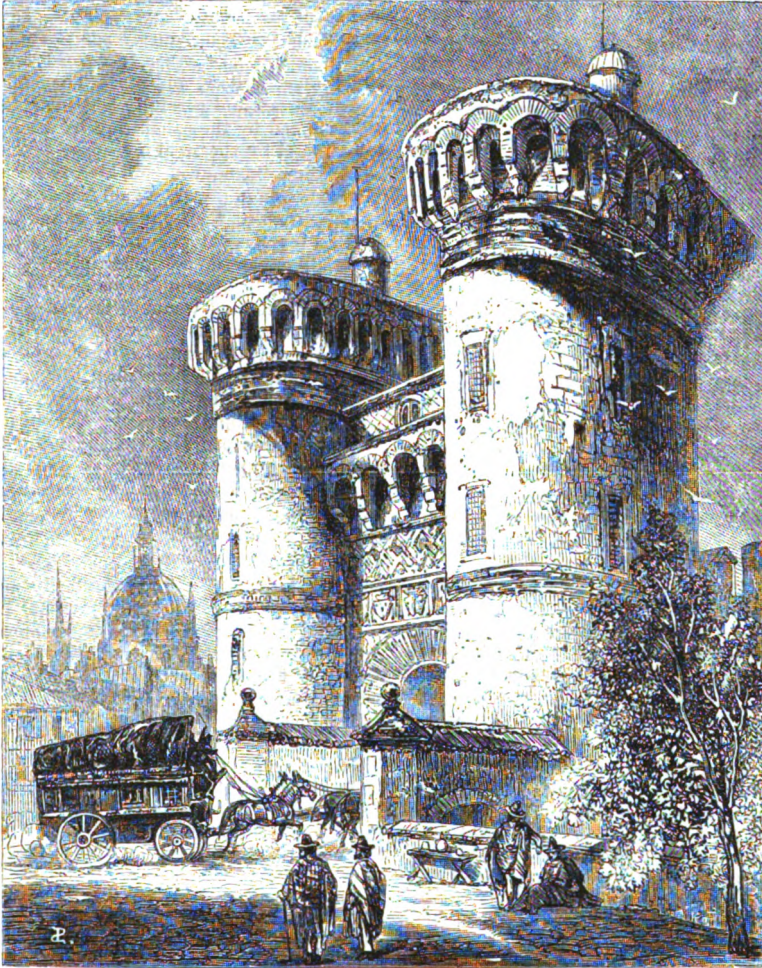
are eastern in appearance, on a level with or three or four steps lower than the street: below are large open shops, guiltless of windows; above, balconies shaded from the sun by strips of gay matting, gay with hoyas and convolvulus, where all day the women sit sewing, and watching their neighbours. Valencia is well off for gardens; the public walks round the town are all beautiful, adorned with immense orange trees, oleanders, myrtles, and a beautiful flowering tree whose name I know not, but whose blossoms are like hollyhocks, and grow of every shade, from the deepest crimson to pure white, on the same plant. A road, sheltered by magnificent oriental planes, leads to the busy port. On either side are villas, stuccoed and painted bright blue, yellow, and red. The land is like a garden, so well and carefully is it cultivated. It is still irrigated by the canals dug by the Moors, and water raised by the creaking noria, or waterwheel, which they introduced. Water is wealth, under this burning sun; with its aid ten or twelve crops may be raised on the same land in the year. The earth never lies fallow, summer or winter. Immense prices are given for irrigated ground, the general value being 300*l.* an acre. Without water, the very same land would be worthless: so, while one mocks at the empty dry bed of the Toria, on which the cavalry of the garrison find exercising ground, one should remember that its diverted streams are enriching the whole country, and causing the wealth and opulence of the Valencians.

The peasants are here most simply attired; a shirt, thrown open at the throat, and white linen knickerbockers bound round the waist by a sash of brilliant hue; no stockings, but sandals made of hemp or straw, bound on to the feet round the ankles with bright blue or red strings. On the head a bright handkerchief is the only protection from the heat. The Valencians are a handsome, attractive race, very different from the Catalans; the men are active and well-proportioned, the women slight and gracefully formed, with soft mischievous eyes and luxuriant tresses. The "grao," or port, was full of feluccas and small craft, driven in by fear of what the angry horizon might portend. Several steamers which were to have started that day remained in harbour, rather than trust to the fickle Mediterranean, which had exchanged its sparkling blue for rolling amber waves, streaked with deep purple stripes, reflected from the gloomy clouds.

The heavy rain, which had been falling unceasingly, had swollen the mountain torrents, and the railway bridges, as a matter of course, were swept away, so that all chance of proceeding to Madrid for several days was over. It does really seem an extraordinary oversight on the part of the railroad contractors in Spain, that the bridges are so slightly built that the unavoidable result of rain is that half-a-dozen give way, and all traffic is interrupted. Dire necessity having thus compelled us to remain in Valencia, we roamed up and down its picturesque streets, stopping to admire the many quaint old buildings which adorn them. Of the old convent "Del Carmen" we shall always retain the most grateful memory, as in examining the omnium gatherum of pictures there huddled together, we passed a most pleasant day. There are

to be seen the spoils of many secularised monasteries; the long corridors are hung all over with saints, virgins, and martyrs, treated in every imaginable variety of style; over the glassless windows pictures are hung, which, thus cruelly neglected, are fast rotting, the paint cracking and falling off, from both canvass and panel. Some originals of Juan de Joanes, the chief of the Valencian school, are worthy of all admiration; his style is Raphaelesque, and his productions have the same monotony, as those of that great master; endless are the repre-

sentations of "Christ holding the wafer," and "The Last Supper," which hardly differ from each other in the minutest particular. Borrás, whose imagination and handling were freer than his master's, has here some splendid pictures, of which in a short time not a trace will remain, though we vainly tried to instil some respect for them into the minds of the guardians, by offering 1000*l.* all round. The monastery itself is a grand old building, built in quadrangular form round a fine old garden, where a group of old palms tower over a ruined



Gate of Valencia, on the Road to Madrid.

fountain, overgrown with ferns. The many palms, aloes, and prickly pears which grow about Valencia, together with its blue and white tiled mosques, give it an Eastern look. The view from the cathedral tower is very curious: the town lies so compactly together, that it seems like a child's toy packed in a box. From the height, whence you survey it, the streets are scarcely discernible, and it appears a mass of red tiled roofs. Rich plains stretch on every side down to the sea, and to the not very distant range of mountains,

enlivened by white houses, sparkling among mulberry and orange groves. The cathedral itself is not very attractive. Like all other Spanish churches it has no chairs, and it was amusing to watch the different worshippers when the time came to kneel down: plump on the hard pavement knelt the devout peasant; the dandy carefully spread a handkerchief before him to preserve his cherished pantaloons from contact with the dust and mud, and then knelt cautiously down, resting his hands on the handle of his cane, while the

prudent Senoras, preceded by a servant with a Persian rug, prayed in comfort. The crucifixes, here as elsewhere, have petticoats, sometimes of muslin, sometimes of crimson silk, fringed with gold.

There is one old Gothic building, called the Silk Hall, of which Valencia may well be proud, where the merchants meet to discuss the prospects of the trade. It is an immense high hall, the roof supported by twisted pillars; the windows were once filled with most delicate tracing, vestiges of which can be seen from the romantic garden, full of orange and lemon trees, which being then laden with golden fruit, contrasted well with the snowy trumpet-blossomed datura.

Travellers are wont to proclaim that in Spain no antiquities can be found, that the all-pervading Israelite has swept away everything worth having. But this is really not the case. The genuine lover of antiquities pursues his search with all the greater zest, the more difficulties obstruct his path. To go into a well-stocked "Magasin d'Antiquités" is a true delight to him; but greater still is his pleasure, when by dint of invading uninviting pawn-shops, strange cellars, and dusty garrets, he unearths some treasure, unvalued by its possessor, and priceless in his eyes, its merits being enhanced to him in proportion to the difficulties he has conquered in possessing himself of it. The ardent antiquarian has, as it were, a new sense, a perpetual source of pleasure, unknown to the vulgar crowd who revel in the "last novelty," or esteem old porcelain and the thousand-and-one quaint legacies of past centuries by a vile monetary test. He is never at a loss for occupation and interest; he defies "Ennui," and her attendant goblins of Discontent and Worry. In the most out-of-the-way hamlet where he is storm-stayed, he finds some trace of by-gone years, either in the peasant's cottage or the ancient church. Not only has he all the present interests of the age, but he is "*en rapport*" with the past, and is familiar with the works of the noblest spirits of each age. In his researches he invades alike princely halls and peasants' cottages, and has thus an immense insight into the modes and habits of life of a nation. It becomes more interesting and exciting than hunting, which it resembles, in details of action; as first comes the drawing of coverts, then the find, the chase, and the trophy. Bloodless

trophy, with no stain of cruelty to mar the triumph of success.

Drawing the covert is the first point: innkeepers, drivers, shop-people, are all interrogated in turn as to who are the possessors of curiosities in the place. Often and often the covert is drawn in vain, and disappointed with the sight of horrid daubs, broken modern china, and rubbishy Chinese novelties: the antiquarian turns away, to search again. Then comes the find: who, that has not known it, can tell the joy of seeing in some dusty corner what looks suspiciously like a majolica vase or Venetian goblet? Then comes the chase: first diplomatically veiling your surprise and delight, then misleading the wary owner by praising some other article, and finally obtaining it on your terms, and going off triumphant with your precious canvas or crockery, whose well-known mark has quickened the beating of your heart.

In this pleasing pursuit the three days of detention at Valencia passed pleasantly away, but I will not betray all we saw nor what we left, lest Wardour Street should send immediately a deputation to ransack the town.

The evenings we beguiled by visiting the pretty theatre, as good in its way as any in London. The boxes all belong to *abonnées*, who go to them as a matter of course every evening, and entertain their friends during the *entre actes* in the little salons which open off each. The divisions between each box being very low, the occupants of the back row of seats do not, as in our theatres, run the danger of suffocation. We watched with much amusement a little girl of eight or nine years old, evidently a regular *habituée* of the place. She had her little opera-glass, and used her tiny fan with as great dexterity and adroitness as any grown-up lady present, flashing it open and shutting it up again in a moment. In the comparative silence between the scenes, rustle rustle go the fans, with a noise like wind fluttering among the crisp leaves of autumn. Our little *Senorita* was up to every dodge with hers, made signals to her friends far and near, kissed her hand, winked, and bowed with a gaiety and liveliness perfectly irresistible. The acting was much above mediocrity; the women threw themselves into their parts, too conscious of their own merits to be always looking out for admiration.

END OF VOLUME THE EIGHTH.

